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THE DUBLIN
UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE.

THE DUBLIN
UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE,

A

Literary and Political Journal.

VOL. XLVI.

JULY TO DECEMBER,

1855.

DUBLIN

JAMES M^cGLASHAN, 50 UPPER SACKVILLE-STREET.

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DUBLIN

JAMES McGLASHAN, 50 UPPER SACKVILLE-STREET.
WILLIAM S. ORR AND CO., LONDON.
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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

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THE DUBLIN UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE.

No. CCLXXI.

JULY, 1855.

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TWENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO.*

THE times are troublous,—not devoid of agitation and peril, and ominous of greater trouble yet to come. All over Europe, the long peace is broken, and the fountains of the great deep are opening up. To those who see clearly, the heads of two or three chief perils are already visible above the agitated waters, menacing the welfare of our State, both from without and from within. The country feels instinctively that we are on the brink of important events, and probably also of changes in our foreign and domestic policy, which, for good or for evil, will give a new aspect to the Empire. For ourselves, we have no forebodings as to the issue. At home, if we lose in some respects by impending changes, we shall gain—and we believe gain more—in others. And abroad, if our influence on the Continent experience a rude shock a year or two hence, it will only serve to throw us into closer union with our true allies,—the free-born Anglo-Saxon Powers of the sea. There is never a grand contest without great vicissitudes; but we know enough of the history of the British nation to have faith in its future, and to feel convinced that once the crisis comes, and our somnolent people gather up their strength to meet it, Old England will again weather the storm, and, despite the forebodings of the late Premier, ride through the troubled seas into a haven of new prosperity.

History is the great Mentor. "What is nearest," said Dr. Johnson, "touches us most." A tiny leaf at hand appears as big as a hill at a distance; and amidst the anxieties of the present, we are

ever apt to take an erroneous view of the proportions and character of the events which are whirling about us. To appearance, there is little plan or connexion in them: they come few know whence, and seem to throng about us in a chance-medley, like the wild dance of leaves in the October gale. But a grand sequence and sympathy pervade them all. The events of each age have a family-likeness, and a common parentage in the past. If you would see what they really are, whence they come, and whither they are tending, *Get up higher*; leave the level of your own times, and from the heights of History look down. As the traveller on the lofty summit of frozen Jura or burning Etna, sees every object in the lower world in its true proportions, has every feature of the scene in view at once, and can follow each winding of road and river, and track them to their goal,—so does History, well read, lift us up as to some calm pinnacle of the upper air, where the joint light of Reason and the Past reveals to us the Future. Let us appeal, then, from the misgivings and trepidations of the hour to the voice of history; and from the story of past troubles draw a lesson of present comfort and reassurance.

Twenty-five years ago! Any one who was old enough to be a thinking man then, must remember how grave were the times. For fifteen years before, the whole country had been suffering. With the exception of a few prosperous gleams, which could almost be reckoned by months, the times had been gloomy, and the people murmuring. Complaints and petitions to Par-

* "History of Europe from the Fall of Napoleon, in 1815, to the Accession of Louis Napoleon, in 1852." By Sir A. Alison, Bart., D.C.L. Vol. IV. 1855.

liament for redress were unceasing; and now in one part of the kingdom, now in another—now in the towns, now in the country, and sometimes in both simultaneously—riots, strikes, and devastation took place. The whole land was in a grumble, as if the spirit of the earthquake were moving underneath. Perhaps the misery of those times is more inexplicable than that of any other portion of our history. It extended to the farmer and manufacturer, to landlord and labourer alike. In fifteen years after Waterloo, eighteen millions of taxes were struck off,—and yet misery co-existed with this unparalleled reduction. The universal phenomenon was, that wages and prices were falling, and that credit (that very life of a community, without which enterprise collapses, and industry stands still) fluctuated and was shaken—symptoms that the country had been overbled by the Currency Restriction Acts, and that the circulation did not flow steadily or in sufficient abundance. This main cause of the malady, however, was too subtle and recondite in its nature to be generally perceived or understood; and the consequence was, that all classes, suffering and groping blindly for a cure, came at length to attribute the national malady to political causes, and to seek a remedy in organic changes of the Constitution. The Constitution did need altering,—the people were ready to try anything in the search for deliverance from evil,—the Whig agitators roused the passions by inflammatory appeals and delusive hopes,—and at length the flood of revolutionary excitement rose so high, that everything seemed giving way before it; and an ignorantly-constructed Reform Bill, which proved much more democratic than its authors intended, was carried amidst a saturnalia of rioting and political agitation, such as was unknown at the opening of the French Revolution of 1789.

The period embraced in the first half of the new volume of Sir A. Alison's history, is the decade of years which preceded the passing of the Reform Bill in 1832. That event was the culminating result of a long series of preceding causes, the study of which, in his impartial pages, is suggestive of considerations of no little importance at the present time. The second half of the volume gives the history of continental Europe during the first two

years of the reign of Louis Philippe, comprising as its most important events the revolt of Belgium and the Polish Insurrection and war of 1831. As a necessary consequence, the principles wedded to these events and epoch—namely, those connected with reform and the currency, with foreign intervention and the balance of power in Europe—are the themes whose discussion forms the salt of the volume and the moral of the narrative. In reality, these themes are as interesting at the present day as they were a quarter of a century ago. He reads the times wrongly who imagines that the first two of them are not destined soon to become the subject of fresh discussion in the legislature; and as for questions connected with foreign policy and war, are we not already in the thick of them?

Let us give a brief glance to the leading features of the epoch treated of in this volume. Ireland was the weak part of the kingdom, and there the general distress took earliest and deepest root. The picture given of the peasantry (that is to say, the mass of the people) of that country, by Mr. North, an Irish barrister of ability, in 1824, though probably suggested a little for the sake of epigrammatic expression, tells a tale of long-standing wretchedness. "In Ireland," said he, "the people have for a series of years suffered every variety of misery; they have proceeded from one affliction to another. Each season brought its peculiar horror. In one it was famine; in the next it was fever; in the third it was murder. These sad events seemed to form a perpetual cycle, the parts of which were of regular and mournful recurrence. . . . Placed at the very bottom of the scale of human beings, the Irish peasant never looked upwards. He was excited by no emulation—inspired by no hope. He remained fixed on the spot where he first drew breath, without the wish, and still more without the power, of motion. He saw himself surrounded by men of a religion different from his own, whose interests were at variance with his, and whose chief or sole business he supposed to be, by the force of the sword and of the law, to keep him poor. He saw in the violation of the law no culpability; in its chastisement no retribution. His courage was converted into ferocity, his intelli-

gence into fraud ; and at last the peasant was lost in the murderer and incendiary."

Poor Ireland ! she was badly off in those times ; she had neither fair play nor wise treatment. There were no manufactures and little means of employment in the country, and there was a redundant population. "The ordinary rate of wages," said O'Connell, "is fourpence a-day ; and during the distress of 1822, the peasantry were glad to work for twopence a-day." The landlords (for the most part English noblemen who had been infest in the forfeited estates) were absentees ; and the rents, wrung in driblets from the cotters, were spent abroad. It was as if the dews which rose nightly from the Emerald Isle, from its hills and plains, its lakes and rivers, the skies sent not back,—draining the land of its juices, to pour them in beneficent showers on some more favoured spot. "There is no means of employment for an Irish peasant," said Mr. Nimmo, in 1823, "nor any certainty of his having the means of existence for a single year, but by getting possession of a portion of land on which he can plant potatoes." No encouragement was given to reclaim or pasture the fertile wastes ; and consequently, as population increased, the competition for the plots of ground became tremendous, and the rents rose far above the value of the land. Excessive poverty is always reckless and prolific. The cotters bred as fast, and with as little regard to the future, as the lower animals ; and as marriage-fees constituted a large portion of the income of the priests, no effort to check these improvident alliances was made by those who had the requisite wisdom and influence. The only way a peasant could provide for his family was by subdividing his croft,—a suicidal measure, which, for the sake of increasing the number of votes at their disposal, the landlords rather encouraged than otherwise ; but the effect of which was to reduce a large portion of the peasantry to the state of the Greek fool's horse, when he boasted he had got it to live upon a straw a-day !

"The competition for land," reported Mr. Nimmo, in 1823, "has attained to something like the competition for provisions in a besieged town, or in a ship that is out at sea." Of course,

when land was so scarce, any Saxon interloper was shot down as a public enemy. Moreover, the land was generally let by the proprietor to large tenants, or *middlemen*, who sub-let it after through several gradations of sub-tenants, down to the actual cultivators ; and as the crop and stocking of each of these could be distrained for the arrears of any superior tenant, the unfortunate peasant was ever liable for others' debts, and the growth of agricultural capital was rendered wholly impossible. Add yet again to the burdens of the peasantry, that they had to support *two* ecclesiastical establishments—one voluntary, the other on compulsion. It was like the attempt to wring water from a pumice-stone. The peasants bid against each other for the land, until they offered more than its entire value to the landlord alone—leaving the chapter of accidents to provide for the parson, armed with the power of distraining, and the priest wielding the thunders of excommunication. So that, between landlord, priest, and parson, as well as their own improvidence, the Irish were then ill off to an extent which, in this year of grace 1855, we should deem incredible. Although there were no poor-rates, the sum yearly raised for the destitute amounted to £2,250,000—equal to half the public revenue, double the tithes, and a fourth of the land-rent of Ireland, and about four times heavier in proportion than the poor-rate of England at its highest amount. This cess (which was not paid by the absentee proprietors) weighed heavily upon the well-doing portion of the community, without doing more than barely keeping alive the crowds of paupers who overspread the country.

To a people thus living on the brink of starvation, the fall of prices and paralysis of enterprise produced by the contractions of the currency in 1819 and 1826, brought utter misery. "In the town of Kilkee, in the county of Clare," said Mr. Nimmo, "when I was passing through it in the time of the distress in 1822, the people were in a group on the side of the pound, receiving meal in the way of charity, and at the same time the pound was full of [their distrained] cattle. Of course the milk of these cattle would have been worth something if it could have been obtained, but no one could buy it." *No one could buy, — there*

was the hitch. Money had been rendered so scarce, that buying and selling in those poor districts was almost at a stand-still. "I have known a cow sold for a few shillings," said Mr. Nimmo; "nobody would buy, and the driver bought it himself." It was not, to use Dr. Johnson's phrase, "that cows were plenty, but that money was scarce"—almost vanished, in fact.

Distress is the great revolutionist. Ignorant and excitable, the Irish peasantry did what probably much wiser and calmer folks in their place would have done,—they gave way to violence and outrage against the exactions of a Church which they abhorred, and landlords who to their other faults added that of being aliens alike in race and religion. Then arose the Ribbon Lodges—then arose also O'Connell. The political chiefs, backed by the priests, turned the agitation into a political channel. Catholic Emancipation was carried. The passing of this just measure might have quieted the agitation, had this been simply of a political character; but the agitation proceeded from general distress, which political concessions could do nothing to alleviate, and so the outrages and discontent went on. The Reform Bill was likewise carried, without the least effect in quieting Ireland. The priests and agitators were worse than ever, and now banded the whole people together in resistance to tithes. The Tithe Composition system (first, though feebly, commenced in 1823) did much to remove occasion for strife; but still the state of smothered rebellion continued. The Repeal of the Union was the next aim of the agitators; and the mad cry of "Ireland for the Irish" soon after began to be heard. By this time it was evident the agitators had quite overshot the mark, and were advocating measures which would only have sunk Ireland into deeper wretchedness. Emigration for the pauper Irish at the expense of the State had been scouted by the legislature as a folly. Man had exhausted himself. Providence now stepped in to do the requisite work,—and, as usual, did it sternly and effectively. A famine of the thirteenth came in the middle of the nineteenth century, and the pauper myriads of Ireland died off like rotten sheep. A thinning was wanted, and it came with a vengeance. The abolition of the corn-laws fell with

double weight upon Ireland, a country whose chief produce was agricultural; and from the doubly-devastated land a stream of emigration rushed forth, which, together with the famine, took nearly a-fourth part from the numbers of the population. The Incumbered Estates' Act—a just measure, but one as despotic as ever issued from Czar or Emperor—did the rest. It cleared the country of insolvent landlords, as the famine and emigration had cleared it of a redundant population; and instead of men who retained the privilege, without discharging the duties, of property, it brought in Anglo-Saxon wealth and enterprise,—accompanied, we trust, by a kinder and wiser spirit on the part of the landlords towards a peasantry who need much guidance and no little forbearance. The Ireland of to-day is the antipodes of what it was twenty-five years ago. Rebellion is snuffed out;—for distress, that root of all evil, is removed. There will still be heartburnings as long as the parson is paid by the State, and the priest by the people. But what fact can be more gratifying to a patriot, or more indicative of Ireland's prosperity, than that the country which once needed the presence of forty thousand British bayonets to keep down rebellion, is now, in this hour of national crisis, tranquil under the guardianship of its own police!

Emigration, which proved the relief of Ireland, was a remedy proposed as early as 1826; but it was scouted out of the House of Commons at the bidding of Mr. M'Culloch, and the class of so-called "political economists," who in their short century of existence have at least committed as many egregious blunders as they have discovered truths. "Give the poor man £20," said Mr. Hume, "and he will establish himself as well in Ireland as anywhere else." The idea was as absurd as to propose to treat an unthinned and over-crowded plantation by putting manure at the roots of the feeble trees. Manure to a tree that has room to expand, and a small sum of money to a man who has scope to push his way in the world, will do wonders; but £20 to an Irish cotter in those times of over-population and complete want of employment, would have been money thrown away,—keeping the recipient hardly for a year; before the expiry of which time Paddy, if not previously in possession of them, would certainly

have provided himself with a wife and child to add to the perplexities of himself and country. When the famine of 1847 at length brought the miseries of Ireland to a crisis, Parliament showed the utter incapacity of its leaders to deal with a national crisis. Sums which might have benefited Ireland for ages, if expended by statesmen worthy of the name, were disbursed so foolishly as to leave not a trace of the generous gift on the face of Ireland a year after. Emigration, also, was still as little understood as it was in 1826; and Parliament stood by helplessly witnessing the yearly exodus of hundreds of thousands of the population. We need not point out the advantage it would have been for us to have directed the main-stream of that migration to our own colonies, rather than to have left it to seek as its nearest port the United States,—seeing that the inhabitants of our colonies are found to consume, per head, about four times as much of our goods as the people of the Union. A State system of emigration would have done this; and it would likewise have achieved the still more important end of drafting away from Ireland all its pauper population, by making these the exclusive recipients of its gratis aid; instead of which it was, as a matter of course, those who had the money that went away, and those who had not that remained.

Sir Archibald Alison has the following excellent remarks upon this subject; and the views which he here expresses are no after-thought, but have been entertained and discussed by him nearly twenty years ago:—

“Admitting that the strength of a State is at all times to be measured by its numbers, *coupled with their well-being*, what is to be said of the condition of a country which is overrun with paupers, who cannot by possibility find a subsistence, and must, in one way or other, fall as a burden on the more prosperous classes of the community? Emigration, when they have it in their power, is, in such circumstances, their only resource; and if it is left to the unaided efforts of the working classes, what is to be expected, but that the *better-conditioned* of these classes will go off, and leave the destitute and paupers behind? Thus the holders of small capital, whether in town or country, the little farmers, the small shopkeepers, the workmen who have amassed ten or fifteen pounds—in other words, the employers of labour—disappear, and none are left but *the rich, who will not, and the poor, who cannot, emigrate*. No

state of things can be imagined more calamitous; and it only becomes the more so when measures are in progress through the Legislature calculated to diminish the price of commodities, and consequently lessen the remuneration of industry, and passions afloat among the people which lead them to long passionately for a general, and, it is to be feared, unattainable felicity.

“The common sophism, that it is useless to send the poor abroad, because their place will soon be supplied by others from the impulse given to population at home, admits of a short and decisive answer. It takes a week to send a poor man abroad; *it takes twenty years to supply his place*. In the interval between the two, the supply of the labour-market is lessened, and the pressure on the working classes diminished. Even, therefore, if every one sent abroad caused the production of one at home who would not otherwise have come into the world, there is a great gain: the supply is kept twenty years behind the demand occasioned by the removal. But the truth is, that the emigration of the poor, so far from occasioning their reproduction, has a tendency to check it. It is among the utterly destitute that the principle of population always acts with most force, because they are wholly uninfluenced by the reason and artificial wants which in more comfortable circumstances restrain it. This has now been decisively demonstrated. Since the great emigration from Ireland began, in 1847, the population, so far from having increased, has declined above 2,000,000; the cotters have got better clothes, better beds, more comforts, higher wages, but not more children.”

Let us turn now to England. The fundamental cause of the Reform Bill was the growth of a new class in the community, the rise of a new power in the State. The ruling power in all countries is originally (except where sacerdotal power prevails) the landed interest; and in the earliest times of a nation no other exists. All subsist on the products of the soil; then a few traders, dawning into existence, begin to traverse the country, chiefly with the view of supplying the wants of the chieftains and feudal courts. As the rural society grows richer, and its members more enterprising, trade increases with other countries, and manufactures develop themselves at home. Instead of each family manufacturing for its own wants, a division of labour takes place, and goes on increasing until every class of articles, except those imported, has a class of operatives attached to it. These various trades, it will be ob-

served, are called into existence by that *origo primalis*, the landed interest. It is by wealth drawn from the land that its magnates become able to purchase the wines and velvets brought by merchants from other countries, and the woollens, arms, and furniture, manufactured at home. And it was the increasing skill of our farmers which, by producing more food from the labour of a like number of men, allowed sections of the community to be drafted from the ranks of agriculture, to engage in trade and commerce. From age to age the skill and industry of our rural population went on increasing, until, at the close of the war, the labour of one-third of the people in the actual operations of the field nearly sufficed to produce food for the other two-thirds engaged in commerce and manufactures—(a considerable portion of these trades, however, such as smiths and farriers, bakers, and workers in iron and machinery, &c., being wholly dependent upon the rural population).^{*} It was in the concluding part of last century that domestic manufactures began to cease throughout the mass of the population,—the inventions of the steam-engine, power-loom, and spinning-jenny then causing the erection of large factories, with which it was useless for spinning-wheels or hand-loomers to attempt to compete. The general enterprise and inventiveness of our nation, backed by the immense coal-deposits of the land, caused this and similar branches of industry to progress with extraordinary celerity; and by 1830 the towns of Manchester and Birmingham had become vast *foci* of this species of industry, while Glasgow and Liverpool embraced large populations chiefly dependent upon commerce. For while manufactures had thus benefited by our inventiveness, our commerce had benefited in a not

less remarkable manner from the supremacy of our fleets at sea during the war, when for nearly twenty years the main portion of the carrying trade of the world had been transacted by British merchantmen. Moreover, even as commerce and manufactures arose from the success of our agriculture, so the three united gave birth to a fourth class in the community—namely, the Shopkeepers, who, producing nothing themselves, simply retailed the goods produced or brought into the country by others. And thus the landed interest, like Saturn of old, had brought into existence a succession of offspring nearly equal in power to itself, and which would not fail to take the first opportunity of claiming equal privileges.

Gathered into towns, quickened in wits, and prone to association, the trading and manufacturing classes possess a greater power of combination than the agricultural, and, being given to clamor, generally exercise a much larger influence in the State than is due to their wealth and numbers. In consequence of their great increase since the old parliamentary constitution was framed, these classes were not properly represented in the legislature; and this it was which gave the greatest impetus to, as it formed the justest ground for reform. But other causes came into operation after the close of the war, which, by producing great excitement and discontent in the country, prompted the people towards change, and induced the legislature to adopt greater innovations than they would have done in times of more quietness and wisdom. The Tory party were split, owing to their leaders having acceded to the demand for Catholic Emancipation; while the Whigs thirsted for office, and prepared to ride back to power on the wild billows of the popular discontent and agitation.

^{*} Sir Francis Burdett, speaking in 1826, remarked — “The great and striking proof of the prosperity of the country is comprised in the fact, that, with the small number of hands employed in agriculture, not exceeding a third of the whole, they raise enough to maintain themselves and all the rest in prosperity and abundance; for such, notwithstanding partial and passing visitations, is the general condition of the people of this country. The result of the labours of the agriculturist exhibits a spectacle not equalled in any country in the world, that a third of the inhabitants raise food for double their own numbers besides themselves—a state of things quite unexampled, and which is the real cause of our acknowledged superiority in commerce and manufactures, as well as in the power of capital, over any other nation. . . . The only reason why England has so large a body of manufacturers, the only reason why she is able to support them, is that her agriculturists produce, with so little labour, comparatively speaking, so much more than is needed for their own consumption.”

It was the national suffering that gave success to their projects. "It is a mistake to suppose," says Sir A. Alison, "that political discontent, or an earnest desire for change, either social or religious, is ever excited among the people of this country by mere fickleness of disposition, or the arts of demagogues, how skilful in their vocation soever they may be. That is sometimes the case among a people ardent and changeable, like the French, who have been long excited by the changes of revolution, and among whom large parties have come to look for advancement by its success. But in a peaceable, industrious community, like that of Great Britain, intent on individual well-being and social amelioration, it is in *general suffering* that the foundation must be laid for the general desire for political change. Demagogues, when the feeling is once excited by this means, often inflame it, and determine the direction which it is to take, but they cannot call the passion into being. All the popularity of the cry for cheap bread, and all the talents of Mr. Cobden, would have failed in bringing about the repeal of the corn laws, had not five bad seasons in succession brought the reality and evils of *dear bread* home to every family; and all attempts to pacify Ireland while the prices of agricultural produce were unremunerating, were as fruitless as all attempts to disturb it have been since the great emigration, and the opening of the huge banks of issue, by Providence, in California and Australia, have secured an adequate return for rural labour in the Emerald Isle." It was distress which produced the demand for parliamentary reform twenty-five years ago, even as it has been the disasters of last winter's campaign which have originated the present growing movement in favour of Administrative Reform.

In truth there was a great misery in the land. By a plentiful issue of paper-money the nation had prospered during the war, even when, as in 1810, there was hardly a guinea in the country. Reversing the process when peace returned, the legislature caused the greater part of the bank-notes to be withdrawn, and the currency again to depend upon gold. The first forerunner of the national distress was the over-trading in the last two years of the war of the export mer-

chants, who imagined that, after their long exclusion, the whole Continent would be thirsting for English goods, and likewise the South American continent, then opened to our commerce by the revolt of the Spanish colonies; but so greatly did they miscalculate, that English goods became a drug in these markets, and were to be bought cheaper at Buenos Ayres, and in the north of Europe, than they could be at home. Simultaneously with this over-trading came the opening of the Baltic ports, and the expected influx of grain from Poland produced a great fall in the price of grain in this country. These circumstances, followed by the very bad harvest of 1816, hurt credit, and of themselves caused bankers to be more chary in advancing money to the producing classes. But the close of the war brought a more alarming influence into operation; for by the Act of 1797 the return to payments in gold was to be delayed "until six months after the close of the war, and *no longer*." Accordingly, no sooner was peace established than the banks began everywhere to contract their issues,—refusing further money-accommodation to their customers for fear of being called upon to meet their notes in gold. Every session for the three years after 1815 the question was discussed in Parliament—thus keeping up the general uneasiness on the subject. At length, in 1819, an Act was passed for a speedy return to a gold currency. The measure was singularly ill-timed. "At the moment," says Alison, "when the annual supplies of the precious metals had been reduced by the South American revolutions to a *fourth* of their former amount,—when the coin annually issued from the British mint had in consequence sunk from £6,770,000 in 1817 to only £1,500,000,—when the drains of gold on the bank, to meet the gigantic loans contracted for in this country for the continental powers, and pay for the immense importations of the year, had reduced the bullion in the bank from £12,000,000 to £3,500,000,—and when the large mercantile transactions recently entered into in this country imperatively required, instead of a contraction, a great increase of the currency,—Parliament passed an Act requiring the Bank of England at no distant period to resume cash payments—thereby rendering the currency

dependent on the retention of *gold*, the very thing which, in the circumstances of the country, could not be retained." The effects of this measure, however, were found so embarrassing, that in 1821 a bill was passed permitting small notes to continue part of the currency for ten years longer—a measure which, along with the return of gold from the Continent, again expanded the currency, producing three years' prosperity; but the great export of bullion in 1825, in the shape of loans to and speculations in South America, at length brought the country to the verge of bankruptcy, and plunged all classes into embarrassment and suffering.

We shall now attempt in a few sentences to depict the actual state of the country in the memorable period which intervened between 1815 and the passing of the Reform Bill. Mr. Wallace, the able President of the Board of Trade, has left the following picture of the woful condition of the country in the years immediately following the war:—"The general export of the country, in the four years from 1815 to 1819, had decreased £14,000,000; and in the single year following 5th Jan., 1819, the exports fell off no less than £11,000,000. Nobody, therefore, could be surprised that at that period the industry of the country appeared to be in a state of the utmost depression; that our manufacturers were most of them unemployed; that our agriculturists were many of them embarrassed; and that the country, to use the phrase of a friend of his in presenting a petition from the merchants of London, *exhibited all the appearance of a dying nation*." Peace had brought greater horrors than war.

Of the effects of the Act of 1819, for resuming cash payments, Sir A. Alison says:—

"The industry of the nation was speedily congealed, as a flowing stream is by the severity of an arctic winter. The alarm became universal—as widespread as confidence and activity had recently been. The country bankers, who had advanced largely on the stocks of goods imported, refused to continue their support to their customers, and they were in consequence forced to bring their stock into the market. Prices in consequence rapidly fell—that of cotton, in particular, sunk in the space of three months to half its former level. The country bankers' circulation was contracted by no less than five

millions sterling; the entire circulation of England fell from £48,278,000 in 1818, to £40,928,000 in 1820; and in the succeeding year it sunk as low as £34,145,000. The effects of this sudden and prodigious contraction of the currency were soon apparent, and they rendered the next three years a period of ceaseless distress and suffering in the British islands. The accommodation granted by bankers diminished so much, in consequence of the obligation laid upon them of paying in specie when specie was not to be got, that the paper under discount at the Bank of England, which in 1810 had been £23,000,000, and in 1815 not less than £20,660,000, sunk in 1820 to £4,672,000, and in 1821 to £2,676,000. The effect upon prices was not less immediate or appalling. They sunk in general, within six months, to half their former amount, and remained at that low level for the next three years. The three per cents, which had been at 79 in January, gradually fell, after the Bank Restriction Act passed, to 65 in December; and the Bankruptcies, which had been 86 in January, rose in May to 178; the total in the year was 1,499, being an increase of 531 over the preceding year."

Distress, as usual, brought sedition. The latter end of 1819 and beginning of 1820 witnessed the trial of Hunt for sedition—the Cato-street conspiracy led by Thistlewood,—the riots and flight of Peterloo in England,—and an extensive insurrection in the West of Scotland. The country was on the verge of revolution. The great firmness and energy of Lord Sidmouth, who was well styled "a Wellington on home service," joined to the loyalty of the yeomanry and volunteers, averted the danger; and a temporary expansion of the currency between 1822 and 1825 cast a gleam of passing prosperity over the land. But as the principle had now been adopted of making the quantity of paper-money in circulation depend upon the amount of gold in the bank, and as gold poured out of the country in 1825, the whole fabric of prosperity was brought down with a terrific crash at the end of that year. The year 1826 opened amidst misery greater than ever. All classes were suffering alike; the banks, struck with terror from the numerous failures which had taken place, could hardly be prevailed upon, by any terms or securities, to make advances to their customers; the merchants, dreading the continued fall in the prices of commodities, declined entering into speculations; the manufacturers, finding their usual orders se-

riously diminished, contracted their operations; and the workmen, thrown out of employment, became desperate, and vented their despair upon the machinery, which they imagined was the prime cause of their suffering. "It was a woful sight to see the streets of Manchester, and the chief towns in the vicinity, filled with vast crowds, sometimes ten thousand in number, whose wan visages and lean figures but too clearly told the tale of their sufferings. Snatching their food from bakers' shops, breaking into factories, and destroying power-loom mills, and throwing stones at the military at the hazard of being shot, rather than relinquish an object on the attainment of which they sincerely believed their very existence depended. Serious riots took place in Carlisle, in the course of which a woman and child were shot dead; and in Norwich, where twelve thousand weavers were employed, an alarming disturbance, attended with great violence, ensued." In all the iron districts, too, strikes to arrest the fall of wages took place; and in Dublin and Glasgow immense crowds of operatives paraded the streets, entreating relief, which was, in some degree, afforded them by munificent subscriptions opened by the wealthy classes, and which, being judiciously laid out in the purchase of the fabrics of these poor people, instead of being merely given as money-gifts, relieved distress to triple the amount it would otherwise have done. Political riots must be quelled by force, but the riots of want require also the intervention of the wealth and sympathy of the better classes. The ladle of the soup-kitchen, in such circumstances, will be found a more efficient instrument than either the bayonet of the soldier or the baton of the police.

The agricultural population was not exempt from the general suffering. For fifteen years preceding the introduction of the Reform Bill, petitions expressing the distress of the rural districts, and demanding relief, had been unceasingly presented to Parliament. But neither the petitioners nor the Legislature (with the exception of Mr. Baring, and a few others) perceived that the root of the misery lay in the state of the currency; and the Committees, while acknowledging the distress, reported that they could suggest nothing to remedy it. Accordingly, discontent at existing institutions and the desire for change became even more

general among the farmers and landholders than among the urban population; and the question was often put in the form of an algebraic problem — "*Given*, the Toryism of a landed proprietor; *required*, to find the period of want of rents which will reduce him to a Radical reformer." Many of the numerous county petitions had warned the Government, that if relief were not afforded, it would be impossible to prevent the rural population from breaking into acts of violence; and, in 1830, the warning was seen to have been well-founded. The disturbances began in Kent, from whence they rapidly spread to Surrey, Sussex, Hampshire, Wiltshire, and Buckinghamshire. Night after night new conflagrations were lighted up by bands of incendiaries; corn-stacks, barns, farm buildings, and live cattle were indiscriminately consumed. Bolder bands attacked mills and demolished machinery, thrashing-mills being in an especial manner the object of their hostility. During October and November these acts of incendiarism became so frequent as to excite universal alarm. The first rioters who were seized were, from feelings of humanity, treated with undue lenity by the county magistrates, which naturally augmented the disorders; and it was not till severe examples were made, by a Special Commission sent into the disturbed districts, and a large body of military quartered in them, that they were at length put down. Distress, joined to the influence of the Paris revolution, and the example of similar acts of agrarian outrage in Normandy, was making even the English peasantry Jacobins; and the Duke of Richmond only stated the truth when he said in Parliament—"I believe a feeling now exists among the labouring classes, that your lordships and the upper classes of society are to be regarded rather as their foes than their friends."

Parliament had been prorogued with a view to a dissolution, on the 23rd July 1830; and the very day after the proclamation dissolving Parliament appeared in the *London Gazette*, the famous ordinances were signed by Charles X., and the contest began in the streets of Paris, which terminated in the overthrow of the French monarchy! This coincidence of events had an important influence on the English elections; and the spread of liberalism and desire for political change, as well as the irrita-

tion of a large portion of the Tory constituencies as their representatives for passing the Catholic Emancipation Act, were evidenced by a gain to the Opposition of fifty votes. The fate of the ministry was evidently sealed; and after a defeat in the Commons in November, the Wellington cabinet resigned. After fifty years' exclusion from office, the Whigs now returned to power under Earl Grey, and immediately introduced their famous Reform Bill. The second reading of the bill was carried in March by a narrow majority of *one*, which showed the Whig leaders that they had no chance of success, except by a fresh agitation and a new appeal to the country. Accordingly, although the Parliament had only been elected in the previous September, it was again dissolved in April; and every means was employed to infuriate the masses against the Conservatives; the *Times*, with its usual, and in this case disgraceful, subserviency to popular ideas, counselling the Reformers to use the "brickbat and bludgeon," and to "plaster the enemies of the people with mud, and duck them in horse-ponds." These efforts of the "friends of liberty" were successful, and the most dreadful rioting marked the progress of the elections, especially in Ireland and Scotland. Of the excesses in the latter country our author gives the following brief but graphic summary:—

"The Lord Provost of Edinburgh was seized by the mob on the day of the election, who tried to throw him over the North Bridge, a height of ninety feet—a crime for which the ringleaders were afterwards convicted and punished by the Justiciary Court. The military were called out by the sheriff and magistrates, but withdrawn at the request of the Lord-Advocate (Jeffrey), who pledged himself, if this was done the riots would cease. It was done, and they were immediately renewed, and continued the whole evening. At Ayr the violence of the populace was such that the Conservative voters had to take refuge in the town hall, from whence they were escorted by a body of brave Whigs, who, much to their honour, flew to their rescue, to a steam-boat which conveyed them from the scene of danger. No person anywhere in Scotland could give his vote for the Conservative candidate without running the risk of being hooted, spit upon, or stoned by the mob. At Wigan, in Lancashire, a man was killed during the election riots. In London the windows of the Duke of Wellington, Mr. Baring, and other leading anti-Reformers, were all broken; and those me-

morable iron shutters were forced upon Apsley House, which, till the Duke's death, continued to disgrace the metropolis. At Lanark a dreadful riot occurred, which was only quelled by the interposition of the military, and the Conservative candidate was seriously wounded in the church where the election was going forward. At Dumbar-ton, the Tory candidate, Lord William Graham, only escaped death by being concealed in a garret, where he lay hidden the whole day. At Lauder, the election was carried by a counsellor in the opposite interest being forcibly abducted, and the ruffians who did so were rescued by the mob. At Jedburgh, a band of ruffians hooted the dying Sir Walter Scott. 'I care for you no more,' said he, 'than for the hissing of geese.' Genius, celebrity, probity, beneficence, were in those disastrous days the certain attraction of mob brutality, if not slavishly prostituted to their passions."

While the elections were going forward, the Political Unions were exerting themselves to the uttermost, not merely to intimidate their opponents by the threat of rebellion, but by organising the means of rebellion itself.

"In March and April, 1831," says Miss Martineau, "the great middle class, by whose intelligence the bill must be carried, believed that occasions might arise for their refusing to pay taxes, and for their *marching upon London*, to support the King, the Administration, and the bulk of the nation, against a small knot of unyielding and interested persons. The political unions made known the numbers they could muster, the Chairman of the Birmingham Union declaring that they could send forth two armies, each fully worth that which had won Waterloo. On the coast of Sussex ten thousand men declared themselves ready to march at any moment; Northumberland was prepared in like manner; Yorkshire was up and awake; and, in short, it might be said the nation was ready to go to London, if wanted. When the mighty procession of the unions marched to their union ground, the anti-reformers observed with a shudder that the towns were at the mercy of these mobs. The cry was vehement that the measure was to be carried by intimidation, *and this was true*; the question was, whether, in this singular case, the intimidation was wrong."

"Future ages," says Alison, "will scarcely be able to credit the generality of the delusions which pervaded the minds of the middle and working classes at this eventful crisis. The former flattered themselves that rent and taxes would be abolished, and the sales of their shop goods at least tripled, from the universal prosperity which would prevail among their customers. The latter believed, almost to a man, that the wages of labour would be doubled, and the

price of provisions halved, the moment the bill passed. The Anglo-Saxon mind, eminently practical, did not, in these moments of extreme excitement, follow the *ignis fatuus* of 'liberty and equality,' like the French in 1789, but sought vent in the realisation of real advantages, or the eschewing of experienced evils."

The new Parliament met in June, and on the 3rd October the Reform Bill was thrown out by the House of Lords, on its second reading, by a majority of 41. The popular rage now knew no bounds. The Duke of Wellington, the Duke of Cumberland, and the Marquis of Londonderry, were assaulted in the streets of London, and with difficulty rescued by the police and the respectable bystanders, from the violence of the mob. The last-named nobleman, whose courage and determination throughout the contest had marked him out for vengeance, was struck senseless from his horse by showers of stones at the gate of the Palace, amidst cries of "Murder him—cut his throat!" Greater tumult marked the provinces. The terrible Bristol riots were accompanied by others at Derby, Bath, Worcester, Coventry, &c. At Liverpool, Glasgow, Edinburgh, Manchester, Leeds, Paisley, Sheffield, and all the great towns, meetings attended by thirty or forty thousand persons were held, at which the most violent language was used, and the most revolutionary ensigns were exhibited. From his windows in Holyrood, Charles X. gazed on a scene in the King's park of Edinburgh which recalled the opening events of the French revolution; and a speaker at the Newcastle meeting, in allusion to Marie-Antoinette, reminded the sovereign that "a fairer head than Adelaide's had ere this rolled on the scaffold." "A majority," says Roebuck, "of the wealthy, intelligent, and instructed, as well as the poor and laborious millions, had now resolved to have the Reform Bill. They had resolved to have it, if possible by peaceable means, but if that were not possible, BY FORCE."

After a brief recess, Parliament re-assembled in December; and in April 1832, the Reform Bill again reached the House of Lords. Although the second reading was carried, after several nights' debate, at *seven o'clock in the morning* of the 13th, by a majority of 9, an important amendment was soon afterwards carried against the ministry by a majority of 45. Ministers there-

upon tendered their resignations, which were accepted by the King, and the Duke of Wellington was sent for. "Matters," says Alison, "had now come to the crisis which had long been foreseen on both sides. The Crown and the House of Lords had taken their stand to resist the Bill, the Commons to force it upon them. When Charles I. planted his standard at Nottingham, the crisis was scarcely more violent, nor the dreadful alternative of *civil war* to all appearance more imminent." Then were seen the infernal placards in the streets of London, to "Stop the Duke—go for gold!" and in three days nearly £2,000,000 in specie were drawn from the Bank. In Manchester placards appeared in the windows: "Notice—No taxes paid till the Reform Bill is passed;" and a petition signed by 25,000 persons was speedily got up, calling on the Commons to *stop the supplies* till this was done. Even Lord Milton, now Earl Fitzwilliam, desired the tax-gatherer, who happened to call upon him at this time, to call again a week after, as "he was not certain that circumstances might not arise which would oblige him to resist payment." "Three groans for the Queen!" was the common termination of public meetings; and attempts were made to seduce the Scots' Greys, then stationed at Birmingham. "The leaders of the political unions," says Alison, "were quite prepared to embark in a civil war. And although it is not yet known how far these frantic designs were countenanced by persons in authority, it was proved at the trial of Smith O'Brien, in 1848, that at this period questions of a very sinister kind were put to a distinguished officer at Manchester, by a person in the confidence of a late Cabinet Minister." Those who remember the disclosures respecting "F. Y. of the Home Office" will think this a very mild comment upon the seditious proceedings of the Whig leaders. Roebuck, the Whig annalist of this period, says:—

"The violence of the language employed by persons intimately connected with the Whig chiefs, the furious proposals of newspapers known to speak the sentiments and wishes of the Cabinet, all conspired to make the country believe that, if an insurrection were to break out, it would be headed by the Whig leaders, and sanctioned by the general acquiescence of the immense majority of the Whig party. The consequence was, that a very large proportion of the more ardent

Reformers throughout the country were prepared to resist, and civil war was, in fact, thus rendered far more probable than was ever really intended by those who were using the popular excitement as a means whereby they were to be reinstated in office. Had the opposition peers stood firm, and had Lord Grey retired without having exercised the power confided to him by the King, the Whig party would at once and for ever have been set aside; a bolder race of politicians would have taken the lead of the people, civil war would have been dared, and the House of Lords, possibly the throne itself, would have been swept away in the tempest that would thus have been raised. Fortunately for the fame of Lord Grey and the Chancellor, fortunately for the happiness of England, the practical good sense of the Duke of Wellington extricated the nation from the terrible difficulty into which the Administration and the House of Lords had brought it."

In point of fact the Duke, whose sole and simple-hearted desire was to serve his King and his country at any cost to himself, finding it impossible to form a Government, and urged by the King to save him from swamping the Upper House by a creation of Peers in the Liberal interest — a measure which the Whig leaders insisted upon—used his influence to induce a number of Peers to absent themselves at the third reading of the bill, which by this means was carried by 106 to 22. On 7th June, accordingly, this celebrated bill became law; but the King testified his disapprobation, if not of the bill, at least of the means adopted by his ministers to carry it, by positively refusing to give the royal assent in person, and it was done by commission.

By the light of the four volumes of Sir A. Alison's new history, we have endeavoured to set forth the just and fundamental grounds which existed for Parliamentary Reform, in the growth of new sections of the population, distinct from, and in many respects opposed to, the landed interest, which enjoyed an ascendancy under the old régime,—as well as the wide-spread and long-continued misery in the nation, which, by producing a morbid desire for change, carried Reform beyond its just limits, and after bringing the country to the verge of civil war, converted the work of renovation into one of revolution. No section of Sir A. Alison's work is better written or more deserving of attention than the long chapter in his new volume devoted to

the Reform Bill, and the era of its passing. It is graphic, succinct, and masterly in no ordinary degree,—the scene shifting, by turns, from the Court to Parliament, and from Parliament to the public, while the narrative sets forth, now the state of opinion, and now the condition of the country. The chapter, which is marked throughout by an impartiality of statement and colouring which is peculiar to this great historian, closes with a series of reflections upon the true tendencies of the Reform Bill, as viewed not merely in the light of theory, but by the light of facts. It is needless to shut our eyes to the circumstance, that the question of Reform, however temporarily postponed by the war, will, ere long, be re-introduced into Parliament, and again form an exciting theme of discussion throughout the country. In such circumstances, it is well to see what are the deliberate opinions on the subject of so eminent an authority as our author.

The obvious advantage of the passing of the Reform Bill, justly remarks Sir A. Alison, is, that it has established the Government of this country upon a greatly firmer basis. It is one thing to weaken the rule of two or three hundred aristocratic or millionaire holders of seats (through the old nomination boroughs) in the House of Commons; it is another and very different thing to overthrow the sway of nine hundred thousand electors, really and practically wielding the powers of Government, and embracing in their ranks those who would have been the most formidable leaders of revolution. Accordingly, the frequent conspiracies which took place between 1815 and 1830, and which aimed at overturning the Government by violence, have been almost unknown since the Reform Bill passed: even the terrible storm of revolution in 1848, which shook every throne on the Continent, failed to shake the steady fabric of the British monarchy. The risk now is of another kind. "There is comparatively little danger now," says our author, "that our frame of government, resting on the basis of so numerous and influential a mass of electors, will be overthrown by a violent convulsion; but great that one portion of these electors, having the majority, may use their power to advance their own interests, without any regard to the effect their measures may have upon

those of the minority of the electors, or the immense majority of the unrepresented portion of the community."

This is true; but, before going further, let us see *what* class has the supremacy under the present régime. In the House of Commons, as it now stands, there are 405 borough members, and only 253 for counties. Now, by last census, it appears that the urban and rural sections of the population were just equal, each being ten and a-half millions; and the landed interest pays seven-tenths of the income-tax; so that in point of numbers it is equal to the urban classes, while in point of property possessed and taxes paid, it is considerably superior to them. Yet the counties possess less than two-fifths of the representation of the country! This is one blemish of the Reform Bill. But the "urban classes" is a wide term, embracing the manufacturing, the commercial, and shopkeeping portions of the community;—let us see with what section of this town-population the supremacy in the constituencies rests. "Experience has now ascertained," says our author, "what at the time was far from being anticipated, that two-thirds of the constituents in the boroughs are persons occupying premises, *for the most part shops*, rated from £10 to £20."* Thus, upwards of three-fifths of the House of

Commons are returned by urban constituencies, in which the predominant class is composed of men paying under £20 of rent: so that the supreme power in the State has fallen (as is always the case in a uniform system of representation) into the possession of the lowest segment of the enfranchised population.

Next, who are those £10 and £20 voters who thus give the tone to our legislation? The great majority of them are shopkeepers, and the rest are clerks or operatives, for the most part enjoying fixed salaries. The class, in truth, is one whose interests are peculiarly those of *consumers*, as opposed to *producers*. With shopkeepers the great desire naturally is, to have the price of the articles in which they deal *lowered*, in order that they may transact more business; and in this they are joined by all those (a large class in old and wealthy communities) who enjoy a fixed income from Government or other situations, or in the form of annuities, or as the interest of their money. The interests of these two classes lead them to try to cheapen everything, in order that the one may turn over more goods, and the other get more for his fixed money income; so that the aim of their legislation is to beat down the cost of production; that is to say, the wages

* As this is a most important fact, a knowledge of which cannot fail to influence opinion when the Reform question is again revived, we shall quote the note which Sir A. Alison appends to his statement:—"The author is enabled to speak with confidence on this point, from having presided for twenty years in the Registration Court of Lanarkshire, which includes Glasgow, and where there have never been less than two thousand, sometimes as many as six thousand, claims for enrolment in each year. From his own observation, as well as the opinion of the most experienced agents whom he consulted on the point, he arrived at the conclusion that the majority of every urban constituency is to be found among persons *paying a rent for houses or shops, or the two together, between £10 and £20*, and a decided majority below £25. But in order to make sure of the point, he has examined his note-book of cases enrolled this year (1853), and he finds that they stood thus for the burgh of Glasgow:—

Total claims	1530
Enrolled on rents between £10 and £20	787
Above £20, and all other classes	614
Rejected	129
								— 1530

"As Glasgow contains within itself a larger number of warehouses, manufactories, and shops at very high rents—varying from £5 to £1,500 a year—than any other town, except the metropolis, in the empire, this may be considered as proof positive, that over the whole country the majority enrolled on rents below £20 is still more decided. There is no other record but the revising barrister's or registering sheriff's notes of cases which will show where the real majority of voters is to be found. The returns of houses paying the tax beginning at £20 will throw no light on the subject, for the great majority of voters in towns are enrolled on shops which pay no tax; and even the rating to poor-rates is not a test to be relied on, as it is often made under the real value, and in many boroughs there are no police or other local burdens at all."

of labour and the profits of the producing classes. Thus, cheap bread, at the expense of the agricultural classes,—cheap sugar and cheap timber, at the expense of our colonies,—and, generally, no duties upon imports, are the great object of these non-producing classes, which now direct our legislation. We may add, that as a considerable section of our manufacturers now work entirely for the export trade, and consequently are independent of the home market and the well-being of the general community, they also coincide with the shopkeepers and monied non-producers in desiring to cheapen everything by free imports, &c., in order that, by keeping wages low, they may be able to undersell the manufacturers of other countries. In brief, then, the Reform Bill threw the chief power of the State into the hands of the lowest segment of the enfranchised population—the £10 and £20 voters; and has given it to a class (the last developed in any country, and antagonistic to the producing classes, of whose prosperity it is a product) whose interest it is to beat down wages and prices by foreign competition, and keep everything cheap at home.

The representative system may work very well in a country where the interests of the different classes of the community are identical, or nearly so—where there is no great conflict between agriculture and manufactures, or, still more, between the producing and non-producing classes; but in a country like ours, where the division of labour and diversity of interests is so great, the advantages of the representative system, especially as at present constituted, are largely intermixed with evil. Mark the practical results of the Reform Bill, and observe how thoroughly the legislation of the last twenty years has been a *class-legislation*. “The middle classes,” observes Sir A. Alison, of which this non-producing section of the urban population constitutes the dominant body—

“Have made no movement to advance farther in the career of reform since they obtained it; they are satisfied with the power they have got, as well they may, since it has enabled them to rule the State. But they have set themselves sedulously and energetically to improve their victory to their own advantage by fiscal exemptions and legislative measures; and they have done this so effectually as to have created a sullen state

of hostility between the employers and the employed, which breaks out at times, like the flames of a volcano, in ruinous strikes, and annually drives above three hundred thousand labourers, chiefly rural, into exile.

. . . In less than a quarter of a century after the Reform Bill had given them the government of the country, the urban shopkeepers had obtained for themselves an entire exemption from every species of direct taxation, and laid it with increased severity upon the disfranchised classes in the State; while, at the same time, they contrived to shake off all the indirect taxes by which they were more immediately affected. They have got the window-tax taken off, and the house-tax from all houses below £20, the line where the ruling class begins; and when Lord Derby's Ministry brought forward the proposal, obviously just, to lower the duty to £10 houses, they instantly expelled them from office by a vote of the House of Commons. They kept the income-tax for long at incomes above £150, and now they have only brought it down, under the pressure of war, to £100—a line which practically insures an exemption from that burden to nearly the whole of the ruling occupants of houses below £20; while a tax producing now above £10,000,000 a-year is saddled exclusively upon less than 250,000 persons in the Empire. They have got quit entirely of the tax on grain, lowered almost to nothing those on wood and meat, and signally reduced those on tea and sugar and coffee, in which so large a part of their consumption lies; while the direct taxes on the land and higher classes, not embracing above 250,000 persons, have been increased so as now to yield above £20,000,000 a-year, or £80 BY EACH PERSON on an average, in income-tax, assessed taxes, and stamps! In a word, since they got the power, the notables of England have established a much more entire and unjust exemption, in their own favour, from taxation than the notables in France did before the Revolution—a curious and instructive circumstance, indicating how identical men are in all ranks when their interests are concerned, and they obtain power, and the futility of the idea that the extension of the number of the governors is any security whatever against the establishment of an arbitrary or unjust system of administration over the governed.”

Another great error committed in the Reform Bill was, that no provision was made for the representation of Labour. The great body of labourers both in town and country are wholly unrepresented in the House of Commons. The retention of “freemen” in a few great cities cannot be called a representation of labour—it is rather a representation of venality and corruption. To beat down the remuneration of labour, both

in the fields and in the workshops, is the obvious interest of employers, and of the shopkeepers who deal in their produce; but at present the workmen have not a single representative in the Legislature to speak in their behalf. "The frequency and alarming character of the strikes which have prevailed in every part of the empire since these principles were carried into practice," says our author, "and the steady emigration of above 250,000 agricultural labourers for the last eight years, even in times of greatest prosperity, from the British Islands, prove that the effects of this class legislation have been fully felt by the working classes, and that they have sought to escape from them, either by illegal combination against the laws, or by withdrawing entirely from the sphere of their influence."

Another evil of the Reform Constitution is the vast increase of corruption at elections. After the last general election in 1852, no less than fifty-two returns were petitioned against on the ground of bribery. Nothing approaching to this was ever heard of in the worst days of the old House of Commons; and the notable failures of the Legislature to remedy the evil are due to the fact, that the evil arises from a permanent cause—namely, that the chief power in the constituencies is vested in a class accessible to bribes. The decisive proof of this is to be found in the fact, that, though petitions against borough returns have been so frequent since the Reform Bill passed, there have been none against those for counties. The reason of this is, not that the forty-shilling freeholder is inaccessible to bribes—probably he would often as willingly take them as the freeman or ten-pounder in towns—but that that class have *not the majority* in counties, and they are not bribed, because it is no man's interest to bribe them. "Even if, by lowering the franchise," says Sir A. Alison, "the constituencies were made so large that no fortune could corrupt them, the evil would not be removed, it would only assume another and a still more dangerous form. The worst and most dangerous species of bribery is that which is practised by holding out prospects of legislative injustice and spoliation; and the nation will have little cause to congratulate itself if it escapes slipping sovereigns into electors' pockets, but induces the putting the

sponge to the national debt into their hands, and untaxed spirits into their mouths."

The last obvious defect of the Reform Bill was, that it greatly diminished the representatives of intellect in the Legislature. Of old, the House gathered to itself all the young men of known intellect throughout the country, and brought them in through the nomination boroughs. It was in this way that Pitt and Fox, Burke and Sheridan, Wyndham and Romilly, Canning, Mackintosh, and Brougham, took their places in the Chapel of Saint Stephen's. We have a dearth of such men now. Even Macaulay was turned out by the shopkeepers of Edinburgh, aristocratic as that constituency is generally regarded; and the consequence was, that he disdained to stand again, and in 1852 was elected only by a rallying of the better classes of both parties. "Independence of character," says Sir A. Alison, "intrepidity of thought, wide views for the universal good, can hardly now obtain admission into the House of Commons. Large constituencies have an instinctive dread of such characters; they are either jealous of or hate them. Ability and eloquence, indeed, they all desire, but it is ability devoted to their interests, eloquence governed by their will. Their wish is to have, not representatives, but delegates, and no man worthy of ruling an empire will become such. Hence, the House of Commons, since the passing of the Reform Bill, has been nearly deserted, so far as new members are concerned, by men of brilliant talents; and they have sought to influence public affairs by *writing in the periodical and daily press*, the talent in which has as much increased since the change, as that of the *new* entrants into the Legislature has diminished."

In closing his remarks on this important era of our history, Sir A. Alison asks, but leaves unanswered, the deeply-interesting question:—"Is the transference of power from the land to the boroughs in England analagous to, and produced by, the same causes as that which removed power from the Roman senate, the stronghold of the patricians, to the Dictator, the representative and idol of the urban multitude? and is the clamour for cheap bread, which in our times has changed

the whole policy of the empire at bottom, the same as the cry, '*Panem et Circenses!*' which ruled the whole policy of the Cæsars, and, in the end, by destroying the rural population in its heart, subverted the Roman Empire? If so, are we to rest in the mournful conclusion that the seeds of mortality are indelibly implanted in nations as well as individuals — that these seeds are quickened into life equally by victory and defeat, and that to both the lines of the poet are precisely applicable—

"The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that virtue, all that wealth ere gave,
Await alike the inevitable hour;
The paths of glory lead but to the grave?"

We incline to take a more favourable view of the future. The question of Reform cannot fail to be revived,—but the country, we trust, will be wiser this time. In 1830 it took a leap in the dark. Even the Whig leaders were totally mistaken as to the effect of the Reform Bill—Earl Grey, for instance, repeatedly expressing his conviction "how unfounded is the alarm of those who think that the present measure will be fatal to the influence of the landed interest." Enlightened by events, the Whig leaders cannot fall into this mistake again — though a love of popularity, it is to be feared, may again prove too strong for their patriotism. In any case, the true course for the Conservative party is clear. When the question of Reform is revived, they must not (unless it be introduced at a notably unseasonable

time) repeat their policy of 1830, and meet it by a negative. They must bring in a bill of their own. They must not merely say to the country, "We do not like our opponents' measure, and shall vote against it:" they must introduce one of their own, and leave the country to judge between them. In such a case, if they show ordinary wisdom, they need not fear for the verdict.

There are two main points to be attended to—two transparent defects in the Reform Bill to be remedied. These are—the representation of Labour, and the representation of Intellect. In his recent abortive bill, over whose fate no one shed tears but himself, Lord John Russell could devise nothing better than a general lowering of the franchise—a measure, whose fatal result would have been to transfer the chief power in the State from the £10 and £20 voters to a class still lower. This is most obvious. Society is like a cone or pyramid, narrow at the top, and widening towards the bottom. Each stage or segment as you descend the mass becomes greatly larger than those above it. At present the voters, paying rents between £10 and £20, outnumber all the classes above them—extend the suffrage indiscriminately, as Lord John proposed, and the £6 to £12 voters will then be the predominant class in the burghs, and (as the burghs predominate over the counties) in the Empire.* By all means let labour be represented. In those days

* Last autumn a Parliamentary Return was printed, the contents of which showed in a most striking manner the insane character of Lord John Russell's proposal to lower the franchise to a £6 qualification, and sufficiently explains why Lords Lansdowne and Palmerston, and divers others of the noble lord's colleagues, were so strenuously opposed to the further progress of the measure. The new class of voters, we find, would actually be *almost as numerous as the whole of the present constituency*. Let us give a few instances. The town of Bedford has now a constituency of 551 persons, occupying houses of from £10 to £100 value. But the whole number of houses rated to the poor at £6 and upwards, is 1,261. So that 710 persons, living in houses of £6, £7, or £8 per annum, may be added to the list, outnumbering the whole of the present constituency. In Reading, the present electors are 1363, but the houses rated at £6 and upwards are 2,552. In Cambridge the present constituency consists of 1,939 persons. The houses rated at £6 and upwards are 3,824. In Macclesfield the present constituency consists of 1,156. The houses rated at £6 and upwards are 3,121. In Stockport the electors are now 1,497 in number. The houses rated at £6 and upwards are 2,944. In Carlisle the constituency now amounts to 833. The houses rated at £6 and upwards are 1,704. In Whitehaven there are now 560 electors, but the houses rated at £6 and upwards are 1,301. In Derby the present list contains 2,130 names. The new list may contain 4,378, if £6 houses are enfranchised. In Exeter the constituency may be raised from 2,165, the present number, to 4,679, if £6 houses are to be added. In Weymouth the list would be raised from 630 to 1,295. In Durham it would be augmented from 590 to 1,285; in Sunderland, from 2,176 to 4,304; in Colchester, from 802 to 1,639; in Cheltenham, from 2,148 to 5,699; in Dover, from 1,080 to 2,990; in

of "strikes" and feuds between employers and employed, it is indispensable to give fair play to the latter, and afford a safety-valve to smouldering complaint. A mere lowering of the franchise is the simplest but crudest form of doing this. We do not think it is the best one; but suppose it so. What then? Does it follow that, therefore, the rest of the constituency is to be swamped by the introduction of these new voters? Does it follow that the only course is to suffer the middle classes to be nullified by the lower, and the only representation to be that of the national ignorance? Certainly not; and Lord John Russell never made a more glaring mistake (and he has made many) than in thinking so. Enfranchise those £6 rent-payers if you will—though in this form the representation of labour is a crude one; but *keep them separate from the existing voters*. Enter them on a roll by themselves. And let them have representatives for themselves. There are plenty of burghs to be disfranchised. Take ten or eleven of the members thus set free, and set them apart for the new class of voters (rural and urban) thus called into existence. Let these voters be arranged in districts: say two members for the south of England, two for the central district, two for the northern; one for the west of Scotland, one for the east; one for the north of Ireland, one for the centre, one for the south. Several indirect advantages will accrue from such a division. As the election process will be spread over a large area, and be centred in many different *foci*, there cannot be much hustings work or popular agitation; and the candidates will have to trust more to well-known character and printed addresses, than would be the case under the present system. A dozen representatives is no mean gift to a class never before enfranchised, especially as these members (unlike those elected by an ordinary constituency) will be all their own.

Then as to the representation of general intellect and worth. At present it is notorious that local whims or interests suffice to secure the rejection of any candidate, however gifted. Not to come too near home, we see the anti-Maynooth pledge made a *sine quâ non* in some parts of Scotland; in others, as in Glasgow, the interests of the publicans and sinners are paramount, and must be attended to; and so on in more glaring instances in other parts of the empire. Petty points or selfish interests prevail over questions of statesmanship. First-class thinkers will not debase themselves to humour such constituencies; and few men but those accustomed to tumult will face the party-turmoil, and, it may be, violence of the hustings and election-meetings. To secure our end, then, let us once more make a seizure of seats rendered disposable by the disfranchisement of some of the burghs marked out for destruction by Lord John Russell. Take twenty of them, and (this idea is not a new one) convert them into imperial members—*i. e.*, not elected by local constituencies, but by a general voting all over the kingdom. For this purpose, let it be optional for any voter belonging to the £10 and upwards class to withdraw his name from the local register, and to enter it upon the imperial one (or, if subdivision be desired, let England, Scotland, and Ireland each have a general registry of its own). In this case, still more than in the proposed representation of labour, it is obvious that the ordeal and agitation of electioneering will be avoided, and well-known celebrity and printed addresses will be the chief passports to success. First-class men of all kinds would not hesitate to address themselves to such a constituency; and the fact of having one's claims to distinction ratified by so wide and (we should expect) calm-toned a tribunal, would be deservedly accounted one of the proudest honours a citizen could win.

We shall not enter further upon de-

Chatham, from 1,348 to 2,910; in Blackburn, from 1,357 to 3,302; in Ashton, from 990 to 2,371; in Liverpool, from 15,506 to 62,126; in Rochdale, from 1,183 to 4,029; in Salford, from 4,183 to 11,335; in Lincoln, from 797 to 2,047; in Shrewsbury, from 1,111 to 2,943. The return shows that in England and Wales the number of persons already on the list of Parliamentary electors in boroughs is 363,000; and the total number of persons rated to the poor at sums exceeding £6 is 260,000. In other words, the new voters, having less than a £10 qualification, would number about three-fourths of the present constituency, and in many boroughs, as we have seen above, would greatly outnumber it.

tails. As we have pointed out some of the defects of the Reform Bill of 1832, we have likewise desired to indicate the general course by which it seems to us that these defects may be, if not removed, at least lessened. We shall be glad, also, if the moral of the story we have been drawing from Sir A. Alison's pages be not lost sight of. At the sight of so much trouble and danger safely passed through, we may take comfort, and feel reassured amidst our present embarrassments. We shall be glad, also, if our statesmen lay to heart the truth, that it is misgovernment, want of wisdom in the rulers, and consequent suffering in the people, that is the real parent of political discontent and desire for change. It will be lastingly for the good of the empire, if, by

the example of the past, they learn to beware of great changes in the constitution, seeing how seldom even the foremost men of the age discern the true tendencies of the measures which they originate. And from the terrible crisis of 1830-2, when the inflammatory harangues and political agitation of the Whig chiefs brought the country to the very verge of civil war, and hurried themselves into a position from which they would willingly have receded, may the leaders of all parties learn moderation and a truer patriotism; that so the country, in those crises and changes which await it, may be agitated by no factitious passions, and be spared the calamity of having itself tortured and blinded to suit the purposes of party.

POLYNESIA.*

WE are accustomed, with some slight degree of arrogance, to look upon our own race, the Anglo-Saxon, as the one that has spread most widely and generally over the face of the globe. Considering that the whole of the great continent of North America is almost entirely occupied by this race, and that Australia is almost equally so, that we rule by scattered individuals over the vast empire of India, and that we have colonies, or forts, or garrisons, north and south, east and west, in every portion of the earth's surface, the boast is perhaps not altogether unfounded. Still the Spanish and Portuguese nations, taken together as one race, are almost equally wide spread. With almost all the Atlantic Island, with Mexico in North and with all South America, except the little patches in Guyana, with Cuba in the West Indies, and the Philippines in the East, they occupy and possess perhaps as large a portion of the surface of the earth as the English and Americans.

It is, however, only four hundred years since both these European races

were strictly limited and confined within the narrow bounds of their own original territories, mere spots upon the globe.

Long, long years before that—so long that neither history, nor tradition of their first emigration,† nor any memory even of the place whence they sprang, can now be traced—there was a great widely spread race of people, whose extension over the globe even now exceeds our own, and equals that of ours and the peninsulars aforesaid taken together, if we regard mere distance, measured by latitude and longitude, and not the area of land included in it. This great race is the Malayo-Polynesian. Some ethnologists include in it even the inhabitants of Madagascar. If that be a well-founded classification, the race extends from the east coast of Africa through the Indian and Pacific Islands to Easter Island and Waihou, no very great distance from the west coast of South America, or over a space of 220 degrees of longitude. This is considerably more than half, and very nearly two-thirds, of the

* "Polynesian Mythology." By Sir George Grey. London: Murray. 1855.

† We do not here mean to refer to any traditions of migration among themselves, from one country or island to another, but to the first origin and primal spread of the race, in consequence of which they became possessed of the general area they now occupy.

circumference of the globe. If, however, we throw aside Madagascar as doubtful, and commence with Sumatra only, we still have 160 degrees of longitude, or four-ninths of the circumference of the earth occupied principally by people of a common origin.*

What do we mean, however, by this term "common origin"? because the reader might say all men have a common origin. We mean, then, that the different nations of the great Malayo-Polynesian race are much more intimately connected among themselves by physical structure and appearance, by habits, manners, and customs, both of thought and practice, by the character of their laws, of their original religion, of their polity, and distinctions of social rank, and lastly, and above all, by their language, than they are with any other nations or races.

Their languages may be divided into two great groups—the Malay and its dialects, spoken in all the islands of the Eastern Archipelago, from Sumatra to the Philippines, and the Polynesian, spoken over all the great Pacific Ocean, from New Zealand to the Sandwich Islands, and from the Carolinas to Easter Island. Even these two separate groups, however, have hundreds of words in common, as may be seen by referring to Mariner's "Tonga Islands." Mariner, an uneducated sailor, who learned the Polynesian language in the Friendly Islands, knew the meaning of several hundred words of Malay, as given in Marsden's dictionary of that language, compiled from the tongue as spoken at Malacca.

We all know how intimate is the connexion between German and English, how many words are similar in the two languages, so that the scholar sees at once that they spring from a common root. But try this test upon them; take an uneducated Englishman, who never heard German spoken, and go through the German dictionary, repeating each word to him, and see how many he will be able to understand and translate, and you will find the number very small indeed compared with the number of Malay which

Mariner was able to understand from his knowledge of the Polynesian. Yet the Malays and the Friendly Islanders have no knowledge of each other, never even heard of each other, and inhabit countries some five thousand miles apart.

No other similar instance among uncivilised nations is known in the world; but there is still more than this. The language spoken all over the Pacific Ocean is *absolutely one*, and the natives of all the different islands find themselves able to converse with each other freely whenever they meet, quite as freely as a Yorkshire man and a Somersetshire man can talk together, if not more so. But the distance between the Sandwich Islands and New Zealand is about five thousand geographical miles, while from the northern extremity of the Marshall islands to Easter Island the distance is close upon six thousand miles. This would be about the same thing, so far as space is concerned, as if we were to suppose good English spoken exclusively from the west coast of Ireland into Independent Tartary, or from England along the shores and islands of the Atlantic as far as the Brazils.

But it is even yet more remarkable than those supposed cases would be, because the people thus united by a common tongue are separated by wide spaces of ocean, and inhabit little groups of islands or small isolated islets, that are often very difficult to find, even by European navigators, with all our present resources of nautical science.

It becomes nothing less than marvellous when we consider that these people have contrived to light upon every habitable spot, however small, and however distant from the rest, throughout all this vast space, with their frail barks, and trusting to the winds and stars alone for guidance.

The islands of the Pacific are of two kinds—the high islands and the low islands: the former made of ordinary rock, usually volcanic; the latter almost entirely coral islands.

Of these the coral islands are the most remarkable, both for the singu-

* There is included within the Malayo-Polynesian area the great island of Australia, and the considerable islands of New Guinea, New Ireland, New Caledonia, &c., occupied by a different race of people. The great Malayo-Polynesian race spread round these, having been unable probably to occupy them, from the barrenness of the soil in the case of Australia, and from the numbers and fierceness of the people in the case of the Papuan Islands.

larity of their appearance and the mode of their origin. The coral-forming polypi are animals of a low order of organisation, not differing greatly in structure from the fresh water polyp, or hydra, to be found in abundance during the summer in our pools and ditches. The principal difference is in the faculty which they possess of secreting and depositing carbonate of lime in the minute cells and interstices of their own tissues, so that their bodies consist of a solid framework, with a soft gelatinous sort of covering. They live, moreover, in communities, not merely associated, but coalesced, individuals growing out of each other as buds grow out of trees, and all uniting to form a common body, having a certain irregular but definite form and size, so that the different corals may be known by the external appearance of their masses, just as trees are.

It is sometimes said that coral animals are *worms*, and that they *build* the reefs, like architects building a house. This is altogether a false notion and analogy. The coral polypi do not build their own masses any more than we build our own skeletons, and the reefs are formed simply of the accumulation of dead and living bodies of such corals, which have grown there, lived there, and died there in countless numbers through a long series of years. The dead coral masses are in most instances unmoved and unchanged from what they were when alive, except, perhaps, that their internal structure has become more solid and crystalline. Some of them, however, have been worn and broken by the action of the waves, and their debris, often in a state of fine sand, has been accumulated in the hollows and interstices of the rest, so that all the lower and internal portions of a coral reef have become compacted together into solid stone. Not only corals, but multitudes of fish, crabs, univalve and bivalve shells, sea-urchins, star-fish, hard calcareous sea-plants, and countless myriads of minute foraminiferous shells have all contributed their remains to the mass of this accumulation. When a pile of materials of this kind, all dead internally, but full of life on its outer surface, reaches the sea level, the breakers soon detach blocks from its outer edge, and roll them on to it, and the currents sweep sand over it, until in some place or other a sand-bank is formed that is

left dry at low water. When this has attained any height, the sun dries the sand at low tide, and the winds then help to drift it and pile it up still higher above the waves, till at last we get a little islet permanently above even high water mark, that becomes the home of the sea-bird and the haunt of the turtle. Driftwood is now and then thrown up on it, with plants from some distant shore, still bearing about them, either in seed or root, the essence of vitality. A low, trailing, scrubby vegetation is thus gradually commenced, which, united with the "guano" of the birds and animals, forms a soil for any nobler individual of the vegetable kingdom, the germs of which may happen to be cast there. This little islet thus, Venus-like, sprung from the sea, is continually added to by the continued action of its parent, and ultimately, perhaps, coalesces with others of similar origin, resting on the same mass of reef. In time there would be sufficient space of ground to collect a considerable quantity of rain water during wet weather, and this, percolating through the soil and the porous rock below, remains there at no great depth, just about the level of low water probably, where it is prevented draining off by the sea water around it. Some persons have fancied that the fresh water thus found was merely the salt water of the sea with the *salt filtered out of it*, forgetting that filters act only mechanically, while salt is in chemical solution in the water of the sea. If a large sponge, saturated with fresh water, be half immersed in a dish of salt water, the sponge will retain the fresh water at its centre unmixed with the salt for an indefinite length of time. In the same way is the fresh water retained a little way below the surface of a coral islet.

Thus are islets and islands formed on the surface of reefs, and prepared for the habitation of man. But there is another wonder yet about the formation of the reefs themselves on which we must say a few words. The coral-forming polypi, of whose solid frames the reefs are composed, cannot live in deep water. A certain amount of light and heat is necessary to their existence, and they seem to flourish best when exposed to the very surf of the breakers. They cannot live at all in a greater depth than twenty fathoms, or one hundred and twenty feet. But

the reefs themselves rise up like huge submarine walls from depths hitherto unfathomable. A frequent depth found just immediately outside the breakers, as close as a boat dare venture, is one hundred and twenty fathoms, or seven hundred and twenty feet, while lines of three hundred fathoms (eighteen hundred feet) and more have been let down from a ship at a little greater distance, without being able to reach the bottom. The explanation of this apparent difficulty is found in the *depression of the sea-bed*. Wherever such reefs are now found land once existed, with shores on which the coral animals settled in their favourite depths and localities. They grew and flourished there, and laid the foundations of a reef. The land then became affected by one of those great chronic movements which are so slow and gradual that men fail to perceive their effects in any one or two generations, and sank slowly beneath the waves — so slowly that the gradual increase of the solid frames of the polypi was sufficient to counteract the movement of depression so far as they were concerned, and to keep the upper surface of the reef still at the level of low water in the sea. Century after century and thousand after thousand of years went by, and still the sinking of the sea-bed and the up-building of the reef went on, till at length in many instances the original land disappeared altogether from sight. The old island lies buried now deep in his coral tomb, the only symptom of his former existence being the flat slab of coral rock laid horizontally across his head. Every step and every gradation of this process may still be observed in the great Pacific Ocean. Some of the lofty and rugged islands have their margins fringed by corals which are but now commencing to grow only just below the beach; others that have subsided to a certain extent are surrounded by an irregular ring of coral reef at some distance from the present beach, which ring marks the outline of the island as it once existed, a channel of water, or lagoon, running between the outer sea wall and the margin of the present land, to which access is gained from the sea by numerous irregular openings in the barrier, or encircling reef; others again occur either singly or in groups and archipelagos, where the coral reefs alone are to be seen disposed in ovals

and circles sometimes of many miles in diameter, with a central lagoon of unoccupied water, and a scattered margin of little islets formed from the old sand-banks.

In the great archipelago of the Raddack and Ralick islands (or the Marshall islands, as they are sometimes called), extending over a space of four or five hundred miles, not a stone or fragment of a rock is to be seen other than coral; all the old lands, with their hard rocks, have disappeared beneath the sea; and so valuable are even the smallest pebbles of hard rock, that whenever a drift tree is thrown ashore on one of the islands, its roots are instantly searched, and any little stones that are entangled therein are carried to the chief as “droits belonging to the crown.”

The aspect of these “atolls,” as they are called, is peculiar. The dark clear blue water of the unfathomable ocean rolls around them, kept in long gentle undulations by the perpetual breath and impulse of the trade-wind. This long, lazy swell, meeting suddenly with the obstruction of the steep wall of the reef, lifts itself into vast, wide, continuous ridges of blue water, that, rising higher and higher, at last roll over, and fall on the outer edge of the reef in broad cataracts of foam. One great ring of snow-white surf thus environs the whole reef-mass except at the leeward openings, forming a well-marked boundary between the deep blue of the ocean and the bright grass-green water of the tranquil and comparatively shallow lagoon inside. The little islets on the ring of reef are margined by beaches of glittering white sand, covered with green bushes, and often crowned by the pliant stem and gently waving plumes of the graceful, feathery cocoa-palm. The elements of the scene are few and simple; yet is it not only beautiful, but most impressive. The bright contrast of colour seen under a tropical sun, with the clear deep sky overhead and the few piled-up mountainous and stationary clouds, looking like towers of woolpacks, which are characteristic of the Pacific horizon, pleases and satisfies the eye, while the mind cannot fail to be moved with the contemplation of such wonderful results springing from the apparently antagonistic, but really united, action of the great forces of nature. The great internal disturbing

agencies and the destructive action of waves and winds are together set at defiance and overcome by the vital energies and powers of such an insignificant animal as a little polyp.

The high islands of the Pacific, whether surrounded by an encircling barrier reef or not, have likewise generally many features in common. They rise into lofty peaks and ridges in the interior, grass-grown, but bare of trees, from which radiate many buttress-like ridges, separated from each other by deep and precipitous ravines, that open into valleys as they proceed towards the sea. Each radiating ridge has its sides also closely and deeply furrowed by rocky glens, that run straight from its crest on either side into the valleys, and each ends frequently in a craggy promontory that juts into the sea, with dark precipices of black rock separating the valleys from each other. Over all the lower parts of the ridges, as well as in the depth of the valleys and ravines, spread dark, umbrageous forests, while groves of cocoa-palms, bamboos, breadfruits, and the broad-leaved banana, extend across the more open and level tracts. Under these trees the inhabitants build their huts, cultivate their gardens, and lead their simple and light-hearted lives. If such an island have an encircling reef, the lagoon between it and the land forms a tranquil sea-lake or natural harbour, in which the natives may disport themselves, while as the reef often closes in upon the land, and cuts this off where the precipitous dividing ridges that bound each valley strike into the sea, it not unfrequently happens that adjacent valleys have no easy method of communication either by land or water, and are thus apt to form isolated districts, the inhabitants of which are often at enmity with each other.

The lofty and often inaccessible interiors of these islands are but rarely visited, and frequently but little known by the careless inhabitants of the coast. Instances are recorded by Mr. Darwin and others, of men guilty perhaps of some crime, or obnoxious to the revenge of some enemy, or perhaps urged only by the moody impulses of that melancholy and misanthropic disposition which drives some men of all nations and ages to prey upon their own hearts in solitude, having taken to lead wild lives in the recesses of the mountains, and having thus passed years,

never seen, save at a distance by some stray wanderer from the coast.

We have seen that throughout large tracts of the Pacific we have reason to believe that great tracts of land have sunk below the level of the sea. It has occurred to us sometimes to speculate on the extent to which this depression has been carried, the time it has occupied, and how far this geological agency may have an ethnological bearing or connexion. Instances are not wholly wanting of purely archeological facts which would lead us to ask whether some of the present islands have not once formed parts of larger lands occupied by people of a higher civilisation, and acquainted with more of the arts of life. Such instances are the large grotesque statues found by Captain Cook upon Easter Island, carved out of hard lava rock, and of a colossal size, utterly beyond any apparent means of workmanship possessed by the inhabitants then, and mysterious to them as to Cook in all that respects the time and mode of their production. In the opposite corner of the Pacific again, in the island of Tinian, which was uninhabited when visited by our illustrious navigator, he found temples carved out of the solid rock, supported by columns and pillars of cut and ornamented stone. We remember seeing in the columns of the *Daily News*, some years ago, a letter from a naval officer who had lately visited Pitcairn's Island, giving an account of a visit he had paid, under the guidance of one of the inhabitants, to some almost inaccessible precipices on the sea shore, where landing from a boat or a canoe was utterly impossible. These precipices, thus overhanging a wild and solitary sea, he described as graven with strange characters and marks, apparently symbols or hieroglyphics, evidently carved by the hand of man. He professed himself utterly puzzled to account for the meaning or object of their existence, or how they could have been cut. If, however, we suppose Easter Island to have been once the summit of a green swelling mountain, rising from a land now buried deep below the sea, it becomes easy to understand how "priests or scribes" may have gone up to carve upon the lofty rock, conspicuous to the people below, inscriptions which now can be rarely visible to mortal eye.

Even as the present islands and islets are but the landmarks and monuments of much larger islands, or even of a once great continent perhaps, that spread over the space now occupied by ocean, may not the people that inhabit those islands, a people so peculiar, yet so widely spread, so similar, yet so utterly separated, may they not also be the relics and the monuments of some more mighty and more numerous race that inhabited the submerged continent or the larger and more closely neighbouring islands of the past?

Whatever truth may lie hidden under such dream-like musings, no one, we think, can be insensible to the interest excited by Polynesia and its inhabitants. Early navigators, shipwrecked sailors, grave and reverend missionaries, scientific travellers, harum-scarum adventurers, and whaling captains and doctors, and last not least, governors of colonies, have all been charmed or interested by this great region of the earth, and have all given excellent, and some unrivalled, contributions to our knowledge respecting it.

Sir George Grey, late Governor-in-Chief of New Zealand, is a very remarkable man, and one of whom we expect to hear more in the future, and probably in scenes more nearly neighbouring to us. He had barely completed his military education at Sandhurst (we are not sure if we are correct in that locality) when, with a fellow-student, Lieutenant Lushington, he projected an expedition to the north-west coast of Australia, proposing to penetrate from that direction right across the country. In this they failed egregiously, as any one must have anticipated who was acquainted with the character of that country. Australia is not like Europe, but like Africa; and what they attempted could only be paralleled in our part of the world by an expedition to land on the coast south of Morocco, and ride across the desert of Sahara to Tripoli and Egypt. Captain Grey was wounded in a contest with the natives; and, after penetrating a little way, they had to return to their vessel. He then went to Swan River, and made an expedition along the coast in two open whale-boats, got wrecked some three hundred miles to the northward, and had to walk back through the desert, without food, for the greatest part of the distance, for either

himself or his men. One poor young fellow, a volunteer from the colony, died of hunger and exhaustion by the way. While in Swan River, Captain Grey made himself master of the language, and the habits and customs of the natives; and published, beside his more formal travels, a very interesting comparative vocabulary of the Australian languages. In all this he showed great energy, power of mind, and determination of character; and, though his enthusiasm often led him into difficulties, yet he ever exerted himself heartily and for the most part effectually to extricate himself and his followers from their consequences. After spending some time at King George's Sound, he was made Governor of South Australia, whence he was removed to New Zealand, when that colony seemed to be entangled in many complicated evils. That she has surmounted these we cannot avoid attributing in great measure to the vigour and wisdom of her governor.

We never happened even to see Sir George Grey, though we have heard much of him both from Swan River and South Australia. He does not appear to be a popular man—probably his temper may be grave and his manners reserved. We did not abstractedly approve of many of his acts as Governor of New Zealand, but perhaps those acts may have been made necessary or expedient by circumstances. However that may be, we cannot but recognise the merits of a man who does what he has done, throughout a career, where he has had himself, and for the most part himself alone, to depend on. We believe we are correct in saying that he is not a relative—he is certainly not a near or a close one—of our Earl Grey and our Sir George at home. We do not like him the worse on that account.

One most meritorious line of conduct he has pursued is, that wherever he has been, he has always made himself acquainted with the nature and resources of the country, and the character and language of the people he has had to deal with, and has not shown himself backward in communicating the results of his labours to the public. He is evidently an earnest man, not given to affectation, not afflicted with mock modesty, and ready to speak plainly and sincerely of that which he has seen or that which he has done. That

this has been work of no ordinary character we shall show by extracting the commencement of his preface to his last publication on Polynesian mythology:—

“Towards the close of the year 1845, I was suddenly and unexpectedly required by the British Government to administer the affairs of New Zealand, and shortly afterwards received the appointment of Governor-in-Chief of those islands.

“When I arrived in them, I found her Majesty’s native subjects engaged in hostilities with the Queen’s troops, against whom they had up to that time contended with considerable success; so much discontent also prevailed generally amongst the native population, that, where disturbances had not yet taken place, there was too much reason to apprehend they would soon break out, as they shortly afterwards did, in several parts of the islands.

“I soon perceived that I could neither successfully govern, nor hope to conciliate, a numerous and turbulent people, with whose language, manners, customs, religion, and modes of thought, I was quite unacquainted. In order to redress their grievances, and apply remedies, which would neither wound their feelings nor militate against their prejudices, it was necessary that I should be able thoroughly to understand their complaints; and, to win their confidence and regard, it was also requisite that I should be able at all times, and in all places, patiently to listen to the tales of their wrongs or sufferings, and, even if I could not assist them, to give them a kind reply, couched in such terms as should leave no doubt on their minds that I clearly understood and felt for them, and was really well disposed towards them.

“Although furnished with some very able interpreters, who gave me assistance of the most friendly nature, I soon found that even with their aid I could still only very imperfectly perform my duties. I could not at all times and in all places have an interpreter by my side; and thence often when waylaid by some suitor, who had, perhaps, travelled two or three hundred miles to lay before me the tale of his or her grievances, I was compelled to pass on without listening, and to witness with pain an expression of sorrow and keenly disappointed hope cloud over features which the moment before were bright with gladness, that the opportunity so anxiously looked for had at length been secured.

“Again, I found that any tale of sorrow or suffering, passing through the medium of an interpreter, fell much more coldly on my ear than what it would have done had the person interested addressed the tale direct to myself; and in like manner an answer delivered through the intervention of a third person, appeared to leave a very different

impression upon the suitor from what it would have had coming direct from the lips of the governor of the country. Moreover, this mode of communication through a third person was so cumbrous and slow, that, in order to compensate for the loss of time thus occasioned, it became necessary for the interpreters to compress the substance of the representations made to me, as also of my own replies, into the fewest words possible; and as this had in each instance to be done hurriedly, and at the moment, there was reason to fear that much that was material to enable me fully to understand the question brought before me, or the suitor to comprehend my reply, might be unintentionally omitted. Lastly, I had on several occasions reason to believe that a native hesitated to state facts, or to express feelings and wishes, to an interpreter, which he would most gladly have done to the governor, could he have addressed him direct.

“These reasons, and others of equal force, made me feel it to be my duty to make myself acquainted, with the least possible delay, with the language of the New Zealanders, as also with their manners, customs, and prejudices. But I soon found that this was a far more difficult matter than I had at first supposed. The language of the New Zealanders is a very difficult one to understand thoroughly: there was then no dictionary of it published (unless a vocabulary can be so called); there were no books published in the language, which would enable me to study its construction; it varied altogether in form from any of the ancient or modern languages which I knew; and my thoughts and time were so occupied with the cares of the government of a country then pressed upon by many difficulties, and with a formidable rebellion raging in it, that I could find but very few hours to devote to the acquisition of an unwritten and difficult language. I, however, did my best, and cheerfully devoted all my spare moments to a task, the accomplishment of which was necessary to enable me to perform properly every duty to my country and to the people I was appointed to govern.

“Soon, however, a new and quite unexpected difficulty presented itself. On the side of the rebel party were engaged, either openly or covertly, some of the oldest, least civilised, and most influential chiefs in the islands. With them I had either personally, or by written communications, to discuss questions which involved peace or war, and on which the whole future of the islands and of the native race depended; so that it was in the highest degree essential that I should fully and entirely comprehend their thoughts and intentions, and that they should not in any way misunderstand the nature of the engagements into which I entered with them.

“To my surprise, however, I found that these chiefs, either in their speeches to me, or in their letters, frequently quoted, in ex-

planation of their views and intentions, fragments of ancient poems or proverbs, or made allusions which rested on an ancient system of mythology; and although it was clear that the most important parts of their communications were embodied in these figurative forms, the interpreters were quite at fault, they could then rarely (if ever) translate the poems or explain the allusions, and there was no publication in existence which threw any light upon these subjects, or which gave the meaning of the great mass of the words which the natives, upon such occasions, made use of; so that I was compelled to content myself with a short general statement of what some other native believed that the writer of the letter intended to convey as his meaning by the fragment of the poem he had quoted, or by the allusions he had made. I should add, that even the great majority of the young Christian natives were quite as much at fault on these subjects as were the European interpreters.

"Clearly, however, I could not, as Governor of the country, permit so close a veil to remain drawn between myself and the aged and influential chiefs, whom it was my duty to attach to British interests and to the British race—whose regard and confidence, as also that of their tribes, it was my desire to secure, and with whom it was necessary that I should hold the most unrestricted intercourse. Only one thing could, under such circumstances, be done, and that was to acquaint myself with the ancient language of the country, to collect its traditional poems and legends, to induce their priests to impart to me their mythology, and to study their proverbs. For more than eight years I devoted a great part of my available time to these pursuits. Indeed I worked at this duty in my spare moments in every part of the country I traversed, and during my many voyages from portion to portion of the islands. I was also always accompanied by natives, and still, at every possible interval, pursued my inquiries into these subjects. Once, when I had with great pains amassed a large mass of materials to aid me in my studies, the Government House was destroyed by fire, and with it were burnt the materials I had so collected, and thus I was left to commence again my difficult and wearying task.

"The ultimate result, however, was, that I acquired a great amount of information on these subjects, and collected a large mass of materials, which was, however, from the manner in which they were acquired, in a very scattered state—for different portions of the same poem or legend were often collected from different natives, in very distant parts of the country; long intervals of time, also, frequently elapsed after I had obtained one part of a poem or legend, before I could find a native accurately acquainted with another portion of it; consequently the fragments thus obtained were scattered through

different note-books, and, before they could be given to the public, required to be carefully arranged and re-written, and, what was still more difficult (whether viewed in reference to the real difficulty of fairly translating the ancient language in which they were composed, or my many public duties), it was necessary that they should be translated.

"Having, however, with much toil acquired information which I found so useful to myself, I felt unwilling that the result of my labours should be lost to those whose duty it may be hereafter to deal with the natives of New Zealand; and I, therefore, undertook a new task, which I have often, very often, been sorely tempted to abandon; but the same sense of duty which made me originally enter upon the study of the native language has enabled me to persevere up to the present period, when I have already published one large volume in the native language, containing a very extensive collection of the ancient traditional poems, religious chants and songs of the Maori race, and I now present to the European reader a translation of the principal portion of their ancient mythology, and of some of their most interesting legends."—Preface, pp.iii.—x.

The book thus laboriously compiled and translated, we have read with unabated interest from beginning to end. It is true that, as Sir Geo. Grey himself remarks, the stories and traditions are often puerile and absurd, but not more puerile or more absurd than the stories and traditional mythology of our own ancestors, whether Celtic or Saxon, or than those handed down to us from the old Greeks and Romans. To the latter especially we have become reconciled from having had them taught us from our boyhood as carefully as if they had still been part of our faith, and from their being embalmed in all the graces of diction and elegance, beauty and grandeur of language by the most famous poets of the world. If, however, the mythological stories of Homer, and Hesiod, and Eschylus, or of Virgil and Ovid, were to be simply translated into ordinary prose even as they now stand, an educated man who had never heard of them before (supposing you could find such a person) would be moved to laughter by their silliness, instead of being awed by their sublimity or pleased by their beauty. Still more would this have been the case if we could have had the old original stories of the people, before they had passed through the alembic of the poet's brain. The dim old gods of Ethiopia and their rebel-

lions progeny, who made their heaven on Olympus, are all mere overgrown children, kissing or scratching, loving or fighting, feasting or quarrelling, as the humour takes them. They are all human beings endowed with supernatural powers, which seem sometimes to fail them just when they are most wanted and most likely to be called into play. The whole heathen mythology is, in fact, a jumble of inconsistency and nonsense, with a mixture of something worse, to which really that of the Polynesian, as given us by Sir George Grey, seems quite respectable by contrast.

It is true that now and then we catch the traces of something more rational that would appear to be dimly symbolised, as in the story of Chronos (Saturn), or Time, eating his own children; but these instances are rare and obscure, and contain nothing very wonderful when their mystery is explained. Against the ordinary run of the heathen mythology, we would back the following one given us by Sir George Grey:—

“Men had but one pair of primitive ancestors; they sprang from the vast heaven that exists above us, and from the earth which lies beneath us. According to the traditions of our race, Rangi and Papa, or Heaven and Earth, were the source from which, in the beginning, all things originated. Darkness then rested upon the heaven and upon the earth, and they still both clave together, for they had not yet been rent apart; and the children they had begotten were ever thinking amongst themselves what might be the difference between darkness and light; they knew that beings had multiplied and increased, and yet light had never broken upon them, but it ever continued dark. Hence these sayings are found in our ancient religious services: ‘There was darkness from the first division of time, unto the tenth, to the hundredth, to the thousandth,’ that is, for a vast space of time; and these divisions of times were considered as beings, and were each termed a Po; and on their account there was as yet no world with its bright light, but darkness only for the beings which existed.

“At last the beings who had been begotten by Heaven and Earth, worn out by the continued darkness, consulted amongst themselves, saying, ‘Let us now determine what we should do with Rangi and Papa, whether it would be better to slay them or to rend them apart. Then spoke Tumatauenga, the fiercest of the children of Heaven and Earth, ‘It is well, let us slay them.’

“Then spake Tane-mahuta, the father of forests and of all things that inhabit them, or that are constructed from trees, ‘Nay, not so. It is better to rend them apart, and to let the heaven stand far above us, and the earth lie under our feet. Let the sky become as a stranger to us, but the earth remain close to us as our nursing mother.’

“The brothers all consented to this proposal, with the exception of Tawhiri-matea, the father of winds and storms, and he, fearing that his kingdom was about to be overthrown, grieved greatly at the thought of his parents being torn apart. Five of the brothers willingly consented to the separation of their parents, but one of them would not agree to it.

“Hence, also, these sayings of old are found in our prayers, ‘Darkness, darkness, light, light, the seeking, the searching, in chaos, in chaos;’ these signified the way in which the offspring of heaven and earth sought for some mode of dealing with their parents, so that human beings might increase and live.

“So, also, these sayings of old time, ‘The multitude, the length,’ signified the multitude of the thoughts of the children of Heaven and Earth, and the length of time they considered whether they should slay their parents, that human beings might be called into existence; for it was in this manner that they talked and consulted amongst themselves.

“But at length their plans having been agreed on, lo, Rongo-ma-tane, the god and father of the cultivated food of man, rises up, that he may rend apart the heavens and the earth; he struggles, but he rends them not apart. Lo, next, Tangaroa, the god and father of fish and reptiles, rises up, that he may rend apart the heavens and the earth; he also struggles, but he rends them not apart. Lo, next, Haumia-tikitiki, the god and father of the food of man which springs without cultivation, rises up and struggles, but ineffectually. Lo, then, Tu-matauenga, the god and father of fierce human beings, rises up and struggles, but he, too, fails in his efforts. Then, at last, slowly uprises Tane-mahuta, the god and father of forests, of birds, and of insects, and he struggles with his parents; in vain he strives to rend them apart with his hands and arms. Lo, he pauses; his head is now firmly planted on his mother the earth, his feet he raises up and rests against his father the skies, he strains his back and limbs with mighty effort. Now are rent apart Rangi and Papa, and with cries and groans of wo they shriek aloud, ‘Wherefore slay you thus your parents? Why commit you so dreadful a crime as to slay us, as to rend your parents apart? But Tane-mahuta pauses not, he regards not their shrieks and cries; far, far beneath him he presses down the earth; far, far above him he thrusts up the sky.

“Hence these sayings of olden time, ‘It

was the fierce thrusting of Tane which tore the heaven from the earth, so that they were rent apart, and darkness was made manifest, and so was the light.'

"No sooner was heaven rent from earth than the multitude of human beings were discovered whom they had begotten, and who had hitherto lain concealed between the bodies of Rangi and Papa.

"Then, also, there arose in the breast of Tawhiri-ma-tea, the god and father of winds and storms, a fierce desire to wage war with his brothers, because they had rent apart their common parents. He from the first had refused to consent to his mother being torn from her lord and children; it was his brothers alone that wished for this separation, and desired that Papa-tu-a-nuku, or the Earth alone, should be left as a parent for them.

"The god of hurricanes and storms dreads also that the world should become too fair and beautiful, so he rises, follows his father to the realms above, and hurries to the sheltered hollows in the boundless skies; there he hides and clings, and, nestling in this place of rest, he consults long with his parent, and as the vast Heaven listens to the suggestions of Tawhiri-ma-tea, thoughts and plans are formed in his breast, and Tawhiri-ma-tea also understands what he should do. Then by himself and the vast Heaven were begotten his numerous brood, and they rapidly increased and grew. Tawhiri-ma-tea despatches one of them to the westward, and one to the southward, and one to the eastward, and one to the northward; and he gives corresponding names to himself and to his progeny, the mighty winds.

"He next sends forth fierce squalls, whirlwinds, dense clouds, massy clouds, dark clouds, gloomy thick clouds, fiery clouds, clouds which precede hurricanes, clouds of fiery black, clouds reflecting glowing red light, clouds wildly drifting from all quarters, and wildly bursting, clouds of thunder storms, and clouds hurriedly flying. In the midst of these Tawhiri-ma-tea himself sweeps wildly on. Alas! alas! then rages the fierce hurricane; and whilst Tane-mahuta and his gigantic forests still stand, unconscious and unsuspecting, the blast of the mouth of Tawhiri-ma-tea smites them, the gigantic trees are snapt off right in the middle; alas! alas! they are rent to atoms, dashed to the earth, with boughs and branches torn and scattered, and lying on the earth, trees and branches all alike left for the insect, for the grub, and for loathsome rottenness.

"From the forests and their inhabitants, Tawhiri-ma-tea next swoops down upon the seas, and lashes in his wrath the ocean. Ah! ah! waves steep as cliffs arise, whose summits are so lofty that to look from them would make the beholder giddy; these soon eddy in whirlpools, and Tangaroa, the god of ocean, and father of all that dwell therein,

flies affrighted through his seas; but before he fled, his children consulted together how they might secure their safety, for Tangaroa had begotten Punga, and he had begotten two children, Ika-tere, the father of fish, and Tu-te-wehiwehi, or Tu-te-wanawana, the father of reptiles.

"When Tangaroa fled for safety to the ocean, then Tu-te-wehiwehi and Ika-tere, and their children, disputed together as to what they should do to escape from the storms, and Tu-te-wehiwehi and his party cried aloud, 'Let us fly inland;' but Ika-tere and his party cried aloud, 'Let us fly to the sea.' Some would not obey one order, some would not obey the other, and they escaped in two parties: the party of Tu-te-wehiwehi, or the reptiles hid themselves ashore: the party of Punga rushed to the sea. This is what, in our ancient religious services, is called the separation of Ta-whiri-ma-tea.

"Hence these traditions have been handed down:—'Ika-tere, the father of things which inhabit water, cried aloud to Tu-te-wehiwehi, 'Ho, ho, let us all escape to the sea.'

"But Tu-te-wehiwehi shouted in answer, 'Nay, nay, let us rather fly inland.'

"Then Ika-tere warned him, saying, 'Fly inland, then; and the fate of you and your race will be, that when they catch you, before you are cooked, they will singe off your scales over a lighted wisp of dry fern.'

"But Tu-te-wehiwehi answered him, saying, 'Seek safety, then, in the sea; and the future fate of your race will be, that when they serve out little baskets of cooked vegetable food to each person, you will be laid upon the top of the food to give a relish to it.'

"Then without delay these two races of beings separated. The fish fled in confusion to the sea, the reptiles sought safety in the forests and scrubs.

"Tangaroa, enraged at some of his children deserting him, and, being sheltered by the god of the forests on dry land, has ever since waged war on his brother Tane, who, in return, has waged war against him."—pp. 8-15.

The sort of dim and misty sublimity with which this passage begins, and the sudden allusion to the every-day meals of the people, which seem to be the principal result of it, is very characteristic. Neither is there anything in Ovid more delicate in fancy than the closing paragraph of this chapter, a literal translation into our rough tongue of the mellifluous syllables of the vowel-sounding Polynesian:—

"Up to this time the vast Heaven has still ever remained separated from his spouse, the Earth. Yet their mutual love still continues—the soft warm sighs of her loving bosom still ever rise up to him, ascending

from the woody mountains and valleys, and men call these mists; and the vast Heaven, as he mourns through the long nights his separation from his beloved, drops frequent tears upon her bosom, and men seeing these, term them dew-drops."—p. 6.

The legend of Maui, which follows this, is a very curious one, and seems to have concealed in it, in some places, some higher and better meaning than would be derived from the mere story. It begins quite according to our poetic rules, by bursting *in medias res* without any previous explanation or mention of who Maui was. One day Maui asked his brothers to tell him the place where their father and mother dwelt? The brothers say that they do not know, and do not care, and advise him not to trouble himself. He, however, persists, for he had found something out after he was himself discovered by his relations. The tale then proceeds:—

"They discovered him one night whilst they were all dancing in the great house of assembly. Whilst his relations were all dancing there, they then found out who he was in this manner. For little Maui, the infant, crept into the house, and went and sat behind one of his brothers, and hid himself, so when their mother counted her children that they might stand up ready for the dance, she said—'One, that's Maui-taka; two, that's Maui-roto; three, that's Maui-pae; four, that's Maui-waho;' and then she saw another, and cried out, 'Hollo, where did this fifth come from?' Then little Maui, the infant, answered, 'Ah, I'm your child, too.' Then the old woman counted them all over again, and said, 'Oh, no, there ought to be only four of you; now for the first time I've seen you.' Then little Maui and his mother stood for a long time disputing about this in the very middle of the ranks of all the dancers.

"At last she got angry, and cried out, 'Come, you be off now, out of the house at once; you are no child of mine, you belong to some one else. Then little Maui spoke out quite boldly, and said, 'Very well, I'd better be off, then, for I suppose, as you say it, I must be the child of some other person; but indeed I did think I was your child when I said so, because I knew I was born at the side of the sea, and was thrown by you into the foam of the surf, after you had wrapped me up in a tuft of your hair, which you cut off for the purpose; then the seaweed formed and fashioned me, as, caught in its long tangles, the ever-heaving surges of the sea rolled me, folded as I was in them, from side to side; at length the breezes and squalls which blew from the ocean drifted me on shore

again, and the soft jelly-fish of the long sandy beaches rolled themselves round me to protect me; then again myriads of flies alighted on me to buzz about me and lay their eggs, that maggots might eat me, and flocks of birds collected around me to peck me to pieces; but at that moment appeared there also my great ancestor, Tama-nui-ki-te-Rangi, and he saw the flies and the birds collected in clusters and flocks above the jelly-fish, and the old man ran, as fast as he could, and stripped off the encircling jelly-fish, and behold within there lay a human being; then he caught me up and carried me to his house, and he hung me up in the roof that I might feel the warm smoke and the heat of the fire, so I was saved alive by the kindness of that old man. At last I grew, and then I heard of the fame of the dancing of this great House of Assembly. It was that which brought me here. But from the time I was in your womb, I have heard the names of these your first-born children, as you have been calling them over until this very night, when I again heard you repeating them. In proof of this I will now recite your names to you, my brothers. You are Maui-taha, and you are Maui-roto, and you are Maui-pae, and you are Maui-waho, and as for me, I'm little Maui-the-baby, and here I am sitting before you.'

"When his mother, Taranga, heard all this, she cried out, 'You dear little child, you are, indeed, my last-born, the son of my old age, therefore I now tell you your name shall be Maui-tiki-tiki-a-Taranga, or Maui-formed-in-the-top-knot-of-Taranga,' and he was called by that name."—pp. 17-20.

His mother, Taranga, then takes him to sleep with her, and treats him with peculiar favour, which makes his brothers jealous, and they murmur among themselves, but the elder says—

"Let us take care that we are not like the children of Rangi-nui and of Papa-tu-a-nuku, who turned over in their minds thoughts for slaying their parents; four of them consented, but Tawhiri-ma-tea had little desire for this, for he loved his parents; but the rest of his brothers agreed to slay them; afterwards when Tawhiri saw that the husband was separated far from his wife, then he thought what it was his duty to do, and he fought against his brothers. Thence sprang the cause which led Tu-matauenga to wage war against his brethren and his parents, and now at last this contest is carried on even between his own kindred, so that man fights against man."—p. 21.

We are then told that Taranga, though always present at night with her children, was never to be found in the morning, or seen during the day, and that Maui is resolved to discover

the meaning of this mystery. He therefore one night, when she and all the rest are asleep, rises and hides her clothes, her apron and belt, and stops up the doors, and every chink of the house, so that it is kept dark, and his mother sleeps on till broad daylight. At last, jumping up, she discovers the trick, snatches up a fragment of an old cloak, and rushes away. Maui creeps after and watches her, and sees her lift up a bunch of rushes, and disappear beneath it, and on going to examine, discovers the mouth of "a beautiful open cave, running quite deep into the earth."

Maui, upon this, applies to his brother for information as to the place where their parents dwelt, but is met with—

"What do we care about our father, or about our mother? Did she feed us with food till we grew up to be men? not a bit of it. Why, without doubt, Rangi, or the heaven, is our father, who kindly sent his offspring down to us; Hau-whenua, or gentle breezes, to cool the earth and young plants; and Hau-ma-ringiringi, or mists, to moisten them; and Hau-ma-roto-roto, or fine weather, to make them grow; and Toua-rangi, or rain, to water them; and Tomai-rangi, or dews, to nourish them: he gave these his offspring to cause our food to grow, and then Papa-tu-a-nuku, or the earth, made her seeds to spring, and grow forth, and provide sustenance for her children in this long-continuing world.

"Little Maui then answered, 'What you say is truly quite correct; but such thoughts and sayings would better become me than you, for in the foaming bubbles of the sea I was nursed and fed; it would please me better if you would think over and remember the time when you were nursed at your mother's breast; it could not have been until after you had ceased to be nourished by her milk that you could have eaten the kinds of food you have mentioned; as for me, oh! my brothers, I have never partaken either of her milk or of her food; yet I love her, for this single reason alone—that I lay in her womb; and because I love her, I wish to know where is the place where she and my father dwell.'"

We are then told, incidentally, that on his first appearance, "*he had finished his first labour,*" which was to transform himself into the likeness of all manner of birds, and that now he assumed the form of a most beautiful pigeon, "at which his brothers were quite delighted, and they had no power left to do anything but admire him."

In this form he enters the cave, and flies along an immense way, till "at last he saw a party of people sitting under a grove of trees," and his mother lying by his father, and he perched in the trees right over them.

He then threw down berries upon them, and cooed among the boughs till the whole of the people, "chiefs and common people alike," began to pelt him with stones. He allows himself to be struck by a stone thrown by his father, and came fluttering down and struggling upon the ground, and "they all ran to catch him; but lo, the pigeon had turned into a man."

"Then all those who saw him were frightened at his fierce glaring eyes, which were red as if painted with red ochre, and they said, 'Oh, it is now no wonder that he so long sat still up in the tree; had he been a bird he would have flown off long before, but he is a man;' and some of them said, 'No, indeed, rather a god—just look at his form and appearance, the like has never been seen before, since Rangi and Papa-tu-a-nuku were torn apart.'"

We then learn that a considerable interval had elapsed since Maui had discovered the cave, and that his mother had never renewed her visits to her children, for she with difficulty recognises him, saying that "she used to see one like him when she went to visit her children," and recounts the history to the rest.

We have then the following curious passage, in which there are several very remarkable allusions to old customs and ceremonies of the Maoris:—

"Then his mother asked Maui, who was sitting near her, 'Where do you come from? from the westward?' and he answered, 'No.' 'From the north-east, then?' 'No.' 'From the south-east, then?' 'No.' 'From the south, then?' 'No.' 'Was it the wind which blows upon me which brought you here to me, then?' when she asked this, he opened his mouth and answered, 'Yes.' And she cried out, 'Oh, this, then, is indeed my child;' and she said, 'Are you Maui-taha?' he answered, 'No.' Then said she, 'Are you Maui-tikitiki-o-Taranga?' and he answered, 'Yes.' And she cried aloud, 'This is, indeed, my child. By the winds and storms and wave-uplifting gales he was fashioned, and became a human being; welcome, oh, my child, welcome; by you shall hereafter be climbed the threshold of the house of your great ancestor Hine-nui-te-po, and death shall thenceforth have no power over man.'

"Then the lad was taken by his father to

the water, to be baptised, and after the ceremony prayers were offered to make him sacred, and clean from all impurities; but when it was completed, his father, Makea-tutara, felt greatly alarmed, because he remembered that he had, from mistake, hurriedly skipped over part of the prayers of the baptismal service, and of the services to purify Maui; he knew that the gods would be certain to punish this fault, by causing Maui to die, and his alarm and anxiety were therefore extreme. At night-fall they all went into his house.

"Maui, after these things, returned to his brothers to tell them that he had found his parents, and to explain to them where they dwelt."

The legend, then, goes on to relate other achievements of Maui, such as his slaying his first victim, the daughter of Maru-te-whare-aitu, and destroying by enchantment the crops of that personage. He then again visits his parents and comes in contact with a great ancestress, called Muri-ranga-whenua, who, as he approached, "sniffed and sniffed until she thought she smelt something coming, and she was very much exasperated, and her stomach began to distend itself, that she might be ready to devour Maui as soon as he came."

On discovering who he is, however, this unpleasant preparation for Maui's reception is abated, and—

"When the stomach of Muri-ranga-whenua had quietly sunk down to its usual size, her voice was again heard saying, 'Art thou Maui?' and he answered, 'Even so.'"

"Then she asked him, 'Wherefore hast thou served thy old ancestress in this deceitful way?' and Maui answered, 'I was anxious that thy jaw-bone, by which the great enchantments can be wrought, should be given to me.'"

"She answered, 'Take it, it has been reserved for thee.' And Maui took it, and having done so, returned to the place where he and his brothers dwelt."—pp. 34, 35.

After this comes the most curious and original passage in the whole legend — one which, we think, must be the distorted and corrupted envelope of some half-forgotten knowledge. Among the old priests of Egypt much astronomical science was wrapped up in stories which, doubtless, assumed forms among the ignorant mass of the people equally unintelligible with this strange story of Maui:—

"The young hero, Maui, had not been long at home with his brothers when he be-

gan to think that it was too soon after the rising of the sun that it became night again, and that the sun again sank down below the horizon, every day, every day; in the same manner the days appeared too short for him. So at last, one day he said to his brothers, 'Let us now catch the sun in a noose, so that we may compel him to move more slowly, in order that mankind may have long days to labour in to procure subsistence for themselves;' but they answered him, 'Why, no man could approach it on account of its warmth, and the fierceness of its heat;' but the young hero said to them, 'Have you not seen the multitude of things I have already achieved? Did you not see me change myself into the likeness of every bird of the forest? You and I equally had the aspect and appearance of men, yet I, by my enchantments, changed suddenly from the appearance of a man, and became a bird, and then, continuing to change my form, I resembled this bird or that bird, one after the other, until I had by degrees transformed myself into every bird in the world, small or great: and did I not, after all this again, assume the form of a man? [This he did soon after he was born, and it was after that he snared the sun.] Therefore, as for that feat, oh, my brothers, the changing myself into birds, I accomplished it by enchantments, and I will by the same means accomplish also this other thing which I have in my mind.' When his brothers heard this, they consented on his persuasions to aid him in the conquest of the sun.

"Then they began to spin and twist ropes to form a noose to catch the sun in, and in doing this they discovered the mode of plaiting flax into stout square-shaped ropes (*tuamaka*), and the manner of plaiting flat ropes (*paharahara*), and of spinning round ropes; at last, they finished making all the ropes which they required. Then Maui took up his enchanted weapon, and he took his brothers with him, and they carried their provisions, ropes, and other things with them, in their hands. They travelled all night, and as soon as day broke, they halted in the desert, and hid themselves that they might not be seen by the sun; and at night they renewed their journey, and before dawn they halted, and hid themselves again; at length they got very far, very far, to the eastward, and came to the very edge of the place out of which the sun rises.

"Then they set to work and built on each side of this place a long high wall of clay, with huts of boughs of trees at each end to hide themselves in; when these were finished, they made the loops of the noose, and the brothers of Maui then lay in wait on one side of the place out of which the sun rises, and Maui himself lay in wait upon the other side.

"The young hero held in his hand the enchanted weapon, the jaw-bone of his ancestress — of Muriranga-whenua, and said to

his brothers, 'Mind now, keep yourselves hid, and do not go showing yourselves foolishly to the sun; if you do, you will frighten him; but wait patiently until his head and fore legs have got well into the snare, then I will shout out; haul away as hard as you can on the ropes on both sides, and then I'll rush out and attack him, but do you keep your ropes tight for a good long time (while I attack him), until he is nearly dead, when we will let him go; but mind now, my brothers, do not let him move you to pity with his shrieks and screams.'

"At last the sun came rising up out of his place, like a fire spreading far and wide over the mountains and forests: he rises up, his head passes through the noose, and it takes more and more of his body, until his fore-paws pass through; then are pulled tight the ropes, and the monster began to struggle and roll himself about, whilst the snare jerked backwards and forwards as he struggled. Ah! was not he held fast in the ropes of his enemies!

"Then forth rushed that bold hero, Maui-tikitiki-o-Taranga, with his enchanted weapon. Alas! the sun screams aloud—he roars—Maui strikes him fiercely with many blows; they hold him for a long time, at last they let him go, and then weak from wounds, the sun crept slowly along its course. Then was learnt by men the second name of the sun, for in its agony the sun screamed out, 'Why am I thus smitten by you! oh, man? do you know what you are doing? Why should you wish to kill Tama-nui-te-Ra?' Thus was learnt his second name. At last they let him go. Oh, then, Tama-nui-te-Ra went very slowly and feebly on his course."

There is then told a story of Maui's fishing up the dry land, from the bottom of the sea, when on a fishing excursion with his brother. This origin for the dry land is, we believe, the one universally assigned throughout Polynesia; and the story in one form or other is met with in all the accounts of the mythology of the several islands. It came up as a fish; and the inequalities of the ground are ascribed to its struggles. He then has a great adventure with another great ancestress, Mabu-ika, the goddess of fire; after which he transforms his brother-in-law, Irawaru, into a dog, and he became the progenitor of all dogs. The hero finishes his career in the following singular manner:—

"Maui now felt it necessary to leave the village where Irawaru had lived, so he returned to his parents, and when he had been with them for some time, his father said to him one day, 'Oh, my son, I have heard

from your mother and others that you are very valiant, and that you have succeeded in all feats that you have undertaken in your own country, whether they were small or great; but now that you have arrived in your father's country, you will, perhaps, at last be overcome.'

"Then Maui asked him, 'What do you mean? what things are there that I can be vanquished by?' And his father answered him, 'By your great ancestress, by Hine-nui-te-po, who, if you look, you may see flashing, and, as it were, opening and shutting there, where the horizon meets the sky.' And Maui replied, 'Lay aside such idle thoughts, and let us both fearlessly seek whether men are to die or live for ever.' And his father said, 'My child, there has been an ill omen for us; when I was baptising you, I omitted a portion of the fitting prayers, and that I know will be the cause of your perishing.'

"Then Maui asked his father, 'What is my ancestress Hine-nui-te-po like?' And he answered, 'What you see yonder shining so brightly red are her eyes, and her teeth are as sharp and hard as volcanic glass; her body is like that of a man; and as for the pupils of her eyes, they are jasper; and her hair is like the tangles of long sea-weed, and her mouth is like that of a baracouta.' Then his son answered him, 'Do you think her strength is as great as that of Tama-nui-te-Ra, who consumes man, and the earth, and the very waters, by the fierceness of his heat? was not the world formerly saved alive by the speed with which he travelled? If he had then, in the days of his full strength and power, gone as slowly as he does now, not a remnant of mankind would have been left living upon the earth, nor, indeed would anything else have survived. But I laid hold of Tama-nui-te-Ra, and now he goes slowly, for I smote him again and again, so that he is now feeble, and long in travelling his course, and he now gives but very little heat, having been weakened by the blows of my enchanted weapon; I then, too, split him open in many places, and from the wounds so made many rays now issue forth, and spread in all directions. So, also, I found the sea much larger than the earth; but by the power of the last born of your children, part of the earth was drawn up again, and dry land came forth.' And his father answered him—'That is all very true, O, my last born, and the strength of my old age; well, then, be bold—go and visit your great ancestress who flashes so fiercely there, where the edge of the horizon meets the sky.'

"Hardly was this conversation concluded with his father, when the young hero went forth to look for companions to accompany him upon this enterprise: and so there came to him for companions, the small robin, and the large robin, and the thrush, and the yellow-hammer, and every kind of little bird, and the water-wagtail, and these all assem-

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bled together, and they all started with Maui in the evening, and arrived at the dwelling of Hine-nui-te-po, and found her fast asleep.

"Then Maui addressed them all, and said, 'My little friends, now if you see me creep into this old chieftainess, do not laugh at what you see—nay, do not, I pray you; but when I have got altogether inside her, and just as I am coming out of her mouth, then you may shout with laughter if you please.' And his little friends, who were frightened at what they saw, replied, 'Oh, sir, you will certainly be killed.' And he answered them, 'If you burst out laughing at me as soon as I get inside her, you will wake her up, and she will certainly kill me at once; but if you do not laugh until I am quite inside her, and am on the point of coming out of her mouth, I shall live, and Hine-nui-te-po will die.' And his little friends answered, 'Go on, then, brave sir, but pray take good care of yourself.'

"Then the young hero started off, and twisted the strings of his weapon tight round his wrist, and went into the house, and stripped off his clothes, and the skin on his hips looked mottled and beautiful as that of a mackarel, from the tattoo marks cut on it with the chisel of Uetonga—and he entered the old chieftainess.

"The little birds now screwed up their tiny cheeks, trying to suppress their laughter; at last the little Tiwakawaka could no longer keep it in, and laughed out loud, with its merry cheerful note: this woke the old woman up, she opened her eyes, started up, and killed Maui.

"Thus died this Maui we have spoken of; but before he died he had children, and sons were born to him; some of his descendants yet live in Hawaiki, some in Aotearoa (or in these islands); the greater part of his descendants remained in Hawaiki, but a few of them came here to Aotearoa. According to the traditions of the Maori,* this was the cause of the introduction of death into the world (Hine-nui-te-po being the goddess of death: if Maui had passed safely through her, then no more human beings would have died, but death itself would have been destroyed), and we express it by saying, 'The water-wag-tail laughing at Maui-tikitiki-o-Taranga made Hine-nui-te-po squeeze him to death.' And we have this proverb—'Men make heirs, but death carries them off.'

"Thus end the deeds of the son of Makenutara, and of Taranga, and the deeds of the sons of Ranginui, and of Papa-tu-a-Nuku. This is the narrative about the generations of the ancestors of the inhabitants of New Zealand, and, therefore, we, the people of that country, preserve closely these traditions of old times, as a thing to be taught to the generations that come after us—so we

repeat them in our prayers, and whenever we relate the deeds of the ancestors from whom each family is descended, and upon other similar occasions."—p. 54.

The legend of Tawhaki follows that of Maui. He, returning from fishing with two of his brothers-in-law, is attacked by them, supposed to be killed, and buried, without any apparent reason or object, in a way that is characteristic of Polynesian, and especially of New Zealand nature. His wife, finding he did not return with her brothers, immediately suspects they have killed him, searches till she finds his grave, and digs him up again, and recovers him. We have then this remarkable passage:—

"As soon as Tawhaki had recovered from his wounds, he left the place where his faithless brothers-in-law lived, and went away, taking all his own warriors and their families with him, and built a fortified village upon the top of a very lofty mountain, where he could easily protect himself—and they dwelt there. Then he called aloud to the gods, his ancestors, for revenge, and they let the floods of heaven descend, and the earth was overwhelmed by the waters, and all human beings perished; and the name given to that event was, 'The overwhelming of the Mataaho,' and the whole of that race perished."—pp. 60, 61.

He then proceeded to take revenge on a race called the Ponaturi, who had killed his father. Now, the Ponaturi inhabited a country underneath the waters, but always came to the dry land at night to sleep, where they had a large house, called Manawa Tarre. Tawhaki and his younger brother reach this place, and find their mother, Uratonga, who had been carried off captive by the Ponaturi, and the bones of their father, which were hung up under the high, sloping roof of the house, "rattled loudly together for gladness when they heard Tawhaki repeating his incantations as he came along—for they knew that the hour of revenge was now come." By aid of their mother they concealed themselves in the thatch of the house; and having luckily escaped the smelling powers of the scout who preceded the Ponaturi, they stopped up all the crevices of the house during the night,

* Inhabitants of New Zealand.

so as to keep it dark till after sunrise. Deceived by the assurances of Ura-tonga that it was not yet dawn, the Ponaturi lay on till the sun rose, when the stopping being suddenly withdrawn from the crevices, and the door opened, the sun's rays killed the whole of that strange race that lived beneath the waters, slept upon the land, but perished if the sun shone on them.

Does not the reader feel almost sure that there is some true and remarkable history concealed and distorted among these mists and clouds of fable?

The legend then proceeds:—

"The fame of Tawhaki's courage in thus destroying the race of Ponaturi, and a report also of his manly beauty, chanced to reach the ears of a young maiden of the heavenly race who live above in the skies; so one night she descended from the heavens to visit Tawhaki, and to judge for herself whether these reports were true. She found him lying sound asleep, and after gazing on him for some time, she stole to his side, and laid herself down by him. He, when disturbed by her, thought it was only some female of this lower world, and slept again; but before dawn the young girl stole away again from his side, and ascended once more to the heavens. In the early morning Tawhaki awoke and felt all over his sleeping place with both his hands, but in vain—he could nowhere find the young girl.

"From that time Tango-tango, the girl of the heavenly race, stole every night to the side of Tawhaki, and lo! in the morning she was gone, until she found that she had conceived a child, who was afterwards named Arahuta; then full of love for Tawhaki, she disclosed herself fully to him, and lived constantly in this world with him, deserting, for his sake, her friends above; and he discovered that she who had so loved him belonged to the race whose home is in the heavens."—pp. 66, 67.

Tango-tango, however, takes offence at Tawhaki's complaining of the bad smell of their little baby, and flies away again to heaven. Tawhaki resolves to follow her, and after some adventures and meeting with his grandmother in a mysterious manner, he climbs up the tendrils that hang down from heaven at a certain place, and thus, like Jack and the beanstalk, reaches an upper country, where, however, things seem pretty much the same as they are below. He here disguises himself as an old man of the common sort, and is treated as a slave by his brothers-in-law, whom he finds dubbing out a canoe; and is not re-

cognised by Tango-tango. On this point Sir George Grey says:—"The European reader cannot at all enter into the witty nature of this adventure in the estimation of a New Zealander; the idea of a sacred chief of high rank being by mistake treated as a common slave, conveys impressions to their minds, of which we can form no accurate notion." It is at length suspected who he is, and Tango-tango questions him:—

"She asked him, 'Tell me, are you Tawhaki?' He murmured 'Humph' in assent, still walking on until he reached the side of his wife, and then he snatched up his little daughter, and, holding her fast in his arms, pressed her to his heart. The persons present all rushed out of the courtyard of the house to the neighbouring courtyards—for the whole place was made *tapu* by Tawhaki, and murmurs of gratification and surprise arose from the people upon every side at the splendour of his appearance; for in the days when he had been amongst them as an old man, his figure was very different from the resplendent aspect which he presented on this day.

"Then he retired to rest with his wife, and said to her, 'I came here that our little daughter might be made to undergo the ceremonies usual for the children of nobles, to secure them good fortune and happiness in this life; then Tango-tango consented.

"When in the morning the sun arose, they broke out an opening through the end of the house opposite to the door, that the little girl's rank might be seen by her being carried out that way instead of through the usual entrance to the house; and they repeated the prescribed prayers when she was carried through the wall out of the house.

"The prayers and incantations being finished, lightnings flashed from the arm-pits of Tawhaki; then they carried the little girl to the water, and plunged her into it, and repeated a baptismal incantation over her."—pp. 79, 80.

In the following story there is an account of a pet whale called Putunui, that came at the call of its master, Pinirau, and allowed steaks to be cut from its sides. This whale was stolen by a magician called Kae, and dragged ashore by his people, and cooked and eaten. But the savoury smell was wafted across the sea to Pinirau, and this circumstance was the cause of a war.

In another legend there is another highly characteristic anecdote, showing how sport, and murder, and cannibalism mingled in their life, and the way

in which a whole tribe instantly committed themselves to the consequences of an individual act of one of their number, and a war arose in which they were all eventually destroyed :—

“ When Mairatea grew up, she was married to the son of a chief named Poporokewa, the chief of the Ati-Hapai tribe, and she accompanied her husband to his home ; but Tuwhakararo remained at his own village, and after a time he longed to see his sister, and thought he would go and pay her a visit ; so he went, and arrived at a very large house belonging to the tribe Poporokewa, the name of which was Uru-o-Manono ; all the family and dependants of Poporokewa lived in that house, and Tuwhakararo remained there with them. It happened that a young sister of his brother-in-law, whose name was Maurea, took a great fancy to him, and showed that she liked him, although, at the very time, she was carrying on a courtship with another young man of the Ati-Hapai tribe.

“ Whilst Tuwhakararo was on this visit to his brother-in-law, some of the young men of the Ati-Hapai tribe asked him one day to wrestle with them, and he, agreeing to this, stood up to wrestle, and the one who came forward as his competitor was the sweetheart of his brother-in-law's young sister. Tuwhakararo laid hold of the young man, and soon gave him a severe fall. That match being over, they both stood up again, and Tuwhakararo, lifting him in his arms, gave him another severe fall ; and all the young people of the Ati-Hapai tribe burst out laughing at the youth, for having had two such heavy falls from Tuwhakararo, and he sat down upon the ground looking very foolish, and feeling exceedingly sulky and provoked at being laughed at by everybody.

“ Tuwhakararo, having also finished wrestling, sat down too, and began to put on his clothes again, and whilst he was in the act of putting his head through his cloak, the young man he had thrown in wrestling ran up, and just as his head appeared through the cloak threw a handful of sand in his eyes. Tuwhakararo, wild with pain, could see nothing, and began to rub his eyes, to get the dust out and to ease the anguish ; the young man then struck him on the head, and killed him. The people of the Ati-Hapai tribe then ran in upon him and cut his body up, and afterwards devoured it ; and they took his bones, and hung them up in the roof, under the ridge-pole of their house Te Uru-o-Manono.”—pp. 99–101.

As a contrast to all this battle, murder, and sudden death, we must give a condensed account of the charming story of Hine-Moa, the maiden of Rotorua, which is the last for which we have space :—A lady of the name of Ranezi-

Uru, the wife of Whakane-Kaipapa, by whom she had several children, ran away with another chief, by whom she had a son called Tutanekai. She afterwards, however, returned to her husband, bringing this Tutanekai, who was well received by Whakane, and treated as his own son, and they all lived comfortably together on the island of Mokoia. This island is apparently one in the Lake of Rotorua, near what we call the Bay of Penty, in the North Island of New Zealand :—

“ Now there reached them here a great report of Hine-Moa, that she was a maiden of rare beauty, as well as of high rank, for Umukaria (the great ancestor of the Ngati Unui-karia-hapu, or sub-tribe) was her father ; her mother's name was Hine-Maru. When such fame attended her beauty and rank, Tutanekai and each of his elder brothers desired to have her as a wife.

“ About this time Tutanekai built an elevated balcony, on the slope of that hill just above you there, which is called Kaiweka. He had contracted a great friendship for a young man named Tiki ; they were both fond of music—Tutanekai played on the horn, and Tiki on the pipe ; and they used to go up into the balcony and play on their instruments in the night ; and in calm evenings the sound of their music was wafted by the gentle land-breeze across the lake to the village at Owkata, where dwelt the beautiful young Hine-Moa, the younger sister of Wahiao.

“ Hine-Moa could then hear the sweet-sounding music of the instruments of Tutanekai and of his dear friend Tiki, which gladdened her heart within her. Every night the two friends played on their instruments in this manner ; and Hine-Moa then ever said to herself, ‘ Ah ! that is the music of Tutanekai which I hear.’

“ For although Hine-Moa was so prized by her family, that they would not betroth her to any chief, nevertheless she and Tutanekai had met each other on those occasions when all the people of Rotorua came together.

“ In those great assemblies of the people Hine-Moa had seen Tutanekai, and as they often glanced each at the other, to the heart of each of them the other appeared pleasing, and worthy of love, so that in the breast of each there grew up a secret passion for the other. Nevertheless, Tutanekai could not tell whether he might venture to approach Hine-Moa to take her hand, to see would she press his in return, because, said he, ‘ Perhaps I may be by no means agreeable to her.’ On the other hand, Hine-Moa's heart said to her, ‘ If you send one of your female friends to tell him of your love, perchance he will not be pleased with you.’

“ However, after they had thus met for

many, many days, and had long fondly glanced each at the other, Tutanekai sent a messenger to Hine-Moa, to tell of his love; and when Hine-Moa had seen the messenger, she said, 'Eh-hu! have we then each loved alike?'

Some time after this a dispute arose among the brothers as to who was most favoured by Hine-Moa, and they treated Tutanekai's pretensions with scorn, as he was a low-born, illegitimate fellow; but he confided to his father their mutual affection, for they had agreed that on the first opportunity, Hine-Moa should elope to him, finding him by the sound of the trumpet, which he was to sound every night:—

"Now always about the middle of the night Tutanekai, and his friend Tiki, went up into their balcony and played, the one upon his trumpet, the other upon his flute, and Hine-Moa heard them, and desired vastly to paddle in her canoe to Tutanekai; but her friends, suspecting something, had been careful with the canoes, to leave none afloat, but had hauled them all up upon the shore of the lake; and thus her friends had always done for many days and for many nights.

"At last she reflected in her heart, saying, 'How can I then contrive to cross the lake to the island of Mokoia?—it can plainly be seen that my friends suspect what I am going to do.' So she sat down upon the ground to rest; and then soft measures reached her from the horn of Tutanekai, and the young and beautiful chieftainess felt as if an earthquake shook her to make her go to the beloved of her heart; but then arose the recollection that there was no canoe. At last she thought, perhaps I might be able to swim across. So she took six large dry empty gourds as floats, lest she should sink in the water, three of them for each side, and she went out upon a rock, which is named Iri-iri-kapua, and from thence to the edge of the water, to the spot called Wairerewai, and there she threw off her clothes and cast herself into the water, and she reached the stump of a sunken tree which used to stand in the lake, and was called Hinewhata, and she clung to it with her hands, and rested to take breath, and when she had a little eased the weariness of her shoulders, she swam on again, and whenever she was exhausted she floated with the current of the lake, supported by the gourds, and after recovering strength she swam on again; but she could not distinguish in which direction she should proceed, from the darkness of the night; her only guide was, however, the soft measure from the instrument of Tutanekai—that was the mark by which she swam straight to Waikimihia, for just

above that hot spring was the village of Tutanekai, and swimming, at last she reached the island of Mokoia.

"At the place where she landed on the island, there is a hot spring separated from the lake only by a narrow ledge of rocks; this is it—it is called, as I just said, Waikimihia. Hine-Moa got into this to warm herself, for she was trembling all over, partly from the cold, after swimming in the night across the wide lake of Rotorua, and partly also, perhaps, from modesty, at the thoughts of meeting Tutanekai.

"Whilst the maiden was thus warming herself in the hot spring, Tutanekai happened to feel thirsty, and said to his servant, 'Bring me a little water;' so his servant went to fetch water for him, and drew it from the lake in a calabash, close to the spot where Hine-Moa was sitting. The maiden, who was frightened, called out to him in a gruff voice, like that of a man, 'Whom is that water for?' He replied, 'It's for Tutanekai.' 'Give it here, then,' said Hine-Moa. And he gave her the water, and she drank, and having finished drinking, purposely threw down the calabash and broke it. Then the servant asked her, 'What business had you to break the calabash of Tutanekai?' But Hine-Moa did not say a word in answer. The servant then went back, and Tutanekai said to him, 'Where is the water I told you to bring me?' So he answered, 'Your calabash was broken.' And his master asked him, 'Who broke it?' and he answered, 'The man who is in the bath.' And Tutanekai said to him, 'Go back again then, and fetch me some water.'

This occurred several times, till at last Tutanekai started up in a rage, and threw on his clothes, and took his club intending to chastise the insolence of the man who had dared to break his calabashes; and when he came to the bath and called out—

"Hine-Moa knew the voice, that the sound of it was that of the beloved of her heart; and she hid herself under the overhanging rocks of the hot spring; but her hiding was hardly a real hiding, but rather a bashful concealing of herself from Tutanekai, that he might not find her at once, but only after trouble and careful searching for her; so he went feeling about along the banks of the hot spring, searching everywhere, whilst she coyly hid under the ledges of the rock, peeping out, wondering when she would be found. At last he caught hold of a hand, and cried out, 'Hollo, who's this?' And Hine-Moa answered, 'It's I, Tutanekai.' And he said, 'But who are you?—who's I?' Then she spoke louder, and said, 'It's I, it is Hine-Moa.' And he said, 'Ho! ho! ho! can such, in very truth, be the case? let us two then go to my house.' And she

answered, 'Yes;' and she rose up in the water as beautiful as the wild white hawk, and stepped upon the edge of the bath as graceful as the shy, white crane; and he threw garments over her and took her, and they proceeded to his house, and reposed there; and thenceforth, according to the ancient laws of the Maori, they were man and wife.

"When the morning dawned, all the people of the village went forth from their houses to cook their breakfasts, and they all ate; but Tutanekai tarried in his house. So Whakaue said, 'This is the first morning that Tutanekai has slept in this way; perhaps, the lad is ill—bring him here—rouse him up.' Then the man who was to fetch him went, and drew back the sliding wooden window of the house, and peeping in, saw four feet. Oh! he was greatly amazed, and said to himself, 'Who can this companion of his be?' However, he had seen quite enough, and turning about, hurried back as fast as he could to Whakaue, and said to him, 'Why, there are four feet, I saw them myself in the house.' Whakaue answered, 'Who's his companion, then? hasten back and see.' So back he went to the house, and peeped in at them again, and then for the first time he saw it was Hine-Moa. Then he shouted out in his amazement, 'Oh! here's Hine-Moa, here's Hine-Moa, in the house of Tutanekai;' and all the village heard him, and there arose cries on every side—'Oh! here's Hine-Moa, here's Hine-Moa with Tutanekai.' And his elder brothers heard the shouting, and they said, 'It is not true!' for they were very jealous, indeed. Tutanekai then appeared coming from his house, and Hine-Moa following him, and his elder brothers saw that it was indeed Hine-Moa; and they said, 'It is true! it is a fact!'

"After these things, Tiki thought within himself, 'Tutanekai has married Hine-Moa, she whom he loved; but as for me, alas! I have no wife;' and he became sorrowful, and returned to his own village. And Tutanekai was grieved for Tiki; and he said to Whakaue, 'I am quite ill from grief for my friend, Tiki;' and Whakaue said, 'What do you mean?' And Tutanekai replied, 'I refer to my young sister, Tupa, let her be given as a wife to my beloved friend, to Tiki;' and his reputed father, Whakaue, consented to this; so his young sister, Tupa, was given to Tiki, and she became his wife.

"The descendants of Hine-Moa and of Tutanekai are at this very day dwelling on the lake of Rotorua, and never yet have the lips of the offspring of Hine-Moa forgotten to repeat tales of the great beauty of their renowned ancestress, Hine-Moa, and of her swimming over here; and this, too, is the burden of a song still current."—pp. 242–245

Who can read this simple tale with-

out feeling how "one touch of nature makes the whole world kin?" The rude Maori with his war-club, and his stone-axe, his tattooed skin, and his matted cloak, full of revenge on his enemies, reckless of life, fierce and savage even to cannibalism, slaying, killing, and eating a man, on slight provocation, or perhaps upon none at all, has yet a soul and a heart open to all the beauties of nature, and accessible to all the soft influences of love. Poetry and song are his delight—not only the war-chant, but the love-song; and his love is not solely the mere animal impulse, but as evinced by the above poem, full of sentiment, delicacy and grace, natural and artless, but refined and modest, and blending easily with music and with flowers, cherished by the soft sunsets and moonlit evenings of the summer, the natural efflorescence of the youthful soul among the Maoris as among ourselves. Which of us men would not have loved Hine-Moa, and have felt for Tutanekai as for a friend and a brother?

We have given but a few of the legends and stories in Sir G. Grey's book, and are obliged to omit many passages we had marked for extract. Among these were some having important bearings on the manners, and customs, and past history of the people. An account of the graceful dancing (or gesture-making, as we should call it) of a young chieftainess at page 266, might be given as a literal account of that of a Malay dancing-girl. The graceful bending of the arms, and the lissomness of the wrist, as shown by reverting the fingers till their tips touched the centre of the forearms is in each case accounted a great beauty, all the motions of the body being light and graceful as that of a person swimming or floating in the air.

At another passage a date is given, since eleven generations, or two hundred and seventy-five years, are said to have passed since the marriage of a certain chieftain, though, as the story is evidently a modern one, and does not pretend to concern itself with any of their great ancestors or mythical demigods, the date is not of much importance. Two legends are devoted to the subject of the first emigration of the Maoris to New Zealand, called the emigration of Turi, the progenitor of the Whanganui tribes; and the emigration of Manaia, the progenitor of

the Ngati-awa tribes. Perhaps the most remarkable circumstance in these stories is, the constant assertion that the emigrants arrived in New Zealand from the West, or that they always steered towards the rising sun. This appears simply impossible, as there is no Polynesian people west of New Zealand, nor any land in that direction nearer than Australia, the inhabitants of which are, in every respect, far more inferior to the Maoris than the Maoris are to ourselves.

It would indeed be difficult to say in what natural gifts, qualities, or capacities, any race of people whatever excel the Polynesians. Physically, they are as well formed and as good-looking as any people. In bodily strength and athletic exercises they are great adepts. Captain Cook found none of his crew able to compete in boxing with some of the Friendly Islanders. Sandwich Islanders and New Zealanders are often the picked men of English or American whalers. Singularly quick and intelligent, their mental faculties rejoice in the acquisition of knowledge; while their moral instincts, though often perverted, are still truly human and correct at bottom, and are, above those of all other men, easily trained and docile to instruction. In this again they show their kindred to the Malays. Among no other nations do missionaries, whether Bhodist, Mahometan, or Christian, so easily make converts, and acquire such an entire ascendancy, as among the Malays and the Polynesians.

It is true that among the facile and light-hearted Tahitians and other peoples inhabiting gay tropical islands, their natures are light, mobile, and impulsive. Deep and serious truths, abstract contemplations, or severe studies are foreign to the natures of such people, and must ever be confined to the few of higher powers among them.

In the more serious Sandwich Islands such things may take deeper root; but it is to the far sterner and more athletic Maorie or New Zealander, nursed and strengthened in a somewhat ruder climate, and with a larger and more varied country, that we must look for our own more immediate counterpart in the southern seas. The whole of this people is now, or shortly will be, Christian; and according as they become of one faith, and of common opinions, and common education with ourselves, intermarriages will doubtless take place — not, as of old, by New Zealand women being taken as concubines by the white men, but as wives of equal rank with themselves, and white women may then marry with Maori gentlemen or chiefs. Some few generations will doubtless have to pass ere the old savagery and ferocity pass altogether from the blood of the mixed race; but it will very shortly show itself in the form of independence, enterprise, and energy; and we may look forward to the Anglo-Maori as a people destined to play a distinguished part in the world's history. Mr. Macaulay's New Zealander will become a real personage, though we do not know whether the historian contemplated him as a descendant of one of the native race, or merely as one inhabiting their land. Let us hope, however, that it will be long before he makes a pilgrimage to gaze upon the mere ruins of London, or to find our own islands gone back to the condition of a wilderness.

Under whatever circumstances, we believe Sir George Grey's book will be a most valuable one to him, as valuable as one would be to us written in choice Latin by a contemporary of Livy or of Tacitus, and containing a literal translation of all the legends and stories of the Druids, all the songs and poems of the ancient Bards.

THE DRAMATIC WRITERS OF IRELAND.—NO. VI.

RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN.

"If anything be overlooked, or not accurately inserted, let no one find fault, but take into consideration that this history is compiled from all quarters."—TRANSLATION FROM EVAGRIUS.

WE arrive now at a great name in dramatic literature—RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN, son of Thomas Sheridan, the celebrated manager and actor, and of Frances Chamberlaine, his wife, both commemorated in an earlier portion of the present series. This is the man of versatile and multiplied endowments, eulogised by Thomas Moore, as—

"The orator, dramatist, minstrel, who ran
Through each mode of the lyre, and was master of
all;"

and whom Lord Byron has placed even on a higher pinnacle, when he says—
"Whatever Sheridan has done, or chosen to do, has been, *par excellence*, always the best of its kind. He has written the best comedy, *The School for Scandal*; the best opera, *The Duenna*;—in my mind, far before that St. Giles's lampoon, *The Beggar's Opera*; the best farce, *The Critic* (it is only too good for an afterpiece); and the best address, "The Monody on Garrick;" and to crown all, delivered the very best oration, the famous Begum speech, ever conceived or heard in this country."

The varied abilities, systematic profusion, convivial intemperance, brilliant conversational wit, unrivalled eloquence, dazzling meridian, and most melancholy decline, of this gifted, but ill-regulated son of genius, have employed the pens of such a host of writers, and have formed the text of so many printed discussions, that novelty in going over the same ground can scarcely be looked for. All the leading incidents of the public and private life of this remarkable individual have been held up as a moral lesson, commented on, and sermonised until the topic is exhausted. Moore, in his "Life of Sheridan," as in the case of Lord Byron, has laboured with

the zeal of a friend and fellow-countryman, to perpetuate the most agreeable features of the portrait he undertook to draw. It is deeply to be regretted that he has been less fortunate himself when he became, in his turn, the subject of a biography.*

Richard Brinsley Sheridan was born in Dublin (not at Quilca, as has been sometimes supposed), in the year 1751. In his family, natural talent and literary acquirements appear to have been hereditary. His father and his grandfather were both eminent for their scholarship, and his mother distinguished herself as an authoress in more than one department. It was not, therefore, likely that his education would be neglected. In his seventh year he was consigned, with his brother, to the instruction of a well-respected pedagogue, Mr. Samuel Whyte of Dublin, with the encouraging recommendation from Mrs. Sheridan, that they were the two dullest boys she had ever met with.

When his parents removed to England in 1762, he was sent to Harrow, under Dr. Sumner, but he gained no laurels in that renowned seminary, which he left with the reputation of being a sharp, forward, careless lad, of a buoyant temperament, fond of light reading and poetry, but averse to sustained or studious application. Yet he must have laid in, while there, what Dr. Johnson would have called, "a bottom of learning," or he could never, at eighteen, in conjunction with his schoolfellow, Halhed, have undertaken and completed a poetical translation of Aristænetus—an obscure Greek author of disputed existence, under whose name some epistles in prose have been preserved on subjects of love and gallantry, and which are more characterised by gross indelicacy

* A good condensed life of Sheridan, compiled by G. G. S., is prefixed to an edition of his works published in Bohn's Standard Library, in 1848.

than by wit or graceful imagination. The young translators softened these passages; but there was an error in taste and judgment, as well as loss of time in their selection, which few read and nobody liked.

Sheridan lost his mother in 1766, before he quitted Harrow. Having left that seat of learning, he entered himself of the Middle Temple, with a view to the profession of the law, an intention which he speedily abandoned. Themis was too dull for an enthusiastic votary of Apollo. In 1771 he went to reside in Bath, his father finding it convenient to fix the head-quarters of his family in that idle resort of fashion, valetudinarianism, profligacy, and selfishness, while he himself was fulfilling a round of professional engagements elsewhere. Here young Sheridan became acquainted with the beautiful and accomplished Miss Elizabeth Linley, daughter of the eldest Thomas Linley, a distinguished composer and musician. The young lady, who sang at public concerts and oratorios, possessed vocal abilities of the highest order, and, as might be naturally expected, was followed by a legion of admirers. She was a coquette too, and played them off with considerable skill, but sometimes with hazardous imprudence. Included in the list was a Captain Matthews, an intimate friend of the family, the possessor of a large fortune in Wales, but unfortunately a married man. His principal employment in life was playing whist, on which he wrote a treatise, long considered the infallible guide. The close attentions of such a squire in ordinary under such circumstances, could only tend to injure Miss Linley's character, and his free conversation gave colour to the most damaging reports. A mutual attachment of an ardent and romantic complexion sprang up between Sheridan and the fair syren, which led to an elopement to the continent, winding up with a secret marriage.

Then followed two singularly savage duels between the happy husband and the disappointed Matthews. In the first, Sheridan was victorious, breaking his adversary's sword, and compelling him to beg his life. The second appears to have been a sort of drawn

battle, or scuffle, in which the combatants having closed and fallen together, hugged and hacked away on the ground with the fragments of their broken blades, something after the practice of the Jesuit D'Aigrigny, and the Maréchal St. Simon, in "The Wandering Jew."* Wounds, slight, although they were reported deadly, were given and received on both sides, until the seconds, who had long looked on in passive silence, thought it necessary to interfere at last. The *ex-parte* statements of these encounters published respectively by Sheridan, Matthews, and their friends, are so totally at variance, that it is not easy to extract the real truth from such conflicting evidence; but in both quarrels the principals seem to have gone to work more like red Indians, determined to tomahawk and scalp each other, than polished gentlemen, moving in elegant society, fighting according to rule, and in compliance with the ordinances and prejudices of the day.

When Sheridan ran away with Miss Linley he was twenty-two, and his bride eighteen. He was without a profession, or any certain income. The lady had a fortune of £3,000, paid to her by a Mr. Long, for a very unprecedented reason — because she had refused him; but she was artied to her father, who could claim her services until she was twenty-one. Linley, finding the marriage irrevocable, after an interview with Sheridan at Lisle, assented to a marriage he was no longer able to prevent, and became reconciled to the young couple, on the understanding that his daughter should fulfil her engagement to him, as in duty bound. This being settled, they returned to England, and lived for some time in retirement at East Burnham. Sheridan had a great dislike to the appearance of his wife in public, and resolved to withdraw her entirely from all professional avocations. By yielding to this point of delicacy he gave up at least one thousand pounds per annum, a sum she was sure to receive for several years, and which in all probability would have continued to increase. Dr. Johnson, in conversation with Boswell, expressed his warm approbation of this high spirit in a young

* This scene seems to have furnished the idea of the close of the duel between Fabien del Franchi and Château Renaud, in *The Corsican Brothers*.

man without a shilling, who would not be induced by straitened means to permit his wife to become the public gaze. Sheridan determined from this time forward to live by the exercise of his abilities, but he was too inexperienced to fathom the art of acquiring wealth, and the more difficult process of keeping it when obtained. Long after, when speaking of his early struggles with an intimate friend, who alluded to the events of his life, he said, that if he had stuck to the law, he believed he should have done as much as Tom Erskine; but, he added, "I had no time for such studies—Mrs. Sheridan and myself were both obliged to keep writing for our daily leg or shoulder of mutton, or we should have had none." "Ay," replied the other, "I see it was a *joint* concern."

The first effort made by Sheridan to obtain a livelihood through his brains, was the production of the comedy of *The Rivals*, at which he worked long and diligently before it was acted. From the ease of his language, and the natural exuberance of his humour, it would appear that he composed rapidly; but the contrary was the fact. His most flowing periods were elaborated and corrected with fastidious care. He began this play before he had completed his twenty-second year. About the same period of life, or a little earlier, and with equal inexperience, Congreve wrote *The Old Bachelor*, one of the wittiest compositions in the whole range of the English drama. Sheridan's comedy is fully equal to Congreve's in construction, incident, and dialogue, while it far surpasses it in the absence of impurity or coarse allusions. *The Old Bachelor* is banished from the stage; *The Rivals* lives in active popularity, and, during the two last seasons, has been performed above thirty times at the Princess's Theatre, under the management of Mr. C. Kean. Yet this play, of the highest character in every essential point, met with very harsh treatment on the first night, and with difficulty obtained a second representation. On the 17th of January, 1775, *The Rivals* was acted at Covent Garden, and repeated on the 18th, when it was withdrawn for alterations and curtailment. On the 28th it was re-produced, and from that date has maintained an unshaken hold on public favour. The opening failure

was attributed to the immoderate length, to the character of Sir Lucius O'Trigger, which was considered by a portion of the audience as a national reflection, and to the miserable acting of Lee, in the pugnacious baronet, which excited repeated bursts of disapprobation. Clinch superseded him when the play was brought forward again, and gave infinite satisfaction both to the public and the author. The original prologue, in the form of a dialogue between a sergeant-at-law and an attorney, was spoken by Woodward and Quick; but, on the tenth night, Sheridan replaced it by another, more appropriate, and consigned to Mrs. Bulkeley. The plot and characters of *The Rivals* are undoubtedly the pure invention of the author; but resemblances may be traced, as in almost every other instance, where a close examination is instituted. Sir Anthony Absolute and Mrs. Malaprop bear some relationship to Matthew Bramble and his sister Tabitha. The latter is more obviously suggested by Mrs. Slipslop, in "Joseph Andrews," or Termagant, in Murphy's farce of *The Upholsterer*. Rigid critics call it a gross caricature; but there is good reason to suppose that the portrait is drawn from life without exaggeration. If so, then must Nature herself be pronounced a caricature. There are some remarkable coincidences in the dialogue, which can scarcely be accidental. Acres, in the third act, says—"Tis certain I have most anti-Gallican toes." The same thought occurs in the "Wasps" of Aristophanes, where the old man, on being desired to put on a pair of Lacedemonian boots, endeavours to back out by saying, that one of his toes is *πανυ μισολακων*—a bitter enemy to the Lacedemonians. Again, when Acres speaks of swearing, in the second act, and ends by saying that the "best terms will grow obsolete," and that "damns have had their day," the idea seems to be suggested by the following old epigram of Sir John Harrington:—

"In elder times an ancient custom was,
To swear, in weighty matters, by the mass;
But when the mass went down, as old men note,
They swore then by the cross of this same groat;
And when the cross was likewise held in scorn,
Then by their faith the common oath was sworn.
Last, having sworn away all faith and troth,
Only G— damn them is their common oath.
Thus custom kept decorum by gradation,
That, losing mass, cross, faith, they find damnation."

The friends of Mrs. Sheridan wished it to be understood that the epilogue to *The Rivals* was written by her, but there can be little doubt that it proceeded from the pen of her husband. The point throughout is the supremacy of woman in every class and situation of life, and a woman could scarcely laud up her own sex with such unmeasured panegyric.

Sheridan was so pleased with Clinch for his excellent performance of Sir Lucius O'Trigger, that when his benefit occurred, on the 2nd of May, 1775, he made him a present of the first night of a new farce, entitled, *St. Patrick's Day, or the Scheming Lieutenant*, to add to the attraction. The trifle succeeded, and is in every respect better calculated for representation than perusal. It added nothing to the literary fame of the author, and a point is strained when we admit that nothing was detracted. The object was to assist a deserving man on a particular occasion. Larry Clinch, as he was familiarly called, had been a brother-actor and intimate friend of Sheridan's father. He was a native of Dublin, and obtained an engagement from Garrick, at Drury-lane, very early in his career. He came out as Alexander the Great; but his success was small, and Garrick, in his disappointment, after trying to buy him off with money, forced him into disagreeable characters, until he removed in disgust to Covent Garden. His success in *Sir Lucius O'Trigger* established his reputation, and in a short time after he returned to Dublin, and became the hero of the Irish stage. Having married a lady by whom he was rendered independent, he performed *when* and on *what* terms he pleased; and about 1780, disapproving of the manager's (Daly's) conduct, he declined playing the number of nights for which he was engaged. The manager took the usual method of complaint in the newspapers; but Clinch preserved a dignified silence, and disdained to reply. Unluckily, however, his wife died, and her fortune with her, so that a diminished income compelled him thenceforward

to become more amenable to constituted authority.

On the 21st of November, 1775, Sheridan rose again to a high point, by the production of *The Duenna*—a comic opera of the first order, whether as regards the dramatic arrangement, dialogue, or music. The composers of the latter were Linley, Rauzzini, and Dr. Harrington. No piece was ever more successful. It ran seventy-five nights during the first season, and still continues a favourite with the public. The popular airs were sung in the streets and ground upon every barrel-organ throughout the kingdom. Harris gave a large sum for the copyright, and would not allow the opera (except the songs) to be printed. But no precaution can evade piracy. Tate Wilkinson obtained a surreptitious copy of some scenes, and between memory and invention, concocted a *Duenna* of his own, which he gave to the public as Sheridan's, in the York circuit; and thus it found its way into many of the leading theatres in Great Britain and Ireland. For this reason all printed copies, up to a very late period, were denounced by the author, and are undoubtedly spurious. As in the subsequent case of *The School for Scandal*, the substituted passages were so inferior to the true originals, that the piece could scarcely be recognised. But the result answered the purpose of the pirates, although annoying to the lawful proprietors.

Profound criticism has told us that the plot of *The Duenna* is borrowed from *Il Filosofo di Campagna*, of Goldoni, *Le Sicilien* of Moliere, and *The Wonder* of Mr. Centlivre. It may be so, but it requires very minute comparison to detect the relationship. The violations of probability also have been severely castigated; yet, if the improbable is to be banished from the drama, we know not what materials are to be found for an exciting or interesting story. The songs of *The Duenna*,* both in music and words, are of the highest order; but if they were omitted altogether, we should still retain a most

* When George IV. visited the Theatre Royal, Dublin, in state, on the 22nd of August, 1821, he commanded, as a national compliment, Sheridan's opera of *The Duenna*, with his farce of *St. Patrick's Day*. George IV. seldom committed an error in taste, whatever mistakes he may have made in more important matters.

amusing comedy: unlike the majority of more modern operas, which are merely so many pegs on which to hang a melody, a duet, or a concerted *finale* three-quarters of an hour long.

In 1776, Garrick retired from the stage and from all active participation in the cares of management. However uneasy he might have found his theatrical seat of sovereignty, it was well stuffed with bank notes, for he made a large fortune in the same speculation which impoverished his successors. But he possessed advantages which they had not, without reckoning his exclusive superiority as an actor—capital, experience, punctuality in business, a constant eye on the exchequer, and what Miss Strickland calls “great regnant abilities.” He looked after everything himself too, and trusted nothing to deputies without supervision. Sheridan adopted as his maxim through life, “never do to-day what you can put off until to-morrow.” Garrick, on the contrary, never delayed for an hour what could be carried through on the instant. He knew the value of time, and threw away as little as most men.

Garrick, as will be remembered, was joint monarch of Drury-lane with Lacy. He sold his own moiety of the patent and property to Sheridan, his father-in-law Linley, and Dr. Ford, for £35,000. In 1778, Sheridan was coerced into the purchase of Lacy's share for £45,000. To complete this, he consented to divide his original portion between Dr. Ford and Linley, so as to make up each of theirs a quarter; but the price at which they purchased from Sheridan was not at the rate at which he bought from Lacy, though at an advance on the sum paid to Garrick. Sheridan afterwards contrived to possess himself of Dr. Ford's quarter for £17,000, subject to the incumbrance of the original renters. By what spell he conjured up all these thousands it would be very difficult to ascertain with accuracy. From nothingness, he stepped into the practical working of an enormous property, which had hitherto proved a mine of wealth to the speculators. Moore has given the best account he could of all these money transactions, gathered from the correspondence and papers placed in his hands for the purpose; but he has not furnished a full solution of the mystery, for this simple reason, that it was never

thoroughly known to any one. Colman was very anxious to become the sole purchaser of Drury-lane, as he objected to divided sway; but he had not the means of buying autocracy, and gave up the negotiation to the more successful triumvirate. Garrick continued still a sort of sleeping partner, or consulting counsel; the new managers were too glad for a time to listen to his suggestions, and occasionally to profit by his advice, while he, on his part, was well enough disposed to retain his old habits of dictatorship, although he had succeeded from personal labour or responsibility. Sheridan was young, ardent, full of hope and ambition, with the innate consciousness of talent, and a reliance on his own resources, which admitted no calculation of the possibility of failure. But his habits were extravagant and thoughtless; his associates were far above him in wealth and station; and he reciprocated entertainments without any visible means of competition. From this date onwards, his life became progressively an unceasing series of shifts, subterfuges, apologies, endeavours to stave off embarrassments, contrivances to elude arrest, breaches of contract, practical jokes in place of ready money, and the gradual laxity of principle which winds up at last in total recklessness. The anecdotes which have been fathered on him fill a goodly volume, and have been compiled as “*Sheridani-ana*.” Many are true, some are exaggerated, and a considerable balance are invented altogether. Lord Byron says he once found him at his solicitor's, where his business was to get rid of an action, in which he succeeded. “Such,” adds the poet, “was Sheridan! He could soften an attorney: there has been nothing like it since the days of Orpheus.” But even Sheridan never executed a feat of adroit diplomacy equal to that recorded of a living eccentric genius, cast somewhat in the same mould, who being once arrested by two bailiffs at the same time, on two separate writs, actually cajoled the one son of Agrippa to pay the other.

The commencement of Sheridan's career as a manager conveyed an unfavourable impression, and gave rise to comparisons between him and his predecessor, much to his own disadvantage. The first novelty produced was an alteration by himself of Van-

burgh's comedy of *The Relapse*, under the title of *A Trip to Scarborough*, which made its appearance on the 24th of February, 1777. The piece was received with considerable opposition, but held its ground, though without much popularity or attraction, for several succeeding seasons. It was acted for the last time at Drury-lane, in 1815. Sheridan's success in *The Rivals* and *Dianna* had already made him an object of jealousy. There were not wanting mouths to carp at the "modern Congreve," as his admirers designated him, and the newspapers of the day almost unanimously condemned what they called his gratuitous mutilation of Vanburgh. In 1779, he was asked by an editorial article in one of the journals, if he did not consider his dealings with *The Relapse* as an illustration of what his own Dangle says in *The Critic*, that "Vanburgh and Congreve are obliged to undergo a bungling reformation." The editor of the "Biographia Dramatica" also censures Sheridan's alteration severely, but, like many other critics, he pronounces the sentence without stating the evidence. He adds that the alterer admitted himself, in conversation, that he had spoiled Vanburgh's play. Beyond this vague assertion we have no proof that such words were ever spoken, but Sheridan might have contradicted the statement had he thought it worth while. The opinion is unjust. We have many alterations of old plays, but few so good as this. Sheridan has retained everything in the original that was worth retaining, has omitted exceptionable passages, and his additions are improvements. We may name particularly the first scene in the fifth act, which concludes that part of the plot regarding Loveless, Colonel Townley, Amanda, and Berinthia, much better than it is wound up in *The Relapse*. It must be confessed that it is highly improbable (as Collier was the first to observe) that Sir Tūnbelly and Lord Foppington should negotiate a match through the medium of such a person as Mrs. Coupler. This, however, is a fact radically inherent in the piece, and it certainly lies at Vanburgh's door, and not at Sheridan's. The latter makes Loveless say—"It would surely be a pity to exclude the productions of some of our best writers for want of a little wholesome pruning; which might be effected by

any one who possessed modesty enough to believe that we should preserve all we can of our deceased authors, at least till they are outdone by the living ones."

On the 4th of January, 1777, Sheridan produced an alteration of Shakspeare's *Tempest* by himself, retaining some of Dryden's version, with some new songs by Thomas Linley the younger, his brother-in-law. There was no particular strength in the cast. Bensley as Prospero was the best, but he was not more than respectable. The singers were indifferent, and the attempt altogether must be considered a failure.

The town was beginning to express loudly its regret for the retirement of Garrick, and to complain of vapid entertainments, when, on the 8th of May, 1777, *The School for Scandal* was announced. The drop had not fallen on the first act before the whole house felt that they were sitting in judgment on a master-piece — one of those rare productions which appear once in a century, an inspiration of real genius, and an exhibition of truthful character, drawn from nature, without reference to age, country, local manners, or ephemeral fashions. A full account of the gradual progress by which Sheridan expanded a slight sketch into a perfect comedy is given by Moore, and will be considered by many readers as the most interesting portion of his book. We are not of that opinion, and would rather the details had been spared. We delight to look on the finished picture, but are not much attracted by the rough outline. When we ascertain that the author has laboured so artificially, although we are impressed with his diligence, we lose something of our admiration for his genius. The passage of Moore's biography might be spared in which he tells us that *The School for Scandal* "was the slow result of many and doubtful experiments, and that it arrived step by step at perfection." The play came out so late in the year, that when the theatre closed with it on the 7th of June, there had only been a run of twenty nights. During the next season it was performed sixty-five times. Perhaps no comedy was ever so perfectly acted in all its parts, neither has such a company ever again been collected as that which then graced the boards of old

Drury. Great actors have since represented all the principal characters, but none have ever been reputed to come up to the originals.

On a fair comparative estimate, *The School for Scandal* may perhaps be placed at the head of all recent comedies, not only in the English, but in any European language. There are blemishes, doubtless, but they are as specks on the sun. The play may not be altogether original; some portions of the plot the author himself admitted he had borrowed from his mother's novel of "Sydney Bid-dulph." Others may revive recollections of Wycherley's *Plain Dealer*. Charles and Joseph Surface bear a strong resemblance to Fielding's Tom Jones and Blifil, with a splendid varnish of modern manners and fashionable refinement. The scandalous coterie are not sufficiently connected with the action. The hiding Lady Teazle behind the screen, and exactly before the window commanded by "a maiden lady of such a curious temper," is undoubtedly a great mistake, scarcely to be excused by the sudden confusion into which Joseph is thrown by the unexpected visit of Sir Peter; and the fifth act is comparatively weak, and constructed on the principle of anticlimax. But making full allowance for all these drawbacks, there stands this imperishable monument of Sheridan's genius, alone, on a pedestal by itself, attractive, popular, and on the acting list of every leading theatre; fresh and brilliant as in its first infancy, and without rival or competitor to stand in the same file. It has been approached, but never equalled. Envy usually follows merit as its shadow. An idle rumour was propagated that Sheridan was not the real author of this incomparable play; it was said to be taken almost *verbatim* from a manuscript previously delivered at Drury-lane by a young lady, a Miss Richardson, daughter of a merchant in Thames-street. The story went on to say that, being in the house on the first night, she recognised her own production, was taken out fainting with surprise and mortification, and died not long after of a rapid consumption, produced by chagrin. Isaac Reed first alluded to this report in the "Biographia Dramatica." Dr. Watkins, in his "Life of Sheridan," expatiated on it with an impression that

it was true; and Galt, in his "Lives of the Players," has very unnecessarily repeated the assertion, after Moore had completely proved that it was absurd, and based upon no foundation.

Garrick evinced the most unbounded satisfaction at the success of *The School for Scandal*. He was proud of Sheridan, and this event indicated his judgment in resigning the theatre into such able hands. A caviller observed to him—"It is but a single play, and will not long support the establishment. To you, Mr. Garrick, I must say, that the Atlas that propped the stage has left his post." "Has he?" replied Garrick; "if that be the case, he has found another Hercules to succeed him." During the run of *The School for Scandal*, a passenger, walking past Drury-lane on the side of Russell-street, about nine o'clock at night, was suddenly startled by a terrific noise, which resembled the concussion of an earthquake, accompanied by peals of distant rolling thunder. He asked in dismay what it was, and received for reply the intimation that it was the applause of the audience on the falling of the screen, in the fourth act of the new comedy.

The writer of this notice once saw the screen fall in an important theatre without producing the slightest effect on the select assembly, who appeared utterly unconscious of what was intended. A ludicrous incident occurred one evening in connexion with this scene, at the Hawkins'-street house, in Dublin, then under the management of William Abbott. When the screen was pulled down, Lady Teazle was not there, and thus the great point of the play was lost. She had gone into the green-room to gossip or rest herself, and calculated on being at her place in time. Before the house could recover from their astonishment, or evince disapprobation, Abbott, who played Charles Surface, and loved a jest, with great readiness added a word to the text, and exclaimed, "No Lady Teazle, by all that's wonderful!" A roar of laughter followed, in the midst of which the fair absentee walked deliberately on, and placed herself in her proper position, as if nothing had happened.

But brilliant as had been the success of *The School for Scandal*, it proved but a passing meteor, and very

soon the general system of the management subsided again into darkness. Sheridan's besetting sin of procrastination increased on him, and grew into a chronic disease too deeply rooted for cure. He delayed answering letters until they accumulated into a hopeless heap, and then he consumed them in one indiscriminate holocaust. Authors could neither obtain a reading nor a restoration of their manuscripts, and complained in loud but unheeded remonstrances that their dialogue, incidents, and arrangements were pilfered and transformed most unmercifully, and so completely that it was almost impossible to recognise them, unless where some unique feature proclaimed the identity. Garrick, not long before his death, began to feel convinced that the theatre was tottering, and that he had mistaken his man. In his last letter to King, he says—"Poor old Drury, I feel that it will very soon be in the hands of the Philistines."

On the 15th of October, 1778, Sheridan allowed a dramatic entertainment, as it was called in the bills, a farce in reality, under the title of *The Camp*, to be announced as his. It was a *piece de circonstance*, founded on a late encampment at Coxheath, and intended as a vehicle for scenery, and to embody some local circumstances which actually took place. Tate Wilkinson, in his "Wandering Patentee," was the first who denied positively that Sheridan had anything to do with this very inferior production, which, in reality, was written by his brother-in-law, Tickell. What could have induced Sheridan thus to trifle with his reputation it is impossible to divine. The mere connexion by marriage was not a plea of sufficient weight. Had he never soared beyond *St. Patrick's Day*, the *Camp* might have passed for his. With slender pretensions, but as a temporary stop-gap, it met with unusual success, and lived for two seasons, attracting good houses, while Shakspeare's best plays were exhibited to empty benches. Who shall attempt to fathom the shifting currents of public taste, or caprice, or extravagance? Moore says—"One of the novelties of the year was a musical entertainment, called *The Camp*, which was falsely attributed to Sheridan at the time, and which has since been inconsiderately admitted into the collection of his

works. This unworthy trifle (as appears from a rough copy of it in my possession) was the production of Tickell, and the patience with which his friend submitted to the imputation of having written it, was a sort of martyrdom of fame which few but himself could afford."

Garrick died on the 20th of January, 1779. Sheridan wrote a monody on his death, dedicated to the Dowager Lady Spencer, which monody was spoken by Mrs. Yates from the boards of Drury-lane, on the 2nd of March following, and repeated on many successive evenings. But the public thought less of it than Lord Byron, whose praise is absolute. It has undoubted merit, and must be considered a very graceful composition. Perhaps the best passage is that which is general rather than particular, and wherein the ephemeral nature of the actor's fame, whose works die with him, is unfavourably contrasted with the immortality of the painter, sculptor, and poet, who leave behind them undying memorials:—

"Such is their meed; their honours thus secure,
Whose arts yield objects, and whose works endure.
The actor only, shrinks from time's award,
Feeble tradition is his memory's guard;
By whose faint breath his merits must abide,
Unvouch'd by proof, to substance unallied!
E'en matchless Garrick's art, to heav'n resign'd,
No fixed effect, no model leaves behind."

The theatre was going rapidly down, when the attention of the play-going public was excited by the production of *The Critic*, on the 29th of October, 1779. Lord Byron was not wrong when he called this the best burlesque that had ever been written. The proof is, that it retains its attraction, when all local causes and coincidences have ceased. We have no longer Cumberland to be identified with Sir Fretful Plagiary, Thomas Vaughan, the author of *The Hotel*, with Dangle, or Woodfall to be the target of certain sly hits at the press. The piece is essentially excellent, and as there will never fail to be tumid, bombastic plays, in all ages, it will do just as well for a satire in the present day, as during the reign of the last generation. The drift of this performance, which abounds with easy wit, unaffected exuberant humour, and caustic pungency, is, perhaps, not thoroughly understood. It might not have been written with the single view of procuring full houses during its own run, but as a crafty expe-

dient to banish empty ones on future occasions. It seems like an advertisement from the manager of Drury-lane, to signify his wish that no more *modern tragedies* might be offered for representation at his theatre. A tragedy, called *Zoraida*, written by William Hodson, a Cambridge man, of considerable scholarship, was performed within two months after the production of *The Critic*, and while the burlesque was yet succeeding—a most unhappy propinquity, which proved fatal. The woes of *Zoraida* being forestalled by *Tilburina*, were banished after a few fruitless repetitions. Hodson attributed his failure entirely to that cause. He printed his play in indignation, and annexed a postscript of considerable length, containing some general observations on tragedy, which contain sound sense, and are much better worth reading than the play they accompany. The author's Cambridge friends compared him to a man with a dark lantern, casting a light on everybody but himself.

Many attempts have been made to show the passages from different plays ridiculed in *The Critic*; and, by those versed in the dramatic literature of the period, a great number of them may be easily detected. Holcroft once thought of publishing a key, which had been done before, in the case of *The Rehearsal*. One remarkable illustration may be quoted as a specimen. When Whiskerandos is killed by the pretended beef-eater, he says—

"O cursed parry—that last thrust in tierce
Was fatal! Captain, thou hast fenced well;
And Whiskerandos quits this bustling scene
In all eter—"

and so he dies. The beef-eater finishes the word, and says—

"—nity—he would have added, but stern death
Cut short his being, and the noun at once."

It has been supposed that this was suggested by the conclusion of the terror-stricken dialogue, and the division of words between the Abbess of Andouillet, and the novice, Marguerite, in "*Tristram Shandy*." But a much closer original is at hand, taken from a dramatic source, to which Sheridan would assuredly resort for his example. In Henry Brooke's *Gustavus Vasa*, one of the characters relating the death of another (act iii. sc. 1), says—

"Tell him for once that I have fought like him,
And would like him have—
Conquer'd, he would have said—but there, O!
there!
Death stopt him short."

The resemblance here is too flagrant to be mistaken. Shakspeare supplies an earlier parallel in the death of Hotspur:—

"Oh! I could prophecy,
But that the earthy and cold hand of death
Lies on my tongue:—no, Percy, thou art dust,
And food for—*Dies.*"

The Prince of Wales concludes the sentence—

"For worms, brave Percy!"

Sheridan would hardly have ventured to point at Shakspeare in his parody, although it is quite certain that he had no profound veneration for our immortal bard. Ireland, in his "*Confessions*" (the only occasion, perhaps, on which he ever spoke the truth), says, that during the *Vortigern and Rowena* negotiation, his father, Mr. Samuel Ireland, "had very frequent conversations with Mr. Sheridan respecting the transcendent genius of the great dramatist; and one day in particular, after Mr. S. Ireland had been, as usual, lavish of his encomiums, Mr. Sheridan remarked, that, however high Shakspeare might stand in the estimation of the public in general, he did not, for his part, regard him as a poet in that exalted light, although he allowed the brilliancy of his ideas and the penetration of his mind." If we are to believe the same authority, Sheridan was taken in by the forgery, in common with Parr, Warton, Boswell, and many others. When perusing a fair copy of the play, from the supposed original manuscript, he came to one line which was not strictly metrical; upon which, turning to Ireland sen., he remarked, "This is rather strange; for though you are acquainted with my opinion of Shakspeare, yet, be it as it may, he certainly always wrote poetry." Having read a few pages further, he again paused, and, laying down the manuscript, spoke to the following effect:—"There are certainly some bold ideas, but they are crude and undigested. It is very odd: one would be led to think that Shakspeare must have been very young when he wrote the play. As to the doubting whether it be really his or not, who can possibly look at the papers and not believe them ancient?"

With the *Critic* ends the list of Sheridan's original dramatic compositions.* He was then only in his twenty-eighth year; and, judging by what he had done at such an early age, we may conceive what he might have effected in the same walk, had he not turned his thoughts and pursuits into another channel. In 1780, he was returned to the House of Commons as member for Stafford, and thenceforward became an active politician. He attached himself naturally to the party of his friend, Fox, at that time in opposition. His maiden speech, in defence of his seat, was a failure, and led to a somewhat hasty decision that nature intended him not for an orator. His utterance was thick and indistinct, an imperfection he never entirely subdued. When he had finished, he went to the gallery, where Woodfall was reporting, to ask his opinion. Woodfall frankly told him to stick to his former avocations, for that he had now got beyond his depth. Sheridan, nothing daunted, replied—"I know it is in me, and out it shall come." He improved rapidly with successive opportunities, and obtained great credit for a ready reply to Mr. Pitt, in the session of 1783, in a debate on the preliminary articles of peace. Sheridan had warmly seconded Lord John Cavendish, in an amendment of the address, which went to omit the approval of the treaty. Pitt, then even a younger man than himself by several years, already chancellor of the exchequer, and in training for prime minister, took him up in reply, and commenced his speech by the following sarcastic exordium:—"No man," he observed, "admired more than he did the abilities of that honourable gentleman, the elegant sallies of his thought, the gay effusions of his fancy, his dramatic turns, and his epigrammatic points; and if they were reserved for the *proper stage*, they would, no doubt, receive, what the honourable gentleman's abilities always did receive, the plaudits of the audience; and it would be his fortune, *sui plausu gaudere theatri*. But this was not the proper scene for the ex-

hibition of these elegancies; he therefore called the attention of the house to the question." Pitt lost his temper, while he forgot his politeness, and Sheridan instantaneously answered—"On the particular sort of personality which the right honourable gentleman had thought proper to make use of, he need not make any comment; the *propriety*, the *taste*, the *gentlemanly point* of it must have been obvious to the house. But" (continued he), "let me assure the right honourable gentleman, that I do now, and will at any time, when he chooses to repeat this sort of allusion, meet it with the most sincere good humour. Nay, I will say more, flattered and encouraged by the right honourable gentleman's panegyric on my talents, if ever I again engage in the compositions to which he alludes, I may be tempted to an act of presumption—to attempt an improvement on one of Ben Johnson's best characters, that of the angry boy in *The Alchymist*." The effect of the application was electrical, and after this it was long before Pitt could divest himself of the epithet of the "Angry Boy," which was applied to him in lampoons, caricatures, and the opposition journals.

During the mutations of ministries, Sheridan enjoyed more than one office under his friend and patron, Fox, but they were of short duration. Between 1783 and 1787, he made many masterly speeches, which were listened to with attention and applause by opponents as well as partisans; but on the 7th of February, 1787, he reached the apex of oratorical excellence, in the celebrated discussion on the charge against Warren Hastings, for the spoliation of the Begums. For five hours and a-half he commanded the breathless attention of the house, and when he finished, decorum was forgotten, and long and enthusiastic peals of applause greeted him from every quarter. Such an effect was never produced within the walls of any legislative assembly before or since. Within four-and-twenty hours he was offered one thousand pounds for the copyright, if he would himself correct it for the

* A pantomime called *Robinson Crusoe, or Harlequin Friday*, was produced at Drury-lane, in 1781, and attributed to Sheridan, but it is doubtful whether he had anything to do with it. It was very successful, and the scenery, by Loutherboung, produced a most extraordinary effect.

press ; but this was impossible, for he had no copy. An outline only of this marvellous effort of eloquence has reached us, so that it may be considered as lost. The published debates of the session present but a faint adumbration. Moore says that a perfect transcript of the speech is in existence, taken in short-hand by Gurney, some time in possession of the Duke of Norfolk, then in the hands of Sheridan, and afterwards in those of Moore himself. He has given some extracts, but they only whet curiosity, without allaying it. A perfect publication of this speech would find an army of purchasers. We may form some idea of its power from the encomiums of such men as Burke, Fox, and Pitt. Burke said that the honourable member (Mr. Sheridan), "has this day surprised the thousands who hung with rapture on his accents, by such an array of talents, such an exhibition of capacity, such a display of powers, as are unparalleled in the annals of oratory ; a display that reflected the highest honour upon himself, lustre upon letters, renown upon parliament, glory upon the country. Of all species of rhetoric, of every kind of eloquence that has been witnessed or recorded, either in ancient or modern times ; whatever the acuteness of the bar, the dignity of the senate, the solidity of the judgment-seat, and the sacred morality of the pulpit have hitherto furnished, nothing has surpassed, nothing has equalled what we have heard this day in Westminster Hall. No holy seer of religion, no sage, no statesman, no orator, no man of any description whatever, has come up, in the one instance, to the pure sentiments of morality ; or in the other, to that variety of knowledge, force of imagination, propriety and vivacity of allusion, beauty and elegance of diction, strength and copiousness of style, pathos and sublimity of conception, to which we have this day listened with ardour and admiration. From poetry up to eloquence, there is not a species of composition of which a complete and perfect specimen might not, from that single speech, be culled and collected." Fox said, "that all he had ever heard or read, when compared with it, dwindled into nothing, and vanished like vapour before the sun." Pitt joined in with equal admiration, and acknowledged that Sheridan "had surpassed all the eloquence of ancient or modern times, and that his speech

on the third charge against Mr. Hastings possessed everything that genius or art could furnish to agitate or control the human mind."

Lord Byron's "Monody" contains these fine lines in allusion to Sheridan's speech. They are a little overstrained in fact, but beautiful in poetry :—

"When the loud cry of trampled Hindostan
Arose to Heaven in her appeal to man,
His was the thunder, his the avenging rod,
The wrath, the delegated voice of God,
Which shook the nations through his lips, and
blazed,
Till vanquish'd senates trembled as they praised."

On the following day a committee was appointed by the House of Commons to prepare articles of impeachment against Warren Hastings, in which Sheridan was included and appointed one of the managers. When it came to his turn to speak again, in the course of the trial, he proved that he had not exhausted his resources in the former effort, and delivered a second speech, which lasted for four successive days, with adjournments, and was by many supposed to be fully equal to the first, although it was impossible to excite the same enthusiasm when the freshness of the subject had become withered. And now, what is the impression of all this marvellous display on the sober minds of unprejudiced posterity ? That the whole proceeding was a mistake, and a very grievous one to the principal character in the imposing spectacle ; originating in and perpetuated by party faction and personal hostility ; and that Warren Hastings, who was ultimately acquitted, but left to pay the expenses of an eight year's process, was comparatively an innocent man, while he was most undoubtedly an injured and persecuted one to the extent of ruining his fortune and embittering the remainder of his days. The splendid eloquence, too, which was then exhibited would not now be listened to, but would be considered waste of time, and empty, ornamental rhetoric. Such is the change which sixty years have produced in the march of practical utilitarianism as opposed to oratorical display.

Sheridan's unprecedented success in the House of Commons interfered sadly with the commercial interests of the theatre. His acquaintance and intimacy with the circle of the great became more extended, and his habits of conviviality and extravagance more

irrevocably confirmed. The affairs of Drury-lane fell rapidly into confusion. The salaries of the actors were seldom paid, the tradespeople never. Discipline became relaxed, and insurrections were frequent. Even Mrs. Siddons at last refused to go on the stage unless some portion of her large arrears was paid on account. In the midst of all these difficulties, Garrick's theatre had reached the period of age when it was pronounced unsafe. One hundred and fifty thousand pounds were required to build a new one. This sum was raised with ease in three hundred debentures of five hundred pounds each. How to pay the regular interest never entered into the calculation. On the 4th of June, 1791, old Drury-lane closed for ever, and began to be pulled down. The company went first to the Opera House, and from thence to the Haymarket, where they played at advanced prices. On the 4th of September in the same year, the first stone of Holland's magnificent edifice was laid, but many difficulties arose, and a long time elapsed before it was fit to receive the public. In the meantime Sheridan sustained a heavy domestic blow in the loss of his first wife, who died of a lingering decline in 1792, being then only thirty-eight years of age. He was fondly attached to her, and she was worthy of his love. All who knew her concurred in admiration of her character and extraordinary beauty. Jackson, the composer, said, "That to see her, as she stood singing beside him at the pianoforte, was like looking into the face of a deity." The Bishop of Norwich was accustomed to declare that she seemed to him "the connecting link between woman and angel;" and even the licentious John Wilkes pronounced her "the most modest, pleasing, and delicate flower that ever grew in nature's garden." Her only daughter died soon after, and the loss of this interesting child imprinted an indelible wound on the heart of the bereaved father.

On the 21st of April, 1794, the new theatre of Drury-lane opened with *Macbeth*, the leading characters by John Kemble and Mrs. Siddons. An occasional prologue and epilogue were spoken by Kemble and Miss Farren. A lake of real water was exhibited, and the audience were told that an iron curtain was in preparation to insulate them from any fire that might

originate behind the scenes. On this occasion an attempt was made to banish the ghost of Banquo, but the galleries soon insisted on his recall. Charles Kemble made his first appearance as Malcolm. Holland's theatre, the handsomest in the kingdom, was destined to a short existence, being totally burnt down on the night of February the 24th, 1809, when it had stood only fifteen years. The following authentic anecdote in connexion with the building has not before, as we believe, appeared in print. Holland could never obtain a settlement or even an interview on the subject with Sheridan. He hunted him for weeks and months at his own house, at the theatre, at his usual resorts; but he was nowhere to be seen. At last he tracked him to the stage-door, rushed in in spite of the opposition of the burly porter, and found the manager on the stage conversing with a party of gentlemen, whom he had invited to show them the theatre. Sheridan saw Holland approaching, and knowing that escape was this time impossible, put a bold face on the matter. "Ah! my dear fellow," exclaimed he, "you are the very man I wanted to see—you have come most *apropos*. I am truly sorry you have had the trouble of calling on me so often, but now we are met, in a few minutes I shall be at liberty; we will then go into my room together and settle our affairs. But first you must decide an important question here. Some of these gentlemen tell me there are complaints, and loud ones, that the transmission of sound is defective in your beautiful theatre. That, in fact, the galleries cannot hear at all, and that is the reason why they have become so noisy of late." "Sound defective! not hear!" reiterated the astonished architect, turning pale, and almost staggering back; "why, it is the most perfect building for sound that ever was erected; I'll stake my reputation on it, the complaint is most groundless." "So I say," retorted Sheridan; "but now we'll bring the question to issue definitively, and then have a paragraph or two in the papers. Do you, Holland, go and place yourself at the back of the upper gallery, while I stand here on the stage and talk to you." "Certainly," said Holland, "with the greatest pleasure." A lantern was provided, with a trusty guide, and away went the architect through a

labyrinth of dark and winding passages, almost a day's journey, until he reached his distant and elevated post. "Now, Mr. Holland," cried Sheridan, "are you there and ready?" "Yes," was the immediate answer. "Can you hear me?" "Perfectly, perfectly, Mr. Sheridan!" "Then I wish you a very good morning." So saying Sheridan disappeared, and was two or three miles off before Holland could descend. Another long interval occurred ere he was able to chase the fugitive to his lair again.

Towards the end of 1795, Sheridan contracted a second marriage with Miss Esther Jane Ogle, daughter of the Dean of Winchester. He was then at the ripe age of forty-four, and the lady young enough to be his daughter. She was fascinating and handsome, while constant intemperance had made sad inroads on his personal pretensions. His nose had become red, and his cheeks bloated; yet such were the charms of his manner, mind, and conversation, that he soon changed the original aversion of his selected bride into enthusiastic love. In spite of his pecuniary difficulties, he contrived to raise fifteen thousand pounds (by selling shares in Drury-lane Theatre), which sum the Dean required to be settled upon his daughter and her children, should she have any, in addition to five thousand which he contributed himself. These conditions comprised the *sine qua non* of his consent, and being complied with, an estate called Polesden, at Leatherhead in Surrey, was purchased with the money, and carefully invested in the name of Mrs. Sheridan and her future offspring. Here was a second love-match, not quite so romantic as the first, but fully as ardent in mutual affection.

Sheridan, like many other clever people of expanded minds, was prone to superstition. He had implicit confidence in dreams, with a full reliance on lucky and unlucky days. Nothing could induce him to travel, or allow a new play to be brought out, on a Friday. On the 14th of December, 1797, a drama was produced, the unexpected run of which relieved for a while the embarrassments of the theatre, and replenished the exhausted treasury. This was *The Castle Spectre*, by Lewis, the author of "The Monk." The great success of this piece, which is in truth a jumble of absurdity, may be quoted as

a striking proof that popularity is a very uncertain criterion of merit. With the exception, perhaps, of *Pizarro* and *Bluebeard*, *The Castle Spectre* brought more cash than any piece that had been produced for twenty years. The ghost, which was expected to be the cause of failure, proved the great source of attraction. George Frederick Cooke, in his journal, says: "I hope it will not be hereafter believed that *The Castle Spectre* could draw crowded houses when the most sublime productions of the immortal Shakespeare were played to empty benches." Reader, pause and ponder over the unfathomable eccentricities of public taste. A story is told, that towards the end of the season Sheridan and Lewis had some dispute in the green-room, when the latter offered, in confirmation of his arguments, to bet Mr. S. all the money which *The Castle Spectre* had brought that he was right. "No," replied the manager, "I cannot afford to bet so much, Mat.; but I'll tell you what I'll do, I'll bet you *all it is worth!*" This retort was as witty as it was ungrateful and ill-timed, and proves that Sheridan, under any circumstances, could never resist the temptation of a joke.

The Castle Spectre produced but a temporary lull in the storm of pecuniary difficulty by which the management of Drury-lane Theatre was continually beset. Sheridan found himself compelled to resume the dramatic pen he had so long abandoned, and after an interval of twenty years employed his genius on an amalgamation of Kotzebue's two dramas of *The Virgin of the Sun* and *The Death of Rolla*; out of which, through the medium of previous English translations, with much original matter, he compounded the far-famed romantic play of *Pizarro, or The Spaniards in Peru*. No play has been more abused, yet none was ever so successful. It has been called an unworthy prostitution of Sheridan's brilliant talents, a monstrous melodrama in five acts, an absurd, inflated, unnatural farrago, with many other vituperative epithets too numerous to detail. Yet what modern manager would not rejoice to stumble on such a mine of gold? We shrewdly suspect too that if now presented for the first time, the interest of the story, and the dramatic strength of the leading characters, would carry it over all objections. The first representation

took place on the 24th of May, 1799. It was so late in the season that there was no room for more than thirty-one repetitions, but for several following years the attraction continued with unabated interest. Many stories are told with respect to the difficulty of getting Sheridan to finish the play, on which the very existence of the theatre depended. Neither duns from without, nor disaffection within, could arouse him from his prevailing sin of procrastination. It has been said that the fifth act was not complete when the curtain went up for the first, and that the last scene was handed to the actors while the ink was wet, and the paper blotted with corrections. It has been also affirmed that Sheridan refused eight hundred pounds for the copyright, that he afterwards accepted one thousand, and also that he declined both offers, and finally published the play on his own account. If so, his profit must have been enormous, for before the expiration of 1811, twenty-nine editions, each of one thousand copies, had passed through the press. The greater part of his alterations are highly judicious; and many poetical passages are introduced which are pleasing and impressive, whether listened to from the stage or perused in the closet. The scenic effects are numerous and striking, and the leading personages afford great scope to great actors. John Kemble was magnificent in Rolla; and Mrs. Siddons, although at first she disliked Elvira, found that the part added much to her reputation. She was singularly unfortunate throughout her career in original characters. This was the best that fell to her lot, and by this scale the value of the others may be estimated.

No speech was ever better calculated to entrap applause than Rolla's address to the soldiers, which is entirely Sheridan's, and not in the original. It was evidently intended as an *ad captandum* reference to the war with the French Republic and a philippic against the principles of the Revolution; yet nothing is said which might not with perfect propriety be addressed to an army of Peruvians. Such was the popularity of this tragedy, that the King, George III., could not resist his desire to see it. He had not been at Drury-lane for some years. Many

causes have been assigned for his dislike to the theatre; some sufficiently absurd — such as a personal dislike to Sheridan because he was a Whig, a partisan of Fox, and an intimate associate of the Prince of Wales; but the most probable one is, that he had commanded two pieces, which, on account of the complicated machinery, could not be acted on the same evening unless he chose to wait two or three hours between the play and the farce — a delay little suited to the legitimate impatience of royalty. The intimation of the difficulty was given in a manner not considered as consonant with court etiquette.

Mr. Pitt having also been induced to see *Pizarro*, was asked his opinion. "If you mean," said he, "what Sheridan wrote, there is nothing new in it, for I have heard it all long ago, in his speeches at Hastings's trial." One of the finest ideas seems to have been borrowed from Burke. Rolla says, "I am as a blighted plantain, standing alone amid the sandy desert — nothing seeks or lives beneath my shelter. Thou art a husband and a father." The reader that can lay his hand on Burke's celebrated letter to the Duke of Bedford, will find that the writer, then a widower, and deprived of his only son, makes a similar comparison in language still more noble and affecting. We do not recollect the precise words, but their tenor is the same. Sheridan with becoming though unusual gallantry, inscribed *Pizarro* to his wife, in the following words:—"To her, whose approbation of this drama, and whose peculiar delight in the applause it has received from the public, has been to me the highest gratification its success has produced, I dedicate this play."

During the high tide of the *Pizarro* mania, a descriptive burlesque song appeared in the papers, and obtained notoriety enough to be perpetuated in the "Annual Register." Some said it was written by Colman, others attributed it to Porson. The learned professor, though a professed Grecian, was a humorous man withal, and indulged in jocularities (particularly in his cups), not always restrained "within the limits of becoming mirth." The deeply studious but eccentric mind which conceived the "Devil's Walk,"*

* "The Devil's Walk," so long attributed to Porson, is now claimed as the property of Coleridge.

and "Lingo drawn for the Militia," might as easily, in the relaxation of *horæ subsecivæ*, descend to the following *jeu d'esprit* :—

PIZARRO—AN EXCELLENT NEW SONG.

"As I walked through the Strand, so careless and gay,

I met a young girl who was wheeling a barrow :
'Choice fruit, sir,' said she, 'and a bill of the play,'
So my apples I bought, and set off for *Pizarro*.

"When I got to the door I was squeez'd, and cried
'dear me—

I wonder they made the entrance so narrow ;'
At last I got in, and found every one near me
Was busily talking of *Mr. Pizarro*.

"Lo! the hero appears—what a strut and a stride—
He might easily pass for Field-Marshal Suwarrow ;
And Elvira so tall, neither virgin nor bride,
But the loving companion of gallant *Pizarro*.

"This Elvira, alas! turn'd so dull and so prosy,
That I long'd for a hornpipe by little Del Caro ;
Had I been 'mongst the gods, I had surely cried,
'Nosey,
Come play up a jig, and a fig for *Pizarro* !'

"On his wife and his child his affection to pay,
Alonzo stood gazing as straight as an arrow ;
But of him I have only this little to say,
That his boots were much neater than those of
Pizarro !

"Then the priestess and virgins, in robes white and flowing,
Walked solemnly on, like a sow and her farrow,
And politely informed the whole house they were going
To entreat heaven's curses on miscreant *Pizarro*.

"Then at it they went—how they made us all stare :
One growl'd like a bear, and one chirp'd like a sparrow ;
I listened, but all I could learn, I declare,
Was, that vengeance would certainly fall on
Pizarro.

"Rolla made a fine speech, with such logic and grammar,
As must sure rouse the envy of Counsellor Garrow—
It would sell for five pounds, were it brought to the hammer—
For it rais'd all Peru against valiant *Pizarro*.

"Four acts are tol, lol—but the fifth's my delight,
Where history's traced with the pen of a Varro ;
And Elvira in black, and Alonzo in white,
Put an end to the piece by killing *Pizarro*.

"I have finished my song. If I had but a tune—
'Nancy Dawson' won't do, nor 'The Sweet Braes of Yarrow'—
I vow I could sing it from morning to noon,
So much am I charmed with the play of *Pizarro* !"

Pizarro, like the *Castle Spectre*, could only feed the endless wants of the theatrical exchequer for a limited period. The usual negligence and inattention to business soon brought back the ever-recurring difficulties. Many questions and claims required the interference of the Lord Chancellor, who always decided with as much delicacy and consideration for Sheridan as he could possibly exercise in consistency with his high office. The manager's means were increased

by his appointment to the post of Receiver-General of the Duchy of Cornwall for his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales. During the short administration of Mr. Fox, in 1806, he was made Treasurer of the Navy. The office was inferior to what a person of his ability, with more regular habits, might have expected ; but the salary was acceptable, and his enjoyment of it unfortunately brief. On the 24th of February, 1809, Sheridan experienced the heaviest calamity of his life—Drury-lane being, on that evening, totally consumed by fire. As this was a Friday in Lent, there had been no performance. The same catastrophe had befallen Covent Garden only five months before, on the 19th of September, 1808 ; so that the two great metropolitan theatres were levelled to their foundations at the same time. The close recurrence of two such conflagrations excited much suspicion that the second was intentional ; but on a strict examination it appeared to have resulted, like the first, from accident, or more properly, from shameful neglect. It was proved that the stove in the upper coffee-room was of slight construction : the workmen who had been employed during the day had made a much larger fire than it was customary to make there, the remains of which were left in it at four o'clock in the afternoon. It is reasonable to suppose that the fire had communicated with the surrounding wood-work, and had been gaining strength from that time until about eleven at night, when it burst forth. Before twelve the whole of the interior was one blaze ; at three the flames had nearly subsided, and nothing remained but a vast congeries of ruins. From the date of this unfortunate event, Sheridan's fate appears to have been definitively sealed. The source of immediate supply was cut off ; and when the new theatre opened in 1812, he ceased to have any connexion with the management. His conduct while at the head of this great national concern has been too severely condemned by Watkins, and too leniently extenuated by Moore. The balance of truth lies between the two statements. Sheridan laboured under many peculiar habits which unfitted him for the complicated duties of his office ; but want of *capital* may be pronounced the overwhelming influence which, like Aaron's rod, swallowed up all

minor deficiencies. He began in debt, and had no sinking fund to hold out even a dream of liquidation. He behaved ill to King, his first deputy manager; worse to Kemble, the second, and treated authors with systematic neglect. The performers suffered greatly by his extravagance. Miss Pope, though an economist, was at one time compelled to sell stock to meet her current expenses, notwithstanding that a large sum was due to her for weekly salary. Others were subjected to similar inconvenience—and all were obliged to take twenty-five per cent. in substitution of arrears.

Sheridan was in the House of Commons when news arrived of the destruction of the theatre by fire. Every eye turned towards him, and a motion for adjournment was immediately made as a token of general respect; but, with Roman composure, he said, “that whatever might be the extent of his private calamity, he hoped it would not be suffered to interfere with the public business of the country.” It appears quite certain that he remained at his post, which destroys all the anecdotes that have been told of his joking on his own misfortune. In 1812 he lost his seat in Parliament, having no longer money, nor offices with which to purchase the votes of independent electors. From that time forward his few remaining years present little to vary the roll of the muffled drum, and the gradual approach of the funeral bell. He had now no temporary resource in the nightly receipts of the theatre: his person was open to arrest, and he actually underwent the indignity of being taken to a sponging-house. His books, in splendid bindings, the gifts of holiday friends, were consigned to the shelves of the pawnbrokers; the cup, presented by the constituency of Stafford, went after them; and the portrait of his first wife disappeared from the walls which it had so long graced as a *genius loci*.

The stipulations which regarded the interest or claims of Sheridan on the new theatre, were cruelly framed, and still more harshly enforced, by Whitbread, who was a cold, systematic, calculating, organised embodiment of business—as different from the person he had to deal with as light and darkness. But the broken man was obliged to succumb to the flourishing capitalist.

Sheridan left behind him fragments of an unfinished opera, intended to be called *The Foresters*. He often alluded to this in conversation, particularly when any regret was expressed at his having ceased to assist Old Drury with his pen. “Wait,” he would say, smiling, “until I bring out my *Foresters*.” Moore says that the plot of this musical piece, as far as can be judged by the few meagre scenes that exist, seems to have been intended as an improvement upon that of an earlier drama, from which he has given extracts—the devils in the first being transformed into foresters in the last. The similarity will not be easily apparent to the reader who compares the two; but Moore does not seem to have had the least suspicion that Sheridan borrowed many of the leading circumstances of his drama from *The Goblins* of Sir John Suckling. Moore has given the whole of a love scene between the Huntsman and Regenella. A comparison between this and the concluding scene of the third act of *The Goblins*, will show that the former is very nearly a literal transcript of the latter—Sheridan having merely converted into prose what Suckling had originally written in the metrical form.

It was not likely that the ex-manager would feel much inclination to enter the walls on sufferance, within which he had so long ruled as arbitrary sovereign. The compliment of a private box had been offered to Mrs. Sheridan by the Drury-lane committee, but three years elapsed before he availed himself of the privilege. At the end of that time he was persuaded by the late Earl of Essex to dine with, and accompany him afterwards to see Edmund Kean, of whom he had formed a very high opinion, and whom he had only once heard in private read *Othello*. On this occasion he was tempted, after the play had terminated, to enter the green-room, where his presence was most cordially greeted, and where, surrounded by familiar faces, and the revival of old associations, he recalled the remembrance of the happy past, indulged in all his fascinating powers of conversation, and snatched an hour or two from the pressure of the brooding nightmare which haunted him without intermission, and was hurrying him rapidly to his grave.

Much has been said and written in abuse of the late King George IV. for

his alleged ingratitude to Sheridan, and total desertion of an attached friend and supporter, who had devoted his talents to his service. But here, as in many other cases, gross exaggeration has superseded truth, which is not to be found in the harmoniously flowing, but bitterly expressed, verses of Moore, wherein he says, with reference to a sum proffered by the King, then Prince Regent, when Sheridan was on his death-bed:—

“The pittance which shame had wrung from thee at
last,
And which found all his wants at an end, was
returned !”

That in the lines alluded to, Moore conveyed the opinions of Sheridan's friends, is certain; but it is equally a fact, that when he lost his interest in the theatre and his seat in parliament, the Prince offered, at his own expense, to get him returned for a borough; and that he also came forward to interpose between him and the harassing threats of arrest and imprisonment. It was said in the *Westminster* and *Quarterly Reviews*, that he had actually presented Sheridan with four thousand pounds, to which statement Moore gives no credit; but the *Edinburgh Review*, in an elaborate notice of the sparkling poet's life of the deceased orator, thus speaks to the question:—“With regard to the alleged gift of £4,000 by his Majesty, we have the most sincere pleasure in saying that we have every reason to believe that the illustrious person is fully entitled to the credit of that act of beneficence, though, according to our information, its unhappy object did not derive from it the benefit that was intended. The sum, which we have heard was about £3,000, was, by his Royal Highness's order, placed in the hands of an attorney for Sheridan's benefit, but was then either attached by his creditors, or otherwise dissipated in such a manner that very little of it actually reached its destination. Nor is it to be forgotten, that however desirous his Royal Highness might have been to assist Sheridan, he was himself an embarrassed man; he had been careless of his own expenditure, and there was not in his treasury the means adequate to afford the relief he might have felt an inclination to give. Every portion of the Prince's revenue was appropriated long before it was received; and though there was a sum annually devoted to objects of charity and to

works of benevolence, there was little left for the casual instances which presented themselves. But it was not royal munificence that was required, it was the assistance of his own immediate family that was denied him. The whole of his debts did not amount to five thousand pounds, and Mrs. Sheridan's settlement had been fifteen thousand; and however kind her conduct was towards him from the first moment of his malady, she does not seem to have influenced her friends to step forward to his pecuniary relief. All that has been affirmed of his forlorn situation at the hour of his death is borne out by the testimony of those who saw the utter poverty to which he was reduced. A neglected house, the most deplorable want of the common necessities of life, of decent control over the servants, whose carelessness even of the physician's prescriptions, was remarked—do not speak of a wife's domestic management, however pure may have been her affections.” It is but fair that this statement should be considered on the one side, while such opposite ones are put forward on the other. A comparison of evidence is the only true mode by which to arrive at a just sentence.

On Sunday, the 7th of July, 1816, Sheridan died in his destitution, and in the sixty-fifth year of his age. A report of a very shocking nature was spread, to the effect that the inanimate corpse had been seized and carried off by his creditors. The laws of the country would not permit such an abuse, which never occurred; although it is certain that a sheriff's officer had arrested the expiring sufferer, and was preparing to take him to prison in his blankets. The rumour of the violation of the dead arose from the circumstance of the body having been removed from Saville-row to Great George-street, Westminster, the residence of Mr. Peter Moore, an attached friend of the deceased, as being nearer to the abbey, and more convenient for a walking funeral. On the following Saturday, all that was mortal of the once fascinating companion, matchless orator, and unapproachable wit, was conveyed to the grave. Then the great and influential of the land, who had held aloof from the bedchamber of the dying man, came forward to render empty honour to his inanimate remains. The “long parade of woe” was graced by the presence of royalty, while princes and nobles eagerly press.

ed forward to hold a corner of the pall.* In the south transept of Westminster Abbey, adjoining Poet's-corner, the dust of Sheridan moulders, under a plain, flat stone, on which is incised, "Richard Brinsley Sheridan, born 1751, died 7th July, 1816. This marble is the tribute of an attached friend, Peter Moore." Three similar stones in close juxtaposition with this, form a continuous parallelogram. They cover the remains of John Henderson, David Garrick, and Samuel Johnson. It would be difficult to select four more remarkable men lying together in the peaceful communion of the grave, throughout the vast extent of that thickly peopled and time-honoured necropolis.

At the opening of Drury-lane Theatre, on September 7th, 1816, "A Monody on the death of Sheridan," by Lord Byron, was spoken by Mrs. Davison, and repeated for five successive evenings. It was written in a great hurry, on very short notice, and can scarcely be ranked amongst the happiest of the noble bard's minor compositions. The two concluding lines have been often quoted with commendation:—

"We mourn that nature form'd but one such man,
And broke the die in moulding Sheridan."

The idea is forcible, and well expressed, but not original; being borrowed almost literally, and without acknowledgment, from Ariosto's well known sentence—

"Natura lo fece, e poi ruppe la stampa."

It would be superfluous here to enter into a review of Sheridan's pretensions as a writer, his qualities as a legislator, or his frailties as a man. All this has been done so often that repetition would be wearisome. Few individuals have been so highly endowed, and a still smaller number have so thoroughly wasted rich gifts, and thrown away golden opportunities. If he had possessed a greater share of worldly judgment and prudence, with a

more limited genius, tempered by a methodical mind, his life would have been happier for himself, more profitable to his friends, his family, and dependants, and the moral lesson it supplies would have been less distressing, though, perhaps, not equally instructive.

In 1826, a volume was published, which contains a selection of the best authenticated anecdotes in connexion with the subject. From this compilation it appears that the author of *The School for Scandal* was passionately given to betting, that he was fond of practical jokes, and often indulged in witticisms at his own expense; which he enjoyed with as much gusto as did the listeners. In the latter practice he has had few imitators. Tom Sheridan closely resembled his sire in many points of character and peculiar humour. He too is dead, as is also his second son, Frank; but the eldest, Charles Brinsley, lives "a prosperous gentleman," married to the daughter of the late distinguished General Sir Colquhoun Grant (well remembered as commanding the Dublin garrison), by which union he obtained an ample fortune. The line of Sheridan, originally from the middle ranks, and with slender means, expands and has soared up in two generations, until connected (and likely to be perpetuated, through their descendants) with the high aristocracy of the land. Three grand-daughters of the subject of this memoir are ennobled in the peerage, and have long been celebrated for mental accomplishments and personal charms. Lady Seymour was specially selected to represent the Queen of Beauty at the Eglinton tournament, and the various works of the Hon. Mrs. Norton prove that she is the genuine scion of a gifted family. Before closing this notice, it is proper to mention, that Miss Sheridan, the sister of the great author, produced one dramatic performance, entitled *The Ambiguous Lover*, which was acted at the Crow-street Theatre in Dublin, in the year 1781, but never printed.

J. W. C.

* The Dukes of York and Sussex. The pall-bearers were, the Duke of Bedford, the Earl of Lauderdale, the Earl of Mulgrave, the Lord Bishop of London, Lord Holland, and Lord Spencer.

WORKS OF NAPOLEON III.*

THE visit of the Emperor and Empress of France—now that it is over, and the fine writing of the newspapers on the subject has ceased—must still be regarded as a great historical fact. It takes its place among those pageant incidents which, looking back into history, seem commemorative of certain epochs, either as points of culmination in which the spirit of the era attained its greatest splendour, or as points of departure, from which human progress took a new direction. We are too near the historical pageant we have just seen performed to guess the character it will have in history; meantime, its chief effect has been to centre the eyes of all on him who played the principal part in it.

Louis Napoleon is, out of sight, the most conspicuous man at present alive—whether we regard his descent from that race which produced Napoleon I., his own remarkable career prior to his accession to power, or the wisdom and sagacity which has since characterised his administration, there is no one who so universally attracts European attention. And, even if there were no elements of romance in his career—were he simply a legitimate monarch, destined to the purple from his cradle—the formidable power which he wields, the peculiarity of his position, and the greatness of the present crisis, in which he must act the most important part, were sufficient to rivet on him the eyes of all those who pay the slightest attention to those political questions which deal with the future destiny of the world. But when both these elements of interest are combined—when the most romantic of careers sees its hero in the possession of the whole power of France, and master of the position in the great struggle of nations, we cannot overestimate the interest and importance attachable to anything which can give an insight to his character and mode of thought, and afford us

some clue in our speculations as to what is likely to be the future of one apparently so marked out from the rest of the species.

Now, a man's writings have always been regarded as one of the best indexes to his character: the reason is, that his writings are his thoughts. We propose, therefore, to make use of this index to character, in attempting to attain some insight into that of Napoleon III.

The volumes before us purport to contain his collected works. They were published in Paris in 1854, we believe under his personal superintendence—at all events, with his full consent and approval.

Independent of the interest attachable to them from the remarkable character of their author, the intrinsic merit of many articles in the collection is very considerable: so much so that, if it were not for their condensed style and unornamented diction, we are convinced they would have secured to Louis Napoleon no ordinary reputation as a writer; and now that his political position commands attention, this want of artistic interest will not prevent them from being extensively read; and we predict with confidence that the more they are known and studied, the more will the estimation of Louis Napoleon as a man of intellect be enhanced.

But the excessive condensation of his style renders the task we have undertaken peculiarly difficult; for it is impossible to give a just view of the contents of these volumes either by quotation or by giving a general idea of his method of reasoning on the multifarious topics he discusses. The one method would exhibit our author in his weakest aspect, as he is deficient in point and imagination as a writer; the other method could not be adequately carried out in fewer words than the author himself employs. Indeed, these volumes are rather like

* "*Les Œuvres de Napoleon III.*" Libraire d'Amyot Editeur, 8, Rue de la Paix. 2 vols. 1854.

a review—and not a very lively one—than like an original work; and how are we to review a review?

In these circumstances, we think the best method we can pursue, in order to give a fair account of Louis Napoleon's writings, will be to go over the different articles *seriatim*, discussing fully those subjects which seem to us to be of importance, briefly indicating the leading idea in others, and giving only the names of such articles as seem to us of no general importance or interest. This plan implies a chariness in disquisitions of our own. We will in general leave Louis Napoleon to speak for himself; and, at once and at the outset, give up any pretensions to originality on our part, and all intention of showing off our own powers of political speculation.

The principal treatise in these volumes, and that on which Louis Napoleon seems ready to rest his literary fame, is "*L'Idée Napoléonienne*;" and we cannot better describe its purport than by saying that it is an attempt to solve the great historical problem of Napoleon Bonaparte. The theory propounded may generally be described as an attempt to prove, that the whole career of this most remarkable of men, was the strict development of a preconceived plan, in which nothing was impulsive, but all flowed in logical sequence from certain fixed principles which he ever kept in view. We do not believe that this solution is correct, or that Napoleon I. was so purely an intellectual monster as it would make him: but it is, after all, nearly as good as any other with which the world has yet been favoured.

In approaching his subject, Louis Napoleon first tries to establish an ideal of government. He adopts, as his text, the celebrated *pensée* of Pascal: "*Le genre humain est un homme qui ne meurt jamais, et qui se perfectionne toujours*," which he paraphrases somewhat thus: The human race does not die, but it is subject to all the maladies of the individual; and, although it perfects itself ceaselessly, it is not exempt from human passions—the cause, to the race as to the individual, alike of elevation and of degradation; and, as in man there are two natures and two instincts—the one inducing to perfection, the other to decay; so society contains in its bosom

two contrary elements—the one the spring of immortality and progress, the other that of disease and disorganisation.

Hence the origin of government, as a means of developing the higher elements, and of impeding the downward tendencies, of society. But, as every nation has its idiosyncrasy, a model government suited to all is impossible. On the contrary, the government of each nation, if a good one, must differ, in some respects, from that of all others; a diversity which must be co-extensive with difference in race, in climate, and in that previous history out of which has sprung those national habits and traditions which, to so great an extent, distinguish from each other the different nations of the earth. But, irrespective of the necessity of adapting government to national peculiarities, there is another difficulty inherent in its very notion; for, whereas nothing is necessary to develop the divine principle in society but liberty and labour, compulsion and restraint are the main instruments to be employed in checking the action of the causes of decline and fall. Thus the means of government are, to a certain extent, contradictory; for, if liberty be unrestrained, vice will develop itself fully as fast as the higher principles of civilisation; and, on the other hand, if liberty be restrained, the legislator runs the risk of impeding the growth of social good, as well as of its opposite.

This statement of the case being premised—government being essentially relative, and always, at best, but a balance betwixt contradictory modes of action—the question relative to Napoleon Bonaparte is two-fold. First, Did he rightly apprehend the peculiar character of the French nation? and, second, Did he hit upon the best equipoise between the opposing forces by which government must act? The first question receives its answer in the general scope of the treatise; and, as we go on, we will find that, in Louis Napoleon's opinion, his uncle instinctively adapted himself to the *esprit Française*. The second question necessitates an inquiry into the state of France when Bonaparte seized the supreme power. Now, in justice to Napoleon Bonaparte, it cannot be too distinctly kept in view that, on his advent to power, the disorganisation of

France was complete. The old system of things had been utterly ruined; every institution had in turn been destroyed, and all attempts at reconstruction had only resulted in a more wide-spread anarchy. It was the task of Napoleon I. to select, out of the mass of heterogeneous and discordant elements the principles of order and government. This task he accomplished under the guidance of a principle, as simple as judicious. He saw that, although the old order of things was utterly bereft of vitality, still its forms were the channels through which the French nation had been accustomed to receive the mandates and feel the influence of authority. On the other hand, the revolution had evoked new principles of action, and created new interests; in particular, it had utterly abolished all caste, and left a free course for talent, irrespective of birth. Napoleon, therefore, retained the old forms, as the channels of authority, but poured into them the energy and ambition of the revolution. This policy was not his invention, though our author speaks of it as if it were. Julius Cæsar acted on the same principle, with this single and instructive difference, that he infused monarchical ideas into republican forms, whereas Napoleon infused republican ideas into forms derived from the monarchy. This difference arose from their positions being inverted relatively to each other. In both, the design was to amalgamate the old with the new. But to return to France: the old forms alone were not sufficient to satisfy the requirements of the new society: it was necessary to institute new ones. Napoleon did so; but, according to his nephew, the following was the somewhat elaborate reasoning which guided him in the task. Reverting to the parallel between the individual and society, it is to be observed that as man has permanent and temporary interests, so has society; and as, in the one case, reason is the guardian over the first class of interests, while the others are cared for by inclination and appetite—so, in society, it behoves that there be a permanent guardian of permanent interests, and a fluctuating and changeable guardian of temporary interests. Now, the one class of interests was fully provided for under the ancient regime, by the aristocracy and the king; but now the aristocracy being

defunct, the kingly principle alone was obtainable, and only in the form of the imperial power of Napoleon. On the other hand, the temporary interests of the community, fluctuating from day to day, and which had no adequate protection under the old regime, were now to be committed to the guardianship of a body chosen from the people by some method of popular election.

But while Napoleon I. found it very easy and natural to attend to the permanent interests of society, it was impossible, our author says, fully to protect the temporary interests. Their rights were, in the meantime, to be deferred to a more convenient opportunity. Still, according to our author, liberty was the principle which was ultimately to triumph under Napoleon's policy. "Her name, no doubt, was not at the head of the laws of the empire, nor placarded in the streets, but every law of the empire prepared her reign tranquil and sure." But, meantime, it was necessary, first of all, to drive back the foreign enemy; and that being done, it still remained to repress the bitter hatred of parties; and where there was neither religion, patriotism, nor public faith, to create them. Above all was it necessary to give dignity and prestige to government, the very principle of which had been discredited. But to accomplish all this, force—even despotism—was necessary.

So argues Louis Napoleon as to the policy open to his uncle, and so, doubtless, would he justify his own government; nor are we prepared to dispute that in either case the justification is insufficient:—

"Il faut plaindre les peuples (says our author) qui veulent récolter avant d'avoir labouré le champ, ensemencé la terre et donné à la plante le temps de germer d'éclore et de mûrir, une erreur fatale est de croire qu'il suffise d'une déclaration de principes pour constituer un nouvel ordre de choses."

Napoleon was less tyrannical than the governments which preceded him. Like our friends the Americans, the French Republicans had been somewhat inconsistent. They could hardly speak without an ovation to liberty, fraternity, and equality; but they applied these terms only to those who coincided with them in opinion, and ostracised the rest of the nation. So true is it that despotism and republicanism differ only in this, that the

former is the tyranny of one, the latter the tyranny of many; and as it is proverbial that corporate bodies are less amenable to moral considerations than the individual members which compose them, the many-headed corporate tyrant may be expected to be more unscrupulous than the single Baseleus, who cannot escape criticism under cover of the number of his confederates in iniquity. Thus, in the case of France, although we have grave doubts of the solicitude of Napoleon I. for liberty, and have not much more confidence in the liberal tendencies of his nephew, they both ameliorated the tyranny which existed before they seized on the supreme power. Such an amelioration was indeed necessary to the policy of Napoleon I., since he avowedly tried to enlist in his service the abilities of all parties — “Je suis national,” said he, “je me sers de tous ceux qui ont de la capacité et de la volonté de marcher avec moi.” This quotation expresses the real essence of the Napoleonic system, whether under the uncle or the nephew; but it also involves its vice, for how can men of all shades of opinion enlist under a single banner, without an appalling sacrifice of political honour?

Louis Napoleon now proceeds to illustrate, by a detailed examination of his uncle's policy, the somewhat vague and general observations of which we have endeavoured to give an idea. He classes his remarks under two heads—first, the administrative organisation of the empire; and second, its political organisation. The administrative organisation, he says, like the greater part of the institutions of the Empire, had a temporary object to fulfil, and a distant end to attain. Centralisation was the only means of reconstituting France; but its excess under the Empire ought not to be considered as an end, but as a means; the time was to come when France was to be decentralised, and local government developed. We think the remarks on this subject by our author worthy of attentive consideration. He glories in being the copyist of his uncle, so that the time may come when he will head a reaction against that excessive centralisation which has been the bane of France. In Napoleon Bonaparte's time centralisation was essential, to enable France to combat her enemies, and his surpassing genius enhancing its intensity,

France became a system of political telegraph, the centre of which was Paris, because it was the residence of the Great King. Under Louis Napoleon no such necessity can be alleged. He is at peace with all Europe, except with that power against which all Europe is banded. His subjects are submissive to his will, and by an unquestionable majority have adopted him as their Emperor.

Our author gives the details of what he designates as the Administrative Organisation. These are embraced under the general heads of “Ordre Judiciaire, Finance, Etablissement de Bienfaisance, Communes, Agriculture, Industrie, Commerce, Travaux Publics, Instruction, l'Armée.” We do not purpose to follow him in these details, descriptive of the vanished government of the first Empire. A full account of the matter will be found in Alison, who, in the main, coincides with our author. But irrespective of the special information such a detailed account would afford, it is instructive as a specimen of perfect organisation, and as such will repay the study of our statesmen. There was very little red-tapism under the first Napoleon; but, notwithstanding, things went on with the precision of clockwork—the reason was, that personal energy was the motive power.

Bonaparte was no advocate of the *laissez aller* philosophy; he interfered in everything, and perhaps principally in those concerns which political economists think it of the last importance to leave to private enterprise and association; for instance, he interfered between the employers of labour and the workmen, but the manner of his interference was by means of courts of arbitrators representing both interests. He interfered with commercial credit, and contemplated organising a system of assistance to the mercantile interest in seasons of monetary difficulty. But above all, Napoleon directly interfered to encourage industry by directing towards it the light of science, and with that lofty generalisation which so strikingly distinguished him, he said—“Si l'on m'eût laissé le temps brentôt il n'y aurait plus eu de metiers en France tous eussent été des arts.”

Napoleon encouraged only scientific education, as that which could immediately be made useful to the State. But such training was undoubtedly recom-

mended to him by another reason, namely, that it is more conducive to submission to authority than a more general teaching. Metaphysical and moral speculation inevitably leads to discussion as to the limits of authority and the obligation to obedience, while the romance and poetry of all countries extol the liberator and patriot, and expatiate on the charms of freedom. On the other hand, the lesson taught by the exact sciences, is that of implicit obedience to uncontrollable law, of speculation confined within impassable channels, and regulated by preordained rules. Hence the moral effect of exclusive devotion to such studies, unconscious but inevitable, is to create a wish for the same order in human action which we see in nature, leading to an approval of, or if not, an acquiescence in, the subjection of mankind to laws equally as uncontrollable, by those they govern, as the laws of nature are by the elements. Allowing, however, for this most important and fundamental objection, the institutions for instruction under the Empire, so far as they went, were liberal and complete; and if ever we have a perfect National Education, we cannot do better than copy the machinery instituted for this purpose by Napoleon Bonaparte. We must refer to the work before us, or to Alison, for a detailed account of the system. One great principle gave it vitality—namely, that the offices of the State were the prizes open to the most distinguished scholars. This was a new idea for Europe, but the same system has existed in China from time immemorial, and perhaps we may gather this lesson from the *effete* state of the Celestial Empire, that the principle of free competition of talent, like every other exclusive principle in politics, has an inevitable tendency to lose all healthy influence, and that a compromise of principles—a coexistence even of contradictory principles, with a considerable admixture of no principle at all—in short, the anomalous system called a Constitutional Government, is, after all, most consistent with the welfare of communities.

It would be instructive, but hardly interesting, to enter into the details of the French army under its great military organiser. We may, however, state that Napoleon I. regarded the conscription as the palladium of national independence, and that he, like

our Wellington, had only faith in regular troops, holding that no undisciplined force could long resist a modern army. If this be true—and the authorities whose names we have given are at least as much entitled to deference as Cobden and Bright, or any number of declaimers on the patriotism of our people—it is a serious question for us whether we are safe to be content with a standing army much short of three times the number of that which now stands on our muster-roll.

After discussing in detail the administrative organisation of the Empire, Louis Napoleon proceeds to criticise its political organisation. As introductory, he observes that the political ideas of France have always been as capricious as fashion. Under the Republic at first Brutus and Cato were her models. As her fervor cooled down the Anglomania which had flourished under the Regency revived; that gave way to an adoration of the American Republic; and lastly, Napoleon I. brought his system into fashion, which was nothing else than a reproduction of the institutions of Imperial Rome. Our author successfully demonstrates that none of these but the last could harmonise with the *esprit Français*! The English constitution in particular is inapplicable, since, according to our author, and we must add, according to all foreign authors whose works we have read, its basis is the aristocracy—an element which he says does not exist in France. As to America, he denies its nationality, “*L’homme n’a pas encore pris racine en Amerique.*”

But we must be equally as cursory in our observations as to the political organisation, as we have been in respect to the administrative system. The matter of present importance to us is not the material organisation of the empire, but its spirit, and the commentaries of our author upon it.

The following summary of the political organisation by our author may serve instead of detail:—

“*Les principes sur les quels reposaient les lois imperiales sont.*

“*L’Egalité civile d’accord avec le principe democratique.*

“*La hierarchie d’accord avec les principes d’ordre et de stabilité.*

“*Napoleon est le chef supreme de l’etat. L’elu du peuple, le representant de la nation.*”

“*The imperial power alone is trans-*

mitted by right of inheritance. There is no other hereditary employment in France. All the others are made by election or acquired by merit."

Such also we may presume to be a summary of the principles of the government of Louis Napoleon; but it strikes us as somewhat inconsistent, that the Emperor should be "*L'Élu du peuple*," and yet that his title should be hereditary. But whatever might be his title—notwithstanding the high-sounding institutions of Senates and Corps Legislative, of whose organisation Louis Napoleon here gives us an account—the Imperial government was a pure autocracy, like that of the Czar, or like that of Louis Napoleon himself: the government of a great country carried on by the same principles as a man carries on a manufactory or other private undertaking—one master and a number of instruments. In the case of the first Emperor, this autocracy was rendered less obtrusive by his habit of frequently consulting his senate and counsel; though in reality his individual will always prevailed, his intellectual superiority being fully as imposing as his material power; still his condescension flattered official men into the idea that they had some share in the splendid government which they served.

The code Napoleon was the fruit of one of these conferences between the Emperor and his legislative council; and as the subjects therein embraced less concerned his personal ambition than questions of general policy, more effect was given to the views of the parties whom he consulted than was generally the case. Still as the code is the noblest heritage which the empire has left, it is but just that the Emperor's share in it should be recognised. Now, besides suggesting the idea, and carrying it into effect, all authors concur in stating that Napoleon took an intelligent part in the discussion of every article, and astonished the practised jurists by the justice of his conclusions, and the facility with which he comprehended all the complexities involved in the various rights and interests of society which this code was to regulate.

Louis Napoleon next proceeds to treat of the foreign policy of his uncle; and his views of it are of the utmost importance; not so much as being a true account of his uncle's intentions,

as affording an indication of what he himself considers the proper foreign policy of France: which, with Louis Napoleon, is no matter of mere opinion, but a theory which we may rest assured he will try to put in practice. Luckily he adopts the leading maxim of his uncle—"Je n'avais pas le folie de vouloir tordre les événements à mon système, mais au contraire je pliais mon système, sur la contexture des événements." So that we have in his very theory a counteraction to that native obstinacy which might otherwise convulse Europe. Holding such a definition of the policy of Napoleon I. no wonder our author can describe its relations with foreign powers in no more precise terms than that Napoleon allied himself with all those nations which followed him in what he conceived the track of progress. Aware of this vagueness, he labours hard to prove that the wars of the Empire were essentially defensive, and that England was the only obstacle to the peace of the world. Her obstinacy, he says, ultimately forced Napoleon to adopt an aggressive policy in retaliation, and thereafter his views developed as his sphere of action enlarged, until he aimed at nothing short of the regeneration of Europe. Perhaps the conquest of Europe would be nearer the truth. As regenerator of Europe, his nephew continues, he now had two ends to pursue; as sovereign of France all his energies were for her, but "*comme grand homme*," his energies were for Europe. And thus in his conquests he consulted both the momentary interests of the war, and, at the same time, kept in view an ideal reconstruction of the European system. Such is Louis Napoleon's account of the matter; he, too, is sovereign of France, and also a great man, and has his own ideas of the regeneration of Europe.

Louis cleverly supports the theory of the provisional conquests of his uncle, and his intentions for the regeneration of Europe, by remarking that this was the reason he put his brothers on the thrones of the conquered states, as a species of viceroys, who could be removed whenever it was time to carry into effect the new balance of power. Russia and England, however, could not be got to understand his benevolent intentions; and therefore Napoleon's life was spent in an attempt to

compel them to acquiesce in the new order of things which he wished to introduce.

Assuming that Louis Napoleon adheres to the policy of his uncle, which, indeed, is no assumption, but a certainty, our present alliance with him to suppress one of these obstacles may be regarded by many as somewhat ominous. For our own part, as we think the danger to civilisation is at present from Russia, not from France, we entertain no such misgivings. On the contrary, we believe the present alliance to be the only combination capable of presenting an impassable barrier to the Slavonic invasion. Whatever opinion we may entertain of Louis Napoleon as a man of principle, we have implicit confidence in his intellect; and as an alliance with us is clearly his interest, both individually and as representing France, his sagacity and resolution are guarantees of his loyalty.

But if it were not for these "material guarantees," the work before us might excite our misgivings. All the French wars, says Emperor Louis, have come from England. "*Elle n'a jamais voulu entendre aucune proposition de paix.*" England and France, he continues, in the late war mutually misunderstood each other; England considered Napoleon merely as a despot who oppressed his kingdom by exhausting all its resources to satisfy his warlike ambition. She would not acknowledge him as the elect of the people, the representative of the material interests of France. Napoleon, on the other hand, and the French of his time in general, confounded the English nation with its aristocracy, which again was supposed to be the same as that aristocracy of France, of whose oppression so lively a recollection was entertained. The mutual mistake consisted in each party supposing the ruling power of the other to be anti-national, whereas Napoleon represented the national spirit of France; and the English aristocracy, our author says, was, like Briareus, "*Elle tient au peuple par cent mille racines,*" and obtained from the people as many sacrifices as Napoleon obtained from the French. If we are to believe Louis Napoleon, this misunderstanding exists no longer. In the memorable words used by him at Guildhall on the 19th April, "England and France are united in all the great

questions of politics and human progress which at present agitate the world, from the shores of the Atlantic to the Mediterranean—from the Black Sea to the Baltic. They have at heart one cause, and are determined on pushing it to one end. It is by no pitiful rivalries that the union of the two nations can be dissevered; and while they follow the dictates of common sense, they would be sure of the future."

Louis Napoleon next devotes a chapter to prove that his uncle did more good than harm to the countries he conquered; and that in many instances it would have been better to have left his territorial arrangements undisturbed. In Italy he formed a great kingdom, with an administration and army of native Italians. In that part of Germany which he conquered, there were two hundred and eighty-four independent states, each with different laws; and undoubtedly the amalgamation he enforced, and the introduction of the code were advantages nearly balancing the loss of their independence. He also abolished the feudal institutions; but we do not join his nephew in considering that this was an unmixed reform. Cumbersome and oppressive as the feudal institutions in Germany undoubtedly were, they constituted the only guarantees of liberty; and the result of their abolition has been that the kingly power has been exalted, till, with hardly an exception, every state in Germany is under a despotism. Still it was something to establish the equality of all before the law; and it may be a question, whether the people, as distinguished from the old privileged classes, have not, on the whole, been gainers by the change. Everywhere Napoleon insisted on religious toleration and the suppression of monastic abuses. But whatever opinion may, on the whole, be formed as to the merit of the changes introduced by Napoleon in the conquered states, the manner of their introduction exhibited his sagacity. He was an economist in despotism; it was only when dispatch was necessary that he altogether laid aside the drapery of *quasi* legal and constitutional forms. In general the changes he introduced into the conquered states had some decent show of national concurrence. They were laid before delegates of the nation, and promulgated ostensibly on their authority. This was even the case

with Spain, the most barefaced of his usurpations.

Keeping in view our author's theory, that the end his uncle had in view was to establish an universal peace under a new balance of power, we are now favoured with a statement of the principles on which this was to be brought about, and we are somewhat surprised to find that the Napoleonic idea was identical with the plan of the Peace Society. Europe is to be made a confederation somewhat like America; with uniform laws and machinery of administration, and with courts of judicature and appeal, to which the disputes between nations are to be referred. The supremacy or presidency of French in the confederation was, of course, necessary.

We believe that the notion that Napoleon I. had any such idea exists only in the imagination of Napoleon III.; but the important point to us is, that these ideas are entertained by the latter, and that he considers it his mission to carry out the plans of his uncle. But, to continue our analysis. After Europe had been arranged on the Napoleonic plan, our author says his uncle would have proceeded to the task of the internal amelioration of France. "*Il ent consolidé liberté.*" This is, of course, pure speculation. We have not even Napoleon the First's word for it, though that would not have made the matter more certain. But, again, the nephew thinks, or says, his uncle had such an idea. So here we have the prospect which France has of liberty. It is to be after the consolidation of Europe on Napoleonic principles.

Bonaparte fell, according to Louis Napoleon, because he attempted to do in his lifetime the work of ages, and time took his revenge. The nations he successively conquered were never properly consolidated, and deserted him on the first reverse. This is true; his scheme ultimately developed itself into the old project of universal conquest, which history proves can be effected, not by any one man, whether Alexander of Macedon or Napoleon of France, but only by the means adopted by the Romans—namely, that of successive conquests and colonisation, carried on by a national tradition. This career is now attempted by Russia on the old Roman principles, and already a result has been attained

which proves the efficiency of the system.

We now come to the conclusion, which we will give nearly in the author's own words.

The period of the empire was a war to the death, England against France. The former has conquered; but, thanks to the creative genius of Napoleon, France, though vanquished, has lost less in material resources than England. Who, then, are the greater statesmen—those who have governed countries which have gained in spite of defeat, or those who have governed countries which have lost in spite of their victory? Again, the period of the empire was a war to the death against the old European system. That system triumphed; but in spite of the fall of Napoleon, his ideas have everywhere germinated, and have been adopted by many of the allied conquerors, while the people of the other states waste themselves in efforts to regain what Napoleon had established. The Napoleonic ideas have thus the character of ideas which rule the movement of societies, since they advance by their own force, though deprived of their author. These ideas are not ideas of war, but a social, industrial, and humanising system; and if this system appears to some always surrounded with the smoke of battles, this was the fatality attending its inauguration, a period its author did not survive; but now the clouds are dissipated, and we see, through the glory of arms, a civil glory greater and more durable.

In reading the "*Idée Napoleon*" what has principally struck us is the evident originality of the author's views—not in the sense of being new, but in being evidently thought out by himself;—and, as we have also been impressed with the idea that he believes what he writes, we think the treatise explains much of his past political conduct, and suggests much which we may expect.

Considered as an essay on the character of Napoleon I., we look upon it as giving an exaggerated view of that which undoubtedly was his prominent peculiarity—we mean, the preponderance of the intellectual over the impulsive nature. Napoleon I. was more than any other man, a mathematician by nature, a nearly passionless worker-

out of a system. Sometimes, indeed, he seems to have acted on impulse, and even, though on rare occasions, passion and prejudice overruled his majestic intellect. But these instances are exceptional to the general character of his career; and even in many of them his more intimate associates were of opinion, that what apparently was impulsive was merely exquisite acting, employed in order to secure the more energetic execution of his will. But his nephew goes farther; the scope of this treatise being, as we stated at the outset, to prove that Napoleon's career was the logical development of a preconceived plan; and so rigidly is this the case, that the man Napoleon is lost in the "*Idée Napoléonienne*."

We think that by this exaggeration Louis Napoleon has taken the wrong way to enlist the sympathy of his readers in the character of his hero. No one now doubts or denies the pre-eminent abilities of that man of the people, who raised himself to the empire of France, kept Europe at bay, entered with victorious armies into every capital of the Continent, and left the impress of his mind on every department of human interest. But what was wanting to enlist the sympathy as well as the wonder of mankind was, a demonstration that Napoleon I. had a heart as well as a head; that there was in him somewhat of disinterestedness, benevolence, or chivalry; that he had faith, if not in God, at least in some being higher than himself. But there is no attempt at such a proof in the treatise we have been considering, and the want of it militates, not merely against the character of Napoleon I., but also against the artistic merits of the essay itself and the character of its author. The "*Idée Napoléonienne*," if as profound, is nearly as dull as a mathematical treatise; and we are inclined to suspect that the author, who seems to think a man of pure intellect the model hero, is himself but partially endowed with human affections.

The treatise next in order is entitled "*Fragmens Historiques*;" the object of which is, to institute a comparison between our revolution of 1688 and the French revolution of 1830. The comparison is, of course, to the disadvantage of the latter, and we are

not disposed to cavil at the verdict; on the contrary, we cordially agree with him in condemning that least chivalrous of all revolutions, which inaugurated the reign of Louis Philippe. In that phase of French history we fail to discover one generous sentiment, one noble principle. We also willingly acquiesce in his animadversions against the monarchy of the bourgeoisie; and think it one of the many happy accidents of Louis Napoleon's career, that such an inglorious epoch should have preceded his advent to power.

Our author's views of the English revolution are the same as those entertained by our constitutional Whigs. He professes intense admiration for William III., speaking of him in a way, as nearly approaching to hero-worship as his cold and unimpassioned nature is capable of. We hope his admiration is sincere, because we know not a better kingly model than William of Orange. Unfortunately Louis Napoleon has another model in his uncle, whose unscrupulous ambition it is fully as likely he will follow as the conscientious moderation of the Protestant hero. Indeed, the two may be regarded as his good and evil genius, and according as the influence of the one or the other prevails, will his career — in which great events are so clearly involved — be regarded by history as one of the brightest or one of the most disastrous of epochs.

But if we might expect that a similarity of position, approaching nearly to absolute identity, should have any influence on Louis Napoleon in selecting his model, the example of William of Orange, to use a legal phrase, runs on all-fours; and it would almost seem as if that period of history had been written precisely with a view to afford him a parallel case which he might study in all emergencies.

We are tempted to digress a little to point out the leading features of this remarkable coincidence. Take, in the first place, the English revolution of 1646 and the French revolution of 1789 as the starting points in the parallel; and if we make allowance for the difference in the ruling principle which lay at the bottom of these two convulsions, we may fairly say that, in the order of the successive phases in each, the latter was merely an intensified copy of the former. The

revolutionary epoch in both terminates in a military dictator — Cromwell in the one case, Napoleon in the other, — and the two have this in common, that they infinitely excel the men of their times in reach of mind, in resolution, and firmness — in every quality which enters into the composition of a ruler. Napoleon is Cromwell on a wider stage of action, and without religion. But the military despotisms of Cromwell and Napoleon were alike succeeded by a restoration — that worst of revolutions; and then after an interval, in both cases, of inglorious peace under inglorious sovereigns, we have revolutions resulting from similar causes in each, and issuing in the succession of men combining in their characters both a civil and military dictatorship. These dictators, William of Orange and Louis Napoleon, alike in their characters, both men of silence and phlegm, of inflexible determination and courage, find themselves champions of European right, marching at the head of an European combination, against the overgrown power and exorbitant ambition of one state, whose palpable object is to inaugurate a system of universal conquest.

Now, looking to the closeness of this parallel, it seems to us no unwarrantable induction to suppose that the coincidence will be continued in the future. We have the same causes in operation, the same position of parties, the same personal character; may we not expect like effects? For instance, that the war will be carried on dubiously, like that between William and Louis XIV., till a Marlborough appear; and that the times following will resemble the epoch from the reign of Queen Anne to the beginning of the French Revolution — only, in harmony with the difference in intensity observed in the prior stages, the progress of mankind will be in a vastly accelerated ratio.

But the vista of the future is not without its clouds. In the English crisis the motive power was religion, an element altogether excluded in the Republic or the Empire of France; and although the different phases in the development of events were on a greater scale in the later than in the earlier period, the same fundamental difference was continued. Napoleon was an irreligious Cromwell, and the reign of terror was an infidel copy of the Puritan rule — the change was not

for good, but for evil. If, then, the parallel is not yet exhausted, and history has to complete its circle, it is not with unalloyed satisfaction that we guess at the character of the times reserved for our children.

But we have already gone too far in this speculation; let us return to the writings of Louis Napoleon, and note aphoristically some of his thoughts in the "*Fragmens Historiques*," which serve to illustrate the character of the author.

"*L'armée (says he) est une epee qui a la gloire pour poignée.* Suggestive this of the policy of Napoleon in the present war, and of the unlikelihood that he will agree to a dishonourable peace; for as he again says — "*La lacheté ne profite jamais.*" There is profound reflection in the following remarks: — "*Il y a des gouvernements frappés de mort dès leur naissance et dont les mesures les plus nationales n'inspirent que la defiance et le mecontentement! Quelque puissance materielle que possede in chef il ne peut disposer à son gré des destinées d'un grand peuple, il n'a de veritable force qu'en se faisant l'instrument des veues de la majorité.*" We would, however, suggest, as a correction to this last remark, that really great men, like Cromwell, William of Orange, and Napoleon I., to some degree make their majority by bringing over the nation to their opinions. Still the maxim is literally true in this sense that the success of the statesman or legislator must run in the channel of public opinion.

Louis Napoleon, à propos of Revolutions in general, remarks, that when executed by a chief, they turn entirely to the benefit of the masses; for in order to succeed, the chief must follow the national tendency, and must continue faithful to the interest he has made to triumph; whilst, on the contrary, revolutions made by the masses often only profit the chief, for the people believe that their work is at an end on the very morning of their victory, and it is their nature to sink back into a state of quiescence after the conflict is over.

In concluding these "*Fragmens*," our author thus sums up the lessons to be derived from the historical epoch he has been studying, and we may take his summary as a statement of his own political creed: —

"L'exemple des Stuarts prouve que l'appui étranger est toujours impuissant à sauver les gouvernements que la nation n'adopte pas.

"Et L'histoire d'Angleterre dit hautement aux rois.

"Marchez à la tête des idées de votre siècle, ces idées vous suivent et vous soutiennent.

"Marchez à leur suite, elles vous entraînent.

"Marchez contre elles, elles vous renversent."

Passing over a letter to Lamartine demurring to that author's criticism on Napoleon I., we come to an article entitled, "*Reveries Politiques*." This is an attempt at a more poetical style than generally characterises our author's writings, and so far it is a failure; a dry, bald style is the natural channel of his passionless nature, and so, it is only when he comes off his stilts that we find any observation worth quoting in the "*Reveries*."

The following, which we somewhat abridge, struck us as worthy of remark in the original:—

"The despots who govern by the sabre, and who have no law but their own caprice, do not necessarily degrade; they oppress, but they do not demoralise. But weak governments, who, under the mask of liberty, march towards despotism—who can only corrupt what they would crush if they could—who are unjust towards the weak, and humble towards the strong—these governments lead to the very dissolution of society, for they lull asleep by promises, whilst the governments of the sabre awakened by martyrdoms.

"To secure national independence, it is necessary that government be strong, and to be strong it must have the confidence of the people; it is only under this condition that a numerous and well disciplined army can be maintained without exciting the reproach of tyranny."

We cannot, however, approve of the wisdom of the following remark:—"Il faut que la masse qu'on ne peut jamais corrompre, et qui ne flatte ni dissimule soit la source constante d'où émanent tous les pouvoirs." That the masses cannot be corrupted is an assertion contradicted by all our electoral experience; and though it may be true that they do not dissemble, because that implies reflection, they make ridiculous men popular idols, and the intercourse betwixt them and their demagogues is but the interchange of flattery.

We only give the titles of some articles which follow, as they lack both interest and originality. "*Du Système Electoral L'Exil, Le Parti Conservateur*," and "*De la Liberté Individuelle en Angleterre*."

An article, "*De l'Organisation Militaire en France*," has nothing worthy of remark, except the observation that in a well organised state we ought not to know where commences the soldier or where finishes the citizen—a maxim which may be regarded as the opposite rule to the shibboleth of the peace party.

"*Aux Manes de l'Empereur*" we would pronounce nonsense, if we had not committed ourselves already to a high estimate of Louis Napoleon's intellectual powers. But if he were an ordinary author, and amenable to criticism, we would hint to him to repress any inclination in himself to poetical or rhetorical writing as sedulously as he represses republican inclinations in others.

There now follow a few sketchy articles, from which the only remark we can find worthy of extract is a saying of Napoleon I., which we do not recollect meeting with elsewhere:—

"Dans tout ce qu'on entreprend il faut donner les deux tiers à la raison et l'autre tiers au hasard. Augmentez la première fraction, vous serez pusillanime; augmentez la seconde, vous serez teméraire."

But an article, entitled "*Les Speculations*," deserves more particular notice. Louis Napoleon remarks that it was the vice of the French constitution under Louis Philippe that the political opinion of a man was everything; his intrinsic value, his special acquirements went for nothing. The best organiser of an army, for instance, would owe his dismissal to the rejection of a sugar bill, and a statesman who had conceived a vast plan for the amelioration of agriculture or industry, would retire, because the chambers had rejected a project for recruiting the army. "*Ce système est non seulement illogique et absurde, mais il mine profondément la prospérité de la France*." We fear we must admit we suffer under the same system. It is a necessary consequence of government by party, which again is the invariable concomitant of constitutionalism and liberty; so that we must console our-

selves by putting the good we derive from our system of government, against the evil inherent in its principle.

An article, "*Vieille Histoire toujours Nouvelle*," opens with a story:—One morning in summer, as the Emperor Napoleon, risen earlier than usual, was passing through the vast reception rooms in the Tuilleries, he was astonished to find an immense fire lighted in one of the fireplaces, and a child occupied in heaping on it large fagots of wood. The Emperor stopped and asked the child why he made so great a fire in the middle of summer in a hall occupied only on reception days? The child answered simply—"Monsieur, I make ashes for my father." In fact, the ashes were a perquisite, and in order to make them the fagots were burned. We quote this story, not so much for its moral as for its pictorial effect. We can evoke to our mind's eye the sombre figure of the Emperor pacing the silent halls of the kings of France, in the earliest dawn of a summer morning, raised from uneasy slumbers by thought, anxiety, and perhaps remorse. We can fix the date as that of the zenith of his power, and may imagine that in this solitary ramble mighty combinations passed through his mind, mingled with sad poetical reflections on the vanity of power and of the future which awaited him. Occupied with such meditations and in such a scene, he meets the child engaged in his incomprehensible employment. Did Napoleon believe in ghosts? If so, he might think, this was a child of the old race, occupying the palace of his ancestors when the living owners were asleep—some infant Bourbon, some child of Henry Quatre, trying to instil warmth into his frame, icy cold from lying the livelong day in the vaults; or for a moment the great usurper might fancy, that the dead dynasty held high revel all night in these halls, and that this stray ghost of the family had lingered after the rest. But the supernatural is unnecessary to the picturesque: enough that we have in juxtaposition the mightiest intellect which ever appeared on earth and a simple child: the terrible power of the Empire incarnate in its master, contrasted with the utter weakness of infancy.

A page or two of striking reflections upon "*La Paix*" now follows:—

"On nous repete" (says our author) "*que la paix est un bienfait et la guerre un fleau.*" We hope our author is sincere; but we have a lurking suspicion that such an idea is contrary to the instincts of a race which produced Napoleon I., than whom a truer warrior to the backbone never existed; and we have more than a suspicion, that Louis Napoleon acknowledges no other principles in politics save expediency, and that war may sometimes appear to him as useful as peace.

Passing over an unimportant page or two upon French aristocracy, we come to an article entitled "*Des Gouvernements et de Leurs Sontiens*," in which Louis Napoleon still further develops his theories on government. His appreciations of the time before the Revolution are always peculiarly just:—

"L'ancien regime fut inébranlable tant que ses deux sontiens, le clergé et la noblesse, resumèrent en eux tous les éléments vitaux de la nation. Le clergé donnait au pouvoir toutes les consciences; car alors conscience était synonyme d'opinion, et la noblesse ordre civile et militaire, lui donnait tous les bras. Mais aujourd'hui que la noblesse n'existe plus et que la foi politique est complètement indépendant de la foi religieuse, s'appuyer sur ces deux ordre serait bâtir sur le sable."

But what alternative remains?—

"Dire que le gouvernement doit obéir à l'esprit des masses et favoriser les intérêts, généraux, est une maxime vraie mais trop vague. Quelle est l'opinion de la masse. Quels sont les intérêts généraux? Chacun suivant son opinion, répondra différemment à ces questions."

We are also completely at a loss, and really do not see our way out of the dilemma. Louis Napoleon's practical answer has been a military despotism—a remedy which, like death, cures all diseases, but which is fully as bad as the diseases themselves. His theoretical answer is sufficiently vague:—"Nous dirons donc qu'un gouvernement doit aujourd'hui, puiser sa force morale dans un principe, et sa force physique dans une organisation." We are inclined to admit this generally; and, indeed, the only difficulty is to find out the principle. Louis Napoleon suggests one:—"Supposons par exemple, qu'un gouvernement ac-

cepte franchement le principe de la souveraineté du peuple, c'est-à-dire de l'élection, il aura pour lui tons les esprits." This is rather a startling proposition. One would think that, let a government accept universal suffrage as frankly as it may, this would not please many of the middle classes, and very few of the higher. Louis Napoleon, indeed, argues—"Quel est l'individu, la caste, le parti qui oserait attaquer le droit, produit legal, de la volonté de tout peuple;" so that, after all, the *accord des esprits* he requires is to be the offspring of fear; and, for our part, we are not disposed to dispute but that this "lien" might exist in a very high degree. But he might have said as well—"Qui oserait attaquer le droit, produit legal de la volonté de l'Empereur et de son armée." The alternative seems to be, between a bonnet-rouge reign of terror, or a reign à la bayonette.

The next article of any consequence has for its title "L'Extinction de Pauperisme." The scheme is simple enough. There are, it seems, nine million hectares of uncultivated land in France, yielding, on an average, eight francs per hectare. Louis Napoleon proposes to seize these lands, and colonise them with paupers, paying the proprietors their eight francs of yearly rent. This scheme he develops in great detail, and, we may grant, makes out his case—namely, that the pauper colonisation will extirpate pauperism, as all the paupers will become proprietors; but he does not inform us what is to become of the paupers of the next generation; or, if there be still land enough for them, what of the generation after? for, assuredly, the existing generation will breed a population which, if there be not some such violent measure as this to prevent it, will throw off a goodly swarm of paupers: therefore, at the best, our author's scheme merely staves off the evil, allowing a state of things meantime to grow up, which will make the mischief eventually ten times greater.

Such schemes in England would excite indignation, if they were not regarded as absolutely chimerical; but France is such a peculiar country, that it is not at all improbable but that the Emperor will, some fine morning, issue a decree carrying this

scheme into practical effect. He has always shown an inclination *s'appuyer* as he would call it, on the class of *ouvriers*, and such a scheme as this would make them his, body and soul; and as the French are little solicitous about the interests of their grandsons, the temporary prosperity which would result from such a bold measure, carried out as it would be by the most perfect organisation, would secure him the popularity of all the rest of the nation, with the exception of the proprietors of the waste lands, who might think they had as good a title as the pauper owners, to make the most of their property.

The subject which follows, entitled "L'Analyse de la Question des Sacres," is of so special a character, that it can interest very few of our readers. We have glanced over it, as in duty bound, and although we had little prior knowledge on the subject, there are intrinsic proofs that Louis Napoleon has mastered it in all its details—a result which implies no little inquiry and patience.

Our author was no free-trader when he wrote this article, since he is clear for protecting the beetroot growers. His principal reason is the expediency of letting well alone. He states fairly enough the stock arguments for free trade; but he remarks, that it is a dangerous thing to change established interests on theoretical anticipations of compensation, for human affairs are singular things, and occasionally refuse to follow the correctest theory.

We now pass over two articles—the one entitled "Projet de loi sur le Recrutement de l'Armée," and the other, "Considerations Politiques et Militaires sur la Suisse"—and come to an article, entitled "Quelques mots sur Joseph Bonaparte," which we only allude to, as it contains a short narrative of Joseph's life, after the fall of his brother. The ex-King of Holland and of Spain, after that event, resided mostly in Philadelphia, in America, where he seems to have been held in the highest estimation, and had the questionable honour of being offered the throne of Mexico, which he refused. Subsequently he was visited by that traitor, or French patriot—the epithets are equivalent—Fayette, who certified him of the approaching

fall of the legitimate dynasty, and offered to bring about the restoration of the Bonapartes, if he would place at his disposal two millions of francs. But Joseph had resided too long in the land of the almighty dollar, to part with his money; and, accordingly, the Revolution of 1830 took place, to the advantage of a more daring speculator.

Joseph thereupon writes a long letter to the Chamber of Deputies, in which, undoubtedly, he has the best of the logic. He argues that the legitimate dynasty being repudiated, there only remained the right of the people to elect their ruler; and he offered to back the Duc de Reichstadt against Louis Philippe in an appeal to popular election. In this letter he bitterly says of Louis Philippe, that in vain he abjured his house; for he had entered France with the rest of the family sword in hand, and it made no difference that his father had voted for the death of the King, his cousin, in order to put himself in his place.

Our readers will perhaps excuse us declining to enter into the discussion of the practicability of the canal of Nicaragua, which is the subject of the next and concluding article. We would rather employ the little space which remains in a few general observations on the works which we have passed under review.

In the first place, we are sorry to be compelled to admit that there is no tinge of Christianity to be found throughout the wide range of topics; nor is the moral colouring more distinguishable. The whole might be written by a man who believed in no religion whatever, who denied God and providence, and who recognised no moral sanction but expediency. It may be answered, that his topics do not necessarily involve the discussion of religious or moral questions; but if it be considered that these are mainly inquiries into the foundation and nature of government, questions most intimately bearing on the destiny of man, it is difficult to account for the absence of any recognition of Providence, or of the general principles of right and wrong, except on the theory that the author exaggerates the principle of expediency into a preponderating rule of action.

It is a consequence of the same uti-

litarian spirit that the schemes for the reformation of society he propounds are all of a material kind. He has no idea of ennobling human nature; his millennium is to be brought about by new territorial adjustments of the world, and a regimenting of its inhabitants; so that at the best the Napoleonic idea, when carried out in its full development, is merely a new arrangement of existing interests, kept in order by an organisation the highest type of which is a perfect police.

Such are the faults and shortcomings of the works before us—let us now consider their excellencies. Clearness and precision are the characteristics of his style, indicating a mind to which anything approaching to obscurity is disagreeable, and which can only be satisfied with the clearest notions on all subjects. This tendency, allied to strong sagacity, has led him to maxims and conclusions of a definite and practical nature. Louis Napoleon is the most practical of living men. Even when he theorises, he does not speculate, but keeps close to facts. He takes men and things precisely as they are; and regarding both as equally fixed quantities, his plans only go to alter relations. He seems never to suppose the possibility of new conditions. From the same mental constitution might perhaps be traced another peculiarity, largely observable both in his writings and his life. He arrives at his conclusions not by logical steps of reasoning, but as it were intuitively. They seem to him to fit the existing system of things—how or why is to him of little importance. They seem to him axioms, and he states them as such, while other men would arrive at them by inferences, or support them by proof and illustration.

His political creed, all things considered, is not, we think, a dangerous one. His opinions are new, but they are not revolutionary. A profound conviction of the necessity of adapting himself to the course of events, prevents him adopting any absolute notions. His mind instinctively coalesces with the tendencies in existence. He is anxious to keep in front of the movement, but he never attempts to go in a contrary direction. If, then, we may not expect in Louis Napoleon a regenerator, neither need we apprehend a disturber of the existing order of things. His political conduct since

the *coup d'état* corroborates this conclusion. Nothing could be more just or moderate than his foreign policy; and his speeches, so pat to the prevailing ideas that every one hails them as the best expression of his own notions, prove that he is sailing quietly in the strong current of human events.

These considerations to a considerable extent allay those misgivings which we might otherwise entertain from Louis Napoleon's avowed idola-

try of his uncle, and from his own deficiency in strong moral principle. He will give due weight to altered circumstances in his attempt to apply the *idée Napoleonienne* to France or Europe; and as it is an arrangement of Providence that the truly useful is, in the main, the just and right, we may hope that the strong intellect of Napoleon III. will lead him to results which good men would wish to see accomplished.

PAPERS ON POETRY.—NO. II.

THE BALLADS OF SPAIN—THEIR AGE AND ORIGIN.

AN exact chronological classification of the Spanish ballads, according to the periods in which they were composed, is impossible, as so many of them have descended to us by oral tradition (attended with all the changes incidental to such a mode of transmission) from an age which, as far as they are concerned, supplies us with no direct evidence. Their surprising number, however, surpassing not only the similar productions of any other people, but of all the European nations combined, rendered some arrangement necessary; and this has been generally done by classifying them according to their subjects, and in the order of the events which they describe, when the events themselves can be arranged in any chronological sequence. In the historical ballads this, of course, can be done with comparative ease, and, in fact, is done with admirable effect, as far as Spanish history itself is concerned. In the ballads relating to it, we have an almost connected rhythmical narrative of the principal public events which occurred in Spain from the days of King Wamba, down to the reign of Philip IV. This mode of classification has its advantages, and would be valuable, even if an absolutely certain distribution of another kind were possible. To the general reader it presents the most agreeable and the most instructive arrangement. But the spirit of critical investigation was not so easily satisfied. If the exact truth was not attainable, some approximation to it by means of a careful philo-

logical and philosophical analysis was possible; which, however, could only be satisfactorily made by a native scholar, full of enthusiasm for his task, and devoting a life to its completion—one to whom not only the broad distinctions of age, of locality, and of dialect, would be visible, but whose practised eye and ear would be able to detect minute shades and half-audible differences that must totally escape the most indefatigable foreign explorer. Such an investigator, fortunately for Spanish letters, has been found in the person of Don Augustin Duran, who may not inappropriately be called the Percy of Spain. He, indeed, has not been the first to draw the attention of his countrymen and the world to the untold wealth of the old *Romanceros*. In point of fact and of time, he has been the *last*; but he has succeeded in identifying his name with the ballad poetry of his country more completely than any of his predecessors in Spain, in consequence of his longer and more persevering application to the subject. He has supplied a desideratum long felt, not only in the Peninsula, but in Germany, in France, in America, and in England—in every country, in fact, where a love of the old Castilian literature was at all diffused, namely, a full but discriminating collection (or selection from all available sources) of the best ballads, from the earliest times down to the beginning of the eighteenth century, whether anonymous or otherwise, accompanied by notes and illustrations of an historical, a critical,

and a philological character. After several previous experiments of separate portions, this work was eventually published in a complete form at Madrid, in the years 1849 and 1851, in two well-printed volumes, imperial octavo, with double columns. They contain upwards of thirteen hundred pages, and nearly two thousand ballads, strictly so called, without the intermixture of any poems, whether of a devotional character, or in a mere lyrical form—two important classes which, being extremely numerous, are reserved for separate collections, perhaps of a nearly equal size. To the portions of his work previously published, Senor Duran prefixed a discourse which will be of much use to us in our subsequent investigations; but to this completed *Romancero* he has added an appendix, which throws considerable light on the history of the ballad, regarded from a literary and philological point of view. As this subject has not been treated with the fulness which we think it merits, even in the professed histories of Spanish literature, we have thought it right to devote some time to its investigation, and to offer some observations upon it, derived from the valuable essay of Senor Duran, which, we believe, has never appeared but in a Spanish dress.

It is impossible to fix the precise time at which Castilian poetry adopted the form of the ballad, as the fact is unestablished by any historical document. The oldest manuscripts that have been discovered, preserve compositions (such as the *Poema del Cid*) of a complicated kind, which presuppose a certain degree of art and labour in their production; but there has not been discovered among them one single genuinely popular ballad anterior to the discovery of printing; indeed, until the beginning of the second decade of the sixteenth century, no ballad of the genuinely primitive class is to be found either in manuscript or in print, since those that remain from the latter years of the preceding century belong to the poets by profession, or to the courtly troubadours. In the "*Cancionero General*," printed at Valencia in 1511, appears for the first time a very limited number of the old popular ballads, till then preserved by tradition, but only intended to serve as texts for the glosses or variations which were made of them by the artistic poets

of the court of John II., or of the Catholic kings.

Notwithstanding this failure of historical evidence, it is only reasonable to suppose that Castilian poetry, *par excellence*, in the form of the ballad, ought to have preceded, among the people, that more erudite and learned kind composed in long verses, which were imitated either from the Latins or the Provençals, because nature precedes art—spontaneity comes before effort—and memory anticipates writing when applied to the rude productions of the vulgar. The measure of the redondilla or octosyllabic verse, is the first we would expect to meet among the inartificial versifiers of Spain, because it derives its origin more easily than any other from the peculiar construction and harmonious constitution of the Spanish language, and from the rotundity of its periods. The metrical combination of the ballad is likewise very favourable for improvisation, because of its resemblance to the prose of common life, the simplicity of its metre, its pauses and musical monotony, which facilitate a continuous rhyme, and give leisure for the arrangement of ideas, its natural aptitude for the narration of historical events considered objectively, and for preserving them in the memory—all indicate that the ballad was, or ought to have been, the first musical and poetical breathing exhaled by a people necessitated to preserve their history, their records, their impressions, by means of oral tradition, whilst ignorant of the arts of reading and of writing; and having no resource but in memory, rendered more tenacious by the assistance of measure, cadence, and song, but simple and inartificial, such as might be supplied by a language so informal, and in an age so near to its primitive formation. And what else, indeed, was it possible for a people to do, when the few among them who *could* read or write disdained to use, for literary purposes, the spoken language of their illiterate countrymen? The popular songs did not penetrate to the palace of the kings, or to the cabinets of the learned, who, doubtless, would have thought themselves degraded if they cast even the slightest glance of approval at the rude productions of nature. Instead of these, the proud and lettered cultivators of a borrowed and an affected science would abandon the sponta-

neous inspirations of genius, flying from them like the capricious florist who, instead of cultivating perfumed natural flowers, would prefer to produce artificial ones—beautiful if you will, but wanting the sweet odour and the attractive freshness of nature.

The popular poetry was born solely of its own vigour, and by the necessity that gave it birth. It grew up among the illiterate vulgar, the child of their intelligence, and adapted to them. It preserved itself as if by instinct, without art and in spite of art, until finally it penetrated and invaded it in such a manner that conquered Art at length placed its indelible seal upon it, and was compelled to work for it, to cultivate it, and to take it for its type. Then it was that the artistic poets, having made themselves popular, released the people from the duty of preserving their own peculiar property, which before was a matter of necessity, and the artificial and learned poetry was seen to descend from its throne, to ally itself, and to be amalgamated with that which it previously despised.

Although to the preservation of the popular poetry, writing, for many ages, refused its assistance, memory, as we have already said, preserved it by transmitting it from mouth to mouth, if not in the primitive purity in which it originated, at the worst with those variations (more of form perhaps than of substance) which language undergoes when it is not reduced to writing. From which it follows, that the traditional ballads *have* suffered those verbal alterations which are inherent to such a mode of transmission, and that it may be affirmed that in no case have they descended to us in all their original purity. As the strolling minstrels and more modern ballad-singers preserved the traditional composition, it is reasonable to suppose that they changed the old words, as they became obsolete, for others that were more intelligible to their cotemporaries. It may also be inferred that they introduced into their songs some new ideas, some thoughts and characteristic traits peculiar to their own epoch, but separated very slightly from the ancient types—in the first place, because ideas, thoughts, and customs alter more slowly than the words of a language which is still in process of formation; and secondly, because, in reproducing works already made and

preserved by tradition, the copy departs with difficulty from the original, at least to any very considerable degree.

If then, relying on these arguments, we admit the hypothesis, that the romance or ballad was the first form in which the popular Castilian poetry appeared, it may be inferred that it is as ancient as the time in which the rude language of the people began to be systematised, and to appear distinct from the corrupted Latin which produced it. In the most ancient written documents which exist in the Spanish idiom—that is to say, in the “Poem of the Cid,” in the “General Chronicle of Spain,” compiled by order of King Don Alphonso the Wise, in the old “Chronicle of the Cid,” and in some others—many and multiplied fragments of ballads are found intermixed; but in these there was an attempt to reduce them to another kind of metre different from that in which they were composed, or to transform them into prose, breaking sometimes their rhythm, but more frequently writing them out in a continuous line, as if they *were* prose, careless about concealing the rhyme, which is still preserved. If this were not accidental, and it could scarcely be so from the frequency with which it is repeated, it must be admitted that the ballads thus introduced are of a date anterior to the poems and chronicles which contain them; and granting that the documents referred to are the oldest that were written in the vulgar language, the fragments of ballads which they contain must belong to times long preceding those in which these documents were compiled, or may be perhaps cotemporaneous with the historical events to which they refer, or the offspring of other songs still more ancient, which served them as an original. In this last case they must necessarily have undergone some changes, but to a less considerable extent than those later ones which have been preserved by oral tradition alone. In every point of view, therefore, it appears certain that these fragments are anterior to the works in which they appear, which, taking them from tradition, reduced them for the first time to writing—an event which happened, according to the best authorities, before the middle of the twelfth century, that is to say, when already there ex-

isted a document written in the vulgar tongue, but whose versification was in a great degree imitated from the classical language that preceded it ; and as in this also are met vestiges of distinct romances, and as it is unreasonable to suppose that in the antecedent ages the people were destitute both of poesy and poets, a new presumption arises, that the ballad preceded the other forms of songs which were more difficult and artificial, and which were reduced to writing in preference to those of the vulgar.

"It is a subject of regret," says Senor Duran, in continuation, "that facts of such interest and importance can only be founded on conjecture ; but since no more can be effected, we must of necessity be content with that until indeed other investigators, more indefatigable and more fortunate, may be able, with documents at present unknown, either to confirm or to destroy the hypothesis which is here put forward."

We have already said that it is impossible to fix the time in which the old traditional ballads of Spain commenced, but we may be certain that they ceased to be produced about the end of the first half of the sixteenth century ; until then we have no evidence of any having been written except the few which, through accident, either as the text of glosses, or as themes for imitation, were included in the "*Cancionero General*." At the time stated collections of some of them began to be made on loose sheets or flying leaves, which circulated among the common people, as do now those of the blind ballad-singers, who have thus inherited the profession of the ancient *juglares*, or minstrels. Thus was there being formed and disseminated a treasury of poesy, in which was found a multitude of ballads collected from tradition, but not so pure as to be free from the variations incidental to the manner in which they were preserved by the people and the ballad-singers, but also from those which it pleased the editors to introduce under the pretext of modernising and correcting them. It may, then, be presumed and received as certain that from the traditional epoch no ballads have come down to us in the exact state in which they were composed, but each one, nevertheless, preserves its originality in an infinite number of

fragments, which have suffered no change.

The popular poesy being despised by the troubadours, it was entrusted only to memory, the people being neither rich enough to preserve it in costly manuscripts, nor even if they were, would it have been of any use to them, since, rude and uncultivated, they were ignorant of the arts of reading and of writing. They contented themselves then by hearing their beloved ballads recited by their singers and wandering minstrels in the market places and at the public festivals, in exchange for the trifling gratuity which was presented to them by their poor auditory. But as even in the sixteenth century printing had already diminished to a considerable extent the cost of producing copies, and reduced it to a sum little more or less than they were in the habit of giving the ballad-singer for his recitations, and as owing to the same cause a love of reading had been excited, the booksellers made, as a subject of profit and of gain, the printing of everything that could feed this new taste ; and it was no little matter to offer it multiplied editions of the ballads and other vulgar poesies which the people enjoyed and could procure at so small a price. Thus it may be observed that not only the broad sheets, those first essays of printed popular poetry, but also the copious and cheap collections of the same class which were published about the middle of the sixteenth century, were speculations of the booksellers, rather than works which had their origin in a disinterested love of the subject. It was not so in the preceding ages, and particularly in the fifteenth century, when kings, princes, and noblemen, through a genuine affection for learning, caused expensive manuscripts to be written, containing the most celebrated works of troubadours and learned men, employing therein the hands of the most skilful scribes. It was not so much the excessive cost of the productions just mentioned that alone kept them at a distance from the people ; what also contributed to the estrangement was, that the poetry which they contained was not adapted to their uncultivated intelligence — that it was, in fact, an exotic, whose foreign fruit seemed strange and unattractive beside the indigenous productions of the country, being an impor-

tation of the affected style and metaphysical subtlety of the Provençal troubadours. The "*Cancionero General*," when printed in 1511, as it contained almost exclusively poems of an artificial kind, was only sought for in the beginning by the more educated classes, although afterwards a great number of the poems which it contained became popular, and were reproduced, along with others, in various subsequent editions of the "*Cancionero*," expurgated of some coarseness that defiled the original, down to the year 1573, when it was printed for the last time. This "*Cancionero*" preserves the artificial poetry of the troubadours of the fifteenth century, as the earlier one of Baena, which remained in MS. down to the year 1851, when it was first published, does a considerable portion of the age preceding. The latter "*Cancionero*," or song-book, does not contain a single ballad, and the former so small a number that they occupy but a few pages—all which proves that not even the form of such compositions was accepted by the affected troubadours down to the last quarter of the fifteenth century, except perhaps in some of the *cántigas* of Alfonso the Wise, in which a tendency to the ballad form is perceptible. The portion then of the popular and traditional poetry which remains to us, and which without them would have been for ever lost, we owe to the editors of those separate flying leaves, or broad sheets, and to the collectors who compiled the "*Cancionero*," and the various "*Silvas*," "*Florestas*," and other fancifully styled collections of ballads: The booksellers then of Burgos, of Valladolid, of Seville, and of Granada, may be considered as the preservers of the old Spanish popular poetry; but it is not to be supposed that all the poems contained in the broad sheets and larger collections just referred to belong exclusively to the traditional poesy of the people, some of the more artistic and cultivated class, which had become popular, were also introduced; neither is it to be presumed that the ballads themselves, which are published therein, and which harmonised better with the national taste, have been preserved genuinely, as in their original state, inartificial as they appear: since, as we have said, all those that were transmitted by the professional ballad-singers have

been recomposed, altered, and reformed, by men who were occupied in that pursuit, and who made a livelihood of singing and reciting them to the people; from which have arisen the various readings that are to be met with in the different editions that have come down to us.

These introductory observations having been made, it remains for us to classify the ballads conformably to their essential and particular character, according to the epochs to which they belong or are supposed to belong, and to the different transformations which they experienced from their first epic and purely objective breathings to the lyrical perfection which they acquired in passing from the rude and general inspiration of the vulgar to that of the strolling minstrels who recited them, and then to the refined and artistic troubadours and poets, who received the ballad still rough and lowly, and who eventually raised it to its highest point of elevation.

The ballads, considered in this point of view, may be divided into the eight following classes:—

The first, second, and third belong to the traditional epoch, and comprehend those ballads which may be considered either as exact copies, or as copies more or less approximating to their original construction.

The fourth, fifth, and sixth belong to the literary or educated epoch.

The seventh and eighth to a period truly artistic and poetic.

We shall now treat of the qualities, character, and essence of each of these classes in their turn; and first of the primitive ballads belonging to the traditional epoch.

BALLADS OF THE FIRST CLASS.—In this class are included the few romances or ballads which may be considered, though doubtfully, as primitive—that is, such as belong to the category of those which, many times decomposed, in their complete forms have served as the texts of other compositions as well in prose as in verse.

Ballads whose originals are lost may also be admitted into this class, since the professional ballad-singers, in spite of their alterations, have preserved to us, in a great degree unchanged, the historical tradition of events, without clothing them in exotic ornaments or colours, which were peculiar to manners and to a civilisa-

tion foreign to theirs. Differing from those of the third, the ballads of this first class, though vitiated by the ballad-singers, though somewhat altered from the primitive text, preserve always the salt of nationality entire, pure and unmingled with foreign matter. They are those which best portray the civilisation of the time, and preserve most faithfully the original source of Spanish poetry. Free from all scientific imitation, without any pretensions to learning or to art, they are rude as those who composed them, as the actions they narrate, and as the society of which they are a picture. Although in their actual condition, the ballads of the first class, which have not been introduced in a disguised shape either into the "Poem of the Cid" or into the "Chronicles," may be posterior to those works, many of their fragments which have remained uninjured, betray an earlier origin. It may have happened that they were not so introduced from the circumstance that the subject did not require them; or if it did, it was in such a manner as to preclude the possibility of recognising them, from their being reduced to a totally different kind of verse, or to simple prose.

By comparing those ballads with the analogous fragments which appear to be more ancient, and to have undergone less alterations, it may be seen that the greater portion of the variations consist in the *words* having undergone certain modern changes, or modifications, which do not extend to the construction of the phrase, nor to the order and expression of the ideas, nor to those traits and types of manners which they delineate.

The proper and peculiar character of the ballads of this class consists in their being purely *objective*—that is to say, that in them events are simply related without reflections or deductions of any kind, and almost without a description of the scene in which they occur. The poet only appears as a narrator; and of him no more is seen than the style in which he has expressed, and the order in which he has arranged his thoughts. He relates what passes outside of himself, without allowing his own inner impressions to appear. He seems to see, but not to think; he is like a mirror which reflects, and gives back the appearance of objects, but gives them back unmodified by their connexion with itself.

His poetry may be styled an articulate memory, that repeats what it retains. But these ballads are deficient in lyrical enthusiasm, in the colouring and embellishment of fancy; and if at any time they allow a flash of epic elevation to illuminate them, it is only found to arise from the nature of the events which they describe. Such is the essential type of these ballads. As to the forms which modify them, it may be said that they are only artificial to the extent of the measure and the rhyme which are peculiar to them, and which distinguish them from simple prose; and even these outward forms are only preserved when they present themselves naturally and unforcedly to the extemporising poet; but they are set at naught and changed without scruple, if they do not readily occur, or if they present any amount of difficulties to be overcome. When any obstacle of this kind threatens to impede their onward career, it is bounded over—the measure is broken—the rhyme is changed, or finally becomes prose, if the difficulty does not yield easily in any other manner. These peculiarities may be observed in the few ballads of the first class that are presumed to be primitive: in those of the second class, transmitted by the minstrel ballad-singers, a little more art is discernible. Frequently, to preserve the measure and the rhyme, the poet vitiates the words, by increasing or diminishing the number of the syllables, or by changing the natural accents, or by writing and pronouncing, as mute, vowels which are not correctly so; or, finally, if nothing else could be done, by following the example of those who preceded them—that is to say, by throwing colour and art aside, and continuing the narrative in the best way they could. Nor is it strange that this should be so in an epoch of transition, when the new language was struggling for existence, and was forming itself as if by instinct. At that time art had scarcely any influence on the formation of the vulgar dialect, which was arising from the ashes, as it were, of the expiring Latin, since it was only a commingling of ruins heaped up without order or method previously arranged, and having no other basis than the natural necessity of having some medium for the communication of simple thoughts, to which frequently gesture and intonation supplied the deficiency of words,

or the want of logical sequence. The popular ballads born at this period, by expressing themselves in a rude jargon only spoken by the common people, obviously betray a disorder and arbitrariness in the manufacture of ideas, and in the mode of uniting them into a smooth and connected discourse. Hence the continual suppression of conjunctions, the shortening of the pauses in periods, the isolation of thought, and the sudden transitions that are to be found in them. Hence, also, is it that the old ballads pass from continuous narration to dialogue, from the dialogue to the drama, converting the epic characters into interlocutors, and narrative into action, more or less vivid, whilst the popular *improvisatore* found means of regaining the lost path of his story, by availing himself of conventional phrases, of understood mongrelisms, of frequent expletives, which gave him time and breath to continue his work after the manner in which it commenced.

THE SECOND CLASS OF BALLADS, in our system of arrangement, is formed of certain romances, which, by their Hispano-Arabic complexion, of which profound vestiges remain, belong to the traditional history of Spain, and to the period of its closest connexion with the Moors. Proceeding from a civilisation more refined than existed at that time among the people, they were destined to have a powerful influence on the poetical system which resulted from the combination of such diverse elements. They were eminently popular in their origin, and in their connexion with the epoch in which they appeared, since they flattered the national instincts of the people, by giving them pictures of the manners of a race, which, though in a state of warfare, were living together with them on the same soil, and of whose valour and culture they were not wholly ignorant. In their essence these ballads differed from those of the first and third class by their tone, which was more lyrical, fanciful, and sentimental, and by the better and more brilliant colouring which animated them. In their external forms they differed from them also in the more highly finished versification which they exhibit. None of them appear to be anterior to the fifteenth century.

Contemporaneous, if not more ancient than those of the first, are THE BALLADS OF THE THIRD CLASS. They

must be considered as exclusively made by the minstrel balladists, under the influence of an imitative type different from the national, though assimilated to it by the form of expression. Composed upon subjects foreign to the history and to the indigenous customs of Spain, traced as it were upon traditions and chronicles written in another language, and founded on events, whether historical or fabulous, peculiar to a distinct civilisation, they presuppose at least study, art, and observation employed upon distant objects, and acquired by the reading of works proper to other conditions of society. In the ballads of the first class, even those which were transmitted by the minstrel balladists, the people beheld their own portrait, since that was the model of imitation to those who sang of their glories, their deeds, and their thoughts. In those of the third class were presented only *copies* of models which were unknown to the vulgar, of whose truth no one could judge, except by a remote assimilation to, and by a faint perception of, actions and of objects which they never had under their immediate inspection, or by their own sides, but only by means of the knowledge which their minstrels acquired in books, or from the information which strangers communicated concerning themselves. The ballad-minstrels, by selecting as the themes for their songs subjects taken from the Bible, from ancient history, anterior to the middle ages, and from times and countries completely feudal, created the third class of ballads, which are also contained in the traditional epoch. Rude still, but more polished than those of the first class, they advanced, gradually widening the circle of popular poetry, but never going outside of certain boundaries that prevented their being confounded with the learned or erudite class, properly so called, and still less with the artistic. This class of ballads being accepted by the people, and gradually received into favour, produced the effect that might have been anticipated — namely, the commencement at this period of an alteration not only in the form, but even in the essence of the indigenous poesy, by admitting a foreign ideal which falsified its primitive character — painting national events, and even characters, with an exotic colouring, which blending soon with the

habits of the people, greatly facilitated the changes which were experienced in some of the subsequent gyrations of society.

The present class of ballads differs from those of the first in this respect, that, being the work of professional balladists—a circumstance which presupposes in their authors some degree of cultivation—a greater degree of skill is employed in their versification and in the arrangement of their subjects. Thus it is seen, that in these the poet supports his narration by argument—that he takes a personal and subjective part in the story, and ventures to make reflections, and to express some opinions of his own, but deduced from the epic object which he and his brethren proposed to themselves in their songs. It is true that, from the limited number of such digressions, they are not numerous enough to give this class of ballads a character distinct from those of the first. They, however, guided popular poetry a step or two in the subjective, lyrical, and descriptive direction, which ultimately led to the literary and the artistic. With respect to the language, the phraseology, and the mode in which thought is expressed, the ballads of this class identify themselves with those of the first, since, notwithstanding their being taken from foreign models, the poets could not prevent them from being assimilated in some degree to the habits and customs of the country which they shared, and in whose element they lived. It is thus that “Bernardo del Carpio” is not exactly a French “Roland,” but an imitation of him, sufficiently free, and adapted to the peculiar character of Spanish feudalism, such as then began to exist.

THE LITERARY EPOCH.—When traditional poetry came to be reduced to writing, the strolling ballad minstrels who preserved it began to disappear; and with them the creation of new matter, which had fed the curiosity and kept alive the interest that the people took in ancient things. In such circumstances, poesy directly popular, being reduced to the condition of producing nothing original or new, would have died away, if some persons, weary of the learned style of the fifteenth century, and lovers of the national glory, had not possessed themselves of the old ballads, in order to give them back to the people, and to revive in them the love of national things. In place

of creating a new kind of poesy, they imitated the ancient ballads, and reproduced them under the same forms, but stripping them of that fabulous portion which they believed disfigured them and kept them aloof from rational criticism. But, in acting thus, they did not remember that they deprived ancient poesy of its interest, and that, in uniting it to real events, they deprived it of the vivifying spirit which was proper to it, and which animates the existence of peoples, and distinguishes them from each other. For national faith and credulity, and even superstition, are they not an essential part of history? Do they not constitute its very truth? Have they not an influence on events? Do they not explain them, by making the mind ascend to the causes of actions which, taken in their isolated condition, are not history, but a dry catalogue of events, without animation or life? Fortunately those who, in imitating the old ballads, expurgated them, were good believers, even as those who compiled the chronicles, which served them as a guide in this attempt to free their models from the portion of their contents supposed to be fabulous; and, as the old ballads themselves had supplied this very guide, with its authorities, the pretended reform could do them little injury.

If the early ballads, reduced to prose, or at least apparently so, served as the text of the most ancient chronicles, or were cited in them, the ballads of the literary period, on the contrary, were formed out of those very chronicles themselves, by the addition of metre and of rhythm. A little before the middle of the sixteenth century appeared the poets of this school, who attempted to reproduce the old ballads by imitating them with indiscriminating judgment; and by versifying, but not poetising, the chronicles, they adapted to *their* language the traditions preserved in the popular songs, first divesting them of those portions which were believed to be fabulous.

LORENZO DE SEPULVEDA, who, it must be confessed, was neither a good poet nor a good versifier, was the first who published a collection of ballads of this class; partly written by himself, and partly by another author, whose name he has not made public, under the title of “*Romances newly taken from the ancient Histories, from the Chronicles of Spain,*” &c. Ballads of a somewhat

similar class and character, but with more freedom, breadth, and art, were produced by various other poets, and, among them, JUAN SIMONEDA, who intermingled some of his own in those anthologies published under the title of "The Rose of Love," "The Spanish Rosa," "The Gentile Rose," so called from the poems which it contains being on heathen subjects, and "The Royal Rose," which is on the fates and fortunes of princes; all of which would have been lost to literature but for their fortunate discovery in the Royal Library of Vienna, and for the scrupulous care with which a number of those compositions (of which no other copies are known to exist) have been reprinted by Ferdinand Joseph Wolf, the eminent German critic, whose labours in connexion with the ballad literature of Spain are inappreciable.

We have already described what principally characterises and distinguishes the literary epoch from the traditional. We shall now briefly refer to the fourth and fifth classes of ballads, of which the literary epoch consists.

BALLADS OF THE FOURTH CLASS.—The compositions of which the fourth class consists were composed, not by the rude and illiterate people, nor by the rustic minstrels, but by persons skilled, to a certain extent, in the literary dexterity of the period, who artificially imitated the popular primitive poesy, and affected its language. Moulded according to an undeviating model, their ballads were prose narratives, badly versified—a servile copy of the thoughts of others, which dispensed with and even prohibited all invention, and which, as it denied to genius its full liberty, restrained its ambition and its flight.

The ballads of this class preserve the external forms of the traditional ones, but not the living spirit which spontaneously produced them, nor their direct imitation of nature. They enable us to perceive how vainly art struggles to rival the unconscious perfection of inspiration, and how art itself inconsistently retrogrades even to the point of adopting as its model the imitation of a language and of a vocabulary belonging to another time, very remote and widely separated from that in which the attempt is made. But this very affectation of ancient phraseology betrays the artifice, since for want of a constant critical watch-

fulness in those who imitated it, modern words and phrases are frequently found in their works side by side with the more ancient ones; thus creating a continued anachronism both of language and of style. Although these ballads generally preserve the objective form of the epic element, their authors, more frequently than the older poets, introduce the subjective, and appear in the action as commentators and teachers, blending their own individuality with the events they narrate.

THE BALLADS OF THE FIFTH CLASS are very similar to the preceding, being only distinguished by a greater freedom of treatment, and by the more frequent prevalence of the subjective element. The poets who cultivated this division stamped it with the seal of reality, by abandoning the imitation of the language of the chronicles, and the construction of the old romances. Being dedicated to the people, and specially created for them, it had of necessity to vulgarise its mode of expression, and to adopt the language which was then in general use.

THE BALLADS OF THE SIXTH CLASS being dedicated to contemporaneous historical events, being expressed according to the existing condition of the civilisation of the people, the language employed in them was appropriate to the time in which they were composed. They are for *their* epoch something like what those of the first period were for it; but being founded on official documents in prose, or upon floating news, they participate a good deal in the spirit of those of the fourth class. They are, however, akin to those of the first, because, referring to events contemporaneous with, or proximate to, the age in which they were composed, they may be considered as having an original inspiration, being to a certain extent primitive, and of the first workmanship; and, in consequence of their being written and printed at the time of their being composed, they have descended to us without the alterations incidental to those that were transmitted by oral tradition alone. Their tone, and the prosaic material out of which they were formed, connect them, however, more directly with the fourth class, they being intended, like those, to popularise history. Taking into view also the subjective and lyrical forms which they affect, the ballads of this sixth class may be considered as the link of the

chain which unites the literary epoch with the artistic, since they participate of both elements.

The prosaic defect which they laboured under from their very origin especially characterises them ; but they are favourably distinguished also by the exhibition of a more elaborate and skilful versification and metre — accomplishments, indeed, that were rendered necessary by the progressive improvement of the people, as they advanced gradually into a more refined and civilised condition of society. They display also a foreshadowing of the lyrical and epic elevation of the artistic epoch which was about being born, and an attempt to restore the ancient marvellous ingredient which a more advanced civilisation had eliminated from the faith and credulity of the people. Wanting these, the poets who aspired to be emphatically popular, and to win immediate applause from their hearers or readers, mistook their way, and substituted for the rough, but antique simplicity, the extravagance of a proud and pedantic erudition, the exaggerated colours of a worse taste, and, lastly, the emptiness of ideas and thoughts, disguised under the appearance of knowledge, which itself was incomplete, undigested, and untrue. The ancient balladists were honestly and openly ignorant, and never thought of concealing it ; but the modern, aspiring to be considered learned, became fastidious and affected. To an age of ignorance ever follows an epoch of false knowledge and pedantic pretensions : such is the progress of society in its march to civilisation. It is thus that these indifferent compositions which point out the way that knowledge has walked, are useful for the light which they cast upon the history of literature and of society. The ballads of this class are to be found in all the anthologies published posterior to the latter half of the sixteenth century, some of them appearing in the first editions, others added in those that subsequently appeared — some in collections made expressly for themselves, while many of them were circulated among the people in the loose leaves of the ballad-singers, who thus inherited the office of the ancient minstrels.

THE SEVENTH AND EIGHTH CLASSES OF SPANISH BALLADS are included in the *Artistic Epoch*, and they supply

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abundant materials for tracing their progress in this direction from their first feeble step to their maturity and decline. We have said that until the latter portion of the fifteenth century, the refined courtly poets (that is to say, the troubadours) did not adopt the form of the ballad in the composition of their works. Until then no literary production, purely popular, had been reduced to writing. But ultimately, JUAN DEL ENCINA, and some other artistic versifiers, ventured to compose them, or rather to mould according to their shape, the affected poesy which they imitated from the Provençals and the Italians. The metaphysical subtlety, the philosophical pretensions, the artificial ideas and thoughts which such models suggested to the troubadours, were unintelligible to the people ; and it was impossible that those ballads could be popular which were made under the influence of a poetic ideal, the offspring of foreign imitation and of elaborate art, applied to what was essentially opposed to native character and taste. Sometimes they descended from their elevation, and were accepted by the people, probably because their authors had that object in view, and therefore concealed their learning and their art ; or because they imitated, or amplified, or abridged the old romances, or were impregnated with those chivalrous ideas which were ever grateful to the generous spirit of the nation. The greatest number of the compositions of this class are devotional, mystical, doctrinal, allegorical, and amatory. In all of them the artificial nature of their structure, their style, and their versification is clearly visible. They are generally distinguished by an argumentative spirit which overrules them, by an exquisite subtlety and refinement of thought, and by a paradoxical and indefinable affectation in the expression of ideas as fantastical as the language in which they were conveyed. The lyrical element preponderates in all of them over the epic, and the poet himself, or his inmost thoughts, are the subjects upon which in general they turn.

The time of perfection at length arrived, when the poets, inspired by genius, by employing the assistance of art, and by drinking from the fountains of nationality, and by availing themselves of all the aids that an ad-

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vanced civilisation could supply, formed, with all these united, a complete poetical system. The old cultivated poets had disdained the popular poesy. More learned than poetical they proposed to themselves the imitation of exotic originals. Those of the new school, on the contrary, reaching the summit of perfection about the last quarter of the sixteenth century, did not wish to destroy the poesy of the people before thoroughly adopting it as the best and principal element in the foundations of that which they were erecting. From the fountains of the ancient ballads and old popular songs, the best poets of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries drank in the national spirit which animated their productions, and by means of which they were enabled gradually to educate the popular mind to the extent of making it comprehend and relish the beautiful forms of perfect poesy. Hitherto these were unknown or unappreciated by the people generally. For a while deprived of their own minstrels, they saw themselves reduced to the condition of receiving no new sustenance in the shape of song which might sustain their national affections, and had thus to be content with the old poems, which had grown insipid through age, or occasionally with some of the later productions of the literary or lettered epoch, which, far from being restorations of the vigorous youth of the older ballads, were reproduced, despoiled of all their originality and simplicity.

The interest which lies between the seventh artistic class of the fifteenth century, and those of the eighth class down to the close of the sixteenth, is filled by ballads of the sixth class, previously described, which were half pedantic and half artistic. In this period, as we have said, the people, deprived of their own class poets, were compelled, in order to obtain some novelty, to surrender themselves to the spirit of pedantry which was then in the ascendant — a spirit which ever comes in the wake of ignorance; and thus the compositions which were infected with the fashionable vice easily became popular. The old ballads, and their imitations, written in the language of a remote epoch, had become almost unintelligible to the people. Those of the troubadours of the fifteenth century were equally strange to them; and the truly artistic ones of the new school had scarcely begun to

exist. There remained, then, for the people, within the limits of their actual intelligence, only those of the sixth class, which, as we have said, were for their own times what the old ballads had been for theirs. In such a state of sterility the great, and even the mediocre poets, at the end of the sixteenth century, who addressed their songs to a people now more instructed and cultivated, took possession, as it were, of the national spirit which reigned in the old ballads, freed them from their barbarous rusticity, inoculated them with whatever knowledge, taste, or culture was popularly diffused around them, adorned them with the new graces of a melodious lyricism, capable of expressing and of adapting itself to the highest creations of genius. Now appeared the new ballads — Moorish, chivalrous, historical, vulgar, amatory, satirical, doctrinal, and the rest — works in which the poet made the lyrical element preponderate, and in which he proposed to himself, almost on every occasion, to sketch his own proper impressions, his own intimate thoughts, as well as the events which revolved about him, independent of his own identity.

In acting thus they but obeyed the spirit of society and of their era, and gave life and elevation to the poetical system which was forming itself from the elements of the ancient schools. This magnificent work of time and nature was formed, diffused, and scattered without any centre of union: but under the organising influence of art it contrived to emerge from the state of embryo and chaos in which it lay hid. The poets, who in order to nationalise the new poesy, formed it out of the original elements of the old, by amalgamating with it all the improvements of contemporaneous culture, and by borrowing from it whatever was within the comprehension of the people, began to divest the primitive popular ballad of its natural rudeness, to soften by means of art the asperities that deformed it, to smooth its language and modes of utterance, and, finally, to adapt it to the expression of passions, sentiments, and ideas in an elevated and dignified manner. It must be admitted, that some of the earliest poets who dedicated themselves to this more perfect style of composition, fell frequently (doubtless because even art itself does not always work on fixed principle), not

only into the defects peculiar to the traditional ballads, but also into those that belong to the lettered or pedantic era. It is on this account that even still there may be discovered in their works much carelessness and inelegance of language, a turgid fulness of style, a defective and not over delicate taste, and an excessive desire of parading whatever learning they possessed, which was badly digested and absurdly out of place. Among the poets who imitated the new popular school may be mentioned Pedro de Padilla, Lucas Rodriguez, Lobo Lasa de la Vega, and many others, who in their own publications, or in the "*Romancero General*," and later collections, published ballads either anonymously or with their names.

But soon afterwards, when the ballad emancipated itself from the fetters that bound it, when art became to it like a second nature, without interfering with the spontaneity of original inspiration — when, in fine, the great poets, such as Lope and Gongora, who shed such a light over the closing year of the sixteenth century, took it into their own possession, then indeed it clothed itself in all the splendour of poesy, diffusing among the people an intense feeling of poetic enjoyment, which found its fullest fruition in the drama, to which it contributed materials that even yet are unexhausted. The ballad became once again the repository of the popular poesy, in contradistinction to the learned and classical school which, at their respective periods, Boscan, Garcilasso, Luis de Leon, Herrera, and Riojo brought to the highest perfection, and which, possessing qualities that were accepted by the ballad poets, diffused itself among the people, polishing their taste and enlarging their intelligence. Unfortunately the vigorous youth of the new national poetry was of short duration; and it was already past, when, in the seventeenth century, the Spanish nation, forgetful of its triumphs and its glories, let fall from its listless hands the sceptre of power which

ruled the world, and the enchanting lyre which was the model and delight of men. The same great geniuses who elevated the national poesy, placed it from the very beginning in the path of retrogression, by impregnating it with that false taste and that ominous affectation of which it sickened, even unto death. The fantastical conceits of Gongora invaded the most eminent mind; but while they admitted, their own eminent poetical inspirations were sufficient to palliate their defects; and Lope, Tirso, and Calderon, even when they *Gongorised*, awoke flashes of a brilliant and noble poesy. It was not so with those who succeeded them; wanting the creative fire and the deliberate taste which genius, art, and sound criticism produce, they abandoned themselves to a servile imitation of all that was vicious and corrupt, without being fortunate enough to be able to understand, much less to reproduce, the portion that was really excellent. Thirty years before this catastrophe took place, who would have believed that the beautiful and inspired poesy that then existed could have so far deteriorated that even the rude ballads of the streets would be preferred to it? The popular romances at the least preserved a certain naturalness, a certain moving interest, which were wanting in the vicious, affected, and pedantic works of the artistic poets who, from the end of the seventeenth to the middle of the eighteenth centuries, cultivated the Spanish Muse. Such was the destiny of that divine inspiration which animated the illustrious men of genius, who a few years before created and enlarged the dominion of Castilian poesy. This proves that the people became corrupt in their taste less readily than the educated classes, and that ignorance itself does not go so completely astray as that false and presumptuous knowledge which, in order to distinguish itself the more conspicuously, rushes beyond the boundary of the real, and loses itself in tortuous ways and labyrinths that have no exit.*

* The ballads of the eighth class, from their birth to their maturity, are to be found in the "*Romancero General*" and the lesser "*Romanceros*," which, previously published in detached portions, were subsequently reunited in it. These form the first seven parts out of the thirteen of which the entire work was eventually composed. To these may be added, "*The Second Part of the Romancero General and Flower of Miscellaneous Poesy*," which had been published by Miguel de Madrigal, and some other collections of a similar class which subsequently appeared.

THE UNIVERSITIES OF GERMANY.

WE feel confident of having chosen both an interesting and an instructive subject, in bringing before our readers a short account of the German universities. In no country, not even in England, are there any institutions of higher importance than they are, for the advancement of learning and science; and it is not only to perform a public task profitably, but also to pay a debt of private gratitude, that we invite consideration of those seats of erudition which have been visited and looked upon with reverence by so many British scholars, divines, philosophers, and medical professors, in the age of Cranmer and of Porson, in the time of Canning and of Dr. Arnold; albeit, amongst so many English visitors, and some true admirers, the German Universities have never yet met with one who was sufficiently actuated either by gratitude or else by a desire of criticising, as to lay before the public of this country a more lengthened and, if possible, just account of them. Satisfied to reap their advantages, content to borrow or to explore their intellectual treasures, we have never thought it necessary or expedient to consider the peculiar system of the German Universities in general, or to form a correct estimate of the moral and scientific tone that pervades them. Men recorded their impressions of them in little more than a doggrel verse or so, which Canning could address to Göttingen,* or Porson† devote to the memory of Brunck, Ruhnken, or Hermann, who at the same time, as Porson confesses, made him *drunk* with their knowledge. From them less information is to be derived

than from some continental travellers who now and then could not fail to turn an accidental and transitory glance towards the German Universities, and who allowed them sometimes a rank, however secondary, amongst the objects of their attention. Of the best we have met with, we may mention "Russell's Tour in Germany in 1824 and 1825," a book which is certainly written in a vigorous and judicious style, though it may pass sometimes rather a harsh criticism upon the peculiar national habits of the German student. The author, who resided some time at Jena, and seems to have acquired most of his information on the German Universities at the time of his stay at this particular university-town, rates the moral standard of the German academicians very low. This will not astonish him who knows that Jena has been formerly noted in Germany for the wildness and extravagances of her students; but it is obvious, for the same reason, that Jena can hardly be considered as a fair specimen. In the latter part of his book, the author himself admits that the life of the students at Berlin and at Göttingen does not generally exhibit the crude forms which he found to be characteristic of the Jena student.

Thus we must refer our readers for further information on our subject principally to German publications. It may be well to add, that the Germans have shown a greater interest in the scientific institutions of their neighbours, than the latter have shown for the institutions of Germany. They possess a most elaborate account of the English universities by

* We allude to his well-known verses on

"— the University of Göttingen."

† Richard Porson:

"I went to Frankfort and got drunk
With that most learned Professor Brunck;
I went to Wortz and got more drunken
With that more learn'd Professor Ruhnken."

Νήϊδ' ἐστὶ μέγαν, ὦ Τύτωνις, οὐχ ὁ μὲν δ' οὐ
Πάντις, πλὴν Ἑρμανος · ὁ δ' Ἑρμανος σφίδρα Τύτων.

"Skilled ye are in Metrics, Germans, not the one or the other,
But all, except Hermann. But Hermann is a thorough German."

Huber; and but as lately as 1851, a Professor from Joachimsthal College, Berlin, L. Weise, paid a visit to England and Scotland for the especial purpose of inquiring into the state of education at schools, both high and low, in these countries. The letters in which he published the results of his inquiries, after his return to Prussia, establish a close comparison between educational establishments in Prussia and those of England. "*G. Bell's Journal of English Education*" has given the only translation of them, as far as we know, up to the present time.* Whatever we may think of the author's opinions—according to which the moral and religious part of education would seem better attended to in England, the mental and intellectual better in Prussia—the letters of Wiese will be worth the notice of all who take an interest in educational topics.

We hope that at a time when the question of University reform is so strongly engrossing public attention, an account of the Universities of a neighbouring people may not be unwelcome. But we consider the subject not merely from an educational point of view. It would be very short-sighted, and doing the question little justice, were we to view them only as schools where the young are initiated in the rudiments of science. Their influence is not limited to the rising generation; and their claims to our examination rest upon a still broader foundation—they are nurseries for the philosopher, the scholar, and the statesman—for all who are to fill the most important stations of a country—in short, we may call them the foci of a nation's intellectual life, the sources of its learning, and the fountains of its science—the illustrious assemblages of all its wisest and most thinking men. Moreover, as great social bodies, they display in a remarkable way the genius and character of a nation, and exercise a decisive influence on its moral, political, and social condition. And this particularly applies to the universities of Germany, which have at all times acted in that country a singularly conspicuous and prominent part; and have acquired there an importance

which does not belong, in the same degree, to the universities in other countries, both by the greater frequency with which they were resorted to, and by the political ascendancy which, in the turn of events, has devolved upon them.

We are fully aware of the impossibility of doing so comprehensive a subject full justice within the narrow limits of this essay. We shall therefore limit our description of the German Universities to leading points of general interest, and treat of their peculiar system of instruction, their internal composition and constitution, their relation to the State; and instead of a longer and more precise discussion of their moral and political character, offer some short sketches of the life and habits of the German student, which the personal experiences and recollections of the writer have partly suggested.

A statistical and historical survey of the German Universities will fitly afford us a proper beginning. Germany boasts at present of about twenty-five universities; the uncertainty of the correct application of the terms *German* and *University* does not allow of a more exact statement. They are of very different ages, some very old, some quite recent. But, as regards their origin, they have been all erected by the sovereigns or secular powers of the different provinces, and none of them existed before the middle of the fourteenth century. This enables us already to draw a twofold conclusion concerning their nature. It explains, on one hand, the entire absence of mediæval institutions, and of monastic, secluded habits; and it shows, on the other also, why they were, and are yet, dependent on the governments. The earliest university in Germany was that of Prague. It was in 1348, under the Emperor Charles IV., when the taste for letters had revived so signally in Europe, when England may be said to have possessed her two old universities already for three centuries, Paris her Sorbonne already for four, that this university was erected as the first of German Universities. The idea originated in the mind of the Emperor, who was educated in Paris, at the univer-

* We see that one or two translations of Wiese's letters have appeared since this was written.

sity of that town, and was eagerly taken up by the townspeople of that ancient and wealthy city, for they foresaw that affluence would shower upon them if they could induce a numerous crowd of students to flock together within their walls. But the Pope and the Emperor took an active part in favouring and authorising the institution; they willingly granted to it wide privileges, and made it entirely independent of Church and State. The teaching of the professors, and the studies of the students, were submitted to no control whatever. After the model of the University of Paris, they divided themselves into different faculties, and made four such divisions — one for divinity, another for medical science, a third for law, and a fourth for philosophy. The last order comprised those who taught and learned the fine arts and the sciences, which two departments were separate at the Sorbonne. All the German universities have preserved this outward constitution, and in this, as in many other circumstances, the precedent of Prague has had a prevailing influence on her younger sister institutions. The same thing may be said particularly of the disciplinary tone of the university. In other countries, universities sprang from rigid clerical and monastic institutions, or bore a more or less ecclesiastical character, which imposed upon them certain more retired habits, and a severer kind of discipline. Prague took from the beginning a course widely different. The students, who were partly Germans, partly of Slavonian blood, enjoyed a boundless liberty. They lodged in the houses of the townspeople, and by their riches, their mental superiority, and their number (they are recorded to have been as many as twenty thousand in the year 1409), became the undisputed masters of the city. The professors and the inhabitants of Prague, far from checking them, rather protected the prerogatives of the students, for they found out that all their prosperity depended on them. We can desire no clearer or more powerful proof of the tendency of the German University system, than that which we must recognise, when we see Prague enter at once upon the arduous task of spiritual reform. Not two generations had passed since the erection of an institution thus constituted, before Huss and Jerome of Prague began to teach

the necessity of an entire reformation of the Church. The phenomenon is characteristic of the bold spirit of inquiry that must have grown up at the new University. However, the political consequences that attended the promulgation of such doctrines led almost to the dissolution of the University itself. For, the German part of the students broke up, in consequence of repeated and serious quarrels that had taken place with the Bohemian and Slavonic party, and went to Leipzig, where straightway a new and purely German University was erected. While Prague became the seat of a protracted and sanguinary war, a great number of Universities rose into existence around it, and attracted the crowds that had formerly flocked to the Bohemian capital. It appeared as if Germany, though it had received the impulse from abroad, would leave all other countries behind itself in the erection and promotion of these learned institutions, for all the districts of the land vied with each other in creating universities. Thus arose those of Rostock, Ingolstadt, Vienna, Heidelberg, Cologne, Erfurt, Tübingen, Greifswalde, Trèves, Mayence, and Bâles—schools which have partly disappeared again during the political storms of subsequent ages. The beginning of the sixteenth century added to them one at Frankfort on the Oder, and another, the most illustrious of all, Wittenberg. Everyone who is acquainted with the history and origin of the Reformation, knows what an important part the latter of these universities took in the weighty transactions of those times. The Reformation originated in a disputation of university professors, on the famous ninety-five theses of Dr. M. Luther, and in its earliest stage the whole movement had the appearance of a mere academical squabble. But soon the overwhelming eloquence of the chief champion of the new doctrines, the deep researches of Melancthon and its other adherents, the burning of the Papal decrees by the whole studentship of Wittenberg, with Luther at their head, convinced the world that questions of greater moment were hidden under the learned discussions of the Wittenberg professors. It is not our business here to follow up the further course of those memorable events. Wittenberg remained by no means the only champion of Protes-

tantism. At Marburg, Jena, Königsberg, and Helmstädt, universities of a professedly Protestant character were erected. These schools became the cradle and nurseries of the Reformation; and, humanly speaking, it may be said that the regeneration of Christian faith, in those times, was, on the Continent at least, the work of the German Universities. Nor can this, by any means, be considered as an accidental merit of theirs. On the contrary, there can be no doubt that the organic principle of the German Universities, given as it was at the erection of Prague, and faithfully preserved in all the subsequent universities—we mean their unrestricted independence of teaching and learning—was, as it were, a preliminary, if not the direct cause of the Reformation. Though England, at that time, had her Oxford and her Cambridge, though she had had her Wicliffe, her Thomas More, yet the impulse of the Reformation came to her less from her own universities than from Germany. While King Henry VIII. engaged in a dispute with Luther, Cranmer and his fellows turned their eyes to Germany; the reformers mostly looked to it for information on the questions that had begun to sway their minds. But whilst in Germany, the universities, backed by the people at large, carried the Reformation against the Emperor and the temporal powers; England, where the universities, as bodies, were more subject to traditional rule and authority, took in the beginning only a secondary part in the cause of the Reformation, and made it its own only in proportion as the changeable views of the sovereigns of the country imposed upon them the necessity of either acquiescing or opposing its movements.

Unfortunately the German Universities lost in the next centuries a great part of their lustre and renown; not that they had become unfaithful to their mission, and renounced at any time their task; but the country was in general unhappy—and we must not wonder if, during a long period of continual slaughter and ravages, we find the thirst of knowledge subsiding, and people less eager to frequent or promote those seats of learning which had brought on them, together with all the light they had given, so much dissension and strife. No new univer-

sity was added to the old list—and those which existed divided themselves into two opposite camps. Whilst the Saxon, the Prussian, and all the Northern Universities proclaimed Protestant principles, the Roman Catholic States of Germany, such as Austria and Bavaria, made their Universities strictly orthodox schools; they were not able to do so without cutting down the liberty of teaching and learning in a great many instances, and without reducing them to a kind of seminaries, with close inspection and superintendence from their governments. Though the Protestant princes kept themselves not always free from the reproach of having interfered with the learned schools of their countries, yet they allowed them throughout to retain their original organic principles, and dictated to their professors no creed, to their students, no mode of learning. Some decided improvements were gradually introduced, the most important of which was certainly the abolition of the Latin language in University lectures, and the institution of the German tongue in its stead—a merit which is due to the University of Halle and its professors.

The political struggles of Germany called her Universities repeatedly again into the foreground. Thus, when the French invaded the country, and conquered a great part of the Prussian provinces, in consequence of the battle of Jena, the German Universities, and particularly Halle, became the haunts of the national party. The armies of Blücher, and the Black Band of Lützow and Körner chiefly consisted of German students, who, in their enthusiastic patriotism, had taken an oath to accept no quarter from a Frenchman, and to give none; but not to rest till the foe was expelled from the land. It is chiefly with such soldiers that the battles of Katzbach, Leipzig, Montmartre, and at last of Waterloo, were fought, and the yoke of the French usurper was ultimately broken.

During the late internal struggles of Germany, the Universities took again the lead, as champions of civil freedom. It was not likely that institutions, so intimately connected with the progress and intellectual improvement of their country, should have espoused another cause than that of liberty and of social advancement. But their party has as yet been too weak; and the

princes found means to counteract and defeat the bold projects of the Berlin and Vienna students by their cannons and their regular armies. It behoves us best to leave future events and impartial historiography either to justify or to condemn the policy which the German academies of 1848 and 1849 adopted, and not to pronounce, from our own feelings or reminiscences, a sentence which might appear one-sided to part of our readers.

It is universally admitted that the seven Prussian Universities take a prominent rank amongst those of Germany. The largest, and yet the most recent of them, is that of Berlin. It was erected in 1810 by the late King Frederick William III., and has had the most illustrious names amongst its professors—such as F. A. Wolff, Lachmann, Böckh, Zumpt, J. Bekker, among scholars; Rose, Mitzscherlich, Ehrenberg, Encke, Lichtenstein, on natural sciences; Schleiermacher, De Wette, Neander, Hengstenberg, in divinity; Müller and Dieffenbach, amongst physicians; and Fichte, Schelling, and Hegel, among its philosophers. It has also the largest number of students, amounting at present to about 2,400, of whom only 1,800 may be said to frequent it with the view of perfecting themselves in one of the learned professions. Next to Berlin in point of numbers rank Breslau, Bonn, Halle, of between 700 and 1,000 students; finally, Königsberg, Greifswalde, and Münster, of between 200 and 400 students. Names like those of Bessel, Argelander, Niebuhr, Gesenius, Nitzsch, and Tholuck, will, to mention only a few of their stars, sufficiently establish their claims to intellectual merit. But others of the German States boast of universities highly noted for their success. Thus Heidelberg adds the charms of a delightful neighbourhood to the excellent resources it offers for educational purposes, and this has sometimes the effect of inducing the academicians who frequent it to turn the former of these advantages to a far greater account than the latter. Göttingen, where Leibnitz and Luden once taught, was erected by George II., King of England, and Elector of Hanover. It was always famous in the classical and historical departments. Tübingen, in the kingdom of Würtemberg, has, amongst other excellencies, an impor-

tant seminary for Protestant divinity joined to its University. Its divines form a distinct and imposing school of their own. Giessen boasts of that greatest chemist of the age, Liebig. Jena was till lately ill reputed in Germany, on account of the democratical and dissolute tone of its students. Leipzig, adorned by many great names, has lately lost one of the first scholars in G. Hermann, the veteran of classical erudition. Kiel, Rostock, Marburg, have establishments by no means to be despised, though they may not rank with those first mentioned.

The Universities of the Southern and Roman Catholic districts of Germany are very different from the Protestant Universities. Their system is far more authoritative, their discipline more severe, their instruction more influenced by the secular and ecclesiastical powers. Bavaria has three universities—Munich, Würzburg, and Erlangen. Austria has nine, amongst which Vienna and Prague take decidedly the lead. Olmutz, Gratz, and Inspruck are situated in the different German parts; Pesth and Lemberg in the Hungarian and Slavonic dominions; two, namely, Pavia and Padua, in the Italian provinces of the Austrian empire. All these establishments cannot be said to possess the organic principles with which the German Universities first arose, and which still characterise the Protestant districts. The governments, being afraid of the consequences that might attend the existence of independent educational institutions, rescinded the liberty of teaching and learning, and kept both students and professors under strict superintendence. Though they did not altogether abandon the lecture system, yet they submitted the academicians to an infinite number of obligations and restrictions, concerning their studies as well as their mode of living. All students' associations are forbidden and suppressed—a regular attendance and periodical examination required—every tendency that does not coincide with absolutism in matters temporal, and with the infallible authority of Rome in things spiritual, is excluded; and wherever it faces the light of day, silenced by immediate removal from the University, or by confinement within the prison-walls of an Austrian citadel—those walls that closed themselves

for seven years on the poor Silvio Pellico. The professorships are for a great part in the hands of Jesuits; and invisible spies surround the youth in his amusements and conversations. Such a system could, of course, but have the effect of crippling these institutions. And, in fact, it seems almost as if an intellectual curse lay on the Austrian Universities; for though Vienna and Prague, as well as Munich in Bavaria, are better frequented and less obscure establishments than the rest of the Roman Catholic Universities in Germany, yet none of them can exhibit such a succession of literary and scientific celebrities, or men of such general European renown as the Protestant Universities of the North. When could ever genius and originality of thought prosper under the iron rod of despotism, or amidst the espionage of police scouts? And how can the young be inspired with a genuine love of knowledge and research, if they see their teachers submit, either willingly or unwillingly, to the dictates of an imperious and tyrannical government?

Having thus enumerated the Universities of Germany, it will now be our first and principal business to explain the nature of these institutions, and to elucidate the chief characteristics which distinguish them from the British Universities. These latter have, from their earliest time, retained a system of their own, which we may shortly call the Tutorial system. With this the German University system, the professorial or lecture system, as we may denominate it, forms the widest contrast possible. In Germany, an University affords the student no occasion for tuition. It is but a place for public lectures, which those who choose may attend. As there is no tuition, there are no classes, no tutors or fellows; in short there are only professors who deliver the lectures, and students who attend them as their audience. Thus, instead of a variety of colleges, we find in a German University town only one large building, with a great number of halls (*Hörsäle*), where, at an hour previously announced by each professor, he meets those students who have declared, or mean to declare, their intention to attend his lecture. The reader must discard from his imagination all compulsion to learn, and

all direct intercourse between the student and his teacher, who in most cases remain perfect strangers to each other, as they both live out somewhere in the town, and repair to the University but for the few daily hours that their lectures last.

We will cast a closer glance at the mode of instruction. Travellers on the Continent, who have stopped but half a day or more at Bonn, Heidelberg, or Berlin, and have visited the Universities of these places, will, perhaps, remember the crowds of students walking up and down the passages, along the walks, *bocages*, or alleys in or near those buildings. When the clock has struck, they retire into the halls. Fifteen or twenty minutes are usually allowed for assembling. In the meantime every man takes his seat on one of the forms, puts his hat or bonnet by his side, unfolds his small portfolio, and produces an inkhorn, armed below with a sharp iron spike, by which he fixes it firmly in the wooden desk before him. At length the professor comes out of the professors' room, and walks up to the rostrum to take his chair. He addresses his audience with "*Meine Herren*," and delivers his lecture, either reading or speaking *extempore*. A few introductory remarks usually precede, in order to connect the lecture of the day with the last, whereupon the professor proceeds with his subject. This is the moment when the students take up their pens and begin to put down notes in their books. Some write down in short-hand every word and syllable that drops from the lips of their Mentor with a scrupulousness that amounts to superstition. Others select merely the more valuable crumbs that strike their ears. A few affect a sovereign contempt for learning by goose-quills and oak-apple-juice, and appear only listening with profound attention. All seem scribbling, hearing, and learning for three-quarters of an hour; when the University clock strikes again the magical three sounds, the professor shuts his book, the students wipe their pens, take hat, inkhorn and portfolio, and every one strives to gain the door, to return to his lodgings or to attend another lecture.

This process, daily repeated, includes all the teaching of a German University. There are, it is true, attached

to some lectures, a few meetings of a somewhat different nature, in which the students, under the presidency of a professor, explain or discuss chosen passages from sacred or classical authors, from medical writers, or ancient lawyers: here essays are written and criticised by each member in turn; and government or the University have appointed prizes to those of particular merit. But these meetings (called *Seminare*) are attended only by few, and chiefly by poor students; whilst the great majority of academicians never think of visiting them, and derive all their college instruction from the lectures solely.

The lecture-system of the German Universities, as we have described it, has been imitated in a great many institutions out of Germany, with different success. In most instances it has been thought advisable to combine it with other methods which might better ensure or ascertain what progress the student has made, and whether he has really profited by the oral deliveries at which he has been present. With such modifications it has been adopted at the Scotch Universities, at London University, in several Russian, Dutch, and some German high schools. However wise and well-calculated these alterations may have been in particular cases, and for the especial views of such establishments, they must be considered as deviations from the peculiar purpose and tendency with which the lecture system is practised and upheld by the principal German Universities, where it exists in its purest and unaltered nature. The principal aim and merit of this method is to offer the most independent and least authoritative mode of teaching, and to induce the student, by means of an animated and highly suggestive discourse, to exert his own individual judgment and industry, without the interference of his professor. It omits all direct tuition, in order to produce self-tuition; it avoids all compulsion to learn, all ushering, all superintendence, in order to leave an entirely voluntary application as the only spring of intellectual improvement; it refrains from examining the student, from testing his industry, from influencing or guiding more directly his studies, in order not to prepossess his mind with a dogmatical bias, or one particular school doctrine, but rather to leave his genius

to its own unprejudiced bent, and to give his individuality a full and open field.

It would be impossible that the loose and independent relation between the German student and his professor could prove salutary to the former, and satisfactory to the latter, if the student had not attained a high degree of mental maturity previously to his entering on his University course. This is a consideration of the highest importance, if we will appreciate correctly the German college system. Therefore we have to remind our readers that a German student has previously been educated at a German gymnasium, and has there been duly prepared for the University, during a space of nine years. For no student is admitted who has not delivered up at his matriculation an authentic testimonial from his gymnasium that he has passed the established final examination in presence of the examiners duly appointed, and before the Royal Commissioner sent for that purpose. All the elementary part of education, and a great part of what is taught at college in England, has been thoroughly acquired by the German student at one of the gymnasia, which are all equally well fitted for preparing for University life, and form, in fact, the natural basis of the Universities. They combine an extensive and methodical instruction with a strict discipline. From his tenth to his twentieth year, the student has there been well trained, and as it were drilled, by question and answer, by daily tasks and weekly lessons, by written exercises and memorial repetitions—in one word, by all the hacknied machinery of school tuition. In removing to college, he becomes emancipated from such intellectual guardianship; and, with the jacket, he has also left his years of mental minority behind him. Henceforth he is bidden to avail himself of the means of intellectual improvement, without any direct guidance or interference of a master. He chooses his particular vocation out of the four learned professions—a most important step which precedes his matriculation. He chooses the lectures which he will attend, and the professors whom he will hear. He lives in complete independence outwardly and mentally, and is entirely master of his actions and of the use he will make of his time.

Thus, it appears that the professorial University system is based on the supposition that the student has attained already a high degree of moral and intellectual maturity; it can only succeed under this condition. We must bear this in mind, whilst we reflect on its efficiency. Lectures cannot, by any means, be considered as the most efficient mode of teaching; we have not the slightest hesitation in admitting this. Indeed, how can a transaction, which assigns to the hearer a merely passive part, claim any high effect in imparting knowledge? But we must remember that the purpose of University lectures is rather to suggest thoughts, and to produce or direct self-exertion, than to inculcate certain principles. They afford to the professor an opportunity for laying down his views in an eloquent manner, and for expounding, in a connected delivery, and before an intelligent and unbiassed audience, the fruits of his life-long researches, which he could not do by instruction in the shape of lessons, or by doctrinal and practical tuition. At the same time he can give the student all the necessary hints that are needed to introduce him to his science; he will, of course, never forget to mention the sources and authorities whence further information may be drawn; he can advise the student what he must read, give him his criticism on publications or former doctrines on the subject, and thus a lecture cannot fail to become, in truth, a sign-post which shows him the way into the realms of knowledge. More than this is not intended by the lectures, for all the toil and responsibility of learning, which in the English colleges and in other schools is for a great part borne by the tutors, masters, or fellows, devolves in Germany on the student alone. The student is not submitted to any test of his improvements until he either desires to pass his examination for a degree, or for his capacity for holding office, which latter examination is not the business of a German University.

It may be said, that institutions which thus decline to offer a guarantee for the success of education cannot be possessed of a praiseworthy method; for if nothing prevents the student from remaining in utter ignorance all the time of his University course, if he may miss the object of his staying,

without being in time made aware of it, we cannot say that the Universities fulfil their task. To this we can only answer, that the German Universities are not, properly speaking, *educating* institutions in the same sense as the English colleges of Oxford and Cambridge. As they do not pledge themselves to *educate* young men, they cannot be justly reproached with missing that aim. Their design is but to afford young men the best possible opportunity for acquiring knowledge by their own efforts, and they should only be judged according to this their professed purpose. And let their history, let a glance at their actual state, show whether they have misunderstood their task, and whether they have overrated the self-educating abilities of the youth they have had to deal with.

Some English writers, as Coleridge, have described the German lecture system, in a sarcastic way, as a great waste of ink and paper. They have been at a loss to conceive why a number of persons should meet to put down notes from the mouth of a professor, whilst they might ask him to send his lectures to the press, and might thus, for a couple of shillings, purchase all his wisdom in plain legible print, and peruse it at home at leisure, as if we lived yet in the middle ages, or as if Jansen's art had never been discovered? Even in Germany the mechanical use of the pen has often been censured, and we have often heard a few lines quoted, which are exquisitely illustrative of the difference between *writing* and *knowing* the summary of a lecture:—

“Der Studio muss in 's Collegium,
Dass er die Wissenschaft allda erschnappe,
Und, ist der Weg zur Weisheit noch so krumm,
Er trägt sie fort, in seiner Mappe.”

“For lectures sound the student's bound,
Deep wisdom not to catch ill,
And when it's caught, his head knows nought,
It only fills his satchel.”

However, they who think thus are apt to overlook the great advantages which oral demonstrations offer over written or printed expositions. Our memory and our imagination receive infinitely deeper and more lasting impressions from a discourse which is held in our presence by a person in whom a science is, as it were, embodied, than from books on the same subject. We might quote an ancient authority for this truth, out of Plato's

"Phædrus," where Socrates discusses with his adept the superiority of oral delivery to written essays for philosophical purposes. But even without appealing to any authorities, we may easily conjecture that the living word must supersede the dead letter in power and efficacy. There must be more effect in listening to a Newton in the chair demonstrating the laws of motion in their eternal necessity, than in reading his "*Principia Philosophiæ Naturalis*." As for the habit of writing down from lectures, we should not quarrel too much with that; as it is by far the most immaterial part of the proceeding, it should be left to individual choice, and may have its good, partly by affording a document to which the student may refer, and by which he may recall the thread of the lecture to his mind, and partly by fixing the attention of the hearer on the words and thoughts of the lecturer by an outward and physical means.

Opinions will probably always be divided on the question, What means are the best for educating young men of an advanced age. Some will advocate close superintendence, frequent examinations, and direct personal influence of the masters upon the student, as the safest course. The German Universities have followed the opposite course, and look upon a system like that of Oxford, Dublin, or Cambridge, or—to turn to a different part of the globe—of Riga and Dorpat, and of most Universities in other countries, as derogatory to the dignity both of the professor and student. It may indeed fairly be questioned whether anything is won at all for the purposes of an University, by reducing the professors to the drudgery of daily tuition, with all its concomitant toil, unpleasantness, machinery, and repetition, and on the other hand, by ushering each student into some pre-established method or traditional frame of teaching. The mind is an organism infinitely finer and more self-acting than any other organism nature presents. Yet, the more independent the mind is in its growth than a plant or a tree, and the more such a comparison must be considered as inadequate, the more correct and justified we shall be in choosing an inference from the practice of a gardener. You may bend and twist a tree, almost into any shape, whilst it is young: this is both conducive to its

growth, and indispensable to its proper formation; but, when stem and root are once developed, you must leave them to their own direction and impulse, and, provided that sun and rain are fairly and in due time afforded, the tree will grow of itself, whereas it will fade and be crippled under a continued artificial treatment which extends beyond the acme of its growing powers. Much more so the mind. University education is to be the last stage of mental growth. It comes at a time when body and mind are adult, and all but finished in their natural stage of development. For this reason a considerably wider field ought to be left to the intellectual individuality of the student. It is a great mistake to believe that doctrines or knowledge were best imparted to that age by means of the most direct and most practical training. The best kind of education for adults is that which is most calculated to produce *self-exertion* and *voluntary* efforts of the learner. For self-exertion is the only true and genuine spring of mental improvement. An uniform and authoritative mode of teaching is often even calculated to do much mischief. It bars true genius up within the trammels of learned traditions; it deflects or suppresses talent in its yet infantine guesses or stammerings; it denies or misapprehends the instinctive gifts of the mind, the innate love of truth, and forgets entirely that we learn nothing so well and so convincingly as what we acquire by self-made researches.

There is certainly as much danger in educating too much as there is in educating too little. The German professorial system is intended to steer clear of both these extremes, by giving the most easy and accessible instruction, together with the least degree of direct teaching. It offers the most varied, the most attractive, and the most suggestive form of instruction, and leaves the student entirely to judge and use it as he feels himself disposed. Let no one suppose that such a system would *endanger* rather than *promote* the exertions of the student, by the absence of more direct inducements for learning.

It is well known that the German student is not behind in industry and in patience; nor can we conceive why this system should lead to a different result. A young man has,

in his twentieth year, we should say, become wise enough to know that he does not merely learn in order to please his professors, and he labours no more under the delusion of the school-boy, who fancies he is nicely tricking his master whilst he steals away from his school-form. But if the student should ever cease to remember the object of his stay at the University, the thought that he is, by his own choice, remaining ignorant amidst a crowd of assiduous and intelligent fellow-students, will induce him more effectually to amend, than any disciplinary notices or tutorial remonstrances.

We cannot pass by this occasion without stating some of the historical effects by which the German University system has been attended. Impartial observers will admit that Germany boasts of students who are willing and able to exert themselves in the highest degree possible. Their *plodding* disposition has become a standing jest to some English writers, who could be foolish enough even for a moment to depreciate the zeal and fervor of those youthful and disinterested searchers after truth. Is not the toilsome and self-dictated, unwearied patience of the German student, over his midnight lamp, quite as worthy of respect and praise as the daily reading hours of an Oxford or Cambridge student, who often works for prizes or honours, under the direction of his tutor? And who that truly appreciates learning and science will ever indulge in sneering at the means and trouble by which it must be acquired? The German Universities have no cause to disclaim the epithet with which their adepts are honoured, as long as German University-men are sought and respected, and as long as their writings, the fruit of their plodding qualities, are read and appreciated.

With equal truth it may be said of the German Universities that they promote individuality of intellect and opinion almost to an excess; of course, for every one is there led, nay, compelled to think and judge for himself, and to take nothing on trust. It is certainly true that lately a great many learned novelties and doctrinal schools have been hatched at the German Universities. We do not want to deny—in fact it would be useless—that Germany is possessed of the largest amount of intellectual fertility. Its

Universities have, indeed, put forth all kinds of theories—sometimes useful, but often fantastic—in many cases profound, in some revolutionary; here with an air of venerable antiquity, there again with the artificial hot-house forcing of modern wit. Homœopathy has come from Germany—mesmerism had its origin there—hydropathy emanates from thence; rationalism and mysticism, too, have their adherents there in innumerable shades and ramifications. Pantheism is maintained by some philosophers; scepticism is the result of others' views, and schools follow each other there, thick and quick. Leibnitz, Kant, Fichte, Schelling, Hegel have peopled the German Universities with their followers. Go to a University, there are not two doctors in law or divinity who hold the same opinions; and even their lectures often have a strong admixture of individual views and even polemics: the students, of course, choose their party too for themselves. This mushroom-like fertility of doctrines in Germany forms a striking contrast to the steady, undeviating march of intellect in the learned circles of Oxford and Cambridge, Dublin or London. At the British Universities, doctrines and education are infinitely more *positive* and *alike*. All the students receive, within each College, one and the same kind of education; they are all taught in the same fixed way, and depend for their opinions almost solely on the opinions of their tutors or professors, who do not much differ from each other. For this reason it often appears to observing foreigners as if the intellects of English University-men were all moulded in one and the same national shape, and stamped by the same influence; nor can it be astonishing that the authoritative character of English University education should have this effect. Compare with them an adept from a German University, and you will find him usually swayed by a restless and independent, nay, frantic desire of research and of theorising on his own account. There is, undoubtedly, much danger as well as some good with either of these two different tendencies, which it is not our business here to discuss. But we may, without great fear of erring, set it down as a fact, that the German University system, devoid as it is of the principle of authority, has gained in intellectual

fertility, in the quick growth of science, in production of individual views, whereas it has, at the same time, lost in steadiness and concentration of aim, and in unity and firmness of doctrine, which have their own particular good, not in science, but in moral and political views, and may rather be said to belong to the properties of English education.

We trust that the mode of instruction usual at the German Universities is so far sufficiently characterised in its main features. It embraces, as we have stated, four distinct branches of science — divinity, law, medicine, and philosophy (that is, classics, natural sciences and history); four deans and one rector are annually chosen by and from among the regular professors, to represent these four learned *faculties*, as they are denominated. These five men constitute the University Senate, who hardly ever interfere with the students, over whom they have only a nominal control, except in coming and leaving, at their matriculation, and at their asking for a testimonial or a degree. They preside, together with the ordinary and extraordinary professors, at public occasions and festivities, invested with richly-decorated velvet robes. Connected with the Senate is also an University Judge, before whom students may be taken who incur debts, or have been found out duelling, or have committed themselves politically.

The reader will perceive that the above division into four faculties implies a professional character which does not belong to the British Universities. Every German student decides before his matriculation which profession and which class he will join. The whole plan of his studies and the choice of his lectures will depend upon this decision. A medical student will hear lectures on anatomy, physiology, chemistry and phrenology; a lawyer will attend prelections on civil, criminal, and common law, or the ancient and modern codes; the divinity student will frequent exegetical lectures, learn Hebrew, read the fathers, hear lectures on church history, ethics and the dogmas of the Christian faith; whilst the classical student, according to his particular intentions, will be present at interpretations of Horace, Pindar, Plato, and Sophocles, or else hear some historian, geographer, mathematician, or astronomer. Thus each student, though fully at liberty

to hear and learn what he likes, will generally choose but such lectures as fall in with his particular profession, and the different halls of a German University are usually filled but by one of the four classes of students. There are but few lectures of common and general interest, such as logic, metaphysics, and those on all general topics, historical, or philosophical; the great stock and majority of lectures are altogether addressed by professional men to professional adepts. In this respect the British Universities form a wide contrast with those of Germany, and the Continental High Schools in general. British students receive within their colleges all one and the same kind of education, and no regard is paid to any individual profession. Their object is said to be *general* knowledge, and not professional knowledge, and for law and medical science, as well as all more practical pursuits of any kind whatever, little or no preparation is made, except in establishments independent of the Universities themselves. It is certainly not the design of the Universities to form mere business men; but it may be hardly advisable to defer the apprenticeship for the learned professions too long. Universities should not merely be considered as intended to turn out gentlemen, or to delegate a multitude of scientific drones, or to create a number of young Grecians, with a great amount of general taste and little practical skill. The country derives no use from general philosophy and universal information. Its wants are of a more imperative and individual nature. It requires men fit for the higher branches of administration — men qualified to preach the Gospel, to guard its laws, to cure the sick, or to instruct the rising generations. If the Universities were either too haughty or too short-sighted to attend to the actual requirements of the country, they would earn little gratitude from a people for whom they did not provide, and from pupils whom they left unfit for their vocation. General knowledge is the province of elementary schools and preparatory colleges; in Germany it is the professed aim of the gymnasia. But it is both natural and indispensable that education, in its final and most advanced stage, should become professional, or else Universities can never be seriously said to pre-

pare young men for the higher and learned branches of society.

We will add here a few words on University degrees and examinations. It will be understood from the preceding explanations that the German Universities do not examine their students at all. As they do not engage themselves to teach practically, and decline every direct responsibility for the actual improvements of their scholars, they have no occasion to examine any student on the use he has made of his time and of the University lectures. No prizes are awarded, no inducements for industry held out. It is true that each faculty annually proposes one prize-question; and that students of moderate means may, upon applying and giving some test of industry, often receive presents from the assisting-funds of the University or the Government; but these solitary and exceptional cases are by their nature and extent without effect or importance for the mass of students. Their industry is not stimulated by love of gain or love of honour. There is no list of wranglers or classmen inviting the academician to labour; no fear of being plucked, to hinder him from being as lazy as he likes. The industry of the German student is unselfish and disinterested; he works for his own good and for the love of science, and not from ambition or want. We do not think that his assiduity would in general be increased, and we feel confident it would not be ennobled, if the somewhat mercenary system into which—to German eyes at least—the English universities seem to have fallen, was substituted for the German system. When a student leaves his university, he receives a testimonial whereon the lectures which he has paid for and attended are mentioned, from half-year to half-year; each professor usually is requested to witness his attendance by some little epithet, as *Besucht*, *fleissig besucht*, etc. Beyond this a University does not go. The only case where examinations take place is when application is made for a degree. Any person may get a degree from a German University, if he can pass the requisite examination, and send in a printed essay, with other testimonials to prove his capacity. The candidate, who may be from any country or school, has only to pay the fees, get his essay acknowledged as satisfac-

tory, and then present himself for the oral examination, which is conducted by ordinary professors of the University, whom the candidate may choose for himself.

Let no one suppose that the examination for a degree of Doctor et Magister, or Doctor of Medicine, was given away to undeserving persons at any of the Prussian and most of the larger German Universities. It is true that, of late, some of the obscurer Universities have established quite a traffic with diplomas, and have granted them to foreigners, without requiring any oral examination, merely on paying their fees, and sending some essay, with other testimonials. This has brought academical degrees into disrepute in Germany as well as abroad; but, as the other Universities did not fail to complain of the said abuse at the Diet at Frankfort, and took other effectual steps in order to compel the governments of the lesser German States to check it, a more scrupulous mode of examining has been enforced, and is conscientiously observed in Prussia.

Degrees are merely ornamental; they give a title or public character, but are no legal test of capacity. Now, in order to ascertain the fitness of young men for office, either for the church, or the bar, or the gymnasial or academical chair, or for surgical practice, it appears a public test is requisite. But the Universities could, according to their design and nature, not meddle with it. The necessary examinations, therefore, are conducted by commissions appointed by Government to examine young divines, scholars, lawyers, and surgeons, before they are permitted to hold office. Here, of course, difference of skill among the candidates is a matter of the highest importance; and the result of these examinations usually decides the actual improvements of the student, as well as his future prospects. These examinations are, therefore, the final aim and conclusion of the student's effort, who passes them sometimes immediately, sometimes from one to five years after his University-triennium. *Hic Rhodus, hic salta!* hereafter will be all plain sailing.

The British Universities are independent corporations, but those of Germany are in a great measure dependent on the governments. It was

the princes who founded and endowed them, and it is the princes too who can, if they choose, keep them in constant check. Therefore, the German Universities are often degraded into a kind of political engines, which the minister of public instruction must work, according to the wind of the court or the immediate inspiration of the sovereign. Science ought, by its nature, to be independent; and as the censorship of an overruling power must needs tend to fetter and degrade its representatives, we will trust in a future generation, and an age yet to come, when the German Universities may be emancipated from the interference of their governments. Hitherto oppressive measures have only now and then been carried into effect, and an appearance of autonomy has been left to the Universities of the Protestant and northern states, though less so in Austria. Every person can become a lecturer upon proving his ability before the existing professors; but his promotion and salary depend on the intentions of government, and the support of his colleagues. If he can meet with an audience, if he attracts the students by his lectures, he cannot well be refused a professorship for any length of time. The German Universities boast of the principle of universal admissibility both for those who want to teach and for those who want to learn. No creed or birthplace disables a person who can prove his capacity, from becoming either a lecturer or a student on whatever subject he pleases. There are no sectarian or religious disabilities at any German University; in this respect they differ widely from the older British Universities. Thus you may find at any German University Lutherans, Calvinists, Roman Catholics, Jews, foreigners from Greece, Russia, England, and America, Sweden and Norway, Switzerland, Hungary, and Poland, &c., amongst the students. Nor are the professors all of the same creed, except in faculties of divinity, which, by their nature, present entire uniformity of confession. Some Universities contain two faculties of divinity, one for Roman Catholics and another for Protestants. This order of things is perfectly compatible with the German system of non-interference in delivering and receiving knowledge; whereas it can, of

course, never be made to agree with the present English system. The German High Schools profess to teach all to all, and consequently know of no creed; but as true scientific bodies, they admit argument as the only proof of truth, and do not shut the mouth of all other confessions, in order that one privileged doctrine may claim the battle-field undisputed.

The German princes and ministries are more inclined to interfere with the *political* than with the *religious* opinions of the people. They have in some cases deposed, or not promoted, such professors or lecturers as had offered to their measures an unpalatable resistance. Some time ago the King of Hanover put in force a new constitution in his dominions. He required all the higher officers of his State to swear allegiance to the new laws. But seven professors of Göttingen refused doing so, and published a protest against the proceedings of Government. Some eminent lawyers and scholars were amongst them, such as the two brothers Grimm, Gervinus, and Dahlmann. They were all deprived of their chairs in one decree. But this measure only tended to ruin the University. For one morning some hundred students led the seven victims in triumph out of the town, shook the dust off their feet at the gates of Göttingen, and went into exile with their seven professors. The acclamations of all Germany were so loud, and the reputation of the professors rose so high, that they got all of them other chairs at other Universities, and thus drew the majority of the Göttingen students with them into other States. Such-like demonstrations of liberal sympathies have at all times been frequent in Germany, and the princes well know that every oppressive measure they may adopt is sure to be counteracted by the independent and turbulent spirit of the students.

We cannot here give a full account of the true prevailing features of German University life—a topic which has certainly its peculiar attractions, partly for the singularity of the facts to be described, partly for the difficulty of a correct and impartial appreciation of their ultimate import. Some English travellers, such as Russell, Laing, Talfourd, and others, have spoken of German students in terms little flat-

tering, and the impression which they leave on readers of their accounts is that they are a wild, lawless, drunken, fighting, and hectoring class, of little gentlemanly bearing, and of savage habits and dispositions. A more charitable and thoroughly German-tinted account of German student life has been given by William Howitt, who lived some years amongst them, and appears to have availed himself of the excellent German authorities he had occasion to meet with. It would be useless to deny that the customs of drinking and duel-fighting are some of the dark sides of the German universities, and we can only wish that, fast disappearing as they are, they may soon quite cease to disgrace those establishments. It is unjust, however, in criticising a class of men, to turn one's eyes merely at one or two topics, and we ought rather to attempt to form a more general estimation of their merits and pervading tone.

It is true, the life of a German student is one of enjoyment as well as of study. They hear their lectures, and ponder over them at home; they read books on the objects and questions that interest them most; they consult their professors; they form little clubs or societies for discussions, and stoutly maintain their individual opinions against their professors or against each other. But these pursuits are not the only thing that occupies their minds. Youth claims its rights; and as the German student is free of superintendence on every side, he allows fair play to his favourite propensities. It cannot be astonishing that their exuberant spirits should have a peculiar national turn which does not coincide with the habits of students of other countries. A German student does not feather his oar in a university-boat on regatta-day; he does not kick the foot-ball on Parker's piece; he does not skilfully take the balls at a cricket-match. These gentle pastimes would not satisfy his bolder and noisier disposition. His thoughts are more excitable and somewhat enthusiastic. His manners are more cordial and unreserved. His appearance and demeanour are less aristocratic. Yet he is well-bred, and spirited, and high-minded; he is frank and open; a faithful friend, and an eccentric lover of his fatherland. He is a sworn enemy to all falsehood and all deceit.

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Peculiar notions of honour, and a deep love of independence and liberty, belong to his most deep-rooted principles. Song and music, social parties, convivial fêtes, a martial, undaunted spirit, and excitement of the patriotic feelings, throw over his life an enchantment which gilds it yet in all his later recollections.

Each student lives in apartments hired at some townsman's house, according to his choice and particular requirements. From thence he resorts to the University only for three or four hours daily, to attend lectures. The rest of his time is either spent at home in reading, or else with his comrades. The absence of a link of union among the members of German universities, has compelled the students almost everywhere to form certain clubs or clans, the sole object of which is to enjoy themselves together, after true students' fashion. These fraternities wear their own peculiar colours on their caps, flags, and breastbands; they are organised with seniors, presidents, articles of *comment* or students' usage, and meet at their particular inns and on especial days of every week. There you may see them, sitting together around two oblong tables, before their beer or wine-goblets, drinking and singing till late into the night, and often hidden in thick clouds of tobacco-smoke. They will discuss the duels that have been fought lately, or are going to be fought; they will scheme some joke upon a sordid Philistine or landlord; they will agree to bring a serenade to their favourite professor; they make their political speeches on the prospects of their fatherland, and the whims of its princes; they drink and sing, and sing and drink, whilst wit and sarcasm, pun and taunt, fly across the room in quick succession, and all is dissolved in infinite laughter and merriment.

Many of the students are fond of gymnastics, or *Turnen*. They spend accordingly much of their time upon excursions and exercises for that purpose, and form associations which are called *Turner-Vereine*.

But by far the majority of *Burschen* delight in fencing and the practice of arms. This would certainly be very harmless and praiseworthy, if it did not induce them to try their swords and rapiers in actual contest upon each other. But such is still the case to a

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great extent at almost all the German Universities, and especially among the members of the above-mentioned fraternities. The facility with which some German students come from a pugnacious disposition to offensive words, and from offences to challenges, will always appear equally extraordinary and lamentable to an observer. There are amongst them a number of *braggadocios*, eager to test their skill and the metal of their swords, and glad to pick a quarrel with any one to whom they are just in the humour for addressing their pert provocations. It is to this spirit that most duels must be traced; and they have not always even the excuse of personal antipathy, or difference of opinion, or a previous quarrel, or a miscarried joke, or some public or private insult that might have set the parties at war. For a few hasty words, satisfaction with arms is desired and promised; cards are exchanged, seconds chosen, the cartel solemnly declared, and time, place, and weapon agreed upon. After a delay of some days or weeks, which are conscientiously made use of for practising at the noble art, the parties repair, early on the appointed morning, with their friends, to the place of rendezvous, on some neighbouring heath. An umpire and a medical student must always be present. Arrived on the ground, they fix the spot and distance for the fight, mark the *mensura* or circles within which the combatants must keep, strip the upper part of their body, and, after close examination of the weapons, the sanguinary contest begins. The umpire holds his rapier steadfastly between them, in order to stop them at the first wound that is inflicted, and to prevent foul play. Thus the two antagonists may stand, parrying and returning each other's thrusts for some minutes, until at length their vigour relaxes. Now comes the moment for the decisive blow. The contest becomes more desperate, and the swords glance almost invisibly, whilst the shouting of the anxious friends mingles with the rapid clash of the rapiers. Suddenly the umpire shouts—*Sitzt*, one of the two is hit; blood has been drawn and the duel is over. And, whilst the medical student advances to attend to the wound, the umpire summons the two antagonists to shake hands and to promise that they will consider the offence

as forgotten and as expiated, and that they will neither bear one another any grudge from it, nor allow any information of the occurrence to spread. This is vowed, as throughout transactions of this nature a certain chivalrous air and appearance of good grace is preserved. Thus the mischief which duels cause consists fortunately in little beyond disfiguring the face by sword-cuts, as lives are but seldom or never set at stake. Yet we have no desire of cloaking the savage and barbarous nature of a custom which is so utterly repugnant to all the humane feelings. The governments and college authorities have long since proscribed and forbidden duelling; but of late even the students of Berlin, Bonn, and Breslau have themselves made efforts to prevent and eradicate them entirely, by the erection of a students' jury (*Ehrengerichte*), before which quarrels may be settled peacefully.

The students' associations have always been suspected, and repeatedly dissolved by the governments; for these self-constituted clubs continually fostered a feeling of political dissatisfaction, and were sometimes decried as the haunts and refuge of secret conspiracies. It was under similar pretences that the general Burschenschaft was dissolved, after the murder of Kotzebue by a young enthusiast of the name of Sand.

The principal reason, however, why the ancient student-associations are dying away, is not so much the order of the authorities, but is due to the existence of a strong feeling against them amongst the majority of the present German academicians. The traditional Burschen-Comment, with all its rude and ludicrous appendages, begins to fall into utter disrespect, and is looked upon as antiquated, useless rubbish, or as toys for insipid freshmen. The actual generation of Burschen is a more refined class of men; they have exchanged the gauntlet for a pair of kids, the cap of the corps (or association) for a common chapeau, the sword or rapier for a riding-whip or a walking-stick; and it has almost ceased to be considered as a merit to provoke duels, to besot oneself with beer, wine, and tobacco; or to go swaggering along the street with a professed view to annoy each Philistine, beadle, or night-guard, who may come in their way. The old customs are

only practised on the sly, and are carefully hidden from the eyes of the world, instead of parading in public as formerly ; even the old slang is hardly ever used or referred to, without provoking a smile on every countenance. Nor is it likely that the sober, reflecting, and assiduous nature of the German students should make no reaction against the crude and boisterous tone of some of their comrades. It is in general but the smaller Universities which take delight in them, in order to bring some change into the uniformity of continual study in their rural towns. In Berlin and Vienna little of the old students' habits is to be met with.

The predominating spirit of the larger German Universities bears of late reference rather to the political struggles of the country. It is certainly not the business of young men, nor of learned schools, to fight the battles of their fatherland, nor to discuss what laws and constitution they will establish. But it was to be expected that the Universities, which hold in Germany such a pre-eminent rank, should have also taken a leading part in the present aspirations of Germany after constitutional liberty. The academicians of Vienna and Berlin have made themselves the avowed champions of popular reform ; and if freedom has yet hardly begun to shed her beneficent lustre over the middle of Europe, it is certainly not owing to a lack of patriotism and enthusiasm among the youth of the German high schools. The force and generality of the liberal sympathies among them is the most evident proof that, in the following decennium, when the generation of young men who frequented those schools in 1848 and 1849, will have succeeded to the offices and administration of the German States, that country must, by internal necessity, give way to the demands for liberty. It is sincerely to be wished that Heaven may grant to Germany a peaceful and steady solution of her internal difficulties, and that her Universities may unite moderation with firmness, in the open and untiring pursuit of free institutions.

In conclusion, it may be useful to

recapitulate the main outlines of the picture, so as to leave a distincter impression of them as a whole. The German Universities, which have many defects among much that is good, bear distinct traces and marks of the soil on which they are planted. They stand under the control of more or less arbitrary governments, and are to them the instruments for educating a supply of officers and professional *employés*, which those bureaucratic States require in order to be governed. But the Universities fulfil their task not in a little or slavish manner. As pre-eminently national institutions, they uphold the principle of universal admissibility, and exclude no doctrine, no creed or nationality from teaching or learning among them. They pursue an independent system of instruction which scorns any but scientific authority ; they omit all mercenary means of stimulation, and expect their adepts to cultivate science purely for its own sake. They have sacrificed all the practical business of education, because superintendence is thought at once contrary to their constitution, and unsuitable to their students, who are expected to educate themselves. Assiduity and enthusiasm form the leading features of the youth who frequent them, and which, in spite of some habitual excrescences, are still found amongst them ; they yield to Germany and to Europe a number of profound scholars, divines, and philosophers, who unite a close-looking, microscopic understanding with a wide and gigantic grasp of intellect. Situated in the heart and centre of Europe, visited by strangers from all quarters of the globe, the German Universities have acquired a far-spreading influence on the world of letters, both by their position, and by the nature of their intellectual stores. They stand as the strongholds of modern European intelligence, and form the safest and firmest anchors of general civilisation and knowledge. May they remain true to their trust, may they prosper and flourish, and never cease to infuse wisdom and learning into the generations that annually gather around them !

ALBERICO PORRO; A TALE OF THE MILANESE REVOLUTION OF 1848.

BY AN OFFICER OF THE SARDINIAN SERVICE.

CHAPTER I.—THE FIRST IMPULSE.

"Weep on, weep on—your hour is past,
Your dreams of pride are o'er;
The fatal chain is round you cast,
And you are men no more."—MOORE.

ITALY! what a thousand associations does not thy name recal? Vases filled with flowers of beauty strew the path of childhood, offering to the memory of the exile, pain and joy, sorrow and love, all blended together in links never to be forgotten! In thee the poor exile, casting his longing glance from afar, beholds his country—his heart's centre—his beam of future happiness; and thy name cannot be uttered by the stranger without recalling (how vividly!) the sufferings and struggles untold, he has risked, and is still willing to risk, for thy redemption. Thy glories of past days, when proud of thy might, and the love of thy sons, thou stoodest forth the mighty mistress of the world, the protectress of thy weaker neighbour, and the arbitress of all around thee.—Those glories are still enwrapt within our minds—still cherished within our hearts' core, and tend, while raising our pride, but to call forth our emulation to rival and excel thy antiquity. Even in thy fallen greatness there is a nameless charm to us surpassingly beautiful; for not a monument can the eye gaze upon, not a tessellated tower deck thy horizon, but each speaks of its legends—of its heroes, once treading there—of the perishable of all around. History, as if in pity to man's weakness, embalms his future greatness, and leaves behind a record for future ages to emulate the virtues and avoid the guilt.

Our tale opens in the latter end of the year 1847. Autumn had laid his brown hand on the face of nature, scattering with impunity the green verdure, and leaving behind, on every side, sad memorials of the approach of stern winter. But with it there still lingered a beauty and fascination, neither season nor the destruction of time could possibly erase, and which has given to that fairy clime the proud title of the Garden of Europe. In the

distance was seen the city of Padua the learned, the birth-place of the immortal Livy, on whose gorgeous buildings glittered the last rays of the setting sun. Around, stretching far and wide, lay the fair plains of Lombardy, decked with its vineyards, its hills, and its rivulets, which, meandering through wood, and dale, and field, presenting to the gaze beauties scarcely to be described. Here and there, dotting the distant landscape, rose the country dwelling of some signor, from whose gardens numerous plants and flowers yet shed their odour around; whilst from tree to tree was heard the plaintive warble of the bird, as if lamenting the departure of summer.

It was on such an evening as this, along a road leading to Padua was seen a carriage, led by two weary horses, toiling up a steep and difficult hill. A little before it, arrayed in travelling dress, were two persons walking quietly along, seemingly the owners of the carriage which slowly followed them, carefully conducted by a postilion and a servant in livery. Disliking both postilions and lackeys from some uncontrollable recollection of having suffered at their hands, we shall pass over them, to observe more attentively the appearance of their masters.

Both of the persons whom we have first mentioned were evidently, from their dress and looks, parties belonging to the best grade of society. Both of them were young; yet it could be easily seen there was a difference of some eight or ten years in their respective ages. The elder of the two was a man of about twenty-seven or thirty years of age, of a middle stature, with fine, bold and powerful features. His countenance told that with him to resolve was to do; but whether his resolutions were always wise and good was much to be doubted—for, by the eager and vehement

manner in which he spoke, passion, it could be seen, and not reason, would often guide his decision; yet if some strong motive acted as an incentive, by the powerful effort of a ready mind he could so control his temper as to exactly suit his purpose; and his most intimate associates could scarcely tell, while honeyed and flowery words issued from his lips, that there was a storm of passion lying in his heart, which, if given loose to, would have swept both thought and reason away. Kind he could be, when that kindness did not interfere with any settled plan of his own; and even generous, when his heart took a liking; but if any obstacle stood in the way of his accomplishing his end, or any person opposed his interests, nothing could control the vindictive feeling he felt, or the eagerness with which he pursued his hatred, until all opposition was overcome, and his object attained. Such was the Baron Pinaldi.

The other was a young man over whom twenty summers had scarcely sped. His countenance was of that light, open, and joyous appearance, with a gay, laughing eye, sparkling with hope and pleasure, which easily told the observer that sorrow had not yet placed its hand there, to dim a heart yet full of the freshness of confiding youth. His hair, of a dark-brownish colour, fell in long profusion from under a cap, usually worn by the students of the Paduan Universities: and as he walked beside his companion with a free and careless step, his eye roving over the beauties of his native soil, he seemed the reflection of his own pure atmosphere—all smiles, and truth, and beauty. Of a tall stature, with well-proportioned limbs, capable of doing good strong manual exercise, the reader has before him the portrait of Alberico Porro, the heir to a long line of princely ancestors.

"Caro Porro," exclaimed the elder of the two, as if continuing a conversation, "I do entreat you not to be wandering further in your travels. Look on this noble landscape, teeming with every richness the eye can conceive or the heart can feel, full of a thousand allurements and pleasures, and say, if in all your journeys, extended as they have been to Spain, Italy's rival—to Greece, the seat of the exploits of a Leonidas—whether you have felt the same sensations, the same

feelings as whilst gazing on what is before you? I know with your heart it must have been impossible to do so; for on the ground you tread, on every plant you pass, on every breeze wafted towards you, there is a voice—a silent one, I admit—speaking to your mind, this is your own, your native land!"

"But why this long lecture, Signor Barrone. If my fancy does choose to rove, am I not free to go and come? What tie is there that should bind me eternally to one spot, when clime after clime beckons me to explore their curiosities? I am not like my good old father's steward, Giacomo, who the more and more he gazes on his household gods, the more he wishes to gaze. Give me the wide world to traverse, the reins of a noble horse in one hand, and a golden purse in the other," answered his companion with a gay laugh.

"My dear friend, to you who are thus young, who have never given, perhaps, a second thought to any serious subject——"

"There you are mistaken, carissimo, for it cost me many a passing sigh to bring my own dear self back to my father's halls—to leave behind all those joyous spirits free as air, who smoke, drink, and make love at the Ecoles de Paris, twenty-three hours out of twenty-four—leaving the other, I know not whether right, to pore over their dry and prosy studies."

"Well, well, Porro, be it as you say, for I believe I did you wrong in hazarding such an accusation; but you must admit, few would think a spirit so light and gay as yours, rambling from place to place, as if its resting-spot could never be found, would think a serious question could occupy your mind for a quarter of an hour's consideration. It is only those who have watched you for years past, who have continually mingled in your society, would dream you could so bend yourself, as when any particular study has seized your imagination, you have never rested till you have mastered the subject, and astonished your friends at the rapidity with which you have outdone all others who have attempted the same task conjointly with you. In you, Porro—for me your gay heartiness cannot deceive—there are the materials that should be bent to a far nobler study than any you have hitherto pursued, and which, if pursued with a

bold and uncompromising mind, would win the everlasting gratitude of the whole of Italy."

"Thanks, Baron, for your golden opinion, for I have heard very few ever gain from your lips such an unqualified approbation. Tell me, however—for tell me you must, as you know I cannot bear contradiction—what nobler study do you allude to?"

"Have you never thought," replied the Baron, while turning his looks upon his youthful listener, as if he wished to watch the effect his words would have, "that there is in the loveliness of your country, in its charms, attracting the attention of all travellers, a something wanting to render the beauty perfect? Does it not present itself to your mind there is a venomous snake entwined within the land, destroying the freshness of the splendour, I have heard you so often boast of as constituting the pride of your heart?"

"Ah! I guess your meaning, but have a care lest your problem be heard by less friendly ears than mine, and is solved in a manner you would dislike. Your snake, Signor Barrone, is our kind Austrian care-taker, who, like some considerate guardian, dips his fingers in every one's house, to take care of what he fears we might spend in riot instead of in usefulness to the state."

"Yes," answered the Baron, in a deep and passionate tone, while every vein in his countenance swelled as if to bursting—"yes, I allude to the Slave and the Croat, who, acting as the fierce tools of their savage master, make war not only on liberty, but on virtue—destroy with equal avidity the activity of the human mind as they do the beauty of life."

"Often, often have I thought on what you say," uttered young Porro with more feeling than one could think would be exhibited by the careless light-heartedness of his manner; "but what avails my thinking when the evil will still remain? Do not, dear Baron, be speaking of such evil geniuses, otherwise you will damp my spirits, and make my good father think I am lingering under some disease, and will have me, despite my best efforts, giving audience to a whole regiment of Paduan doctors, and listening to their learned disquisitions, which la Bella Virgine defend me from!"

"And is it thus, Porro, you would treat the wrongs of your country—with silent contempt, or a passing jest? Look," exclaimed the Baron, seizing his friend by the arm, and pointing to a large palace, or rather castle, visible in the distance, the residence of many a proud generation, "behold there lie the ancient towers of your ancestors; around you, for many a mile, extend the lands that will one day be your own; but neither the one nor the other is safe from the rapacity of absolutism. Throughout Italy, our class—the old nobility of Rome's world, who would have formerly spurned with contempt the thought of slavery, ever ready to lead the van in every danger, and fight bravely for their fatherland, now sunk in sloth and idleness, have become a scorn, a by-word to the entire of Europe! Bowed down in spirit, and, poisoned by the chalice so temptingly offered to our lips by our oppressors, we seem to forget the old pride of country, the right we have to protect and guide the weak and unarmed people. Still there slumbers within us the mind, which, if but aroused, would work out a repentance for all our past weaknesses. How to arouse it I could easily point out; but to you how useless, until you can feel the claim of country more deeply!"

"You must seek, *caro amico*, another head wiser than mine to understand your patriotic dream; for in me, I fear much, notwithstanding your bright opinion, you will but meet a dull scholar."

A slight smile of disdain, almost imperceptible, curled the lip of the Baron, while he dropped the conversation, and walked on in silence by the side of Porro.

The sun had now set, and in its place arose the silvery queen of night. Gloriously grand and picturesque was the scene, as light clouds, almost transparent, flitted across the starry firmament of heaven, reflecting their shadows in a stream that gently murmured along the road-side, pursuing its quiet course towards a larger tributary. At a small distance from the Baron and Porro, as they leisurely walked along, rose a small cottage, clothed with ivy and numerous other plants, which seemed to intertwine themselves playfully, as if to shade the walls from the bright light of the moon. But it was not

the beauty of the scene they halted for a moment to gaze upon, for a piercing scream broke the silence of the evening, and startled them from the reverie into which they had fallen. The scream evidently proceeded from the cottage, from whence also was seen the sudden glare of fire bursting through window and crevice. For a second Porro paused with astonishment; then calling on the Baron to follow, he dashed towards the scene of conflagration, clearing with a single bound the stream which separated the road from the field on which stood the cottage. In a few minutes he arrived before the burning element, which, spreading with the breeze, was carrying destruction on all it could reach.

The cottage was of a simple and light structure, built almost entirely of wood, and two stories high. It was inhabited by a widow, the Signora Teresa Avellini, the nurse of Porro. The only other inmates were two children, a girl of about seventeen years of age, and a boy several years her junior, and who were throughout the neighbourhood universally respected. At the outside of the cottage, when Porro approached, stood three soldiers, attired in the uniform of one of the Austrian regiments, holding an elderly female, the Signora Avellini; and to her earnest and heartrending supplications to save her daughter from the devouring flames, they were jesting between themselves, and laughing at her abortive efforts to escape their custody. At their side stood a fair boy, of some ten years of age, with his long ringlets floating behind his back, and joining his tearful entreaties to those of his mother; while every time he approached near enough to the brutal soldiers, he was repulsed by a blow from one of their muskets, and which, when well aimed, called forth a new peal of laughter from their unfeeling and atrocious hearts. The quick eye of the boy immediately perceived Porro, and, running to his side, screamed rather than spoke:—

“Signor, good Signor, save my sister, Margerita, or else she will be burnt to death! The soldiers have fastened her in her room to prevent her escape!”

Pausing not for a second to inquire further of what to him was incompre-

hensible, and alive only to the danger which threatened the life of his nurse's daughter with certain destruction, he darted through the cottage door, and with difficulty made his way through the smoke, which nearly deprived him of breath, up to the first landing, where a door opposed his further progress. Certain that he was within a few yards of the young girl he had come to save, from the piercing screams which smote his ears, he made frantic efforts to force the door that barred his further progress, and, by a few well-directed blows, given by a strong arm accustomed to athletic exercises from its youth, he burst through the panel, and entered the room. Tied by strong cords to the pole of a heavy bedstead was the young woman he sought, who was making vain efforts to free herself. To undo the cords, seize hold of the girl in his arms, and descend the staircase, was to Porro a joyful task; and as he made his appearance from the burning roof, he was greeted by shouts of welcome from numbers of the peasantry who were running in all directions, attracted by the glare, towards the cottage, not merely to look on as spectators, but to endeavour to assist in extinguishing the flames, which it was easy to perceive was more than a hopeless task. But what was to a mother's heart the value of all her property, compared to the safety of her child's life? for as the Signora Avellini perceived Porro bearing the inanimate form of her daughter from the cottage, with frantic efforts she tore herself from the grasp of the soldiers, and, rushing toward them, crying “My child! my child!” she fell fainting on the ground, from the sudden revulsion of feeling.

Laying the young female tenderly on the green verdure, sufficiently distant from the cottage to be safe from any of the numerous sparks which flew in hundreds around, he turned to ask one of the many peasants to fetch some water from the neighbouring stream. His wish was soon complied with, and, eagerly assisted by several of the kind-hearted peasantry, he proceeded to sprinkle it on the faces of the young girl and her mother. His task of charity, however, was soon rudely interrupted by the approach of the soldiers, who, with harsh words and knocks, made their way through the crowd which surrounded Porro.

"Stand aside, my masters, stand aside, and leave our prisoners alone," exclaimed what appeared to be the leader of the three, in a rude and boisterous tone, "otherwise we will soon consume your cottages as we have consumed this. The young one to dare to endeavour to conceal her revolutionary songs from us. I would wager she has a lover amongst the Young Italy."

"And can you tell me, men as you appear to be, if the burning of a poor widow's unprotected house, and the consignment of her daughter to a frightful death, which, you ought to thank God I arrived in time to prevent, is a deed worthy to boast of?" uttered Porro in quick and vehement tones, while the blood mounted to his countenance.

"Per Bacco, young meddler, if you do not use a civiller tone to your betters, I will soon teach you one," replied the soldier; and while speaking he seized the Signora Avellini by the arm.

From the crowd at that instant appeared the little boy, and, flying towards the soldier who held his mother, he seized him by the skirt of his coat, and endeavoured to prevent him from molesting her further, exclaiming, at the same time, in the piteous tones of a child, "Leave mia cara madre alone."

As if sufficient cruelty had not been perpetrated, or whether the soldier was dissatisfied a victim had escaped his brutality, or whether it was a mere act of wantonness, we know not, for God can alone judge the human heart; but turning fiercely upon the innocent boy, whose affection for his mother provoked the other's wrath, he plunged his bayonet into the child's body, who, with a shriek of agony, fell upon the green sward. A thrill of horror burst from the lips of the spectators; and so sudden had been the act, no time was allowed for a single hand to be raised to save the poor child from the ill-fated thrust. But the author of the act did not escape scatheless; for scarcely had he time to withdraw his bayonet from the bleeding body, when a blow from the strong hand of Porro felled the unfeeling villain to the ground.

"Down with the tyrants!" exclaimed several voices, and a sudden rush was made on the soldiers, who in a

second were disarmed, and rendered incapable of doing further harm. Ill would they have fared, had not Porro, far wiser than his youth would have proclaimed, and glowing with a manful indignation, exclaimed, in a voice heard above all the confusion—

"Leave them alone, my friends, I will endeavour to see justice done. Beware, lest you bring trouble on yourselves."

The peasantry immediately fell back as they heard the voice of their young lord, not so much from love for his authority, as with astonishment at their own act of daring in disarming the menials of Austrian despotism; for they had been so long accustomed to view with fear the power wielded with no unsparing hand by their oppressors, and justice was so seldom to be obtained, that the slightest act of resistance on their part, however just it might be, was sure to call on their devoted heads a terrible retribution.

"Go," exclaimed Porro to the discomfited leader, as he rose slowly from the ground, wiping his face from the blood which flowed from a wound in his forehead caused by the blow which had prostrated him to the ground—"Go; retire quickly from this spot, for worse may ensue from your unfeeling act. Me you dare not touch; and if those injured women be really your prisoners, you will find them in an hour hence in my father's palace."

Sullenly the leader, followed by his two companions in villany, turned from the crowd, muttering threats of vengeance; the presence of Porro and their coward fears alone preventing them from putting their revenge into immediate execution. Freed from their presence, Porro turned his attention to the poor boy, whose life was fast ebbing away, and, kneeling by his side, gently raised his head on his arm. By him knelt also the mother and the sister, recovered from their momentary state of oblivion only to awaken to a new scene of horror. Aid there was none, nor was it required, for no medical skill could avail. But even had it been otherwise, the nearest surgeon resided at Padua; and although the city stood but a short distance, yet hours might elapse before any medical gentleman could obtain permission from the authorities to leave the town and visit a spot where had been enacted one of those

many lawless deeds of butchery and uncontrolled power, which at that period, and even yet, constantly take place on the fair fields of Lombardy.

Gazing on the youthful countenance of the unfortunate child the pall of death was soon to cover from all eyes, tears, springing from a noble source—the fountain of pity—suffused the eyes of Porro. Memory brought back to his mind the many times those lips had been pressed to his own in joyful love—how those little arms had been confidently thrown round his neck—how he had in sportfulness run with him amongst the sunny fields, until his merry laugh was heard echoing to the ear;—and as each scene was recalled vividly to his mind, bitter thoughts sprung up—thoughts until then slumbering in infancy,—and there was born, by the infant spirit fast floating to eter-

nity, the FIRST IMPULSE, which was to find vent only in the grave; the *Impulse* of the *Moment* was to become the *Effort of Years*.

Silently he laid down the lifeless corpse, no longer full of action and energy; and as he turned away to give directions for the widow and her daughter to be taken to his father's residence, the roof of the cottage fell in, and then flashed forth with renewed vigour the fire, which for a moment had been smothered, seemingly as if Italy accepted the offering of the *First Impulse*.

At the same moment a voice spoke; it was that of the Baron—

"Thus by the hands of a tyrant's minions die all that are fair and bright. How long will the proud nobility of thy soil, oh, Italy! sleep in their dream of slavery and infamy?"

CHAPTER II.

THE HALL OF JUSTICE.

"The extortioners of the treasury were soldiers; soldiers were judges, administrators, law-makers; not a right, not an attachment, not even to hope or to weep was safe; there were punishments unheard of among civilised nations . . . floggings on the naked flesh . . . and this for women. Such inflictions has Austria modernised for Italy!"—*Farini's Roman States*.

ALL Padua was astir, and in a state of confusion. Small knots of people were endeavouring to collect in different parts of the city, notwithstanding the existence of a law in force against the assembling of persons, in however small a number, under any pretext whatever; and the armed patrols of soldiers who paraded the streets were trying to enforce it, by ordering, in no courteous terms, the citizens to keep within their houses. For once the orders, generally listened to in fear and immediately obeyed, were totally disregarded; for as soon as a crowd was dispersed in one direction it collected in another, and it was with some difficulty the streets were kept passable. It was no ordinary event could thus excite the quiet inhabitants of Padua to assemble together, in defiance of the law, and in danger of imprisonment and confiscation of property. Nor was it any gay spectacle they were drawn together to witness, nor religious procession to awaken their dormant feelings of adoration, for the vehement gestures and angry countenances spoke a different tale. Many of the country people, distinguished by their dress and appearance from the

city gentry, mingled with the crowd; and here and there one of them was especially singled out as a person of importance, whilst relating the particulars of some story which seemed to excite the peculiar attention and curiosity of the crowd. Those who stood listening to the speakers uttered every now and then exclamations of rage and indignation, and with no friendly eyes watched the approach of one of the many patrols as they walked leisurely along, thrusting aside with their bayonets the citizens who did not move from their path with sufficient speed to suit their humour.

The cause leading the good people of Padua to assemble together, was no other or less than the murder—for by no gentler term can we call it—of Signora Avellini's child. Born in the city, and bred up amongst its inhabitants, with numerous connexions scattered through it in various parts—the burning of her cottage, the attempted effort made, and which happily was unsuccessful, to doom her daughter to a frightful death, and the atrocious act which terminated the life of her young son, roused the general sympathy, and pity, and indignation of the Paduans.

Her connexion with the Porro family in quality as former nurse to the young heir, whose father's large territorial possessions in the city and around it gave him as much authority as it was possible for an Italian nobleman to enjoy, who held no office under the Austrian government, contributed not a little to the general feeling of commiseration. The tale of the unprovoked act, with all its incidents, and especially the part Porro took in saving his nurse's daughter, exaggerated with all the high colour a story generally obtains by being handed from mouth to mouth, had quickly circulated over the entire city, bringing with it a thousand comments, and fears, and hopes, that as the young heir of a powerful house had taken up the matter as a personal one, justice would be obtained, and the aggressors meet with the punishment they so richly deserve. Even with these strong motives which might naturally stir up a people to see justice done by a demonstration of their interest in the cause of the wronged, so long accustomed had the Paduans been to look with terror on their oppressors, that it might have been difficult to have aroused their feelings to such an open manifestation, was it not for the general agitation of society, caused by the measures of reform which it was bruited abroad the head of the Catholic Church contemplated conferring on the Roman people.

The crowd had principally collected near a large, ancient, and massive building which had formerly been the residence of one of those barons who, in the middle ages, required not so much adornment of beauty for their palaces as they did strength to defend them from any attack of their rivals in power. Spreading over a large portion of ground, with high windows and heavy doors, surrounded by smaller houses, it appeared like a huge tree towering above its lesser kind. Its external appearance presented a cold and dismal aspect, and seemed a ready indication of the purposes for which it served, as a hall of justice, where from day to day sat the commissary whose duty it was to dispense what was termed the law of the country. The gates of the building were closed, and a large body of troops stood inside a court ready for service, armed with bayonets and loaded muskets, placed

there to lend impartial Austrian justice the aid of their peaceful appearance.

"Per Bacco!" exclaimed one of the crowd, with thick head and strong proportions, a fit specimen of a burly blacksmith, "I wonder how the Signor Porro bears himself in the lion's den?"

"How should he bear himself but as a noble signor, as he is, ready to protect the weak?" answered a young man, evidently one of the students of the University.

"I know not—I know not," said the blacksmith, with a sagacious shake of the head; "it is far different talking to the commissario—whose soul the diavolo may take care of for aught I care—than to be speaking to any of us. The good Virgin guard him!"

"The commissario dare not hurt our handsome signor. I and a thousand others would fight for him," spoke a female, whom curiosity and the excitement of the town had drawn amongst the crowd.

"And I, too, per la grazia del Dio," said the blacksmith.

"And I, too—and I, too," echoed twenty voices.

The object of their conversation had a few moments before passed among the crowd and entered the building. Ascending a wide staircase and traversing through several anterooms, Porro, accompanied by the Baron Pinaldi and several friends, was ushered into a room, in which was seated, before a square table strewn with numerous papers, a person of some forty-five or fifty years of age, with a dark countenance and an unpleasant aspect. This was the commissary. Near him, on the right hand side, were seen the mournful features of the Signora Avellini and her daughter; while a few paces further off stood several soldiers, amongst whom were the three who had caused all the misery and excitement. On the entrance of Porro and his friends, the commissary, after saluting them, immediately proceeded to the business before him.

"I have, in consequence of a note received from you, Signor Porro, waited your arrival; but I cannot see in what respect your presence is requisite. The matter might have been well over and settled by this time, and this collection of people, contrary to the law, dispersed."

"Signor, I do not see how this atrocious act of villany, committed on the persons of an unprotected widow and her family, could possibly have been investigated without my presence, when I am one of the principal witnesses to bear testimony to the entire transaction. The assembling of the people together is only the natural consequence of such an act, and as a testimony of the interest they feel in the sorrow of the Signora Avellini, and the horror caused by the death of her boy."

"You are prejudging the matter, Signor," exclaimed the commissary, "and giving the affair a very different appearance from the version I have heard. However, we shall listen to the story of the member of our force who effected the first arrest of the prisoners. Prosecutor, stand forward, and give me an account of this affair."

The order was immediately complied with, and the leader of the three ruffians, who had caused the death of the boy, with his face bound up, and his arm in a sling, for the purpose of making his injuries appear greater than they were, stood forward to comply with the command of his superior.

"So, Leichenstein," exclaimed the commissary, who appeared well acquainted with the ruffian, "it is to your tender mercies the prisoners are indebted for their arrest?"

"Yes, illustrissimo Signor," answered the ruffian, with a grim smile; "I have done good service to the state by arresting them, for, Signor, you will now find out the whole history of a conspiracy I am sure was concocting at their house, when I and my two comrades who were with me, disturbed them."

"A conspiracy, Leichenstein! We must examine this minutely, for there is more in it than I thought of. Tell me the particulars of the case."

"As I was traversing the country last evening, Signor, seeing that all was quiet, I approached near the cottage of the prisoners. As I came near, I heard a voice singing a song, and was startled, on listening attentively, by the words which breathed nothing but treason against the government, and threats against the person of our Emperor."

"What was the song, Leichenstein?"

"I am sure I cannot tell, Signor, for I never had a fancy for music; but I am sure the song was full of re-

volutionary treason. Oh! thought I, I am just come across a band of conspirators, and with that I consulted with my comrades. Our first thought was of going for more assistance, but hearing little noise, we decided it was better to enter the cottage at once, and see what was going on, for fear they would have time to escape. With that I knocked at the door, and while waiting for it to be opened, we heard a shuffling of feet, as if people were trying to hide themselves."

"Very likely, Leichenstein; go on. You are generally sharp enough in these matters."

"Oh, trust me, Signor; I never leave them much chance of escaping my hands. The instant the door was opened by a little boy, I rushed in, and found the two prisoners there. The youngest one was burning a piece of paper, which she held in her hand, and she seemed quite frightened at my appearance."

"Have you got the paper? No doubt it contained some treasonable matter."

"No, Signor, she was too quick for me, it was nearly burnt before I had time to enter. I thought it better to arrest them at once, and a hard resistance they made. I searched the cottage in every part, but could find nobody, and all my threats would not make them tell me in what corner the other persons whom I had heard running away had secreted themselves. I had scarcely got the prisoners outside, and was thinking what was best to do, when I saw the cottage had caught fire, and a person, whom I recognised afterwards as the Signor Porro, came out of it, followed by two or three others, who made their escape."

"Why did you not arrest them? You are much to blame for not doing so."

"I was trying to do so, when the Signor Porro told several peasants who had collected on the spot, to take away our arms and hold us fast while the other persons got away. In doing so, the little boy of the elder prisoner was killed on the spot in the scuffle."

"And this is what you call an atrocious act, Signor Porro, in resisting the legal authority of the government officers?"

"I deny, Signor, the truth of this fellow's statement, and the instant he has concluded I will demand your per-

mission to tell my version of the matter, and I feel convinced you will soon change your opinion of this brutal outrage."

"Be it so; but matters look as yet very suspicious. Go on, Leichenstein."

"I have little more to relate, Signor. After having kept us in their clutches for some time, the Signor Porro ordered the peasants to give us back our muskets, and then told us he would take care of the prisoners, and if we did not leave the place immediately, worse would come of it to us. With that, seeing they were too many for us, we thought it better to leave, and come to the city, to tell your illustrissimo the whole transaction."

"You did right, Leichenstein, and acted with your usual prudence."

"Signor," exclaimed Porro, addressing the commissary, and with difficulty suppressing his anger, "will you permit me to ask the comrades of this fellow, who can tell so plausible a tale, a few questions, and I will soon confound him in the falsehoods he has uttered."

"I cannot permit anything of the sort, Signor Porro, however willing I might be to oblige you. The evidence of this worthy and diligent member of our force is sufficiently clear and explicit to require no other testimony to prove the truth of his assertions. Every day I find the people are becoming more and more unruly; and it is high time the officers of government should put aside their leniency, assert the strong arm of the law, and put down those revolutionary tendencies so dangerous to the peace of society."

"How can it be expected a people will remain calm spectators if they are to see their roofs burnt before their eyes, and their children butchered, without provocation? I am prepared with evidence to show a murder has been committed, and not only was I present nearly the whole of the time that the facts he has deposed to occurred, and which the fellow has knowingly falsified, but there were also present the Baron Pinaldi and a number of other reputable witnesses."

"Take care, Signor—take care; you are implicating yourself. You do admit being present in the cottage when Leichenstein arrived?"

"I admit nothing of the sort. It is true the fellow saw me come out

of the cottage, as he saw me enter it, to save the poor innocent girl before you from the flames this fellow's brutality had condemned her to; but I deny emphatically being in the cottage when he arrived."

"Is there any back entrance to the cottage, Leichenstein; and did you see the Signor Porro enter it after you had left it?"

"There is no back entrance, illustrissimo; and I will swear Signor Porro never entered it after I had left."

"Liar!" exclaimed the Baron Pinaldi, giving loose to the indignation he felt. Have you no shame and no fear for your eternal salvation?"

"Signor Baron Pinaldi, if you attempt to intimidate the witness, I will order you into custody. I cannot permit a perversion of justice. Perhaps you were in the cottage at the time, and among the persons who escaped."

"I was neither in the cottage nor near it until a few minutes before it took fire; and I am not a person accustomed to have my word doubted," answered the baron, while a smile of supreme contempt curled his haughty lip.

"Then am I to understand neither my testimony nor that of the Baron Pinaldi will be received?" demanded Porro of the commissary.

"Most decidedly not," responded the commissary; "you being among the accused, and the Baron Pinaldi among the list of the suspected, all I can permit—and I am exceeding my strict duty—is to allow you to make any observation you think fit."

"I then protest, Signor, in the name of common humanity, against my evidence being rejected; and I will appeal to the highest tribunal, the Court of the Emperor, to see whether this act of atrocious brutality is to be passed over without just punishment. I accuse the prosecutor, and I desire my words to be taken down, of wilfully committing perjury to screen his own guilt. I furthermore accuse him of setting fire to the Signora Avellini's cottage; of endeavouring, by fastening her daughter's door and binding her to a bedstead, to prevent her escape from a horrid death, and lastly, in the presence of a number of witnesses, who are here ready to offer their testimony, of murdering her son without the slight-

est provocation. This, and more, Signor, I am ready to prove on oath."

"Your appeal to another tribunal, Signor, will not terrify me from performing my duty. I act upon instructions; and your accusation against a tried member of our force, is without proof."

"Signor, you are but playing with my words. How can I prove my assertions when you refuse to accept the evidence of competent witnesses?"

"To receive the evidence of persons taking part in resisting the authority of government, and insulting and maltreating its officers, is a direct violation of the law. I have but a duty to perform, and although a painful one, it may be, especially where you take an interest in the accused, Signor Porro, yet it must be discharged. Signora and Signorina Avellini, you are, upon the evidence of one of our officers, found guilty of singing treasonable songs, and suspected of harbouring suspicious persons in your residence; you are, therefore, condemned to a year's solitary confinement. The sentence would have been much more severe was it not in consequence of the interest taken in your behalf, and because I believe you have been led to commit these crimes without reflecting on the punishment which is sure to follow the committal of such heinous offences. Leichenstein, have the prisoners removed, and carefully guarded by a sufficient force to their place of confinement."

"You condemn, then, the Signora Avellini and her daughter without allowing them to utter a word in their own vindication. Remember, Signor, they are not without friends."

"I am satisfied of their guilt, and it is useless to continue a painful scene which has lasted too long. My time is of more value than hearing speeches, which would avail nothing in my decision."

"Farewell, Signor, the hour will come when the innocent shall be avenged. I have learnt, the first day I have seen my native town for many a month, a bitter lesson—justice is impossible for the weak and unprotected."

"And I, Signor, only regret it will be my duty to report your words to a

higher quarter," answered the commissary, with a sinister smile.

Vouchsafing no answer to this implied threat, Porro turned to say a few words of comfort, if language could bring any, to his nurse and her daughter—

"Be assured Teresa," he exclaimed, speaking to her in words which fell pleasingly on the ear, and calling her by her Christian name, "I will never rest until I see you, dear nurse, and my kind sister, as I have often called your daughter, liberated from the prison you are so unjustly condemned to. Think others with far greater troubles are suffering still greater punishments than yours; and the God in whom we trust will as surely bring down on the head of the villain who has robbed you of present happiness, a terrible punishment."

Tears were the only answer he obtained; and with a heart full of bitterness and indignation, he turned from the hall. Descending the staircase, followed by his friends, and passing before the body of troops drawn up in the court, he appeared in the street. His presence was the signal for a thousand "Vivas!" His mournful countenance, however, and stern looks, so different from his usual smiles, soon silenced the warm greetings, and told the fate of Signora Avellini and her daughter. A person near Porro inquired of one of his friends what had become of them, and soon the words—"They are condemned to a year's solitary confinement," spread from lip to lip. Then arose from an hundred voices the vent of long-suppressed feelings, and shouts of "La Vendetta! La Vendetta!" echoed through the streets, and were carried in startling notes to the ears of the magistrate. The ebullition of popular feeling wanted but a voice to direct it to the *Throne of Vengeance!*

For a moment Porro gazed with conflicting feelings on the crowd, and then uttering a few words to those around him, they dispersed in every direction, trying to ally the popular tumult. Short was the struggle, but they were successful; the love for his family prevailed, and the crowd dispersed on every side; but still was borne to the ear, uttered by some straggler, the words "La Vendetta!"—ominous sound of the coming storm!

CHAPTER III.

THE FIRST ACT IN A CONSPIRACY.

"Italy is crushed; but her heart still beats with the love of liberty, virtue, and glory; she is chained, and covered with blood; but she still knows her strength and her future destiny. She is insulted by those for whom she has opened the way to every improvement; but she still feels she is formed to take the lead again: and Europe will know no repose till the nation which, in the dark ages, lighted the torch of civilisation with that of liberty, shall be enabled herself to enjoy the light which she created."—SISMONDI'S ITALY.

ON the evening of the day of the condemnation of the Signora Avellini and her daughter, in a handsomely furnished room, in the Palazzo Porro, were seated two individuals—the Baron Pinaldi and the young heir of the family honours. The latter had evidently been writing, for the pen was still in his hand, as he placed before the former a letter he had just concluded.

"Read it, caro Pinaldi, and see whether you approve of what I have stated. You will perceive I have but told the simple facts of the case, and offered a few comments on the excitement naturally created by such a crime passing without due punishment on the perpetrators of the outrage."

Glancing his eyes rapidly over the contents, he returned the letter to Porro, exclaiming at the same time—

"It is useless, my young friend—your labours will be all in vain. A decision made by a commissary was never known to be revoked, however unjust it may have been, so long as the victims were Italians. Cease, therefore, I repeat—your efforts are fruitless. The only hope for Signora Avellini and her daughter, is, to look forward to the period when they will see again the face of heaven—and that will never be until their punishment is completed."

"Never be! I tell you, Baron, their punishment will never last a fortnight."

"Not last a fortnight! Why, caro amico, if you accomplish such a miracle, I shall believe you have the magic wand of the sorceress, whom I read of when a child, who turned all into gold."

"I can neither perform a miracle, nor have I such a wand; but I can tell you what I possess, Baron: an arm that can strike, and a voice that, if it speaks, will arouse here, on the territorial possessions of our family, five hundred kindred souls, to break asunder the chains forged by an iniquitous proceeding."

"Have a care, Porro, lest you find, in your hot zeal, a dungeon for yourself."

"There is scarcely any fear, Baron; for either my appeal to Marshal Radetsky, or the one to the Emperor, is certain of success."

"Well, your mind is an elastic one, to cling to a broken reed. Rather turn it to the contemplation of reality than let it rest on a slippery foundation."

"The reality! where does it exist? To me everything is uncertain. But a few days ago, and I left the gay capital of France, with feelings unclouded by a single care—all was bright and full of joy. To-day, how different! My mind filled with doubt, and thoughts I cannot fathom; I would express them, yet cannot do so. Tell me, dear Baron, you who are full of the world's experience, what means this sudden change—this uncertainty will?"

"It is the spring from youth to manhood—the bitter lesson we learn when, for the first time, we find the world is not what we have fondly dreamt. When, instead of endless joys, a path strewn with flowers of love, misery, care, and cruelty, rise before the heart's fountain, dashing away the hopes of years, and leaving behind memory as our only friend and consoler. Thus, Porro, was it with you. You left your land with but the reminiscences of friendship and happiness—too young or too heedless to notice the showers, and you have returned with riper age to find 'all is not gold that glitters.' The dream of youth is dispelled, the work of manhood must begin."

"Come when it will, I am prepared, after last night's work and this morning's, for all. Even now, with my first bitter lesson scarcely past, I almost think my thoughts have wandered too far from home, too far from the claims my country demands at the hands of her sons. Be it my task now to

make up for the forgetfulness I have shown."

"You have shown none, Porro, and you are accusing yourself unjustly. It was last evening I endeavoured to rouse in your heart the love of country, the feelings which must sooner or later evince themselves either in favour of freedom or leagued with despotism; but I little thought at the time, while doing so, of the deed you were so soon to be a spectator of, and which would require no art or statement of mine to call them into immediate action. In this I see the hand of Providence. Yesterday my words fell coldly upon your ears; your native scenes were not sufficient to make your heart's blood move with indignation at the tyranny of Austrian's thralldom. This night you require no prompting from me to tell you what is the duty, the sacred duty, the heir of the princely house of Porro owes to himself and to his country. If you wish me to speak plainer—to point out that duty in clearer terms, to utter the ideas which have filled my mind, and the mind of others—I will do so; ay, even if it be to show you how the liberation of your nurse and her daughter can be accomplished with safety to yourself and your father."

"Speak to me, Baron. Point out how my nurse's freedom can be accomplished; for bear this outrage I will not, even if I sacrifice half of my fortune in effecting her liberation."

"Listen, then. You observe, if you cast your glance attentively over the face of society in Europe, there have been two opposing interests at work for years past—the one, Progression, the other its opposite—Absolutism. The first has been gradually and silently creeping along, almost unseen and unknown—heard of, but not felt; seen, but not understood. The other has reared itself in the face of all, boldly and without scruple—its very boldness constituting its extraordinary success; but yet, with it, an overweening confidence in an inward power that does not really belong to it. For the first, if properly conducted, there is certain success—for the latter, if no retrogression take place, sure destruction. With these opposing elements there are to be found two spirits also antagonistic—the one, Catholicity; the other, Protestantism. Catholicity assuming a

grasping and universal dominion, permitting no opposition to its will, and asserting the world to be its veritable empire—Protestantism, giving to every person a will of his own, and leaguering itself with *Progression*. The last is essentially the friend to change—the former opposed to any innovation whatever. Fighting their battles principally in England, Germany, and in Switzerland, hitherto, they have at length sat down in Italy to contend for supremacy. Absolutism, with Catholicity, are now triumphant here; it should be our task—the effort of Italy—to separate them."

"But how is this to be effected? To me the way appears so beset with difficulties, that to achieve it by peaceable means seems an impossibility."

"Not by peaceable means: you are so far right, Porro, for force is the only way open to success. These contending elements—these impersonations of two spirits, the Evil and the Good—are now at our doors. We want to divide the body and the spirit from the former, so that the grave can receive the dust, the judgment, the wreck! To accomplish this, we must analyse well the feelings and position of our class—the wishes and hopes of the people. Through every change, we shall find the Italian nobility retaining one peculiar feature of their class—the inherent pride of birth. Of this I shall speak presently. Exactions, contentions, and their own vices, have rendered them the ghost of their former selves. The power of the Colonna, the Visconti, and the Orsini, no longer exists but as a tale of history. Yet, impoverished as they are, and reduced in strength, they form no contemptible body, if they could be united for one purpose. The Lombardo-Venetian nobility, treated with contumely by the proud Autocrat of Austria, would listen with complacency to any plan of action which might offer to them the hope of amelioration; and their pride, properly worked upon, would act as a safeguard, and conduct even to rebellion. To arm them, however, there is wanted the voice of the leader. The timid, the irresolute, the indolent require the example, the deep bray of the hound, to follow the chase."

"And where is this leader to be found?" asked Porro.

"The people," continued the Baron,

unheeding the remark of his anxious listener, "taxed on the one side by the Government, and on the other by their priests, forced to bear without murmuring every species of cruelty, driven to the last verge of tyranny, are ready to revolt. Did you observe this morning the angry looks of the Paduans, their excitement, their cries? a specimen of the feelings I have observed in Milan, in Brescia, and other parts of Lombardy. To manage and guide them right is a more difficult task than to excite to open rebellion. The element of progression with the people has made advances far beyond that in the higher circles, and if not properly controlled would envelop itself in its own ruins; how dangerous to its own well-being can be imagined, when men of talent, as Mazzini—a theorist and republican—are ready to seize the helm and urge it, with good intentions, perhaps, to a certain wreck. Thus, the people ready for revolution, the nobles but wanting the example to lead, I turn to look for a chief, and can find none. Shall I look for one amongst the people?—the nobility would refuse to join. Shall I search for one amongst the half-impoorished nobility, without power to make himself respected?—the people would not follow. The leader we all must have should be a noble, high in birth, popular with the people, rich in large territorial possessions. And where can all these three be found better united in one than in you, Alberico Porro, the heir to a long line of princely ancestors?"

"I, Baron Pinaldi, become your leader?"

"Yes. Save your own class the shame of not furnishing a leader, which the populace will soon do; save your own class from the doom that will surely follow it, if the revolution becomes

successful without them for its guide; save us all, by becoming our leader, from the Austrian, from the people, from the anarchy of lawless power!"

"If such a position were possible, my youth would present an insurmountable obstacle. To my poor father, if he were well in health, such a station would be fit."

"No, Porro; it is not to the old we should look for aid, but to the young, full of vigour and intellect, and capable, by their strength, to bear the fatigues of such a station. Think over this night what I have said to you. Ponder well the consequences of refusal. Be assured that there is none other whom this position can be delegated to; that I have not spoken to you without good and sufficient warrant; and that if you accept of it, the gratitude of a warm-hearted people will follow you, and the approval of your own conscience. Farewell! may your decision be a wise one."

For a few moments Porro sat enrapt within the vision conjured up before his imagination, the last words of the Baron still thrilling in his ears. Quick, with lightning rapidity passed before his mind's eye thought upon thought, leaving, as each one successively passed, a new feeling to contend for mastery in his heart of hearts. Ambition, pride, revenge, and not last, patriotism, reigned there in turn, each striving for the victory. The last—pure, and bright, and sacred in the heart of youth, when untarnished by the cold policy of statesmanship's chicanery—gained the sway; and as he slowly rose from his seat, while a deep-drawn sigh escaped him, he turned to look for the Baron, and found himself alone. Was it his country's better or evil genius which had flown? Time, unerring in its progress, will show.

CHAPTER IV.

LOVE'S YOUNG DREAM.

"In worlds of strife,
Be thou the rainbow to the storms of life!
The evening beam that smiles the clouds away,
And tints to-morrow with prophetic ray!"—*Byron.*

SWEETLY across the waters of the Lago Maggiore shone the silvery queen of night, tinged with hues of light the fairy scene which lay around. Proudly in its centre was seen, dotting here

and there the quiet waters, the Borromean islands; whilst conspicuous amongst them was the one so worthily named the Isola Bella. Along its shores, on either side, rose the villas of

many a signor, who sought in this placid scene of beauty to steep his memory in forgetfulness of the world which lay beyond. Nature seemed to have poured on this enchanting lake every charm the eye could imagine or the heart could feel, bestowing on earth a paradise of celestial delight!

In a small villa, against the walls of which the waters of the lake gently rippled, and from whose garden joyfully arose the song of the bird, on a terrace projecting from the house, was seated a female. The light of the moon, which shone full on her, revealed a countenance, on which the eye of the painter would wish to dwell. Her eyes, full and languid, yet filled with expression; her hair, rich and glossy, dark as the raven's hue; her cheeks full, with a small mouth beautifully chiselled; her form well developed, of exquisite symmetry, she seemed the impersonation of Hebe, budding forth in all the beauty of womanhood.

As she sat, with her face leaning on her hand, and her eye roving over the placid waters before her, an expression of anxiety and sadness stole over her countenance. Was it the quiet, calm scene, so solemn, yet so silent, speaking of the unutterable immensity of nature, which caused the feeling to spring which dimmed the lustre of her eye? Or was it the craving of the heart's loneliness, which spoke of a thousand pleasures—the stars of memory's brightness! all set, and never to rise again? It might have been one or the other; but hark! what is the sound which breaks the silence of the evening, and calls back the smile to the lady's lips?

Darting along the waters, like a swallow skimming the surface, appeared a small boat, rowed by the hands of a sturdy boatman. At the farthest end of it was seen the form of a young man, on whom the eyes of the lady rested, while borne to her ears came the sound of music, accompanied by the rich and mellow voice of the player, as he sang the following verse:—

"O Patria adorata
Che vivi agli affanni
Piu sacra con gli anni
Diventi fier me:
M'è sacro il tuo cielo
M'è sacro il tuo suolo
M'è sacro quel duolo
Ch'lo sento per te."

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As the last words of the song died away on the breeze, and the boat glided to the shore, the lady left her seat, and hastened to the room which gave egress to the terrace.

"Hasten, Margerita!" she exclaimed to an attendant who stood there; "hasten and open the door, the Signor Porro has come."

Nina Ezzellinni was the sole survivor of a long line of ducal ancestors. An orphan, and living upon a small income, the remnant of a princely fortune formerly enjoyed by a family, which in the middle ages yielded to none in splendour and magnificence, she retained all the pride of birth and of ancient lineage. Proud to her superiors, yet affable to those she considered beneath her—adorned by a beauty of a regal character, with warm and generous feelings—her very poverty constituted with her a virtue, and made even her pride sit more becomingly than if surrounded with all the appendages of a sovereign's court. It was little more than a year before this period, when Porro first encountered her. Walking along a steep precipice one day, her foot accidentally slipped, and she fell over the height. Providentially for her—for she would have been inevitably killed—her dress caught in a projecting tree nature had fancifully allowed to grow there. Porro, who was near at the time, although not a spectator, alarmed by the cries of those who beheld her suspended as if between heaven and earth, hastened to the spot, and, accustomed from his earliest childhood to roam over hill and precipice, nothing daunted, attempted her rescue, and at the hazard of his life accomplished it successfully. From that hour her fate was sealed. Love at first sight, which in another country is ridiculed and considered impossible, but which in Italy is a common matter of fact, born with the clime and its troubadours of song, instantly filled the heart of Nina Ezzellinni. Astonished at the daring feat he had accomplished in her behalf, joined with his youth, his manly appearance, and his high ancestral birth, unbounded gratitude and love seized upon her heart. Nothing, in her opinion, was sufficient to recompense him—her very soul was wrapt up in his being. Every glance from his eye, every smile from his lip, was to her a delight. Her

love was a passion, a feeling full of intensity. In him she saw the reflection of her world — herself. She loved as no other but an Italian woman can love.

The departure of Porro had very soon after followed—to her it was as if her life had departed. How an utter loneliness seemed to prey upon her heart! All her joys, her pleasures were flown. Music, formerly a delight to her, and her welcomed companion for many a long hour, now fell insipidly upon her ear. The beautiful landscapes of her land, with their old towers and ancient halls, chroniclers of many a tale, in which she felt a pleasure in roving through, now to her mind had lost their every charm. Wearily fell the hours of his absence, her sole consolation the letters penned by his hand. How often were they not read — each sentence, each word dwelt over! How was not that paper envied that but a few hours before had lain within his hand! Her mind's eye pictured him in the act of writing, his thoughts dividing the space that separated them, by being centered on her. What happiness, what delight, while thus in fancy breathing his presence! Could she but live on in such a dream, how enviable her fate! But too soon, alas! came reality, dispelling with its stern features every spell of ecstasy which for a while hung over her being, and bringing with it both sorrow and pain, sure harbingers of the heart's woe. She stood alone—Hope her only friend.

Time, in its flight, passed rapidly on. To some, surrounded by the gay, the happy, the sparkling, how quickly flew each day, each hour—far too quickly, while new joys and pleasures stood before them, yet untasted in the brief span of their existence. But to Nina Ezzellinni how different! Every day to her seemed an age, a space that divided her heart from her beloved. At length came the news that Porro intended to return, and then his arrival at Padua. This evening he announced by a messenger he would come to see her; and now she stood, trembling with joy, to encounter him whom she had not seen for many a month. The door of the room, towards which her eyes were turned in eager gaze, at length opened, and Porro stood before her. In a second she was folded within his embrace.

"Nina, what happiness to see you again!" uttered Porro.

"My beloved!" murmured the trembling yet happy girl.

For a few moments no other words passed the lips of the lovers—their thoughts, their feelings were too intense for utterance. Nina at length raised her blushing countenance from the breast of her admirer, and timidly glanced on his features. Although to another's eye everything appeared there smiling and gay, the quick glance of love instantly detected a care lurking upon that high and thoughtful brow. But, with a woman's delicacy, she abstained from noticing it, and her love told her she would soon know the cause.

"How happy, Porro, must you not feel in returning to dear Italy. Your song told your ardent feeling for your country, which you will love the more from comparing her with other lands.

"Happy, dear Nina; yes, happy with you. But in seeing my native land again, there has been many a bitter mingled with the sweet."

"Your father? say nothing is the matter with him. He wrote to me but three days ago, telling me how impatiently he was waiting your arrival."

"My father! No, no; he is as well as I could wish. But why, kind love, should I sadden our first hour of meeting after so long an absence, by making you, whom I so ardently delight to see happy, a participator in my sorrow?"

"It is you now who are unkind, Porro. Am I not yours?—do I not love you? Every grief, every thought which casts a cloud over your existence—must I not feel them, too? Porro, dear Porro, do not speak so."

"I meant not unkindness, my own Nina; nor did nor would I cast a single doubt on your affection. Come, let us rest ourselves, and I will confide to you my troubles."

Throwing his arm around her waist, he led Nina Ezzellinni to a seat, and placed himself by her side.

"Nina, do you recollect one day, when we were wandering through the picture gallery of the Palazzo Borromeo, you were struck with a fine portrait of Masaniello? How, dressed in a poor fisherman's garb, there was yet a look which spoke of high and noble

deeds, as if nature had placed him in a rank not his own?"

"Well do I remember with what curiosity I looked upon the portrait of one, whose history had often excited my admiration, and whose memory is so dear to the heart of every true Italian."

"How would you, then, think of me, if I, unlike him, born with fortune and friends, should endeavour to imitate his noble example, and break the chain of tyranny?"

"I should recognise in you, Porro, the idol of my dream; the same daring spirit which made you my saviour, and may lead you to be the saviour of your country," exclaimed Nina, in passionate tones, her beautiful countenance flushing with crimson pride.

"Nina," exclaimed Porro, as he embraced her in delight, "I wanted but your voice to decide me in my course. Away now then with fear and doubt; all is dispelled before the ardour of your prophetic counsel. May heaven smile upon the path I have chosen!"

"She will, she will, doubt it not, dear Porro; for Italy, the paradise of earth, was never made for slavery."

"Yet, Nina, there are many things to be thought of, and I will take counsel with you."

Nor was Porro far wrong in advising with Nina Ezzellini. Passionately devoted to her country, and looking upon it not merely as her native land, but as the scene of the exploits of her ancestors, she joined with this her intense love for him, and would not lead him in a course of conduct she might imagine either detrimental to his honour or his safety. Long did he speak to her of Teresa Avellini's unfortunate position; of the offer made to him by the Baron

Pinaldi; of his own fears; of his hopes; of the many dangers and difficulties to be overcome in the emancipation of Italy. And well and wisely did Nina Ezzellini weigh with him every obstacle, and balance the probabilities of success. Nothing was forgotten that either youth or national love could suggest. Porro seemed at length to have formed his determination.

"Nina, we have then decided. Tomorrow I shall visit the principal friends I can put trust in, in Milan, and induce them to visit me privately, to deliberate on the present aspect of my country. Then, when I have heard what they have to say, my course of conduct will be an easier one. Nor, if they decide contrary to my belief, will I forego my own future plans; nor will I remain quiet, and forget my plighted word to my poor nurse."

"Try the power of gold, dear Porro, and perhaps its effect will not fail."

"If it does, dear Nina, force must have its way. God knows how long and patiently the Italian race has borne oppression upon oppression, but even tyranny must have its limits, and I, however young, must not hesitate to show my countrymen a noble example. Come weal or woe, life or death, my arm shall not be found wanting."

"And Nina Ezzellini, in victory or defeat, will be found by the side of her country's champion!"

Rising from his seat, Porro embraced once more the ardent and enthusiastic girl, and, bidding her farewell, he sped with a lighter mind on his road towards Milan, to fulfil the destiny he had marked out for himself.

THE AMATEUR HAYMAKERS.

THE rich hill-meadow sloping to the sea
 Lies hot in sunshine : through the summer tree,
 Heavy with foliage, passeth not a sigh
 Of any wind that drops
 From the blue mountain-tops,
 Or guides its wingèd coursers from the glowing sky.

None but a charmèd pinnace on that wave
 Could move its keel. No calmer waters lave
 Indolent shores in fabled faery-land ;
 Or where the lotos-fruit
 Made man's ambition mute,
 When Laertiades fled from the mystic strand.

From that rich meadow comes a murmuring chorus
 Of youthful laughter ; and in vases porous
 The long-necked flasks are cooling in the brook ;
 And claw of lobster crimson
 Acetic liquid swims on,
 In a huge china bowl, in that delicious nook.

Green islands speck the ocean. Through the mist a line
 Of distant hills dips to the waters crystalline—
 Cool snowy summits, full of cloud-abysses,
 And rifts and fissures deep,
 Where the king-eagles sleep,
 And from the skyward peaks the headlong torrent hisses.

And there was Townshend the Photographer,
 Idlest of men. And there, his heart astir
 With beauty of fair girls, and land and sea,
 Was Vane the metrist, who
 More of Catullus knew
 Than that Verannius who shared his reckless glee.

There was my Ada. Never any wooer
 Pressed ruddier lips, looked into wild eyes bluer,
 Than my straw-hatted, slender-ankled Dryad's,
 Who on the harp gave birth
 To strains of magic mirth,
 And gaily sang thereto a burst of marvellous triads.

We talked of Thetis and Oceanus—
 Myths of old Time. The songs melodious
 Of Grecian years, the greybeard as he passes
 On to the unknown end,
 Doth with new meanings blend.
 We Goths have changed the Gods of the old Greek faith to gases.

We have found oxygen and hydrogen
 In every brook that frets the shadowy glen,
 In every cumaid curve on sandy shores,
 In every tear that lies
 In depths of lustrous eyes,
 In every snow-white cloud through which the falcon soars.

There was Mauleverer, who plays at chess
Eternally. His only happiness,
 When Death throws wide to him the mystic portals
 Into the realms unseen,
 Will be, with rook and queen,
Alfyn, and knight, and pawn, to challenge the immortals.

And now, beside the breathless hyaline,
His moves mysterious on the squares entwine ;
 While opposite, a creature like a fairy,
 White-wristed, golden-tressed,
 Whose thoughtful glances rest
Upon the unfathomed game, in a profound quandary.

But far more numerous they, whose merriment
Is 'mid the odorous hay. In swift descent
 Their many-twinkling feet along the turf
 Pass merrily ; their glee,
 If boisterous were the sea,
Would drown the ceaseless surges of the sinuous surf.

They toss the hay-wreaths in the liquid air ;
They chase each other ; merry children, fair
 As if this earth had never known a stain,
 Sing many a pleasant carol,
 Weave ruddy flower-apparel :
Surely the days return of Saturn's peaceful reign.

Amid the revellers, lo there stood the greyest
Old wrinkled dreamy leathern algebraist
 That ever pondered subjects half absurd ;
 These wild sports got the start of his
 Quaint subtilty and artifice,
And there he stood amazed, like some shy alien bird.

He knew the courses of the planets well ;
An absolute and perfect oracle
 Concerning Ophiuchus and Orion :
 But human nature seems
 To him a thing of dreams—
Him 'twould befit to dwell in Alpha of the Lion.

Here comes the Rector. Purple stars of clematis
O'erhang the rectory's mullioned grey extremities,
 Close by the river. There of old, while he
 Pored o'er Exonian letters,
 I strove to link love's fetters,
O happy Ada mine, about myself and thee.

And when were any twain whom smiling May
Chased through the whispering woodlands, day by day,
 Strewing sweet violets ankle-deep around,
 Blind to the joy which lies
 In deep soft loving eyes—
Deaf to the songs wherewith Love makes this earth resound ?

MORTIMER COLLINS.

THE GOVERNMENT, THE DEPARTMENTS, AND THE WAR.

To every earnest politician — and all intelligent members of the community should be such — the State of the Nation at the present time must be matter of deep concern. We believe that we only give expression to a solemn truth when we say that a general feeling of apprehension prevails as to the future of these countries — a sort of undefined distrust of our ability to hold our high place among the kingdoms with honour for any long time to come. This panic — for it is almost a panic — exists among all parties. It has found utterance in public meetings — by the pens of pamphleteers — through the press, — and has even been the burden of remarkable orations within the walls of Parliament. Not that those speakers and writers think the empire has commenced that decline to which evil prophets have designated it; but the country has lost heart, and is more apprehensive than complaining. If this fear for the future be exaggerated, it is not without justification. The disasters which have overtaken our army in the Crimea — the mismanagement of the home administration — the anomalous state of political sects — the apparent absence of sagacious statesmanship, and the grave errors lately committed by rulers undeniably convicted of incapacity, — all combine to depress the public mind, and to open the mouths of those to whom the language of discontent is more genial than effort to remove its cause. The man who is too ready to relax the tone of his mind in presence of difficulties never succeeds in life; the people compelled to acknowledge the existence of evils among themselves should only dwell upon them to ascertain their character and extent, that the proper cure may be discovered. At the present moment we are taking the opposite and less wise course. We are desponding, when we need to be up and doing — when every effort should be put forth to discover the seat of the disease and its every ramification, to the end that a fitting remedy may be found.

The horizon of our country is, indeed, wrapt in storm-clouds, through

which scarcely a weak gleam of hope struggles. But we may exaggerate the darkness of the prospect, dark though it be. It is bad enough to have lost 25,000 men for the gaining of two triumphs, which were not victories — at least 20,000 of whom perished of neglect (it is literally so!); — it is bad enough to be forced to believe that mal-arrangement, or the total want of arrangement, involved the flower of our armies in a terrible struggle with privations, which terminated in unnecessary and ignominious death; — it is bad enough to have to confess that, after a twelvemonth of campaigning, we are little nearer our object, and little better prepared to advance toward it; — it is bad enough to find that the alliances we had hoped for have failed us; — but, in addition to this, it is worst of all to discover that the most venerable and respected leaders of our national affairs — who hold their positions by right of service rendered the State in times past — have manifested their total inadequacy to the magnitude of their present task; and that to a foreign potentate, only a few years raised by popular election to the precarious throne of an unstable empire, we are primarily indebted for much of the success we have attained in the field, as well as much of the firmness we have evinced in the bureau. But, on the other hand, it is right to remember that there are signs in the heaven whose import is cheering. Beyond the warring clouds which clash and break upon each other above our heads, there is a serener sky; and, the gloom once riven, its genial peacefulness will glad the nations. Even now there are encouragements around us. All is not evil in the Russian war and its as yet dismal consequences. Who can tell what amount of lasting good may spring from the alliance with France, which has been so deeply baptised in blood, and sealed by the close sympathy of a common purpose affecting the interests of both countries so intimately? Who can tell what future Providence has prepared for the Lands of the Prophet, to which the events of to-day are the

avenue? Who can tell what effect the present disturbance of old compacts and relations may soon have on the central kingdoms of Europe? Whatever changes occur, as the results of the existing struggle—either in France, or in Turkey, or in Germany, or even in Britain—there must be progression, there must be the more intimate union of the kingdoms, by the weakening of despotism and the extension of that genial sympathy among agreeing peoples which is the only valuable basis and bond of alliances. Such considerations are fraught with hope, and go far to diminish our regrets for past misfortune. But it is further to be borne in mind that we contend for triumph in the cause of humanity; we labour to overleap the fences of a barbaric autocracy; and if we succeed, as ultimately we shall, the death-blow will be given to the most elaborately established tyranny the world has ever seen. History, indeed, affords no parallel to the present war, in its object, in the extent of its influence, or the momentousness of the issues involved in its success. Russia subdued, there never will be another Russia. The ambitious designs of Russia effectually checked, Muscovite tyranny must keep within its old barriers, and the empire of the great Peter cease to domineer in European counsels. With this consummation of the existing conflict, oppression of the kind existing under Nicholas, and transferred to Alexander, cannot pass beyond its limit, and no iron will can ever bid it advance again, either to the billows of the northern ocean, which proclaim man's freedom as they are shattered against the coast of the Sea-Kings, or the rippling waves of the Mediterranean, as, calmed beneath a glowing sun, they expand peacefully on the shores of the South.

The last cheering aspect of the time is that one to which, in these paragraphs, we have to devote more particular attention. The experience of war we have had this past eventful year has undeniably discovered to us—somewhat rudely, but wholesomely—the weak points in our national character, in our military and civil administration, in the hereditary accidents—if we may so say—of our Government. Those defects made patent, we may learn to apply a remedy, and reap such amount of profit from our chastisements as to transmute them into blessings.

Of these *defects* we may usefully advance a word.

That the appointment of the Sebastopol Committee was a wise step, its proceedings have fully proved. We place little value on their Report. The Evidence is of chief interest. The facts elicited are important in the highest degree. They will yet be, we may add they will *soon* be, the basis of extensive reforms. They are, as it were, the diagnosis of the national disease. It is a mistake to suppose the inquiry to be strictly a Sebastopol Inquiry. It takes a wider range. Beyond its revelations respecting the mismanagement of the earlier months of the war, it has entered upon a survey of the entire system of our military departments, and in this view we must especially regard it valuable. To investigate why the army did not receive reinforcement till after Inkermann, and then only 6,500 men—why huts necessary six weeks before had not arrived in the Crimea at the middle of December—why the cavalry perished by a blunder at Balaclava—why that town became a chaos under the disorganising talents of its commandant—why the Turkish hospitals were pest-houses, places to propagate disease rather than sanatoria, is of little comparative moment, since we cannot bring back the thousands sacrificed to incompetency, and can scarcely hope to punish the guilty officials by whose fault they perished. We know all the cause, all the consequence, in its bitter aggravatedness; our question now is—What really were the *various* sources of the mischief, and how best may they be approached so as to be removed?

It is contended, on the one hand, that *men* have been to blame; on the other, the onus is laid upon *systems*. Truth requires us to say—both. Incompetent officials and imperfect plans constitute the fertile source of all national evil. Unfortunately this is proved amply enough in our experience.

Take the *systems* first. Our eyes have been opened to serious blemishes in our military and civil administration. No doubt one cardinal error, of which we are now convinced is, the insane reduction, for it was little else, made in our resources for war, year after year, for the last decade. When it came, we were, indeed, a nation of shopkeepers, and not a military people. What has Lord Hardinge told us?

When hostilities commenced he sent ten thousand men to the East, and that number exhausted the troops this great empire had at immediate command for its purposes of defence! Subsequently, by great exertion, a second draft of the same strength was procured, and only after the battles of Alma and Inkermann did a third army of six thousand five hundred men arrive at the scene of conflict. Thus, after the contest had been waged fully four months, we contrived, by bringing regiments from the Colonies, by recruiting, and other means, to send out twenty-six thousand men—a fifth of whom, or more, were raw levies! Such was the state of preparedness for war to which Manchester economists brought us. It would seem that their undue desire for peace, under every circumstance, was then on the point of unavoidable gratification, for we might soon, by their policy, be precluded from war, because totally imbecile, a ready prey to the most unscrupulous. What would have been our condition were our foe an invading one, or were the contest nearer our shores, and more intimately connected with our interests? We proceeded to fight Russia—it might have been France and Germany to boot—with twenty-thousand men! With such a force we could, acting alone, be expected to effect little more than the hero who—

“With twice ten thousand men,
Marched up the hill, and then marched down again.”

We hope the error of not maintaining our standing army at a proper strength, and in a proper state of efficiency, is now fully known, and that when the present war ceases, we shall have no cheese-paring economy, no suicidal parsimony, in voting the army estimates. It will be time enough to beat our swords into ploughshares when men “learn war no more;” but so long as our neighbours, friendly or unfriendly, sustain their military strength, the most vulgar wisdom dictates the same course to us.

Another remarkable defect in our military system, exposed to general view of late, is the want of education among our troops and their officers—scientific training we mean. Young Bobadil, who is a fast man, a great boaster, very proud of his red coat and epaulets, a favourite with the ladies, the gallant gentleman at parties, and a complete master of the frivolous in dress, man-

ners, and conversation, is, by virtue of his good guineas, an ensign, a lieutenant, perhaps a captain in her Majesty's service. He may have this character, and be a colonel or more, for in the army (to reverse a common saying) we have often young heads on old shoulders. Of military education, in the enlarged sense of the term, he is as well informed as his Boots. He knows a few of the technicalities of his *art*: of the *science* of war, nothing. He is sent into the field—we admit his valour. Good blood flows in his veins; a sense of honour inspires him; the excitement of battle brings out any latent chivalry he may possess; he shouts to his steady band; they rush forward at his bidding. If impetuous courage can win what he hopes to gain, there is a victory, and we laud the heroism of the brave, as it deserves to be lauded; but, after all, we have seen the soldier but in one, and that the simplest, phase of his character. Place our friend Bobadil on the plateau overlooking Sebastapol. Bid him take measures to sustain his men during an inclement winter, on those heights. Tell him that their health, their efficiency, their lives depend on his exertions. He is quite at sea and rudderless. This is not his notion of war. He always thought of it, if he thought at all, as the poet—

“Concurritur,
Memento cita mors venit, aut victoria laeta.”

Place him in the field, and the same want of training is evident. Neither he, nor the men he leads—for, uninstructed himself, he could not instruct them—know more than the first elements of military education. Courage they have—among the soldiery of no country is there greater. Loyalty they have—no man on God's earth is more loyal than a Briton, for he has institutions which claim his intensest love. Desire of triumph they have—for we are an ambitious race, ever striving to be foremost. But training in arms they have *not*. In spirit they are Romans, but rude in the arts of war. We are not about to declaim generally and without consideration against the system of purchase which admits to positions of military trust men unfitted for command, nor to censure the ludicrous system of promotion which puts a man in authority when he has perhaps reached the utmost verge of human life—at least of the years of activity; but we do say that another great error

now discovered to us is the want of military education among our officers and men. The regimental system, as far as it goes, is excellent. It trains good soldiers and good commanders; but it will never organise an army, in the full panoply of its might for effective warfare, since it fails to provide for the acting together of more than a comparatively small fraction of such a body. Nor will it ever guarantee, as at present constituted, the proper instruction of officers or men in camp duties. Their education will be left very much to chance. Unless reform take place in this respect, the British soldier will still be helpless taken out of his mechanical routine, as unable to cook his rations in the field as to meet an enemy in untoward circumstances. The war has taught us this deficiency — this grave error. Other nations are not so foolish in military matters; for what is the present fact? At this moment we are, by permission, investigating the arrangements in the French army for the purpose of modifying our own by them, or ingrafting the Continental on the English plans! Two years ago, or less, we boasted of our strength, as we talked of supposed imminent war with France,—how vainly!

Yet another fact strongly impressed upon us by our late history is the extreme folly of not making due provision for an Army of Reserve. Where had we to look to for men these last two years, either for the purpose of defending our shores or waging foreign war? Our 120,000 fighting men of the Line was a fiction — a monstrous fiction—a phantom, and no more. In countries where every man who has reached maturity capable of bearing arms has been trained to war, a reserve force is always ready; but in this country, where such a principle is unacknowledged, a special effort must be set afoot to secure that end. Gather a few thousand peasants from the different States of Germany—arm them—they are efficient soldiers. Take the same number from the west of Ireland, from the northern shores of Scotland, from the manufacturing or agricultural districts of England—arm *them*—they will not be soldiers, but the rudest material of soldiers; they will march in the most ludicrous irregularity—they will form a line as full of ins and outs as the winding Rhine or the Frith

of Forth; they will withstand the privations of a warrior's life a day, a week, a month—the first severity makes them worthless. This being so, why should we not keep the Militia, the constitutional force of the country, in a state of semi-preparedness? Had we done this two years ago, we could have sent to the Crimea 70,000 trained soldiers, and while Prince Menschikoff was panic-stricken by the loss of Alma, have marched into the now gigantically-defended Sebastopol with little difficulty. We had, on the contrary, no Militia when the war broke out, and what is the consequence? Why, at the present moment, our good Government deem they have done a great deal in raising a home and colonial Militia force of about 50,000—just *one-third* of its strength, properly embodied!

But turn we from the Army to the Departments connected with military administration. Here a stupid division of authority and a practical irresponsibility in some quarters has worked immense mischief of late. It was a wise step to provide a Minister of War last year; but it was very unwise to permit his will to be frustrated, now by the Ordnance, again by the Admiralty, again by the Commissariat, and again by the Medical Board. A War Minister must be an autocrat. He must have full powers, and the highest responsibilities. This is evident. He is required to succeed—to fail is to be disgraced, to be superseded, to lose reputation, honour it may be, and respect for ever afterwards. His means, therefore, should be his own; if they be not, he is not accountable. The Duke of Newcastle was not a War Minister in the proper sense. He was a kind of clever head clerk, who sat—diligently enough, be it confessed—fourteen hours a-day in his office, and blundered everything notwithstanding. Lord Hardinge pulled one way, he another; Mr. Sidney Herbert frustrated him unintentionally, but very effectually; and Sir Thomas Hastings took his own course in spite of him. All this shows how necessary is a consolidation of the military departments, and a complete re-organisation of the stupid system prevailing in them, which is as old as the Peninsular war. In everything but in military affairs have we improved these forty years.

Add to the necessary reforms in the military departments, that some mode

of promotion must be devised to give the places of high command to men not in second childhood, or on its verge, and we have a rough, but perhaps a suggestive, sketch of things to be done at once if we really desire to remedy the past. The history of the engineer to whose energy the obstinate defence of Sebastopol is due, may be taken as in point. At the commencement of the struggle he was a junior officer. When Menschikoff asked how long it would take to put the town and its protective batteries in a state of defence, the commandant named two months. "I will accomplish it in *two weeks*," said Todleben. He was at once entrusted with the task, and we need not say how he has verified his estimate of himself. He is comparatively young—he is bold, active, earnest, and fitted for his duty. At seventy, or sixty-five, the same man will, if he live, be as unsuited for such a labour as Lord Aberdeen, or any other venerable sexagenarian, whose love of war has mellowed in the progress of years to a "general love of all."

But our Civil Administration is also in need of revisal. To this all eyes are now turned. The meeting lately held in the London Tavern inaugurated a movement, we incline to think, of no small importance, which will not rise and perish, mushroom-like, in an hour. It will go forward—whether under the form it has now given to it, or not, matters little. It is founded in justice, in experience, in knowledge of results, and in the convictions of all classes and parties. Men the most opposite in political creed have joined hands under its banner, and vowed fealty to a common cause in which their differences are not included. The voice of this agitation has reached the House of Peers and the Throne in an unprecedentedly short period. In the history of political agitations there is nothing like it. The Anti-Corn Law League offers no parallel. "Administrative Reform" is the watchword of no party, and yet it has a potency to which the haughtiest of our rulers must bow. At first, it was feared that the ultra-democratic section of its supporters might succeed in making it an anti-aristocratic shibboleth; but that fear has been dispelled. The common sense of the country sees the importance of the place occupied by the highest class

in the State—the sacrifices it has made for the public weal—the service its noblest sons have rendered the past and present generations,—the fruitlessness of any oligarchic effort to tread down liberty in these countries—and, knowing this, however it may censure particular statesmen and coteries for their Cabinets of consanguinity, has no desire to exclude the aristocracy from the general competition for honours in the senate, the council, and the field.

The demand for administrative reform, in its widest significancy, means that all offices, from the treasury-benches to the village post-office, should be determined by *merit*. Favour, and sometimes a worse principle, guides patronage now. Situations are given for political service rendered or expected, to satisfy friends, to gratify associates in party efforts, often to appease dunning creditors, to procure the loan of money, or for that singular *quid pro quo* modestly styled in advertisements a *douceur*. All this is evil; but how is it to be cured? There's the rub. Competitive examinations have been suggested, and ought to be recognised as one means of determining between applicants; but only in a certain class of cases can they avail. As they form, in fact, the only test of merit within our reach, and can, after all, accomplish very little, it has been urged, that to fill vacancies with strict regard to fitness will never be attained. The hope is considered good enough, but utopian. Yet not so much as may seem at first. The mere ventilation the matter has now received will act well, by leavening the public mind, so that any grossly unsuitable or corrupt appointment made in future will bring tenfold disgrace on the guilty dispensers of patronage. In this way, the more obvious cases of malappointment will be exposed and remedied. But a great deal has yet to be done so to educate the public mind, especially in Ireland, that we may be prepared to prefer a new and better plan to the old and worse one. We have been ourselves great sinners in this matter of patronage. We have required our unfortunate representatives to hold themselves and their votes in trust for our younger sons, nephews, cousins, and relations to the fifth degree. We lately had the case brought under public atten-

tion, in which a keen-witted Whig, and quondam member of the "Irish Independent" party — by which egotistic distinction they style themselves—gave away, or procured for, his constituents, above *one hundred* situations in the customs, coasts-guard, constabulary, revenue police — in every grade from the distinguished castle-clerk to the petty village post-wife. The same clever and successful aspirant to the ermine is, we happen to know, as busy in his promises and efforts now as then, the declamation of Mr. Morley and his confreres notwithstanding. Neither the sledge-hammer of Mr. Layard, nor the polished oratory of Lord Ellenborough, has inspired him and his genus with fear. To abolish this abuse of patronage two things must be effected: the people must be instructed to look less to "Government situations," which are too much regarded as the elysium of idleness and sure pay—and more to personal effort in trading enterprise and the exercise of unfettered intelligence. In England and Scotland there is not so great a desire for "appointments" as here, for a berth of £80 or £100 per annum, with the certainty (be it) of an increase in twenty years to £800 or £1,000, is not very tempting to the young man of energy, whose father, or brother, or uncle, or neighbour—as a herring-merchant, or manufacturer of spool-thread, or potato-dealer, or softgoods-man—has amassed £20,000 or £30,000 in that time, and is about to retire a Cræsus. Less value will be set upon Government situations, even in Ireland, in a few years, as our trade improves, and the country finds itself side by side with its leviathan sister in the career of manufacturing and mercantile prosperity. To cure the present evil, also, the individual member of parliament or the Cabinet convicted of bartering posts in her Majesty's service for hard cash, or political purposes, or any unwarrantable end, must be visited with contempt, and, perhaps, penalty. These two things accomplished, we shall hear less of abuses in our civil administration, and shall find more "practical ability" in the management of our national affairs.

We may here, parenthetically, add, that the present agitation for reform, although it has been growing for above two years, was precipitated by the

scandalous manner in which Lord Palmerston formed his Government. The Whigs are proverbially a Family Party. They came into power in a batch, and at their every accession the names only were changed, as if they had been put into a bag and shaken out for their places. Yet, if any man was bound by the peculiar circumstances of the time to break through this often-complained-of abuse, it was Lord Palmerston. He took office to reform—and so he began; he took office to place "practical ability" in the room of ignorance and feebleness, and in face of a demand that new blood should be added to the cabinets which rule us, he named on his Ministry a more closely interconnected coterie, perhaps, than ever occupied the Treasury-benches. If, therefore, he has raised a nest of hornets about his ears, no one but himself is to blame. The country would have sustained him through good report and bad report in taking an opposite course; but he lacked the moral courage necessary to throw off his friends, or was so tramelled that he had lost freedom of action. We see the result.

We revert to the *men*. No "coming man" ever disappointed the public more than the noble viscount. His ready eloquence, his keensightedness, his vigour as foreign secretary for years, his reputation for thorough political honesty, and his boldness in following out his convictions, induced all to point him out as Premier some time ago. He accepted the post, fully informed of the great things expected of him. We are not unreasonable in affirming, that he has done little more than nothing. So soon as his budget of reform was opened, in his first speech, it appeared that the mountain had produced a mouse. To cure the evils existing in the Crimea, and to prosecute the war with vigour, more was wanting than sanitary commissioners, good though they be, and a new governor at Balaklava, in the room of the Admiral, who has been named, in memory of his late career, Old Chaos. Something more satisfactory was effected at a later period, in the raising of a Turkish contingent, officered by Indian leaders; but still Lord Palmerston has accomplished less—far less—than he might. He is now without the means to go forward. Money enough he has—nearly ninety

millions have been furnished his Finance Minister, the product of an objectionable loan, still more objectionable duties on articles of consumption, and an increased income-tax. But in many other things he comes short. Delay has occurred in sending out troops; mismanagement has been apparent in preparing unarchitectural, and some even say useless, machines as gunboats for the Baltic; by a blunder, the Militia has been all but disbanded in many places: add to all this, the exceedingly flippant and unbecoming tone of banter indulged in by the Premier in answering questions respecting the war, and we find many of the causes of that general dissatisfaction and unpopularity the Government have recklessly brought upon themselves. But, more than their positive errors, in what they have done badly, are they to be blamed for not undertaking their proper task of remodelling the military departments, and putting the system of government on a better footing. They were demanded to advance, but retrograded. It is obvious neither Lord Palmerston nor his followers are *the men for the time*.

We want an honest and firm Government, ready to carry on the war with energy, avoiding the tricks of diplomacy, which have been all exposed, and preferring a peace earned by victory to tarrying at the door of Francis Joseph's palace, or elsewhere. We want a Ministry prepared to reform abuses, to raise the military character of the country, to recover the ground we have lost. We want in the premiership a leader having the nation at his back, and a compact party to sustain him; we want in the war-office a man of experience in the conducting of war, of vigour of mind, of independent force of character, and comprehensive genius. Such a statesman has been pointed out in Lord Ellenborough. His late efforts towards the more active and efficient conduct of the war seem to mark him the successor of Lord Panmure. We have great trust in the high honour, the fine chivalric spirit, and thoroughly British feeling which animate him and his political chief.

If the views we have enunciated in the previous paragraph needed further proof from any late occurrence, we might refer to the debate some time since on Lord Ellenborough's resolu-

tions. The discussion which took place on the motion of the noble earl was instructive in several points of view. His object was excellent. The public voice asserts that place under Government is secured by family interest and corrupt influences; that merit is wholly excluded, and that hence have arisen many of our recent disasters. "You cannot fairly charge us with the same sin in this respect as the present Cabinet," say the Conservative leaders. "We refer you to the programme of measures we brought forward shortly previous to the factious vote which dismissed us from office in 1852. Among them will be found, and in a prominent position, Administrative Reform." On a retrospect of the parliamentary proceedings of that period, we find Mr. Disraeli announcing the intention of his government immediately to deal with that subject. Then it was scarcely before the country in such a manner as to necessitate that promptitude. The forwardness of Lord Derby and his followers to take up the matter is to be mentioned to their credit, and should not be forgotten at the present moment. The Conservative leader can further point to the principle on which his Cabinet was formed, as indicative of his honest desire to place "practical ability" before rank, before a name where there was nothing more. He introduced *new men*, and so broke the monopoly of office before enjoyed by the Whigs. When Lords Aberdeen and Palmerston came into power, however, that policy was reversed, and especially by the latter, who was the more strongly bound to carry it out. "I have given you proof," said Lord Derby, in substance, while speaking in the Ellenborough debate, "that I am in favour of reform; and the step we now take in supporting the present motion, has mainly for its object to show the country that at least on one side of the house are statesmen to be found ready to accede to the justness of the popular wishes, and head the new movement in the legislature." In this aspect precisely was Lord Ellenborough's effort to be regarded, and herein lay its importance. Though defeated on a division, it accomplished its greater purpose, in separating the party favourable to departmental reform from the coterie which would still retain everything within the narrow circle of a few families.

If we ask why Lord Ellenborough's motion failed to secure the approval of a majority among the peers, the answers must be various. Had the Conservative proxies been used, the ministerial majority would have been very considerably reduced; but still the mover would be far from the point of triumph. First of all, we find a reason of this in the hereditary apathy which surrounds the Whigs in the upper house. There is much more than wit in the *Punch* parodist's version of the *Seven Ages*, where he describes the last scene of their eventful history as a seat in that august assembly, when second childishness, produced more by depressing political associations than by age, has rendered noble lords slow to move with the necessities of the times.

A third reason for the defeat of the Ellenborough and other similar resolutions is the fear pervading many minds that the Conservatives could not form a ministry in the event of the resignation of Lord Palmerston. This we believe to be a delusion. Lord Derby did not *fail* on a late occasion. He found it then impracticable to unite the parties he considered necessary to a stable and efficient government, in the present condition of the House of Commons. He was opposed by the Peelites, between whom and a genuine Conservative there is, as it were, a gulf fixed; he was cheated by Lord Palmerston, who, to secure undisputed possession of the goal of his long ambition, rid himself of Lord Derby, and then of the dear trio, without whose aid he at first declared he could not accept office. But things are changed much, even within four months; and so disgusted are the people of every party with the "smallness" of the men now in power, that they are ready to force their representatives to give a fair trial to *any* cabinet which shall come forward with boldness and determination to apply strong remedies to our national diseases; and we firmly believe that, even without a dissolution, the Conservatives, by laying aside their peculiar party questions, and throwing their whole energy into the war, would command the suffrages of the country, which, in the existing position of affairs, would be to command the House.

But yet another cause of Lord Ellenborough's failure, we are ready to confess, is to be found in the manner of his advocacy of the motion he brought

before the Lords. What practical object could he have in treading over once more the beaten tracks of last year, and mapping out a new campaign? We can see none. Lord Ellenborough has been occupied with military affairs, and may be competent to conduct a great war. We have a large confidence in the man whose independent force of character was made the subject of eulogy by one so sparing of praise, and so severely critical in his judgments, as the late Duke of Wellington; and we are not about to argue that the plan of committing the war in the Principalities to British troops, and that of Asia to our allies—the Crimea meanwhile being left in repose—as sketched by Lord Ellenborough, would have been worse or better than the course adopted. We believe the fault of our failure was not that we struck at the wrong place. No. We held our weapon at the heart of the monster, and, defended though it was by a triple mail, we might have reached it, and freed Turkey from her "perpetual menace"—had we struck home *in the proper way, with the proper vigour, at the proper time*. But whether this be so or not—whether we ought rather have gone to the Pruth, or advanced with Schamyl, in Georgia—had no practical connexion with the present question of administrative reform, which Lord Ellenborough pledged himself to bring before the House. No doubt his oration concluded with an important and vigorous reference to that subject, but its weight was lost by the opportunity his speculations on the campaign of last year gave the Ministry for turning him into quiet ridicule. He ought rather have assailed the Palmerston Government, sifting their doings, exposing their misdoings, making the country fully aware of their mistakes in diplomacy and in war, bringing home to them, so that the charges could neither be denied nor repelled, their hesitations, and vacillations, and general incapacity. Had he taken this course, his address would not have been liable to the reproach of being pointless. It must be here remembered, however, that in alluding to the reforms necessary in almost every department, the speaker could not refer to particular men, saying this individual is incompetent, or that received his post by a corrupt intrigue. It is difficult to

get at the bottom of these matters—it is all but impossible to ferret out the whole of the facts of such cases. But because no personal accusations were made, is the general statement the less true? Nay, verily. We had an example of the difficulty of finding reliable evidence in these matters in the unfortunate blunderings of Mr. Layard lately; but thinks any man that Layard is on the wrong tack? It is notorious that the Whigs have dispensed their patronage unscrupulously. They have done so in Ireland—they have done so in England—they have done so invariably. They rule by patronage as well as, or more than, by measures. And, independently of *their* sins, is it not a fact undeniable, that the public offices are in disorder? If not, why the present agitation for reform?

One thing, however, is to be observed, before leaving Lord Ellenborough's motion—to which we mainly allude as the first of a series of efforts identical in character and object. The defence of the Government did not contribute to its defeat. Not in the least. What was the worth of Lord Panmure's assurances, or of Lord Granville's? Nothing. Did they point to anything their Cabinet had accomplished, or did they even make a definite promise for the future? We give them all the credit justly accruing to them for the improved state of the army in the Crimea; but that success is only a poor compensation for all they have neglected. They have attempted but one of the required reforms in the military departments. They have not encouraged the efforts of independent members to introduce further ameliorations. On the contrary, during the Ellenborough debate, Lords Panmure and Granville cast ridicule on the demand for change of systems and men as a popular delusion. The latter peer was witty in showing the greatness of his claims to hereditary statesmanship; and both contemned—plainly and positively contemned, and set at nought—the declared necessity for placing the “right men in the right places.” What will the country say to the declaration of Lord Palmerston, in his defence made previous to the Ellenborough discussion, that he could not procure practical talent for the administrative departments of his Government—that, in fact, there was a la-

mentable scarcity of it at present! In what aspect, then, did the Ministry place themselves before the country during the discussion to which we allude? Simply as anti-reformers, content with things as they are! If this give satisfaction, then is public courage and determination at a sad discount.

One more example of the imbecility of the Ministry, to which Lord Ellenborough and others have recently directed attention, is their conduct with regard to Russian trade. We blockaded the Baltic last year at vast expense; and although Sir Charles Napier accomplished nothing against the enemy, save the comparatively trifling capture of Bomarsund, we would not grumble had that blockade been effectual in shutting in the trade of the foe. But, what is the fact? Russia has made the territory of the traitorous Prussian king a highway for her commerce, driven from the sea, and has experienced but a very small loss, notwithstanding our cordon of ships across the Gulf of Finland. At the present moment the overland carrying-trade is organised with the utmost care, under the especial supervision of the Muscovite Government; and ammunition and supplies pass along Prussian tracks to the headquarters of the enemy's army, from which roads radiate to the southern peninsula, constantly crowded with vehicles. Repeatedly have the late and the present Governments been urged to remonstrate against this breach of neutrality on the part of Prussia, which almost amounts to hostility; but, only the other day a motion having such an object, and ably advocated, was rejected. It would seem that our purpose is to make war so as to injure the enemy as little as may be, at the greatest possible expense to ourselves. This leniency in reference to Prussian double-dealing has been one of the chief errors of our whole war-policy.

What Lord Ellenborough attempted in the Lords Mr. Disraeli has repeated in the Commons, with the same result. The observations we have applied to the first debate on administrative reform fit the others. The Derby Chancellor of the Exchequer by his defeated motion secured the important triumph for his party of placing them before the country as not only the favourers, but the *originators*, of a comprehen-

sive scheme of improved administration. The very phrase which has now become the motto of a great association sprang from him. In his speech of December, 1852, he first gave ministerial embodiment to the growing, but then not formidable, movement for government by merit, and the proper exercise of patronage. Others carried out his views in part, but sufficient yet remains of his plan unadopted to form a distinctive feature of Conservative policy; and, knowing this to be the case Mr. Disraeli in his oration during the Layard debate pledged the party of which he is a brilliant member to a *thorough departmental reformation*. To that extent the Whigs will not, cannot go. They are bound by too many ties. Their political existence is too abnormal. As a body they are composed of heterogeneous materials, cohering badly. But the Conservatives are a compact power; and if they be in a minority in the present parliament, are rendered so by coalitions without principle or any elements of continuance. In adhering rationally and practically to administrative reform we give a really valuable pledge which should satisfy the nation at large, sealed as it is by the efforts about being put forth when a disgraceful faction expelled Lord Derby from office. Mr. Disraeli with singular wisdom enunciated broadly, on the occasion to which we refer, the views of his party, and their determination, should they occupy the Treasury benches before the so-much desiderated changes are effected. What could be more pointed, vigorous, or definite than the following declaration?—

“I am of opinion that the entrance into that service should not be by mere favouritism. I think it should be the subject of a substantial and real test of fitness, and I think the idea of a substantial and real test of fitness is not illusory, but essentially practical. I think, in the second place, that the rewards of our public civil servants should be on a higher scale. I think that the result of the change will be public economy, and not increased expenditure. I think that the reward of the public servants should not be merely of a fixed nature, but that they should be trained to look upon other and more spiritual rewards which animate and ennoble the conduct of men. I am also of opinion that the civil service of the country ought to be made, and must be made, *strictly and completely professional*,

and the great offices of the State should be reserved for public servants who have been trained and educated in the permanent civil service. These are what I think sound and judicious changes. They are changes of administrative reform. They are changes which I think every Government ought to adopt and carry out, and nothing short of this ought to satisfy the house.”

But to the announcements of the Opposition, and the demands of the London Tavern Reformers, the Ministry reply with smooth speeches of approval, and certain acts bearing resemblance to those required of them. Whether they are sufficient is the question. The Whig Chancellor of the Exchequer tells us that *finality* has been reached in the career of administrative reform! Now what has actually been done? Are the Orders in Council the germ of real changes for the better? They have a value, but it is slight. They leave the patronage still in the hands of persons who will use it for no good purpose, and that is their cardinal defect. On their merits we need not dwell; their insufficiency is apparent. The *alterations* in the Ordnance were not complete reforms. They extend about half-way, and there stop suddenly. And even in carrying them out the vacancies created by changes or the formation of new offices, have been filled upon precisely the old system of advancing the cousin of this minister, and the recommended of another, in the room of the deserving. It is very plain that even in the depth of their professions, and in those very matters in which they claim a virtue, the Palmerston Cabinet have been weighed and found wanting. The task they have pretended to begin must be assumed by others, and the real Reformers, who will proceed cautiously and honestly, in agreement with our tried constitution, and the genius of our institutions, will neither be found in Chesham-place nor at Drury-lane.

There can be no doubt, however, that with all his imbecility and dilatoriness Lord Palmerston has for the nonce tided over his political troubles. For that he has to thank his good fortune more than his judgment or discretion. The nation has become sanguine again since the Allies entered the Sea of Azoff and enclosed the Crimea almost at every point — since the army before Sebastopol took the

greatest of the Russian positions with unparalleled gallantry, despite immense difficulties. But for these successes the Ministry can properly take no credit to themselves. They are believed to have sprung from the decision of the French general; and whether this be so or not, are undeniably owing in the main to the vigour of his counsels and the prowess of our arms. These prosperities have, indeed, saved the Ministry; but how long will their influence continue? The first depression of the public mind will tell upon the Cabinet, and perchance lead to its dissolution. A party which has conducted the war feebly; which has shown an inability to deal with the great question of the day; which exists only by a balancing of classes and a cleverness in political strategics; which has wavered, to say the least, in reference to the conditions of a safe and honourable peace; which has alternately coquetted with and repelled the Cobden and Gladstone coteries; which has perpetuated the radical error of the last fatal Ministry, by neglecting to provide a reserve; which has offered the bait of a landed settlement in Canada to foreign legionaries, while the British recruit has no inducement beyond the bounty, and the British veteran no reward save his pension; which has promised to put "the right men in the right places," and invariably filled them with the *wrong* men;—a party of this character cannot remain long in possession of power, inasmuch as it must speedily lose—if it have not already lost—the sympathy of every class in the country.

The present crisis offers a noble opportunity to a statesman of extensive genius, power of organisation, and energy of character. The country is depressed; a great war has been mismanaged; internal ameliorations are demanded; many home questions of gravest import lie before us for settlement; the people suffer from heavy

burdens—taxation has all but reached its limit; everything is wrong. The entire machine is out of gearing. It needs the touches of a master-hand. Who ambitions the distinction of bringing peace and happiness, prosperity and content, order and good government, out of this confusion and dissatisfaction? It is a noble object of desire for a great mind. Who is ready? We believe some one will appear, and assuredly, be he an old leader or a new one, in agreement with an existing party or not, a peer or a merchant, the country will back him heartily, and give him every opportunity of earning a brilliant success. The Minister who restores the country to its old *prestige*, and arranges all its interests with honour, so as to lay the foundation of another half-century of peace fruitful of progress as the last, will deserve and receive from a grateful people an immortality in their history.

As we have commenced these discursive but earnest observations, so we end them, entreating every politician having an honest desire to see his country once more at the head of European nations to lend his aid only to that Government, heedless of its mere party hue, which shall conduct the war with vigour, so as to humble Russia, give lasting peace to Turkey and the continental states, and restore again to their proper place among our national interests, all the arts of industrial and the movements of social progression. He who accomplishes this will write his name in our hearts, to be bequeathed with fervor to our children. But where is this statesman of comprehensive mind—this other Chatham—this hero of the age?—

"Quem vocet Divûm populus ruentis
Imperi rebus?"

We believe the man will yet appear to pilot us to a safe haven; but assuredly he is not at this moment holding the helm.

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THE RAIL IN CANADA.

WE took an opportunity lately of tracing out the origin and character of some remarkable circumstances of the birth and early breeding of that great nation, first-born of the Anglo-Saxon stock, whose precocity of growth, combined as it is so far apparent with strength and constitutional vigour, is a standing miracle in the eyes of politicians. The marvel must, we venture to think, be lessened by a full consideration of the nature of the incidents to which we then called attention, and by the proofs they afford that the constitution of the United States was no new invention or product of accident, but a wise and cautious adaptation of the machinery of the republican monarchy of England to the service of the common principle of regulated liberty in the monarchical republic of America. The composite link of filial obedience and parental love was broken; yet, although the daughter moved off to do for herself in the world, in the new establishment no rule of the old family was forgotten, no custom of the early home was left unobserved. But, however worthy of consideration the early national infancy of the United States may be, a still warmer interest must surely be felt by us in the passing history of the lusty youth of that other swarm of the Anglo-Saxon race which has hived itself upon the American continent. To an Englishman — we can find no more catholic name for the inhabitants of the kingdoms that form the metropolis of our empire — the obligations of fellow-citizenship, added to close relationship of blood, naturally cause the welfare of the British American provinces to appear of high importance; while the peculiar circumstances of the

chief among them can scarcely fail to attract the attention of the political inquirer, whose basis of comparison is the British Constitution. We have before our eyes in Canada the test of an *experimentum crucis* in course of application to constitutional government, upon the English model; and the social and civil peculiarities of that great colony render its history, during the short period that has elapsed since it became a dependency of the English crown, a most valuable course of practical instruction in politics. It is not our present intention to pursue this interesting subject, but rather to point to the result that has already followed upon the establishment of free institutions, and to illustrate their working by a notable example. Nevertheless, a word or two will be well bestowed in calling to the recollection of our readers the special difficulties that stood in the way of the plantation of the British Constitution upon the banks of the St. Lawrence. They were, in truth, harder to be overcome than the obstacle of arms which opposed reformatory revolution in the neighbouring colonies, nor are they yet, perhaps, completely passed by.

It is but ninety-six years since Wolfe mounted the heights of Abraham; four years before Canada was formally ceded to England by the Treaty of Paris in 1763. The colonial population was then exclusively French, who were settled, in number about 70,000, in the lower province. They were governed by military authority — the tenure of land, and civil relations being regulated in accordance with the French feudal law and the system called the *custom of Paris*. The land was held in large tracts, under grants from

the Crown, by seigneurs or lords of manors, who were bound to sub-grant specified portions to *censitaires*, or tenants, who were in turn required to render certain services and tributes to their lords. Under this system, which had endured for a hundred and fifty years, a copy of the rural society of France, as it existed in the seventeenth century, was produced and maintained in the original simplicity of its most amiable features, and scarcely disturbed by the spirit of progress, whether for good or evil. The seigneurs were stately, gallant, and polite; the *habitans*, or peasants, frugal and industrious — all were hospitable, courteous, honest, and ignorant. Together they formed a community cheerful and happy, but in a remarkable degree tenacious of old customs, and averse to change of place or habits. For eleven years after the cession, Canada was governed as a Crown colony by an English governor and council, according to English law, administered in the English language only. In the year 1774, when the troubles in the adjoining colonies warned the home Government of the prudence of securing friends among the provincialists, a legislative council was given to Canada, the French law was again established in all civil matters, and the use of the French language was resumed in the law courts and in public transactions. The American revolution caused a great change in the Canadian population: a large influx of people of the Anglo-Saxon race, American loyalists, took place, and these being reinforced by emigration from the United Kingdom, chiefly of Scotch and Irish, an English nation altogether distinct from the *Nation Canadienne* was speedily formed. The spirit of industry and progress, and the desire for self-government entered along with the new comers, who settled chiefly in the upper or western districts, which the original colonists had never attempted to occupy. The privileges of a free British colony were, of course, soon demanded; and in 1791, the territory was divided into the provinces of Upper and Lower Canada, and constitutions upon the colonial model then in vogue were granted to each. A governor, or lieutenant-governor, and executive council represented the Crown; while lords and commons were mimicked in a nominated legislative council and

representative assembly. It may be easily conceived that this machinery could work but poorly in the lower province, where the French settlers still clung to the customs of their ancient country, and, viewing their new compatriots as intruders, hated them and their novel privileges, which they neither comprehended nor admired. Among the Anglo-Saxon population the acquirement of a government popular in form naturally led to a demand for the reality of popular power: — “The assembly (says Lord Durham in his celebrated report) were in a state of continuous warfare with the executive, for the purpose of obtaining the powers inherent to a representative body, by the very nature of representative government;” and the warfare was carried on in the old English method, by struggles for the power of the purse. A curious co-operation, without sympathy or combination, then took place between the two provincial nations.

The small class of educated men among the *habitans* — most of them village surgeons or notaries — began to feel the corrupting influence, even though they knew not the nobler uses, of liberty. They grew quickly into a caste of demagogues, possessed of absolute control over the simple rustics among whom they lived, and whose ignorance of the English language placed them at the mercy of their leaders for any exposition of the policy of the home Government it might please them to afford. Thus the *Nation Canadienne* fought against the same foe, without using the same flag as the Anglo-Saxon demagogues; and as both, unfortunately, had many real grievances to set in the front of their battle, a violent and protracted agitation was begun, which, in the year 1837, waxed into a rebellion. A suppression of this outbreak by the strong hand, and a suspension of the constitution followed, the occurrence of those events being fortunately productive of a large increase of the knowledge of all parties. The *habitans* were taught the power of England, and the selfishness and pusillanimity of their own leaders; the mass of British settlers came to know — perhaps to form an exaggerated estimate of — their importance as defenders of the British connexion; the American sympathisers and annexationists were

made acquainted with the total absence of sympathy between themselves and all classes of the colonial population; the home Government learned the wisdom the separation of the United States had failed to teach them — of frank and early concessions of claims that in the long run cannot be withstood. After two years of contention and anxious deliberation, the two Canadas were united, in 1839, into one province for the purposes of executive Government and Legislature, and the constitution was restored in the shape in which it now exists. The executive power was entrusted to a Governor-General appointed by the Crown, and the power of legislation was committed to a Provincial Parliament, composed of a Legislative Council, nominated by the Governor, and a Legislative Assembly elected by the people. To the upper house somewhat of an aristocratic quality was sought to be given, by conferring upon the members a life tenure of their seats, with the title of *honourable*; while the popular character of the Assembly was secured by providing for annual sessions of the legislature. In this arrangement the French party, which before the rebellion had preponderated in the lower province, was placed in a minority, and the determination to Anglicise the colony was mildly announced by a provision in the Constitution Act, directing all votes and proceedings of the legislature to be recorded in the English tongue. The old sore, nevertheless, still remained. "In a society" (observes Lord Elgin, in a despatch addressed to Earl Grey in 1849), "singularly democratic in its structure, where diversities of race supplied special elements of confusion, and where, consequently, it was most important that constituted authority should be respected, the moral influence of law and government was enfeebled by the existence of perpetual strife between the powers that ought to have afforded each other a mutual support." The power of the purse became again the fruitful source of contention, and a fierce thirst for the emoluments of place, ever the vice of constitutional governments, and infinitely enhanced in dependencies, stunted the growth of the spirit of self-reliance, which is their chiefest virtue. The home Government, we are bound to say, met those difficulties with exemplary pa-

tience and good feeling, and the colony has been singularly fortunate in being ruled by governors fitted by their moderation, firmness, and constitutional knowledge for the discharge of the hard task committed to them. The bold design of confounding faction by permitting the growth of parliamentary parties, was conceived and executed.

"The principles of constitutional or parliamentary government" (says Lord Elgin, in his despatch, dated 18th December, 1854), "admitted in theory since the date of the publication of the report of the Earl of Durham on Canadian affairs, have been, during the past few years, allowed their full effect in practice. All attempts to give a monopoly of office to one party in the province, or to relieve the provincial ministers from the responsibility properly attaching to their position as servants of the Crown within the colony, have been abandoned. The Governor has accepted frankly as advisers the individuals who have possessed from time to time the confidence of the country and of the legislature, on the distinct understanding, faithfully adhered to, that they should enjoy his support and favour so long as they continued to merit them by fidelity to the Crown, and devotion to the interests of the province."

This strategy, as wise as it was bold, has been accompanied by a gradual withdrawal of the Imperial Government and Parliament from legislative interference, and from the exercise of patronage in colonial affairs. It, no doubt, goes a long way toward a virtual separation of the province from the mother country; but it has also forced the former far on her way toward a condition of self-reliance, and, by withdrawing the bond of a common object of enmity from the several factions, it has driven them into a more wholesome strife for the common good. The "clear grits" of Upper Canada, and the "*partie rouge*" of the lower province, Orangemen and Conservatives, may still retain a large liberty of quarrelling among themselves; but there are few "colonial-office" grievances, and but a beggarly account of imperial patronage, in assaults upon which they can now combine: they are choked off each other's throats by the strong necessity of unit-

ing to such an extent, at least, as is required to provide for their common national wants. No doubt the problem of the adaptation of parliamentary government to a colonial system—the office of Governor being retained as the link connecting the mother country and the colony—is not yet worked out in Canada; but much has been done, and it will probably be admitted that the special difficulties in the way were many and great. Of the advancement of the province in moral well-being and material prosperity, in social good feeling and political order, in trade, enterprise, and wealth, since its fortunes have been placed in its own hands, there can be no doubt. The fact could be proved by figures without end, and by the most wearisome statistics, fiscal, commercial, and educational; but as we doubt that we should earn much gratitude from our readers were we to mesmerise them ever so successfully by an array of columns and tables, we shall content ourselves with endeavouring to call up before their imaginations a shadowy vision of the future greatness of the Anglo-Canadian nation, by presenting to their eyes a simple sketch of the present condition of one gigantic instrument of its material civilisation.

“In 1847 (says Lord Elgin in his report already quoted) the only railway in the province was a line twenty-two miles in length, running from a point on the St. Lawrence opposite Montreal, to the frontier town of St. John; and so hopeless did the prospects of the province in this respect appear to be; at even a later period, that the following paragraph occurs in a very carefully prepared document signed by several intelligent merchants, and put forth, at the close of 1849, with the view of promoting the annexation of Canada to the United States:—‘While the adjoining states are covered with a network of thriving railways, Canada possesses but three lines, which together scarcely exceed fifty miles in length, and the stock in two of which is held at a depreciation of from sixty to eighty per cent—a fatal symptom of the torpor overspreading the land.’” It is now but five years since this annexationist jeremiad was composed, we doubt not in the most lugubrious sincerity; nevertheless, in the summer of 1854, at least twenty thousand men were engaged upon Canadian railway

works. In December last there was open, or in progress of construction in Canada, 1943 miles of rail, of which 790 miles were actually completed—an expenditure of capital having been then made to the amount of more than ten millions of pounds sterling. When this complex undertaking shall be completed in all its vastness, Halifax, in Nova Scotia, will be brought into direct communication with the state of Michigan, in the extreme west; and while the traveller will be enabled to journey from New York or Boston to Quebec or Montreal in a single day, the Canadian, dwelling in the remotest part of the province, will have it at his choice to proceed by railway, to embark for Europe, at either of those ports; or by a shorter road at Portland, in the state of Maine; or at Halifax; or St. John's, New Brunswick, without being obliged, in the latter case, to pass from under the British flag. It would be vain to attempt to particularise the ramifications of this vast network of communication for the information of European readers. The names of spots in the wilderness to which lines are laid out or actually constructed would, in truth, tell them nothing; albeit those spots are in course of rapid change into populous and busy marts of industry. A glance at any map of British North America, carrying the eye westward from the Gulf of St. Lawrence, over thirty degrees of longitude, may, however, prepare the mind to receive some idea as well of the grandeur of those works as of their importance, scarcely less to Great Britain than to America. The scheme of the Grand Trunk Railway alone comprehends a communication throughout the entire length of this vast territory, from Lake Huron to Halifax, with such combinations as would bring not only the entire of the British provinces, but the great cities of the United States, and the far western deserts, within 2240 miles of ocean travelling of the harbour of Galway. And although the full accomplishment of that gigantic project must be committed to the future, enough has been done, and is doing in it, to show that that is in all probability not very far distant. At the present moment the managers of the Grand Trunk line have under their control, in actual work, or in active process of construction, 1112 miles of railway, the cost of completion of which

will be nine and a half millions of pounds sterling, whereof about six millions have been already expended. The mere mention of these figures in connexion with a single enterprise in a province, the destiny of which, under the British rule, was five years ago despaired of by numbers of its intelligent inhabitants, is almost sufficient to create a doubt in the sanity of those who projected it. A little more acquaintance with facts will probably, however, convince most men that if there be madness in the case, it is the delirium of rapid progress developed in a young nation loosed from tutelage and revelling amid unbounded industrial resources, with full liberty to use them at its good pleasure.

The Grand Trunk Railway, as it is at present in operation, or in course of construction, commences at Trois Pistoles, a place on the south-east side of the St. Lawrence, one hundred and fifty-three miles from Quebec. It proceeds from thence along the right bank of the river to Point Levi (now dignified by the name of Versailles), opposite the city of Quebec. It then runs away from the river in a south-westerly direction for one hundred miles to Richmond, where there is a junction with one line passing to the south-eastward for one hundred and sixty-four miles to Portland, and with another running nearly due west for one hundred and twenty-six miles to Montreal. The whole of this section of the railway, from Quebec to Portland and Montreal, is now at work, and on the 4th of the last month (June), trains commenced running, in one day, from each of the Canadian cities to Boston, over a United States line continuous with the Grand Trunk at Portland. Thus a citizen of Montreal or Quebec can leave his house in the morning, and embark for England from the quay of Boston the same evening; and as Portland has a safe and capacious harbour, which is never frozen, and is moreover the largest town in the state of Maine, no more than two thousand five hundred and forty miles distant from Galway, it is in the highest degree probable that it will, at no distant period, become a regular passenger port for European traffic. At Montreal the Grand Trunk is to cross to the left bank of the St. Lawrence, and there one of the greatest wonders of either the new or old world is now in course of being wrought out.

The breadth of the river, from bank to bank, at the place of crossing, is ten thousand two hundred and eighty-four feet, or one hundred and seventy-six feet less than two English miles, over which the rails are to be carried by the Victoria Tubular Bridge, measuring between its abutments eight thousand feet in length, or more than four times as long as the gigantic structure, amazement at the raising of which above the Menai Strait has scarcely subsided in our own minds. For the following description of this marvellous work we are indebted to an article in *Hunt's New York Merchant's Magazine*, an authority not to be suspected of an exaggerated partiality for the feats of Britishers:—

“The bridge is to be tubular, on the plan of the celebrated Britannia Bridge over the Menai Straits in North Wales. It will consist of twenty-five spans, or spaces for navigation, between the twenty-four piers (exclusive of two abutments) for the support of the tubes. The centre span will be 330 feet wide, and each of the other spans will be 242 feet wide. The width of each of the piers next to the abutments will be fifteen feet, and the width of those approaching the two centre piers will be gradually increased, so that these two piers will each be eighteen feet wide, or three feet more than those next the abutments. Each abutment is to be 242 feet long, and ninety feet wide; and from the north shore of the St. Lawrence to the north abutment there will be a solid stone embankment (faced in rough masonry towards the current) 1,200 feet in length—the stone embankment leading from the south shore of the river to the south abutment will be 600 feet long.

“The clear distance between the ordinary summer level of the St. Lawrence and the under surface of the centre tube is to be sixty feet, and the height diminishes towards either side, with a grade at the rate of one in 130, or forty feet in the mile, so that at the outer or river edge of each abutment the height is thirty-six feet above the summer level. The summer depth of the water in the St. Lawrence varies from fourteen feet about the centre, to four feet towards the banks; and the current runs at the site of the bridge at a rate varying from seven to ten miles an hour.

“Each of the tubes will be nineteen feet in height at the end, whence they will gradually increase to twenty-two feet six inches in the centre. The width of each tube will be sixteen feet, or nine feet six inches wider than the rail-track. The total weight of iron in the tubes will be 10,400 tons, and they will be bound and riveted together precisely in the same manner, and with similar machinery

to that employed in the Britannia Bridge. The principal part of the stone used in the construction of the piers and abutments is a dense, blue limestone, found at Pointe Claire, on the Ottawa River, about eighteen miles above Montreal, about eight above the confluence of that river with the St. Lawrence. A large village has suddenly sprung up at the place: for during the last twelve months (1854) upwards of 500 quarry-men, stone-masons, and labourers have been employed there. Every contrivance that could be adopted to save manual labour has also been applied, and its extent will be judged from the fact, that the machinery at the quarry and the adjacent jetty has, including the cost of the jetty, involved an outlay of 150,000 dollars. Three powerful steam-tugs, and thirty-five barges, each capable of carrying 200 tons of stone, have been specially built for the work, at a cost of about 120,000 dollars. These are used for the conveyance of the stone to the piers; and by the end of September next a railway, on the permanent line of the Grand Trunk track, will be laid down from the quarry—close to which the permanent line will pass—to the north shore of the St. Lawrence, so as to convey along it the stone required for the north embankment, and for the northern abutment.

"The piers close to the abutments will each contain about 6,000 tons of masonry—scarcely a block used in the construction of the piers will be less than seven tons weight—and many of them, especially those exposed to the force of the current, and to the breaking up of ice in the spring, will weigh fully ten tons each. As the construction of pier "No. 1" is already several feet above the bed of the river, the process of binding the blocks together can now be seen and appreciated. In addition to the abundant use of the best water-cement, each stone is clamped to its neighbours in several places by iron rivets; and the interstices between the rivets and the blocks are filled up with molten lead. If the mighty St. Lawrence conquers these combined appliances, then, indeed, is there an end to all mechanical resistances.

"In consequence of the increased height and width of the piers converging towards the centre, the weight of stone in those that will bear the centre tube will be about 8,000 tons each. The total amount of masonry in the piers will be 27,500,000 cubic feet, which, at thirteen and a-half feet to the ton, gives a total weight of about 205,000 tons.

"Mr. Robert Stephenson and Mr. A. M. Ross are the engineers of the bridge, on behalf of the Grand Trunk Railway. The former gentleman visited Canada last year, and purposes returning again when the works have made further progress. The latter is permanently located in the province, not only for the superintendence of the bridge, but also as engineer-in-chief of the railway

company. The contractors are Messrs. Peto, Brassey, Betts, and Jackson; and their representative in Canada for the Victoria Bridge, and for the railway from Montreal to Kingston, a distance of 180 miles, is Mr. James Hodges, a gentleman well known in connexion with some of the most important engineering works in England.

"The coffer-dams (entirely on a new principle, invented by Mr. Hodges) for the northern abutment, and the three first adjacent piers, have been some time successfully placed. The masonry in pier No. 1, as has already been stated, is several feet above the bed of the St. Lawrence. It is commenced in the next pier, and is ready for a beginning in the abutment. The whole of these will be raised ten feet above the winter level of the St. Lawrence, which is seventeen feet above the summer level, before the ice sets in in December, when all masonry work will have to be suspended until the spring of 1855."

By means of this stupendous structure the products and the inhabitants of the remotest districts of Canada and of the far western states of the Union—Michigan, Illinois, Iowa, Wisconsin, Minnesota, may be transported without break of gauge or of bulk, or change of car or wagon, to the Atlantic seaboard, and shipped for Europe at Portland; or, if the design be carried out to its full extent, at the British ports of New Brunswick or Nova Scotia.

From Montreal the Grand Trunk runs along the left bank of the St. Lawrence and the northern shore of Lake Ontario, south-westward, to Toronto, a distance of 345 miles, passing on its way Prescott and Kingston. At the former it receives a tributary line of sixty miles in length, now in operation, and connecting the river Ottawa, with its great timber districts, with the St. Lawrence, which separates it by its own breadth only from Ogdensburg, in the State of New York, from whence there is a line of railway to New York City. In its course onwards to Toronto it receives several tributary lines from the north, some of which are already working. At Toronto it is joined by a line of ninety-two miles in length, now in actual operation, and communicating with Lake Simcoe and Georgian Bay, a north-eastern arm of Lake Huron. At the same place it joins the Great Western Railway, also at work, and running a course of 240 miles to Detroit, in the State of Michigan, where it is met, on the opposite side of the river flow-

ing between Lakes St. Claire and Erie, by American lines leading into the far west, and by a line which, passing round the southern shore of Lake Erie, brings the passengers to Buffalo in eight hours—less than half the time required by the monster steam-ships of that inland sea. By means of a short line branching off from the Great Western—and which, by the way, belongs to a private individual, Mr. Zimmerman—a direct communication is established between Toronto and the Falls of Niagara, which it passes at the distance of a stone's throw, and connects with a suspension bridge crossing to the American side of the river.

From Toronto the Grand Trunk pursues a westerly course for 172 miles to Sarnia, where it touches the frontier line at the extreme southern point of Lake Huron. There it gets into connexion with the navigation of the great lakes Huron, Michigan, and Superior, and with American arterial lines stretching away to the far west and to the Mississippi. On its way it is crossed by a line which joins the eastern shore of Lake Huron with the extreme eastern point of Lake Erie at Buffalo.

A glance at a map of British North America will, as we have said, enable the reader to comprehend this brief description, and to form a general notion of the vast enterprise to which it refers; but the reader may well ask, how has all this been accomplished, and what are the prospects that it can be sustained as a commercial undertaking?

The Grand Trunk Railway Company of Canada is, in fact, a fusion of some five or six separate companies, the managers of which have had the rare good sense to desire an incorporation of their respective powers; and the Provincial Parliament has been foresighted enough not only to comply with their request, but to aid them effectually in carrying it into practice. During the period of Provincial dependency, it would appear that jobbing in public works—"taking a pull at the Exchequer," as some of our home patriots express it—was a main branch of the business of the colonial legislature:—

"In 1849 (says Lord Elgin) the system of making grants from the public treasury for local works, which had been, during the

earlier history of these colonies, a fertile source of waste and jobbing, was finally discontinued. Previously to that period, it had been too much the habit to expend the surplus revenues of the province on minor works of this class, and to invoke imperial aid, either in the shape of guarantees, or in some other form, for the execution of undertakings of a more comprehensive and national character. Since the resolution to which I refer was adopted, the resources and credit of the municipalities have been so much augmented by the general improvement of the country, and by judicious legislation, that local works have been prosecuted with more vigour, as well as with greater discretion and economy than before, while the provincial funds have been left free for more legitimate purposes. In my despatch which accompanied the Blue Book for 1851, I dwelt at some length on the results of this change of system, and I advert to it now in passing, because I believe that it has materially contributed to the recent industrial progress of the province."

The resolution here referred to by Lord Elgin was embodied in a provincial act, which sanctioned the assumption of pecuniary responsibilities by the province in order to promote railway undertakings, with a restrictive provision that the public credit should not be pledged beyond one half the amount actually expended on the works, and that the whole resources and property of the companies should be liable for the amount of any sums that might be so advanced or guaranteed. Under this arrangement a provincial guarantee for £1,811,500 was assented to in favour of the Grand Trunk; and so good was the colonial credit esteemed, that the capital of nine and a-half millions was, with the exception of a small investment of Canadian money, freely subscribed in England. So far, we believe, there has been no lack of funds for this or for other guaranteed speculations, and thus a colony which, half-a-dozen years ago, when in its pupa state of dependency, could not boast of five-and-twenty miles of railway, has, now that it has been metamorphosed into a nation, been able to encounter a railway expenditure of ten millions of pounds. The question, how? being thus shortly but satisfactorily answered, we may turn to the examination of the question, why? and fortunately the solution is not altogether dependent upon the sanguine estimates of a prospectus:—

"On the occasion (says Lord Elgin) of a visit to the western section of the province which I made a few weeks ago, in the autumn of 1854) to attend the annual exhibition of the Upper Canadian Agricultural Association, which was held this year in the town of London, I saw enough of the effect produced by the railways already in operation, to be able to form some estimate of the results which may be expected to follow when the great schemes now in course of execution shall have been completed. It is indeed hardly possible for any one but an eyewitness, to form an adequate conception of the impulse which is given to these new countries which contain a vast amount of undeveloped resources, and are accessible to European emigration, by the introduction of such facilities for intercommunication, and the transport of commodities, as railways afford. I was the better able to appreciate these effects in the present case, as I had visited portions of the same district of country on a similar errand in 1847."

This is the general testimony of an observer whose intelligence and good faith do not admit of doubt; a few of the details that composed the broad picture seen by Lord Elgin, we shall take the liberty of extracting from a very able report, addressed by Sir Cusack Roney, the managing director of the Grand Trunk Railway, to the London Board of Directors, and dated in May of the present year:—

"Previous (says Sir Cusack) to the opening of the line between Montreal and Portland, in July, 1853, those two cities were as much separated from one another by ranges of hills and dense forests, as if they had been three thousand instead of three hundred miles apart. The country, in the centre one hundred and fifty miles, was totally unknown, and part of it had only a short time previously been surveyed by the United States government. The first population brought into these one hundred and fifty miles, was to make the railway, and at its opening there were not upon them more than about two hundred settlers.

"The following are the traffic receipts, in sterling, for the three past half-years:—

Half-year ending 31st Dec.,			
1853	£55,615
July, 1854	72,831
December, 1854	97,917

"The receipts for the first thirteen weeks of 1854, were £29,559; for the first thirteen weeks of 1855, £38,852, showing an increase of £9,292 in that period."

Here is no bad practical result for "a beginning," and there seems to be

good ground for expecting that the sections of this great line as yet untried in actual work, will be at least equally successful. The combined population of Quebec, Montreal, and Portland, now in direct railway communication with each other, amounts to 120,000 persons, independent of those resident along the line. From the 4th of June trains were to run between Quebec and Boston in fifteen hours—a journey which last summer it required, by the then existing routes, thirty-seven hours to perform. At present it takes forty-seven hours to go by water from Montreal to the western extremity of Lake Ontario; on the opening through of the Grand Trunk the same journey will be accomplished in fourteen or fifteen hours. It has, hitherto, in summer required forty-one hours to travel from Quebec to Brockville, and there is only one opportunity for this journey in each twenty-four hours. Next autumn the same distance will be completed twice each day in about twelve hours. The most expeditious route at present from Montreal to Toronto, and places west of it, is to make a circuit of 592 miles by railway through the United States, with several changes of carriages. When the Grand Trunk shall be completed to Toronto, the total distance from Montreal will be 335 miles, which will be traversed in twelve or thirteen hours. We might multiply examples of such cheatings of time and space, which, it cannot be doubted, will produce their effect upon traffic pleasurable and profitable:—

"There is no feature (proceeds Sir Cusack Roney) more remarkable, in connexion with the habits of the citizens of the United States, than their universal desire for travelling. During the summer of 1853, in consequence of the opening of railways, which gave facility of access through all parts of the United States, and to the Falls of Niagara, a large number of those who were attracted there proceeded through Canada by the river Saint Lawrence to Montreal, and thence to Quebec. The unfortunate prevalence of cholera in the provinces during the summer of 1854 put almost a total stop to this traffic.

"Another important source of the pleasure traffic of the Grand Trunk Railway will be the Victoria Bridge, the knowledge of which has now spread all over America, where its progress is beginning to be watched with deep interest.

"The average contribution of each resi-

dent within the influence of a railway in the United States is 12s. 6d. per annum. The population on and within fifteen miles of the Grand Trunk Railway is about a million and a-half, and is rapidly increasing; making the most ample allowance for competition by water, it can fairly be estimated for the Grand Trunk at 8s. a-head.

"The export of flour from Upper Canada is now about two millions barrels a-year. The average cost at present of conveying it to the Atlantic seaboard is a dollar and three-quarters (7s. 8d. sterling) a barrel. It is not too much to assume that when the Grand Trunk line is completed to the west, at least three-fourths of the above amount will be carried by it."

Of this large amount of bread-stuffs 400,000 barrels are required by the provinces of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick; and the State of Maine, in the chief city and port of which is one of the termini of the line, takes yearly 700,000 barrels, equal to about 70,000 tons. Coincidentally with this demand the wheat crop of Upper Canada is stated to have quadrupled in ten years, and to have afforded, in 1854, a surplus over the quantity required for domestic consumption of twelve millions of bushels. We have promised not to weary our readers with statistics, so we shall barely remind them that the population of Upper Canada, which in 1811 was 77,000, was shown by the census of 1851 to have increased to 952,000, and that it is now believed to be little short of 1,400,000; that the value of the imports of the province in five years, 1849 to 1853, increased from three to close upon eight millions of pounds; and that during the same period the revenue rose from £513,431 to £1,522,659.

Need we go further in proof that the rail in Canada is a great fact? and can we adduce more satisfactory evidence, than the rapid, and yet substantial, growth of railway enterprise, of the public confidence in the magnitude and availability of the internal resources of that great province? Those resources remained undeveloped in forest, field, and river, until freedom begat self-reliance, and self-reliance engendered public confidence, home as well as colonial; from thence sprang the rail, now the indispensable pathway to material prosperity. Along it Canada seems likely to advance with a speed scarcely, if at all, inferior

to that attained by the neighbouring commonwealth. The experiment is truly curious and interesting, no less in its apparent results than in its speculative future. By the concession of responsible government, the colony has been, in truth, set free from British domination as completely as the United States were by the Declaration of Independence. In the one case the revolution has been as a friendly dissolution of partnership between father and son, in which the older and stronger relative renounces his claim to filial obedience, while the younger and weaker retains a right to parental protection. In the other case, the separation has thrown parent and child altogether upon their own respective resources. It remains to be seen whether the wisdom and good feeling of the Colonial Government will suffice to overcome this great difficulty, and yet, if rightly used, great advantage of their position; or whether the colonial relation be really incompatible with provincial independence. There are, unquestionably, many obstacles in the way of Canada, which had no existence in the case of the American colonies, and amongst the most formidable of these are the two systems of law, and the two languages still countenanced by the Government. The common law and the common tongue of England were the inheritance of the United States; with which they began business as a nation. Canada has been vexed with seigniorial rights, English clergy reserves, and a French Church establishment, and is impeded in the work of settling such questions by the want of a common medium of discussion. At a debate in the provincial parliament, on the election of Speaker, described by Mr. Weld in his interesting and truthful "*Vacation Tour*," last autumn, there were "ten specimens of oratory—seven in French and three in English. Among the speakers were Mackenzie, the celebrated leader of the rebel movement at Toronto, whose action and language abounded with excitement and violence; Papineau, the O'Connell of Canada; Hincks, and M'Nab. The French Canadians, were, however, far more eloquent and energetic than the English members. At present (Mr. Weld adds) few persons in Upper Canada are conversant with French, and consequently members of parliament

hear long speeches which they do not comprehend. The tedium of this infliction was exemplified by the impatience manifested by several honourable members, who, by various mocking tones and noises, more ingenious than gentlemanly, endeavoured to put down French orators." No such absurdity as this confusion of tongues would have been permitted for a moment in Congress, notwithstanding the variety of race in some of the States. It is a sore aggravation of Canadian difficulties, which the Anglo-Saxon colonists would never have allowed to be established had their enfranchisement not been a friendly compromise rather than an open rupture. In another respect also the United States were fortunate. The time of their undertaking to do for themselves was one in which both sword and gown yet retained their precedence before the mere purse. The use of arms was then the pride of the gentleman, and the valued privilege of the citizen; there was no reluctance ever shown by the colonists to undertake their own protection against any enemies, and they seldom failed to show their competency to the work. The act of revolt was indeed the means of specially calling forth the military virtue, which, when joined with a patriotic spirit, commands the respect of the generous portion of mankind, and is decried only by those who see in the poverty and weakness of their fellows an opportunity for the profitable exercise of low cunning. A formidable obstacle in the way of Canada was the prevalence of the colonial spirit of corrupt dependence, under whose influence demagogues taught that a nation could enjoy freedom, and yet commit the defence of it to the arms of others. It is cheering to observe that this delusion is passing away, that the establishment of an effective militia is no longer opposed, and that the force of regular troops in the province has been reduced from 8,000 or 10,000 to some 1,600 or 1,700:—

"When I arrived in the province in June, 1847," says Lord Elgin, "I found that certain articles imported by the commissariat for the use of the troops, and purchased with British funds, were chargeable on their introduction into the colony with duties which went into the provincial treasury; and it was not until the sessions of 1849 and 1850, that the alterations in the

law were effected, which put an end to this anomaly. As there was at that time hardly any semblance of a civil force in the province, her Majesty's troops were constantly required to render services which would have been discharged more effectually and more consistently with British practice, by a body of police. I am happy to say that a very different spirit has been manifested in meeting the requirements which the recent reductions in the military establishment of the province have occasioned; and that there seems to be every disposition to provide the funds necessary for the organisation and establishment of an efficient local force. I am confident," he adds, "that nothing will more effectually tend to the security of the empire, or to the establishment of a high standard of national and manly morals among the colonists, than the assumption by themselves of some portion of the responsibility in respect of self-defence, and the preservation of internal tranquillity, which has heretofore been cast upon the mother country."

We mention these matters in connexion with the rail, because, viewing that as a social and political, no less than a commercial institution, we see in its operations many chances of escape from the difficulties of the situation. The locomotive may be expected to abolish distinctions of language at no distant period, and upon that will follow an assimilation of manners, which will end in a unity of laws and customs. The dispersion of the population, immigrant and native, which two thousand miles of railway in active operation can scarcely fail to cause, will also naturally tend toward the production of the same result. With the increase of wealth, brought by an extended commerce, it may be hoped the inclination to "pull at the exchequer" will continue to decline, so as that in no long time the entire of the provincial expenditure shall be borne by the revenue of the province. There is an earnest of this given in the arrangements for defence, to which we have alluded; there is an earnest of something much better in the unanimous vote by the Canadian Parliament of £20,000 as the munificent contribution of the province toward the relief of the widows and orphans of the soldiers and sailors belonging to either of the allied forces, who may fall in the service of their country during the present war. With Lord Elgin we think it not "too much to expect, that, if at some future day, when the material

strength of these flourishing provinces shall have been more fully developed, her Majesty should chance to be engaged in a contest which carries with it, as the present contest does, the sympathies of all her people, the same spirit which prompts to this liberal contribution in the cause of charity, may lead Canadians to desire to share with their brethren of the mother country the glories and the sacrifices of honourable warfare."

Until the relations between the imperial and colonial governments shall arrive at this condition, something will be wanting to full equality and friendly independence; and towards the attainment of that goal we venture to think the extension of railway communication, as proposed, into the provinces of New Brunswick and Nova Scotia, would contribute valuable aid. It may seem but a poor speculation to invest money in carrying on the rail through the howling wilderness between the St. Lawrence and Halifax; yet its early political result would, in all probability, be a confederation of the North American colonies. That would involve a supremacy of English law and language throughout the new union, a more complete reliance upon colonial resources, and, we should hope, a more firm and permanent connexion with England, upon terms of the strongest moral obligation; a binding together by the ties of blood and common interest, unhampered by any bond more galling than the link of a common crown. That this consummation would be the solution most agreeable to the majority of the Canadians we are convinced, well assured as we are that Mr. Weld's judgment, formed upon his ob-

servations at the opening of the Provincial Parliament, is perfectly correct. "I was gratified to find" (he says), "that, with few exceptions, a loyal and affectionate spirit exists towards England, although the mace was particularly offensive to some republican spirits of the sterner sex seated near me, who were loud in their denunciations of the 'gingerbread absurdity,' as they styled it, of the whole affair."

But, some Manchester schoolman among our readers will exclaim—"We sat down to read a description of the rail, and scarcely have we got upon the train when we are hurried off into a discussion of knotty points of colonial politics." We can only answer, in excuse for our wanderings, that not being shareholders in any colonial railway company, we have considered the rail not exclusively as a dividend-making machine, but as also a sign, at once, and an agent of social and national advancement. It can, we are well aware, only serve the latter purpose, while it is successfully accomplishing the former; and we see ample ground for confidently expecting that the results of the present extraordinary movement of railway enterprise in Canada will not disappoint either the economist or the statesman. In the meantime we trust that our tale may confirm the faith of believers in free institutions—nay, that it may go some way towards convincing sceptics that, notwithstanding the evidence of recent events, and the weight of princely opinion, great designs can be conceived and carried into execution, even though "unity of purpose and action, impenetrable secrecy, and uncontrolled despotic power," be wanting in the British system.

THE DRAMATIC WRITERS OF IRELAND.—NO. VII.

F. PILON—LORD CARYSFORT—REV. M. WEST—LEONARD MAGNALLY—JACKMAN—WHITELEY—
MACREADY—OULTON—PRESTON—ATKINSON—REV. H. BOYD—SULLIVAN—ANDREW CHERRY.

"If anything be overlooked, or not accurately inserted, let no one find fault, but take into consideration that this history is compiled from all quarters."—TRANSLATION FROM EVAGRIUS.

FREDERICK PILON was born at Cork, about the year 1750 or '51; the exact date we have been unable to ascertain. He became a good classical scholar at a very early age, and exhibited powers of oratory which he never omitted an opportunity of displaying in the several debating societies which then existed in his native city. Before he reached his twentieth year, his friends sent him to Edinburgh to study medicine; but he disliked dry lectures and practical anatomy, and being partial to the Muses, determined to try a road to fortune of his own selection. The stage was his choice; but nature had not seconded inclination. With genius and industry, he possessed neither voice nor figure. He contrived to obtain an appearance on the boards of the Scottish metropolis, as Oroonoko; but although his conception was good, his physical defects were too obvious, and the experiment proved a failure. After a few more trials he felt convinced that he had made a mistake, but having incurred the displeasure of his family, he was without any other immediate resource, and found himself compelled to endure the drudgery of a strolling actor's life for three or four years, at various provincial theatres in the northern parts of the kingdom. At length he returned to Cork, and made a solitary and unsuccessful *débüt* in *The Earl of Essex*. Less obstinate than many others in the same predicament, he yielded to the advice of some judicious counsellors, and abandoned a profession for which he appeared to be totally unfit. He then repaired to London, the great mart for unemployed talent in every line, and commenced literary adventurer. He had a ready pen, an active imagination, and a mind tolerably well stored with desultory reading. His manners were agreeable, and his temper conciliatory. Almost immediately on his arrival, he was engaged by Griffin the bookseller, then printer of *The Morning Post*, to write

for that paper, and his articles gave much satisfaction; but, in a short time, his employer died, and he lost the situation. In this necessity, he took to writing occasional tracts on any incidental topic which presented itself. Henderson was at that period (1777) in the first run of his success. Pilon produced a critical "Essay on Hamlet as performed by Henderson," which attracted much notice, and contained some acute reasoning and sound observations. This pamphlet, which went through two editions in one year, obtained for him the friendship and patronage of the elder Mr. Colman, and an introduction to write for his theatre. He was fortunate in his selection of applicable subjects, founded on passing events, and met with considerable success. If his pieces do not overflow with ingenuity or invention, or fail to excite strongly the auditor or reader, it must be remembered that they were chiefly written on the spur of the moment, to answer a particular purpose; and that he was seldom allowed either the time or opportunity to correct or improve them. They are, at least, agreeable and inoffensive, and if the humour is neither rich nor exuberant, it never lapses into coarseness or indelicacy.

Pilon lived habitually beyond his means, and found himself compelled by the pressure of debt to retire to France. During his absence, his affairs were accommodated by his friends, and he returned to England, when he married Miss Drury, a young lady of Kingston, Surrey, in 1787. He died in little more than one year after, on the 17th of January, 1788, and was buried at Lambeth. With respect to his private character, it appears that for a considerable portion of his life, he indulged in habits of extravagance and dissipation. Those who exist on the precarious revenues of chance, are sometimes tempted to anticipate what fortune frequently fails to realise. Thus Pilon

often experienced the want of that half-guinea which had been forestalled for the luxury of the preceding day; and his love of venison and turbot led to the compulsory omission of a more necessary meal. His dissipation, however, was not of that kind which Dr. Johnson has ascribed to Savage—lonely, self-gratifying, and obscure. Pilon loved the social festivity and enlivening conversation, as well as the more substantial indulgences of the table; and, still better, he could subdue his ruling passion at the call either of friendship or necessity, and, to relieve the wants of others, could cheerfully deny himself the gratification he had planned, and in which he so much delighted. His table talk was above the average, and although he seldom sent forth brilliant coruscations of wit, or effusions of fancy, his reasoning was clear, and he had words and argument in ample supply. His knowledge of the world rendered him an agreeable companion, while the gentleness of his nature made him no less acceptable as a friend. He has been thus described by one who knew him intimately and loved him well.

Gifford speaks contemptuously of Pilon, in the preface to the "*Mæviad*;" but Gifford, although a wholesome satirist, is not always as just as he is severe, and sometimes exercises the flagellating rod with more of prejudice than discretion.

Pilon was the author of thirteen dramatic pieces, enumerated in the following list:—

1. *The Invasion, or a Trip to Brighthelmstone*, a farce, acted at Covent Garden, on the 4th Nov., 1778, with moderate success.

2. *The Liverpool Prize*, a farce, produced at Covent Garden, on the 22nd of February, 1779, and repeated seventeen times.

3. *Illumination, or the Glazier's Conspiracy*, a prelude. This trifle was brought out for Lee Lewes's benefit, and ran eight nights. It had reference to the illumination which took place on the acquittal of Admiral Keppel.

4. *The Device, or the Deaf Doctor*, a farce. This piece failed on its first representation, September 27th, 1779, but in the following February was brought forward again, at Covent Garden with alterations, under the title of the *Deaf Lover*, and met with good success. It was revived in

1819 for William Farren, then in his first London season.

5. *The Siege of Gibraltar*, a musical farce, acted at Covent Garden in 1780, and repeated only five times. At the conclusion, Admiral Rodney's fleet appeared in the bay, supposed to be returning from his victory over the Spaniards under Don Juan de Langara, off Cape St. Vincent.

6. *The Humours of an Election*, a farce, produced at Covent Garden, on the 19th of September, 1780. This piece had a run of fourteen nights, and was revived in 1806 for Liston to represent the character of *Goose*, originally acted by Edwin. Pilon in this farce has introduced many of the corrupt practices which take place at elections, but he falls far below the humour which the subject permitted.

7. *Thelyphthora, or more Wives than One*, a farce, utterly condemned on the second night. This trifle, as well as another, subsequently acted on the 20th of April, called *Chit Chat, or the Penance of Polygamy* (by B. Walwyn), was written in ridicule of the doctrines expounded in Dr. Martin Madan's "*Thelyphthora*," an apology for polygamy, which drove the reverend divine from his popularity and pulpit. However absurd or erroneous Madan's principles might be, they were ludicrously exaggerated in both these farces. He did not approve of, or recommend polygamy in general, but thought that it might be tolerated under particular circumstances. Madan was a gentleman of independent fortune, educated for the bar; but he went into orders from the purest motives, and became a favourite preacher. He is said to have built the chapel of the Lock Hospital at his own expense, and after having reimbursed himself, to have given it to that charitable institution—an instance of clerical disinterestedness as commendable as it is rare. His situation as a chaplain of the hospital made him peculiarly well acquainted with the miseries resulting from seduction and prostitution; this induced him to write his "*Thelyphthora*," a book which made a great stir at the time, but has now sunk completely into oblivion.

One of the best jokes made against Madan was an epigram, in which the writer solicited the hand of his daughter. He acknowledged that he had one wife already, but presumed that would

not be an insuperable objection with the author of "Thelyphthora."*

8. *Aërostation, or the Templar's Stratagem*, a farce, acted at Covent Garden on the 29th of October, 1784. A light *piece de circonstance* of very slender pretensions, intended to ridicule the rage for balloons which prevailed at that time. The printed copies have a humorous kind of dedication to Lord Grantly, as Chief Justice in *Eyre*.

9. *The Fair American*, a comic opera, produced at Drury-lane on the 18th of May, 1782. This piece is a palpable and not a very well arranged plagiarism from Hull's alteration of Sir Samuel Tuke's old play of *Adventures of Five Hours*, originally acted at Lincoln's-Inn Fields, as far back as 1663. Tuke had previously borrowed from the Spanish of Calderon, at the suggestion of King Charles II. Pilon's opera, instead of benefitting the author, was ultimately productive of great inconveniences and misfortunes. The piece met with little success, and the composer, whose music had not been much admired, sued Pilon for a specific and considerable sum, forcing him to seek concealment by flight.

10. *Barataria, or Sancho turned Governor*, a farce, originally produced for Quick's benefit at Covent Garden, on the 29th of March, 1785. It succeeded well, became a stock piece, was frequently performed during many seasons, and was revived for Liston at the Haymarket in 1818, when he spoke the epilogue riding on an ass. The origin of the farce will be found in Durfey's three plays on the subject of Don Quixote, but the materials are principally taken from the second part. It cannot be said that Pilon has improved on Durfey.

11. *He would be a Soldier*, a comedy, in five acts, produced at Covent Garden on the 18th of November, 1786. This was the last, as well as the best, the most ambitious, and the most successful of all Pilon's dramatic efforts. It was repeated twenty-three times during the first season, and continued on the stage for many subsequent years. Edwin acquired great credit in the part of Caleb. When Pilon

first offered this comedy to Colman, he rejected it, being offended with the author for having taken an opera to Drury-lane. Colman shortly after retired from the management of Covent Garden, and Harris succeeded him. Pilon one day accidentally met Mr. Lewis while he was still suffering under the dejection of having his play refused. Lewis inquired whether he had any production that he could favour Covent Garden with? Pilon mentioned that he had a comedy ready, and Lewis desired him to send it immediately and anonymously to Mr. Harris, observing that he was to dine with that gentleman on the succeeding Sunday. On Monday, to his equal surprise and joy, the comedy was accepted, and brought out in the course of three weeks. The profits, although considerable, were not adequate to his wants, for there were some deductions for money advanced long before, and his old prosecutor having recommenced his lawsuit, the unfortunate dramatist was compelled once more to hide himself, and retired to France. In August, 1820, *He would be a Soldier* was revived at the Haymarket, under the title of *Exchange no Robbery*, metamorphosed, and curtailed into three acts by Theodore Hook, who has served Pilon's play as gipsies do stolen children — disfigured it to make it pass for his own. Of this he makes some slight acknowledgment in a preface. Sam Swipes and Captain Littleworth are precisely the same characters as Caleb and Captain Crevelt; Swipes, sen., is Wilkins; Lamotte is Johnson turned into a Frenchman; Captain Littleworth proves to be the son of Sir Christopher. Hook has superadded a poor underplot about a diamond ring. Unquestionably *He would be a Soldier* is a better piece than *Exchange no Robbery*.

Pilon at his death left in Mr. Harris's hands an unfinished comedy called *The Ward in Chancery*, which the manager purchased from his widow, and a report prevailed that it was placed in the hands of O'Keeffe to finish, and subsequently produced with considerable success under the title of

* Dr. Madan was also the author of "A Commentary on the Articles of the Church of England," "A Treatise on the Christian Faith," and the translator of "Juvenal" and "Persius."

The Toy, or Hampton Court Frolics. O'Keeffe in his memoirs positively denies the fact; he says: "The assertion that *The Toy* was originally planned and written by Pilon is totally void of foundation. I know nothing of Pilon's play. *The Toy* was mine entirely, and every word my own writing. I never plumed myself with strange feathers. I may here add, that of all my dramatic pieces, upwards of sixty in number, *The Toy* is that which pleases me the least." In summing up the pretensions of Pilon as a dramatic writer, it may be said that he was tolerably strong amongst the light-weights, but his powers were too limited to obtain for him admission into the chosen phalanx of immortals.

JOHN JOSHUA PROBY, first EARL OF CARYSFORT, was born on the 12th of August, 1751, and died in advanced age, in April 1828. He wrote some political pamphlets, and filled the offices of ambassador to Berlin and St. Petersburg in 1800 and 1801. In 1810 he published four original tragedies in two volumes, octavo—*Caius Gracchus*, *The Fall of Carthage*, *Monimia*, and *Polyxena*. They were not intended for the stage, and were never acted. We have been unable to meet with them except in a catalogue, and consequently cannot express any opinion as to their literary merits. Lord Carysfort was one of the early political reformers on a sweeping scale. His published "Letters to the Huntingdonshire Committee," undertake to show the legality as well as the necessity of extending the right of election to the whole body of the people, and of abridging the duration of Parliaments. In his "Thoughts on the Constitution," he recommends many of the changes which have since been adopted.

THE REV. MATTHEW WEST, Vicar of the Union of Clare, printed two tragedies in 1769 and 1799—*Ethelinda*, and *Pizarro*, neither of which were ever acted. In 1803 he published a third, called *Female Heroism*, founded on the revolutionary events which occurred in France, in the summer and autumn of 1793. This play was acted at the Crow-street Theatre, in Dublin, on the 19th of May, 1804. It had been preceded by another on the same subject, by Eyre, under the title of the "Maid of Normandy." West's has the most merit of the two.

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He informs us, in a preface, that he began his play in December, 1793, and had made considerable progress, when he discovered that he had been anticipated by an English writer, Mr. Eyre, whose production was soon after represented in the Dublin Theatre. He, upon this, discontinued his own, but on a perusal of Eyre's, he found it not only defective in form, consisting only of four acts, but weak in other respects, and, consequently, determined to complete another. He accuses Eyre, and justly, of having taken unwarrantable liberties with the character of Charlotte Cordé, in ascribing her assassination of Marat to the influence of private resentment, it having undoubtedly originated in public, if mistaken zeal. West has succeeded well in the delineation of the leading characters of the time, and the language in which he has embodied his ideas is bold and energetic, and occasionally soars into respectable poetry. Copies, with a frontispiece, representing the execution of the heroine, may be picked up in a pilgrimage through the book-stalls of the Irish metropolis.

LEONARD MACNALLY was born in Dublin, the son of a merchant, and intended from his earliest youth for the profession of the law. He was well connected, being related to many of the principal Roman Catholic families of Ireland; to the family of Nithsdale, in Scotland, and the Howards, in England. He was more indebted to nature than art, and may strictly be said to have been a self-educated man, never having been at a public school or seminary, and deriving little benefit from private tuition. He entered a student of the Middle Temple, in 1774, and was called to the Irish Bar, in 1776, where he argued several questions with reputation; but finding that the expense of living as a barrister in Ireland exceeded his finances, he returned to London, and qualified himself for practice in the English courts. In 1782, he wrote a very sensible pamphlet called the "The Claims of Ireland," and in the following year, distinguished himself by sundry speeches at the Shakspeare Tavern, in favour of the memorable Coalition. He was for some years editor of *The Public Ledger* and wrote in several other newspapers. Having married, he returned to Dublin, where he after-

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wards continued to reside, and became one of the leading barristers. At an early age he had the misfortune to receive a hurt in his right knee, which broke the bone, and lamed him for life; and, not many years after, he was shot through the left hand, and suffered the amputation of his thumb. These were the good old fighting days, when no learned counsel ever thought of going to the courts without his briefs in one bag and his case of pistols in another, as he could scarcely tell which would be required first.

Macnally was unfortunate or ill-directed in his early theatrical attempts; his opening essay was a satirical masque, called *The Apotheosis of Punch*, with a *Monody on the death of the late Master Punch*, acted at the Patagonian Theatre, Exeter Change, in 1779, and printed in the same year. This was an attempt, and not a very successful or creditable one, to ridicule Sheridan's *Monody on the death of Garrick*. His next production was a comic opera, called *The Ruling Passion*, acted in Dublin, without much success. Then followed *Retaliation*, a farce, brought out at Covent Garden, on the 7th of May, 1782. This piece has considerable merit, and was well received. The character of Præcipe, the attorney, acted by Edwin, is highly drawn, and the dialogue throughout is well seasoned with humour. In 1783, Macnally produced a second farce, under the title of *The Coalition*. The audience expected, from the name, a political squib; but finding that it was not so, in their disappointment, pronounced a verdict of condemnation. Soon after this, appeared *Tristram Shandy*, a sentimental Shandean Bagatelle (so denominated in the bills), in two acts. This was only repeated six times, but was revived in 1794, and curtailed into one act. It is little more than a *cento*, from Sterne's composition, and very indifferently executed. When acted in Dublin, it was unanimously condemned on the first night.

On the 17th of April, 1784, Macnally's most popular and successful drama, *Robin Hood, or Sherwood Forest*, appeared at Covent Garden. It was originally in three acts, and derived great assistance from Shield's excellent music. The subject is taken from the old legendary ballads, but with these materials the author has

interwoven an episode founded on Goldsmith's tale of "Edwin and Angelina." He affects the ancient phraseology, which gives an air of constraint to the dialogue, by no means agreeable. Robin Hood himself retains little of the bold undaunted spirit so liberally bestowed on him by the poets by whom he has been celebrated, and dwindles down to a more sententious pedant, with a couple of bass songs. Little John is better supported, but the piece chiefly depends on the humours of Ruttekin, a tinker, written expressly for the comic powers of Edwin. The piece was often repeated, and was revived at Drury-lane as late as 1813.

Encouraged by the success of his comic opera, Macnally soared into a legitimate play. In April, 1785, he produced *Fashionable Levities*, a comedy in five acts, which was well received. Some portions of the plot and incidents are taken from *The Dumb Knight*, an old drama printed in Dodsley's collection, and written by Lewis Machin, as far back as the reign of James I. In 1792, Lewis revived Macnally's comedy for his benefit, and reduced it to three acts. Munden restored it to the boards once more, at Drury-lane, in 1820. In 1786, Macnally returned to his favourite line of farce-writing. *April Fool, or the Follies of a Night*, was tolerably well received, although not sufficiently attractive to be printed. The story had been used by Middleton, in his *Mad World, my Masters*; afterwards by Johnson, in his *Country Lasses*; again by Bullock, in *The Slip*; and in 1778, by Kenrick, in *The Spendthrift*.

On the 16th October, 1786, Macnally's opera of *Richard Cœur de Lion* was produced at Covent Garden, and ten days later General Burgoyne's on the same subject, came out at Drury-lane. The latter was eminently successful, and completely killed the former. John Kemble enacted Richard (a singing part), and Mrs. Jordan, Matilda. Macnally was singularly unfortunate in this instance; his opera would have been considered good if the General's had not been so much better. Both these pieces are avowedly taken from a very successful drama by M. Sedaine, acted for the first time at Paris, on the 21st of October, 1784, and until the Revolution, frequently repeated with unabated ap-

plause. The story is taken from the first volume of "The Literary History of the Troubadours," by the Abbé Millot. The celebrated air, "O, Richard, O mon Roi!" will long be remembered, from the effect it produced at Versailles, when performed before the royal family, previous to the captivity of Louis XVI. Macnally's opera is forgotten, but General Burgoyne's still continues to be acted occasionally. To the printed copies, the General affixed the following prefatory note: — "In adapting these scenes to the English stage, no adventitious matter has been introduced; some liberty, however, has been taken in effecting the principal incident of the piece — the discovery of Richard's confinement being now given to Matilda in place of Blondel, as well to increase the interest of the situation as to avoid the less affecting interposition of the heroine in the latter part of the drama. The elegant author of this romance will pardon a freedom which has been taken with no other view than that of giving the best assistance of our stage to his admired composition." In addition to other points of superiority, General Burgoyne's opera had the advantages of better acting, singing, and music.

In 1788, a piece was printed, and then attributed to Macnally, entitled *Critic upon Critic*—a dramatic medley, as performed at the Theatre with universal applause. This is said in the titlepage to be the second edition. From the plays alluded to, or directly mentioned, it is almost certain that this *jeu d'esprit* was written in 1780. Nearly all the characters are real persons under fictitious names. Attie and Tickler are clearly Sheridan and his brother-in-law, Tickell. Of the authors introduced, Mrs. Bulley and Miss Plausible are evidently Mrs. Cowley, the authoress of *The Belles' Stratagem*, and Miss Hannah More. As a satire, it is not without merit. In 1792, *Critic upon Critic* was reprinted, as performed at Covent Garden. This is also called the second edition. It contains the following cast: Attie, Quick; Tickle, Macready; Falstaff, Ryder, &c. Notwithstanding all this, it appears quite clear that it was never acted, or even intended for representation. It cannot be traced in any existing bills or records of the theatres; and in 1792 all the personal

jokes must have become musty and out of date. What humour could there be in making Attie say to Ryder, as Falstaff, what was applicable to Henderson alone? It seems not unlikely that some bookseller might affix a new titlepage, and a cast of the play to the old copies of 1788, in order to help off their sale.

Richard Cœur de Lion was the last dramatic piece which Macnally produced on the London boards; but in November, 1796, he wrote an opera called *The Cottage Festival*, acted in Dublin during Madame Mara's engagement at the Crow-street theatre. We have no record to refer to by which to ascertain whether it was a failure or a success.

Macnally is almost forgotten as a theatrical writer, but is still remembered by a few surviving elders of Dublin, as a facetious companion and an able lawyer. O'Keeffe says of him, in his "Recollections:"—"I knew Counsellor Leonard Macnally when he was a boy. His mother was one of the finest persons of a woman I ever saw—tall, full, and majestic. Leonard himself was much under size, but had a handsome, expressive countenance, and a fine, sparkling, dark eye. He was a sprightly lad, and such was his passion for private plays, that he was indulged in having a little theatre fitted up in his mother's house, which all the boys of his time frequented—I was one of them. When editor of *The Ledger*, a London newspaper, he was very indulgent to my pieces as they appeared. His own opera of *Robin Hood* had great success. His uncle, Arthur Murphy (not the poet), coming to London, Macnally brought him to Covent Garden theatre to see it, when, to the surprise of the author, and the vexation of both, the opera was that night performed as an afterpiece, having been, without his knowledge, cut down into two acts; such are the mortifications of even a popular dramatic writer. Tired with literary fagging, Macnally went back to Dublin, and pursued his profession as a barrister. I was told that he excelled all his contemporaries in keen, sarcastic wit—a most effective legal weapon in defence of a client."

The Counsellor died in Harcourt-street, Dublin, in February, 1820, aged about seventy-four. He was interred in the churchyard at Donnybrook, the old burial-place of his family.

ISAAC JACKMAN, born in Dublin, was the son of a clerk in the office of the Lord Mayor of that city, where he learned and practised for some years the profession of an attorney. He then came over to England, and endeavoured to improve his fortune by a marriage with a lady possessed of a comfortable annuity for life. She, however, died soon after, and at her demise the annuity dropped. Jackman then commenced dramatic writer. On the quarrel between the Rev. Bate Dudley and the proprietor of *The Morning Post*, he assumed the direction of that important journal, in which situation he remained for some time. He then returned to Dublin, and became editor of an Irish paper. In April, 1777, his first farce, entitled *All the World's a Stage*, was produced at Drury-lane, and met with permanent success. Parsons was the original performer of the stage-struck *Diggery*, which in our own days we have seen represented by Liston with inimitable humour. The part itself is a mere outline, to be filled up by the ingenuity of the actor. In the same year, 1777, Jackman brought out a comic opera called *The Milesian*, a piece of slender merit, soon forgotten. His third attempt was *Almirina*, a mock tragedy, performed at the Royalty Theatre. This piece was acted by one person (Mr. John Palmer), with the aid of wooden or pasteboard figures, on the plan of Whitehead's *Fatal Constancy*. The idea had been put in practice before by Foote, in his *Tragedy a-la-Mode, or Diversions of a Morning*. Jackman also wrote three other dramatic pieces—*The Divorce*, a musical farce; *Hero and Leander*, a burletta; and *The Man of Parts*, a farce. The latter, which is the worst of his productions was acted at the Crow-street Theatre in Dublin. Prefixed to *Hero and Leander* is a long dedication respecting the dispute between John Palmer and the winter managers.

JAMES WHITELEY, a native of Ireland, and many years manager and proprietor of the theatres comprising the midland circuit of England, deserves honourable mention in this register, less that he was the author of a single farce called *The Intriguing Footman*, than as an honest, kind-hearted man, whose conduct through life reflected credit on his calling. He ever proved himself a warm advocate

and strenuous supporter of the interests and dignity of his company. He died and was buried at Wolverhampton, leaving the rents of his theatres, amounting to £300 per annum, to his daughter, who married a Mr. Gosly, a dancing-master at Stamford. He also bequeathed all his veteran performers to his successors, with a weekly salary entailed on them for life. He felt and acted on the principle that service is inheritance. *The Intriguing Footman* was originally acted at Sheffield. From this piece, Mr. WILLIAM MACREADY (father of the celebrated tragedian), also an Irishman, born in Dublin, took the *Irishman in London*, produced at Drury-lane in 1792. There has seldom been a more successful farce. It still keeps the stage, and produces roars of laughter when Murtoch Delany is adequately represented. Jack Johnstone was the first, and Tyrone Power the last actor of high repute with whom the character is specially identified. Macready, in 1795, produced a comedy called *The Bank Note*, borrowed almost entirely, but without improvement, from an old play by Taverner, entitled *The Artful Husband*.

The Village Lawyer has often been attributed to Macready, but without foundation. *L'Avocat Patelin*, of which it is almost a literal translation, is one of the oldest dramas in the French language. The real authorship of *The Village Lawyer* has never conclusively transpired, which is the more extraordinary, as its unexpected success might have tempted disclosure. It has been claimed for Mr. CHARLES LYONS, an Irishman, and the conductor of an academy in the vicinity of Dublin, where he was still living in 1834. Oulton, in his history of the "London Theatres," continued from Victor, gives the following account of this little piece, which has been acted as often as any in the whole range of the English drama, and is still on the full-pay list:—"The *Village Lawyer*, offered at the Haymarket, lay some time in the manager's hands before he ventured it, as he entertained but a very indifferent opinion of its merits. It was first tried for Edwin's benefit (August 28th, 1787), when the unlooked for success, which must chiefly be attributed to the excellent acting of Mr. Bannister, jun., rendered it soon a stock piece. The manager was ignorant of the author, who, as re-

ported, was a dissenting minister in Dublin, but on account of his situation, withheld the avowal. It was even put into Mr. Colman's possession, without the author's knowledge, by a friend who had fortunately saved the manuscript from the flames; for, like the manager, the writer himself was apprehensive that it was not suited to the English stage. He was, however, agreeably surprised when, not only informed of its great success, but likewise presented with the emolument arising from the farce, which the manager had transmitted to the gentleman from whom he had received it. Mr. Colman, at the same time, it is thought, purchased the copyright."

WALLEY CHAMBERLAINE OULTON, well remembered in the literary world, is the author of no less than nineteen dramatic pieces, all of a comic or farcical character, and some of which were very successful, although with the lapse of little more than half a century, the entire list has passed into oblivion. Oulton was born in Dublin, and received his education under Dr. Ball. While in very green youth, he produced several slight sketches at the Capel-street and Smock-alley theatres, which were well received, notwithstanding numerous puerilities. They were the hasty productions of school vacations, and written by stealth, as his grandfather, Dr. Walker, had a strong aversion to any thing connected with the stage. One of these, *The Haunted Castle*, had a run of thirty-six nights (a circumstance almost unique in Ireland), and was performed several times before any of his relatives knew who was the author. Intoxicated with this success, he neglected his studies and came to London, where he was introduced to Mr. John Palmer, by the then proprietor of a newspaper, who afterwards became Palmer's greatest enemy. For the Royalty Theatre he wrote the burletta of *Hobson's Choice, or Thespis in Distress*, the satire of which drew on him the resentment of all the other London managers. Finding himself thus excluded from the regular theatres, he had recourse to stratagem, and presented a comic piece to Mr. Colman (in a lady's name), entitled *As it Should Be*, which was immediately accepted and acted at the Haymarket in 1789. The plot is taken from the first number of a periodical paper of the time, called *The Busy*

Body. This is a pleasant trifle, and was received with applause. Oulton's female representative, who was not without address, procured Colman's acceptance of another piece, but the sudden illness of the manager prevented its representation. The younger Colman, who officiated as manager in the absence of his father, behaved to the lady with his usual politeness, though probably conscious of the deception. This gentleman not harbouring those petty resentments which are too common in all professional life, gave Mr. Oulton, when he discovered him to be the author, every encouragement, and accepted directly from him *All in good Humour*, a farce in one act, produced at the Haymarket in 1792.

In 1797, Oulton wrote a musical trifle for Jack Johnstone's benefit, called *The Irish Tar*, which was never printed, and a farce in 1798, called *Botheration, or a Ten Years' Blunder*, also for the benefit of his popular countryman. They were both of a most ephemeral character, and died with the occasions that called them into existence. He next tried his hand at two pantomimes, which were both acted at Birmingham — one on the story of *Pyramus and Thisbe*, and the other founded on Hogarth's prints of *The Two Apprentices, or Industry and Idleness Rewarded*. In 1802, he produced the farce of the *Sixty-Third Letter*, which had a run of nineteen nights. The incidents are almost too extravagant even for farce, but the dialogue is lively and humorous, and the plot is not ill-contrived. Miss Metaphor, a blue-stocking, loses the sixty-third letter of the novel she is writing, and thus gives rise to the title of the piece. The music, which was considered rather above par, was composed by Mr. Samuel Arnold, a very short time before his death. Oulton's last dramatic effort was a farce called *The Middle Dish, or the Irishman in Turkey*, acted only once, for Mrs. Jordan's benefit at Drury-lane, on the 16th of April, 1804. In this piece, Mrs. Jordan had an Irish character as well as Johnstone; and although Bannister and R. Palmer were included in the cast, it was not sufficiently successful to be repeated. The story is supposed to arise out of a freak of the Grand Signor, who treats with great distinction an Irish footman and his wife, and compels their former master and mistress to wait upon them. The

name of *The Middle Dish* originates in an order of the Emperor, that his Hibernian guests should not uncover a tureen set in the middle of the table at one of the entertainments which he gave them, but which order they violated, from their curiosity to eat Turkish potatoes.

Oulton published a continuation of Victor's "History of the Theatres of London," and of Egerton's "Theatrical Remembrancer." In both these works he has supplied some valuable information, but has at the same time perpetuated rather more than the usual number of inaccuracies—some so very careless, that a moderate degree of attention would have sufficed to avoid them. He also wrote several anonymous tracts, and others under fictitious names, particularly Dr. Horne's pamphlets respecting the prophecies of the strange lunatic, Richard Brothers. Halhed, the celebrated oriental scholar, wasted ink and sophistry in defence of Brothers, and in condemnation of his imprisonment in Bedlam as a lunatic. But Halhed on this point was nearly as mad as his *protégé*; and Oulton, in his replies, had clearly the best of the argument. Oulton furnished some of the chorusses in *Pizarro*, compiled "The Beauties of the Modern Dramatists," and "The Beauties of Kotzebue," and published a "Traveller's Guide," in two volumes, 12mo., 1805. His miscellaneous writings enjoyed considerable repute during a reasonable period of popularity; and on the whole we must repute him to have been a man of taste, judgment, and extensive reading.

WILLIAM PRESTON was a barrister-at-law, and held the office of Commissioner of Appeals in Dublin, his native city. He died there on the 2nd of February, 1807. In 1793, he published two volumes of poetical works, which contain three tragedies—viz., *Offa and Ethelbert*, founded on a story in the first volume of "Hume's History of England;" *Messene Freed*, the plot of which may be seen in the Abbé Barthélemy's "Travels of Anacharsis;" and *Rosmunda, or the Daughter's Revenge*, taken from the history of Al-

boinus, King of the Lombards, as detailed in "Ancient Universal History," and touched upon in Gibbon's "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire." None of these were intended, or are suited, for the stage; and their literary or poetical merit does not entitle them to rank in a high class. In the course of 1793, and not long after the catastrophe which furnished his subject, Preston wrote a fourth tragedy, entitled *Democratic Rage, or Louis the Unfortunate*, which was acted at the Crow-street Theatre, in Dublin, with great success. This play was not included in his published works. The author assigns as one reason for the omission, that he "did not think it sufficiently correct." He declares, however, that it met with "a reception beyond his most sanguine wishes," and that if ever he publishes a third volume, *Democratic Rage* shall not be forgotten. The play was printed separately, and the curious collector may stumble occasionally on a copy in Anglesea-street, or at the well-stocked book-stalls round the corner of the College, or in front of the Four Courts. Preston is also the author of two other tragedies, *The Adopted Son*, and *The Siege of Ismael*. We do not believe they were acted, and have never seen them in print.*

WILLIAM COOKE, a native of Cork, where he received his education, is well known as the author of "Elements of Criticism;" "The Art of Living in London," and "Conversation," poems, and the "Memoirs of Charles Macklin and Samuel Foote." On these his literary reputation is built, but he claims admission into the file of dramatists, from having made an indifferent alteration of a good play. In 1782, his version of Fletcher's *Scornful Lady* was acted at Covent Garden, under the title of the *Capricious Lady*, and repeated several times with moderate applause. He has somewhat purified, although it can scarcely be said that he has improved the original. A more recent version has lately been produced, in which Miss Cushman sustained the heroine; but the play is

* A Mr. Peter Lefanu has been mentioned in some catalogues as the author of a prelude, called *Smock-alley Secrets*, acted in Dublin, in 1778; and a Mr. John Macaulay, M.R.I.A., has been named as having written *The Genius of Ireland*, a masque, also acted in Dublin, and said to be an imitation of *Comus*.

not likely to take possession of the boards, or to become palatable to modern taste under any guise. Cooke died in 1824.

JOSEPH ATKINSON, a native of Ireland, and a captain in the army, is the author of three dramatic pieces—*Mutual Deception*, a comedy; *A Match for a Widow*, and *Love in a Blaze*; comic operas. All three were acted and printed in Dublin. *Mutual Deception* came out in 1795. The plot is taken (by the author's admission) from "*Le Jeu de l'Amour et du Hazard*," by Marivaux, which appeared in 1730. It also bears a strong resemblance to *Love's Metamorphoses*, by T. Vaughan; and the *Double Deceit*, by Governor Popple, of Bermuda. In 1786, Colman altered and curtailed Atkinson's play, and produced it, with tolerable success, at the Haymarket, under the title of *Tit for Tat*. The alteration improves the original, by the omission of a dull, serious underplot.

A Match for a Widow, or Frolics of Fancy, was acted at Crow-street, in 1786, and printed in 1788. It is quite as good as the generality of operas. The main plot is professedly founded on a little French comedy, from which Mrs. Inchbald borrowed her "*Widow's Vow*." Jonathan, a Yankee servant, in Atkinson's piece, is a very amusing character. In one of his songs he says—

"And once I stove a cask of beer,
Because it worked on Sunday."

Atkinson, in his dedication, compliments Daly, the patentee and manager, as having rescued the Irish theatre from neglect and degradation, and brought it to the highest pitch of respectability and magnificence.

Love in a Blaze came out at Crow-street in 1800. The plot is the same as that of *Gallic Gratitude*, by Dr. James Solas Dodd,* acted at Covent Garden, in 1789, and subsequently in Dublin, under the title of the *Funeral Pile*. Both are taken from *Le Naufrage*, by Lafont, written in 1710; as is also *The Widow of Malabar*, a poor tragedy, by Mariana Starke, acted at Covent Garden, in

1790. Atkinson offered his plays in vain to the London managers, but he derived some satisfaction from seeing them received with considerable applause in his own country.

THE REV. HENRY BOYD, A.M., Vicar of Drumgath, and chaplain to Lord Charleville, a native of Ireland, printed a volume of poems in Dublin, in 1793. They are chiefly of a theatrical or lyrical character, and contain *The Helots*, a tragedy; *The Temple of Vesta*, a dramatic poem; *The Rivals*, a sacred drama; and *The Royal Message*, a dramatic pastoral. The latter is founded on the Scriptural history of David and Uriah. None of these were intended for representation. Boyd is better known as a translator of the "*Inferno*" of Dante, and of Vincenzo Monti's poem on the death of Hugh Basseville, the envoy from the French Republic, who was cruelly murdered in a popular insurrection at Rome, on the 14th of January, 1793.†

WILLIAM FRANCIS SULLIVAN, A.B., was the son of Dr. Francis Sullivan, LL.D., formerly senior fellow and royal professor of common law in the Dublin University. The younger Sullivan was born in the Irish metropolis, about the year 1756, received his education in Trinity College, and was intended for the Church; but he lost his father before he was nine, and his mother before he was nineteen years of age, and his prospects underwent a total change in consequence. When the American war broke out in 1776, he volunteered into the army, and continued to serve until the peace of 1783. Soon after that he married, and removed with his family to England, where he and his wife went on the stage, and performed at several of the leading provincial theatres. Not succeeding to his wishes, and being of a studious disposition, he relinquished the boards for literary pursuits, and produced some poems, which evinced genius, and a tolerable power of imagination. His dramatic pieces are two in number—viz., *The Rights of Man*, a farce; and *The Test of Union and Loyalty*.

The Rights of Man was acted at Buxton, in 1791, and afterwards printed

* Dodd, who we believe was an Irishman, lived to the great age of 104, and died in Mecklenburgh-street, Dublin, in March, 1805.

† "Basseville received a thrust of a bayonet in the abdomen; he was dragged into the streets, holding his bowels in his hands, and, at length, left on a field-bed in a guard-house where he expired."—*Montholon*.

in the first volume of *The Thespian Magazine*. This dramatic satire has considerable humour. Its tendency is, to expose those self-elected reformers, who, from a mere love of innovation and the craving after notoriety, adopt and spread political opinions which they have neither sense nor argument to support. It was once performed at the Haymarket, for Wilson's benefit. *The Test of Union and Loyalty* bore reference to the threatened French invasion.

ANDREW CHERRY was fortunate enough to achieve considerable reputation both as an actor and author. He was the eldest son of Mr. John Cherry, an eminent printer and bookseller at Limerick, and was born in that city, on the 11th of January, 1762. His father's ancestors possessed a considerable property, on which they resided for centuries, near Sheffield, in Yorkshire, and were of the Society of Friends, or Quakers, as they are commonly called. One of these, disclaiming the mild tenets of the primitive church, and being imbued with a thirst for martial glory, followed the fortunes of King William III., and fought under that renowned soldier as a cornet of horse, throughout the Irish wars. On the capitulation of Limerick, being left in garrison there, he married an Irish lady, and purchased an estate at a place called Croome, not far distant from the city, where the family resided for some generations, until the imprudence of Andrew Cherry's grandfather deprived him and his successors of a paternal inheritance, which, in the present day, yields an annual income of many thousands. Thus the representative of landed squires dwindled down into an itinerant actor.

The subject of this memoir received what is generally called a respectable school education, at a grammar school in his native city, which his father intended to have completed at the Irish University, as he designed his son for a member of the church; but worldly disappointments obliged him to abandon his favourite plan, and the study of theology was resigned for the printing-office. In the year 1773, at eleven years of age, his father placed him under the care of Mr. James Potts, a highly respectable and influential brother of his own craft, of Dame-street, Dublin, and the young aspirant was by him initiated in his own art and mystery. About this time the rivalry

of the theatres in Smock-alley and Capel-street formed the subject of general conversation; and in Mr. Potts's printing-office the merits and demerits of the two companies were fully discussed, each house having its exclusive partisans amongst the typographical critics, who then, as now, comprised a most important section of the gallery, and were held in oracular reverence by their associate deities. From the ancient friendship which had subsisted between Potts and Cherry senior, the young Andrew was particularly favoured by his master, who made him his constant companion in all recreations. Amongst other amusements, Mr. Potts was extremely attached to theatrical exhibitions, and, perceiving that his pupil's inclination bent strongly to that point, he seldom visited the theatre without taking young Cherry with him. On the first occasion on which he was permitted to indulge his ardent desire, he witnessed the last appearance of that ill-starred but accomplished actor, Mossop, in his favourite part of Zanga. The performance of such a celebrated tragedian obtained an entire dominion over his fancy. He soon found his taste for business rapidly decline; the printing-office lost its charms, and he began to loathe the drudgery of a mechanical employment. In conjunction with his brother apprentices and intimate companions, whose stage-struck propensities were not inferior to his own, he made his first appearance, at the age of fourteen, in the character of the fair Lucia, in Addison's tragedy of *Cato*, in a large room fitted up as a temporary theatre, at the Blackamoor's Head, James's-street, Dublin.

The applause which attended this juvenile essay greatly increased his prevailing passion, and in a short time after his first *débüt*, a Mr. Martin, a country manager, hearing him recite, in company with other young men, whom he, Martin, had found means to assemble, with a view to delude them into engagements, invited him to join his *sharing company*. Cherry readily accepted the offer, without thought of consequences, and before he reached his seventeenth year, launched into a profession, perhaps, of all others, the most arduous, precarious, and envious. His first appearance as a public performer was at Naas, fourteen miles from Dublin, under the management of this Mr.

Martin, and in the prominent character of Colonel Feignwell in Mrs. Centlivre's comedy of *A Bold Stroke for a Wife*. It would have been impossible for a tyro to undertake a more difficult task, as the part requires a discrimination so various, and a flexibility of talent and execution such as is rarely met with even in the veterans of the stage. The applause was great, and the manager, after passing many eulogiums on his exertions, presented him with tenpence halfpenny, that handsome amount being his dividend of the profits of the night's performance. This, with a much more liberal allowance of praise, inspired his heart with hope and ambition. The words of "fair comfort and encouragement" were accompanied by golden promises, which proved abortive.

The towns that Martin visited were small; the diurnal receipts, therefore, scarcely furnished a miserable, half-starved existence for himself and his followers. Yet such was Cherry's enthusiasm for a theatrical life, that he endured a probation of ten months with this manager, constantly employed in the laborious study of almost all the principal characters in tragedy and comedy, without ever possessing a guinea during the whole of that period, and frequently without the means of obtaining common sustenance. So impoverished was he, and at the same time so industriously bent on what he had undertaken, that his greatest anxiety generally arose from his want of means to purchase candles, by the light of which he might study the characters that were daily allotted to him. In this situation, he endured more than the usual hardships peculiar to a strolling life. At one time he was actually in danger of starvation, having been without any kind of refreshment or food for more than three days. At Athlone, during an unexpected close of the theatre, in consequence of the total desertion of the public, his landlady, to whom he was in arrear for his lodging, seeing there was no prospect of payment, satisfied herself for the trifle already due, by seizing on the small remnant of what had once been his wardrobe, and knowing that she could dispose of the untiled garret he occupied to more advantage during the approaching races, turned him out to the mercy of the winter's wind, which he endured with the philosophy of a stoic. He

rambled carelessly about the streets, sometimes quoting passages to himself, both serious and comic, that bore analogy to his situation, but without forming one definite idea as to where he was to rest his houseless head. Towards the close of the evening he strolled by accident into the lower part of the theatre, which had formerly been an inn, and was then occupied by a female whose husband had been a sergeant of dragoons, for the purpose of retailing refreshments to those who visited the playhouse. After chatting until it was dark, the woman hinted that she wished to go to bed, and begged he might retire, upon which he replied, in the words of Don John in *The Chances*, "I was thinking of going home, but that I have no lodging." The good dame, taking the words literally, inquired into the cause, with which he acquainted her without disguise. Being the mother of a family, she felt severely for his forlorn situation. At that time he was not master of a single halfpenny in the world, nor had he the means of obtaining one. The poor creature shed tears of regret that she could not effectually alleviate his misfortune. He endeavoured to assume a careless gaiety, but the woman's unaffected sorrow brought the reflection of his own disobedience to his mind, and he shed tears in copious libation. In his grief he saw the sorrow of his parents, whom he had deserted to follow what he began to perceive was a mad career, in despite of the many unanswered remonstrances he had received, with a fair promise of forgiveness and restored affection, should he return to his business.

This philanthropic female lamented that she could not furnish him with a bed, but offered to lend him her husband's cloak, and to procure a bundle of dry hay, that he might find a sleeping corner in an empty room. His heart was too full to pay his gratitude in words; his eyes thanked her, he wept bitterly, accepted her kind offer, and retired to rest. To intrude any further on her kindness was too painful for him, as she was struggling to maintain a numerous offspring. He, therefore, carefully shunned the house at meal times, and wandered through the fields or streets until he supposed their repasts were finished. At last, so overcome by fasting and fatigue, that he could not rest, he rose from

his trooper's cloak, in the dead of night, and explored the kitchen, searching the dresser and shelves, in hopes of finding some eatable remnant that might satisfy the cravings of hunger, but in vain. On his return to his hay-truss, he accidentally struck against the kitchen table, the noise of which he feared might alarm the family; and that, uncertain of the real cause of his leaving his apartment at that hour, they might naturally suppose that his purpose was to rob the house, as a reward for the hospitality he had received. The idea added to the misery he was then enduring. He trembled, and listened, but all was quiet. He then renewed his search, for his hunger overcame his fears, and to his intense delight he found a large crust of stale bread, which he was afterwards informed had been used for rubbing out some spots of white paint from the very cloak that composed his bedding. He devoured it with avidity, as he was entering on a fourth day without nourishment, and returned heartfelt thanks to Providence, whose omnipotent hand was stretched out in the very critical moment, to save him from the most direful of all possible deaths—starvation!

At length he “returned to reason and the shop,” and was received by his relatives with all the warmth of parental affection. For three years he attached himself solely to business, and resolved to abandon the stage and its delusive dreams forever. But the applause he had received continually rang in his ears. Anon the theatrical drum sounded its loudest notes; he forgot the misery of his former campaigns, the empty glory alone remaining in his recollection. The temptation overpowered him, and once more he became an actor. After several short excursions of little moment, he enlisted under the banners of Mr. Richard William Knipe, whose daughter he afterwards married in Belfast, and became the father of a family of four children. Knipe was a veteran commander, highly esteemed in the country parts of Ireland—a scholar and a gentleman, whose facetious and eccentric character was long remembered and recorded with pleasure by those who knew him. On Knipe's death, Cherry joined the principal provincial company of Ireland, under the management of Atkins, where he filled a most extensive round of characters,

and for many years was the popular favourite throughout the north.

Mr. Ryder, having, in 1787, been engaged for Covent Garden, Cherry, whose reputation had reached the capital, was called up from Belfast, to supply his place at the Theatre Royal, Smock-alley, Dublin. He made his first appearance as Darby, in the *Poor Soldier*; his success exceeded his most sanguine expectations; he soon established himself in public favour, obtained possession of a range of characters as various as they were extensive, and for six years, *Little Cherry*, as he was familiarly called, stood at the top of his profession in the comic line. His first original character in Dublin was a Spouting Barber, in a very pleasant entertainment, called *The Hypochondriac*, which performance gave great satisfaction to the author, Mr. ANDREW FRANKLIN, who wrote constantly for the Dublin theatre, and whose productions were held in high repute in his own city, even when they had not been breveted by the London stamp. Franklin was the author of a farce, called the *Mermaid*, acted at Covent Garden, in 1792, better suited to the gods of the gallery than the critic in his closet. In 1797, he produced, *A Trip to the Nore*, a musical trifle in one act, intended to celebrate Lord Duncan's victory at Camperdown. Franklin says in the preface, that he wrote it in one day, and that it cannot brave literary animadversion. In the same year appeared from his pen a comic piece, with the startling title of *The Wandering Jew*, which was speedily consigned to oblivion. His other dramas are, *The Outlaw's Embarkation* (produced on the expedition to Holland in 1799); *Gander Hall* (a failure), acted one night only at the Haymarket, for the benefit of Mrs. Gibbs; *The Egyptian Festival*, a comic piece; and *The Counterfeit*, a farce. The two last were produced at Drury-lane, with tolerable attraction.

From the increase of his family, and the payments of the Dublin theatrical exchequer not being quite as certain as those of the Bank of England, Cherry was induced to turn his thoughts towards an engagement in some of the provincial circuits in England. His first essay was with Tate Wilkinson at York, where he continued for three years in full possession of public favour. He then re-

turned to his native country, induced by a flattering offer from Daly to perform with Miss Farren. He received a most cordial greeting on his appearance as Sir Peter Teazle, and remained for two seasons in Ireland, during which time he wrote and produced two operatic pieces — *Harlequin in the Stocks*, and *The Outcasts*, which were received at the Crow-street Theatre with general approbation, and added much to his professional importance. The manager treated him ill, and he quitted Ireland once more, for Manchester,* from whence he removed to Bath, at that time considered second only to London, in theatrical taste and fastidious criticism. He succeeded Blisset, who had been a universal favourite, but the Bath connoisseurs pronounced Cherry's Captain Bertram in the *Birth-Day*, to be as finished a picture of the scenic art as had ever been witnessed on their boards. His reputation as an actor in the first class soon became fixed and determined, and for four seasons he enjoyed the most honourable patronage and support.

On the resignation of Mr. King, he obtained the summit of his wishes, an engagement at Drury-lane, where he offered himself for public approbation on the 24th of September, 1802, in the characters of Sir Benjamin Dove, in Cumberland's comedy of *The Brothers*, and Lazarillo, in Jephson's farce of *Two Strings to your Bow*. The success he met with in both these parts at once established his position. On the 7th of February, 1804, Cherry made a great step as a dramatic author by the production of *The Soldier's Daughter*, a comedy, which, whatever may be the true standard of its merit, enriched the treasury of the theatre, and ran for thirty-five nights to crowded houses, during the first season. It has kept the stage ever since; and, although too mawkish in sentiment, and too full of clap-trap to suit the fastidiousness of modern taste, it is, nevertheless, an effective play, and likely to continue long on the stock list, as affording the opportunity of good acting in many of the principal characters. The under-plot, with the distresses of the Malfort

family, forms a damaging episode, which would be better omitted. The title of the comedy was happily suited to the warlike spirit of the time. The Widow Cheerly, the Soldier's Daughter, was admirably supported by Mrs. Jordan, who also spoke an epilogue in character, which very whimsically described a female army of reserve, and contained several happy points, delivered by that inimitable actress with the most powerful effect. Exactly two months later, Cumberland produced a comedy on the same boards, which he christened *The Sailor's Daughter*, but the similarity of name was far from producing a corresponding success. After five or six unprofitable repetitions, it was laid aside.

In 1817, *The Soldier's Daughter* was revived at Covent Garden Theatre, for Miss O'Neill, who performed the Widow Cheerly six times; but she was more exclusively a daughter of Melpomene than Thalia, and in this part suggested painful reminiscences of Mrs. Jordan.

On the 15th of May, 1805, Cherry brought out a comic sketch at Drury-lane, entitled, *All for Fame, or a Peep at the Times*, which was performed, or rather recited, for Mrs. Mountain's benefit. It was a mere trifle, pleasantly levelled at the Betty mania, and the prevailing rage for infantine actors. In the August of the same year, he wrote a comedy called *The Village, or the World's Epitome*, which was acted at the Haymarket, and so badly received that it was withdrawn after the second representation. The object seemed to be to correct the error of those who imagine the country to be the only seat of innocence, candour, and generosity. For Incedon's benefit at Covent Garden, Cherry furnished a musical interlude, under the title of *Spanish Dollars, or the Priest of the Parish*, which was afterwards adopted by the management. In the year following, the grand operatic drama of *The Travelers, or Music's Fascination*, in five acts, was produced at Drury-lane. Few pieces have been more successful or attractive, and the spectacular portion was considered to have surpassed

* One night, at Manchester, he played Drugget in *Three Weeks after Marriage*, with Lewis as Sir Charles Racket. When in the quarrelling scene he observed, "Egad he looks as if he was going to eat me." "Eat you!" replied Lewis, "Yes, d——n me, I would not make two bites of *A cherry*."

all that had hitherto been attempted. The music, composed by Corri, and sung by Braham, Mrs. Mountain, Signora Storace, and Mrs. Bland, was greatly admired at the time. The piece is replete with clap-traps and allusions to passing events, which received proportionate applause. The plot and incidents are extravagant, not to say impossible; but the excellence of the acting, and the constant variety, silenced all critical objections. Sixteen years later, *The Travellers* was revived at the same theatre, with very little success, and scarcely one of the original performers.

Thomas King, the celebrated comedian, the original Lord Ogleby and Sir Peter Teazle, who had retired from the stage in 1802, died at the commencement of February, 1806. On the 12th of that month a performance took place at Drury-lane for the benefit of his widow, who was in straitened circumstances, as King had imprudently lost much of his savings by gambling. For this occasion Cherry wrote a poetical effusion (as it was called in the bill), denominated "Thalia's Tears." This was never repeated or printed. On drawing up the curtain, the stage exhibited an interesting group. The back-ground represented Parnassus. Upon a pedestal in the centre, Mrs. Jordan, as Thalia, was discovered weeping over an urn, containing the ashes of *poor Tom King*, once the favourite of the comic muse. On each side the most admired characters of this excellent actor were personified by the following individuals: Mr. Bannister appeared as Touchstone, Mr. Cherry as Lord Ogleby, Mr. Wroughton as Moody (Country Girl), and Mr. Dowton as Sir Peter Teazle. Thalia recorded the talents of her deceased favourite; and the mellifluous tones of Mrs. Jordan's voice, and the feeling energy of her gestures were never more successfully exerted in exciting the sympathetic sorrow of her auditors. The before-mentioned performers recited in turn several appropriate lines; and a dirge, composed by P. King, was solemnly sung by Braham, Kelly, Miller, Madame Storace, and Mrs. Bland. A song, written by Monk Lewis, was also given by Braham in his best style. The produce of the evening, it was supposed, could not fall short of six hundred pounds. On the 8th of February, 1807, Cherry added to his list

of dramas an operatic piece in three acts, called *Peter the Great, or the Wooden Walls*, which was acted at Covent Garden, but only repeated five times. The subject has been often selected, but never handled with superior effect. The familiar expression—"wooden walls"—as applied to ships, may be traced back to the famous oracle delivered to the Athenians at the time of the Persian invasion (see Herodotus, book vii.), in which it is declared that they shall deliver their city from the enemy by means of their *wooden walls*. The subsequent naval victory of Salamis vindicated the prophecy. On the 9th of April, 1807, Cherry's last appearance as an author took place at Drury-lane, in the production of a comedy in three acts, called *A Day in London*, which was only acted three times. This piece, although not deficient in wit and point, had too many scenes without action, and merely conversational, to give satisfaction to the audience. The writer, with a proper degree of deference, withdrew it at once. After the burning of Drury-lane, and the erection of the new theatre, Cherry ceased to be engaged in London. He then became manager of a circuit in Wales, occasionally visiting the south of Ireland. Edmund Kean was the leading actor in this company for more than two years, between 1809 and 1811, struggling with poverty and obscurity, but filled with the genius which, not long afterwards, blazed forth in unparalleled effulgence on the boards of Drury-lane.

Cherry died on the 7th of February, 1812, at Monmouth, in South Wales, and is buried there. He had just completed his fiftieth year. His death was caused by congestion of the brain, brought on by mental anxiety consequent on the wreck of all his property in the managerial speculations above-named. The thought that his wife and youthful family were left entirely unprovided for embittered his last moments, and quickened the progress of disease. Mrs. Cherry survived her husband for twenty-five years, enduring many sorrows, and within eighteen years of the present date, was reduced to such distress that she received relief from the Drury-lane and Covent Garden funds, although she had no positive claim on either.

J. W. C.

OUR SEA-SONGS.

WE know that "Britannia rules the waves," and that she has ruled them ever since she first "arose from out the azure main;" at any rate we have been trained implicitly in that belief from childhood, and do not intend to abjure it. One thing is quite certain, Britain is mainly indebted to her wooden walls for her rank, position, and power as the leading empire of the world. Fifty years ago Britain was, under Providence, absolutely indebted for her existence as a nation to her navy; it alone preserved her from invasion, and to this day it is her right arm and her safeguard. We—English, Irish, Scotch—are essentially maritime people; and during the last two or three centuries our gallant seamen, and sea-songs relative to them and their noble profession, have alike been popular in the highest degree. These sea-songs are eminently national—the only really national songs that England, as one of the three kingdoms, possesses. Ireland and Scotland, for the last hundred years at least, each have contributed a fair proportion of their sons to the imperial navy and to the merchant service; and to a very considerable extent natives of England, Ireland, and Scotland acquire at sea (especially if men-of-war's men) the same general professional characteristics. They, in a manner, cease to be exclusively English, Irish, or Scotch, and become emphatically BRITISH SEAMEN, renowned throughout the wide world for their nautical skill, their dauntless bravery, their indomitable hardihood, their many noble and matchless qualities. We make this observation, which we believe to be just and truthful, in order that it may be understood that we regard our "English" sea-songs as being also Irish and Scotch in the sense above indicated; for England's naval victories were won, and England's wooden walls are at the present moment manned, with officers and seamen of each of the three kingdoms in very fair proportions, according to their respective populations.

This much premised, let us next remark the instructive fact, that no foreign nation possesses sea-songs worthy of the name when compared with

ours. The Dutch, the Danes, and Norwegians, it is true, have a few tolerable sea-songs, and one of them at least—the Norsk song ("Mens Nordhavet bruser mod fældbyggt Strand")—is quite a national song in every sense, as we had reason to learn when in Norway. And during our sojourn in Denmark we picked up one "*Sang for Flaaden*," which is really a capital Danish sea-song—vigorous, terse, spirited, and buoyant as the motion of a bounding bark. We will here quote a single stanza of the original as a specimen:—

"Derfor rash ombord!
 Seer Fregatten, hvor hun stamper!
 Seer I ikke hvor
 Hekla med af Fængsel damper?
 Op med Seil og Damp!
 Op med Ræer og op med Master!
 Rask afsted til Kamp!
 I skal bide, at
 Endskén bænner Eder, Gaster!
 Ud med hber Fregat!
 Og send ham Taget glat!
 Hurra! hurra! hurra!"

We do not attempt to translate the above, because we know by experience that it is impossible to adequately preserve the peculiar spirit of the original. Whoever, however, understands Danish, will agree with us that there is a sailor-like energy, a genuine salt-water smack in the lines; and the other half-dozen stanzas of the song are equally good.

France has long been a great maritime power as regards her navy, but we question whether what we should regard as a genuine sea-song was ever written by a Frenchman. To illustrate and enforce our opinion, let us give what we consider a very fair specimen of a French

CHANSON MARINE.

"Chacun à sa Philosophie,
 Un marin à la sienne aussi:
 Sur ma Frégate je défie
 Et les chagrins et les soucis.
 Pour les dompter,
 Les éviter,
 Toujours avec moi j'embarque la Folle!
 Dans mon hamac,
 Sur le tillac,
 Je me distrais en fumant mon tabac;
 Et quand ma pipe est allumée,
 Je me dis, Que sont les grandeurs,
 Les biens, la gloire, la renommée?
 Ah, ma foi, de la fumée! (ter.)

"Traversant la mer de la vie,
Tachons d'arriver à bon port,
Vivons sans haine et sans envie,
Toujours content de notre sort,
De la bonté,
De la gaieté,
D'être immortels, n'ayant pas la manie.
Le plus savant
A vu souvent,
Tous ses écrits emportés par le vent ;
N'usons donc par en vain notre encre ;
L'onde s'en va, ne revient plus,
Et morbleu ! dans cette mer là
On ne jette pas l'ancre !" (ter.)

Now, is the above worthy to rank alongside our own ocean lyrics? Decidedly not. It is redolent, to use a hackneyed expression, not of the heaving billows of ocean, not of the spirit of the real blue-water tar, but of the Parisian boulevards and the Palais Royal! One cannot but be amused at the idea of calling it a sea-song. The author may have sailed on salt water, he may have crossed the line, and may even be a practical seaman himself for aught we know to the contrary; but assuredly *his* "philosophie," as expressed in the song, is not that of a sailor, but of a *littérateur*, a veritable *enfant de Paris*, who, when he would discourse of the ocean, is rather thinking of the Seine and its barges, and swimming-schools; and who sings of the sea, and of ships, and of sailors just in the same spirit as one of his brethren, who writes—

"La vie est une voyage,
Tachons de l'embellir !
Jetons sur son passage
Les roses du plaisir !"

But the genius of French and English seamen is so different that, after all, it is possible that a song which the latter would regard with unutterable contempt and disgust, may exactly suit the fancy and sentiment of the mercurial, yet gallant sons of Gaul.

To resume. We possess sea-songs, written fully three centuries ago; but there is little doubt that similar productions, popular at a yet earlier date than the reign of Elizabeth, are now irrecoverably lost. The defeat of the Spanish Armada, at a somewhat later period, probably inspired many a brave ballad and song in glorification of our ships and sailors; and these songs would be printed on black letter broadsides, or handed about in MS., and in some instances would be sung over the

length and breadth of the land; and yet all, or nearly all of them have likewise perished. In Pepy's collection is a naval song, descriptive of a sea-fight in the reign of bluff King Hal, and several similar pieces a generation or two later in date have been preserved. One of the oldest of these is "The Mariner's Song," in the comedy of *Common Conditions*, bearing date 1576. As a specimen of the style of our earliest sea-songs, we shall present it entire, as given, with modernised spelling, in the "Book of English Songs."*

"Lustily, lustily, lustily let us sail forth,
The wind trim doth serve us, it blows from the north.

"All things we have ready, and nothing we want
To furnish our ship that rideth hereby;
Victuals and weapons they be nothing scant,
Like worthy mariners ourselves we will try.
Lustily, lustily, &c.

"Her flags be new trimmed, set flaunting aloft,
Our ship for swift swimming, Oh! she doth excel;
We fear no enemies, we have 'scaped them oft,
Of all ships that swimmeth she beareth the bell.
Lustily, lustily, &c.

"And here is a master excelleth in skill,
And our master's mate he is not to seek;
And here is a boatwain will do his good will,
And here is a ship, boy, we never had leak.

"If fortune then fall not, and our next voyage prove,
We will return merrily, and make good cheer,
And hold altogether as friends link'd in love,
The cans shall be filled with wine, ale, and beer.
Lustily, lustily," &c.

The reader will observe that even at this early period much of the characteristic, bold, confident, roistering spirit which pervades modern sea-songs, is expressed in the above antique "stave."† It is rather curious, however, that the mariners vaunt the extreme swiftness of their ship rather than their own valour in fight. They "fear no enemies," not because they know they can conquer them in battle, but because they "have 'scaped them oft," owing to the "swift swimming" of their own ship! Another song, of the date 1609, commences thus:—

"We be three poor mariners,
Newly come from the seas;
We spend our lives in jeopardy,
While others live at ease!"

The two lines of this "Mariner's Glee," which we have italicised above,

* London: Ingram and Co.

† Seamen call a song a *stave*; and their own peculiar *cries* they call *songs*.

express the same sentiment as a later and very popular song.

In the next generation the Earl of Dorset wrote a song, or rather a ballad, which has ever been popular on account of its lively, witty, airy, tuneful style, the gallant spirit which it breathes, and the circumstances under which it is alleged to have been produced. We, of course, allude to the celebrated piece—"To all you Ladies now on Land." According to tradition, the author composed it the day before the great battle between the Dutch fleet, under Admiral Opdam—"Foggy Opdam," as Dorset calls him—and the English fleet, under the Duke of York, on June 3rd, 1665; but Dr. Johnson discredits this, and asserts that Dorset "only re-touched or finished it on the memorable evening. But even this," adds the doctor, "whatever it may subtract from his facility, leaves him his courage." We have no means of judging which statement is correct, but assuredly we see no reason to deem it either an impossibility, or even an improbability, that Dorset (Lord Buckhurst at the time) should compose the song entirely on the battle eve. A far more remarkable production is that magnificent "Sword Song" of Theodore Körner, and yet he unquestionably composed and wrote it down when bivouacing in a wood, only two hours before the conflict in which he met his death, sabre in hand. Dorset's ballad is precisely such an one as we would expect from an accomplished courtier and gallant cavalier. The first stanza strikes the key-note to the whole production:—

"To all ye ladies now on land,
We men at sea indite;
But first would have you understand,
How hard it is to write:
The Muses now, and Neptune, too,
We must implore to write to you.
With a fa, la, la, la, la, la."

All we need observe of it is that it does *not* breathe the spirit of a genuine sailor song, nor can we, in fact, expect that it should, for Dorset was merely a volunteer on ship-board. At that (and even at a later) period it was quite customary for a high-born cavalier, or a military gentleman, to actually assume command of a ship-of-war or a fleet, although he had all his life been an officer in the land service. Practical seamanship was by no means

considered essential to enable a man to command at sea. One week he might command a regiment—the ensuing, a three-decker!

We shall next proceed to notice the most deservedly celebrated sea-songs down to the advent of the king of ocean lyrists. First, we have "Ye Gentlemen of England" (said to be by Martyn Parker), the exact date of which is unknown to us. This song merits its long and steady popularity. The words and the music are alike really excellent. The first, and best stanza is as follows:—

"Ye gentlemen of England,
That live at home at ease,
Ah! little do ye think upon
The dangers of the seas!
Give ear unto the mariners,
And they will plainly show
All the cares and the fears
When the stormy winds do blow."

It is worthy of remark, that this song was a great favourite of Campbell's, and he not only wrote his "Mariners of England" to its air, but he also incorporated in his own glorious lyric the oft-repeated line—"When the stormy winds do blow."

From this period to the end of the eighteenth century, several sea-songs and lyrics by different authors appeared, which deserve special mention on account not only of their own great and distinctive merits, but also because they were immensely popular in their day, and in most instances yet continue so. We do not pretend to refer to them in chronological order, and in some instances we are, in fact, ignorant of the precise period of their production.

First, we will mention Gay's "Black-eyed Susan"—a piece which must be familiar to many of our readers. It is simple in incident, pathetic in tone, melodiously written, and set to a very touching and appropriate air. Its popularity has never flagged up to the present time, although it has been written considerably more than a century. Seamen and landmen have alike delighted to sing it. Yet more popular with seamen, but not with landmen, is the "Spanish Ladies." Who wrote it we know not, but the author either was a seaman himself, or very intimately acquainted with the sea, and the tastes of sailors. The piece possesses no literary merit whatever, but it is a genuine sailor's *stave*, and to this day it is sung in many a fore-castle

in every quarter of the globe. For these reasons we subjoin the first of the half-dozen stanzas as a specimen:—

“Farewell and adieu to you, Spanish ladies,
Farewell and adieu to you, ladies of Spain;
For we have received orders
For to sail to Old England,
But we hope in a short time to see you again.”

“Hearts of Oak,” written by Garrick, of late years has been remembered chiefly for its admirable chorus—a chorus known by every man-o’-war’s-man, as well as his own name, and which is superlatively excellent of the kind:—

“Hearts of oak are our ships
Gallant tars are our men;
We always are ready—
Steady, boys, steady!
We’ll fight and we’ll conquer again and again.”

Deservedly more celebrated than any of the above, is that noble song, “The Storm,” the authorship of which is a matter of controversy. The air itself is very old, but the words are by some attributed to Falconer, the Leith seaman (whose “Shipwreck” is the only poem of length in the language), and by others, to Alexander Stevens, an actor of note in his day. We are inclined to think that of the two Stevens is probably the author, for the sea-odes, &c., of Falconer are very inferior to his well-known poem, and “The Storm,” is not written at all in the style and tone of any of his acknowledged productions. Be this as it may, “The Storm” is undoubtedly one of the finest sea-songs ever written, and few verses are more frequently sung and quoted than the opening lines:—

“Cease, rude Boreas, blust’ring raller!
List, ye landsmen, all to me!
Messmates, hear a brother sailor
Sing the dangers of the sea.”

Subsequently to the above, if we mistake not, appeared two other very popular sea-songs—viz., the “Bay o’ Biscay” (by Andrew Cherry), and the “Old Commodore,” both excellent, especially the latter, which, however, is extremely coarse in language, but graphic and truthful.

And now let us refer to two truly grand sea-lyrics, written by a great poet, whose life and history were such that he was about the last author in the world whom one would have expected to produce such pieces. We allude to the domestic, pious, yet patriotic bard, William Cowper, who wrote “The Castaway,” and the “Loss of the

Royal George.” The former he founded on an incident related in “Anson’s Voyage;” and truthful and appropriate as its language is, in direct reference to the fact alluded to, yet the real interest of the piece—to those, at least, who are not mere surface-readers—is its deep-meaning, melancholy personal allegory. Oft have we ourselves, in our moments of depression, mournfully recited these lines of the piece:—

“The Atlantic billows roared,
When such a destined wretch as I,
Washed headlong from on board—
Of friends, of hope, of all bereft;
His floating home for ever left!”

And do sailors—practical foremast-men—appreciate and repeat Cowper’s “Castaway”? Yes; some of them assuredly do, and we can name at least one interesting proof. Dana, in his matchless “Two Years before the Mast,” relates how he “killed time” during the long monotonous night-watches, by repeating over to himself a variety of things which he knew by heart. After mentioning several, he says—“The next in the order, that I never varied from, came Cowper’s ‘Castaway,’ which was a great favourite with me; the solemn measure and gloomy character of which, as well as the incident that it was founded upon, made it well suited to a lonely watch at sea.”

The “Loss of the Royal George” is, of course, a commemoration of the almost unparalleled catastrophe at Spithead, in 1782, when, by the most culpable negligence, the Royal George capsized at her anchorage, and out of 1200 souls on board, not less than 900, including Admiral Kempenfelt, perished. Cowper’s lyric-elegy, as it may be termed, is a glowing, spirit-stirring composition; the language is simple, yet terse and energetic, and some of the lines are peculiarly felicitous. For instance, what a fine sentiment is expressed in the following stanza:—

“Weigh the vessel up,
Once dreaded by our foes,
And mingle with our cup
The tear that England owes.”

All efforts, however, to weigh the Royal George proved unavailing, owing, probably, in some measure, to the shortness of her length, which, combined with her enormous and disproportionate height from keel to upper-works, caused her to sink deeply

in the sand, and rendered it very difficult to grapple her in a proper fashion for raising. Thus, she could not, as Cowper naturally anticipated, again float "full charged with England's thunder;" and even had she, yet, as he sadly reiterates:—

" Brave Kempenfelt is gone,
His victories are o'er,
And he and his eight hundred
Shall plough the wave no more!"

Cowper's two sea-lyrics, especially the one last referred to, attracted considerable notice at the time they were first published; and had they then been set to appropriate music and sung by Incledon, or even were they, at the present day, sung by such a man as Henry Russell, we cannot doubt they would attain a very distinguished popularity.

The mention of the "Loss of the Royal George" reminds us of a fine piece by Sheridan (who produced several sea-songs, generally of no great merit, yet, in some instances, popular); written, as we understand, on the loss of the Saldanah frigate, the Hon. Captain Pakenham, who perished with all his crew. We give a single stanza:—

" But no mortal power shall now
That crew and vessel save;
They are shrouded as they go
In a hurricane of snow,
And the track beneath her prow
Is their grave."

And now for the king of the sea-poets, and the laureate of the navy—and he is Charles Dibdin, as all the world knows. But perchance all the world does *not* know how widely opinions differ as to the real merit of the said Charles Dibdin. Lord Jeffrey, the greatest of modern critics, considered Dibdin's songs to be mere "slang;" but, Jeffrey, as he himself avowed, had a perfect hatred and horror of the sea,* and therefore we must not accept him as an altogether impartial or unprejudiced critic as concerns Dibdin. But one whose judgment is deserving of more regard on this subject than Lord Jeffrey's expresses an opinion quite as unfavourable. We allude to a writer in *Blackwood's Magazine*, in 1829, apparently a naval officer himself, and certainly

a very able commentator. He endeavours to prove that Dibdin, on the whole, was little better than a charlatan; and he distinctly says, that "his songs have never been the means of contributing a single seaman to the country, much less of adding a thorough-bred tar to the service." Now, against this sweeping opinion let us pit that of Captain Chamier, R.N., who, in his "Ben Brace," exclaims, "How much, how very much is the nation indebted to Dibdin! His songs are made for sailors, and breathe the very inspiration they require." What, too, says Herman Melville, the great American sailor-author? He says, in his "White Jacket," that Dibdin's songs "breathe the very poetry of ocean;" but, he adds, that they also savour strongly of a sort of Mahomedan fatalism and sensualism. And that is true enough.

Another opinion of Dibdin's songs, and *as far as it goes* we think it is a very just one, was given some years ago in "Chambers's Edinburgh Journal," in these words—"His songs, on the whole, present an idealised and exaggerated embodiment of the characteristics, life, and habits of seamen. They were written in war time, when the nation was excited to a pitch of frenzied enthusiasm by a succession of unparalleled naval victories—when a prince of the blood trod the quarter-deck, and Nelson was 'Britannia's god of war.' Their popularity with *landsmen* was then incredible. Everybody sang Dibdin's sea-songs, deeming them a perfect mirror of sea-life and seamen's character. The truth is, he has exaggerated both the virtues and the follies of sailors to an absurd degree; and his blue-jacketed heroes are no more to be accepted as a fair type of sailors than are Fennimore Cooper's Chingachgook and Leatherstocking as types of the red-men and trappers of North America. . . . Dibdin's sea-songs might be 'worth a dozen pressgangs' for manning the navy in war time, and, for aught we can predicate to the contrary, they may be so again; but we reiterate our conviction, that they never caused sailors to ship aboard a man-o'-war. Landsmen might volunteer by scores, through

* Most amusingly is this evinced in the diary he wrote on his voyage to America, as quoted in his life by Lord Cockburn.

the influence of such stirring, patriotic ditties; but seamen, who 'knew the ropes,' would never be induced to ship through their agency." Lastly, what says Charles Dibdin himself?—though it is hardly permissible for an author to bear testimony to the merits of his own writings. He says—"My songs have been the solace of sailors in long voyages, in storms, in battles, and they have been quoted in mutinies to the restoration of order and discipline!" We are strongly tempted to add at least three points of admiration to the above astounding assertion. That the songs may have been "the solace of sailors in long voyages," we are quite willing to believe; but "in storms!" "in battles!!" and "in mutinies!!!" We happen to know something of the sea and of seamen, and we involuntarily ejaculate—Tell that to the marines! though we suspect that even the "jollies" will not believe it, and certainly seamen will not, nor will we.

The above will show what a diversity of opinion exists as to the merits of Dibdin; and we will now endeavour to deliver our own estimate, and we shall do that the more confidently because we have long been familiar with the songs in question, and also with most other sea-songs of any mark.

First, we must consider the circumstances under which Dibdin's songs were written. Britain was then fighting almost for existence as a nation against the giant power of Napoleon I.; and all classes were deeply impressed with a sound conviction, that the navy alone could save their country from invasion, and all that might result therefrom. But the navy perpetually needed men; and so unpopular was the service at the time, owing to the dreadfully severe discipline, and incredible hardships and injustice to which men-of-war's-men were systematically subjected, that seamen never could be induced to volunteer, and, notwithstanding the merciless *razzias* of numerous press-gangs, hardly a ship-of-war ever went to sea well manned. At this epoch, Dibdin commenced writing and singing his sea-songs; and as they were admirably calculated to create a feeling of enthusiastic pride in the navy, and to impress the public with a notion that a man-of-war's-man's life was not merely one of the most heroic, but one of the happiest and most enviable, Mr. Pitt is said to have early appreciated the value of such compositions,

and accordingly encouraged Dibdin to continue writing them, for which the poet was eventually rewarded with a pension. We fear that Dibdin's inspiration was, in part, not of the loftiest nor most honourable kind. He was not a man much troubled with moral scruples, nor particularly conscientious. He could not possibly be ignorant that life in a man-of-war was then extremely different from what the generality of his songs represent. The tyranny and the abominable injustice with which men-of-war's-men were then treated, was astounding and horrifying. We have conversed with old seamen on the subject, and we have read an overwhelming amount of contemporary evidence—much even legal and official—and we know that we are fully justified in the above assertion. Dibdin was—and, perhaps, ever will be—unrivalled in his peculiar line of writing, but we cannot acquit him of a reckless determination to popularise the navy at the expense of honest truth. In fact, he must have felt himself to be just a literary recruiting officer for the navy. As to the actual effect his lyrics had in manning ships of war, we agree unreservedly with those who maintain that very few able seamen would volunteer through their influence. But that impressible youths and landsmen did so in considerable numbers is highly probable—indeed, we should say, unquestionable; and what subsequent Boards of Admiralty have thought of the practical efficacy of the songs in this respect, is significantly indicated by "Admiralty Editions" of them. One Admiralty, not many years ago, had a score of the best of Dibdin's songs separately printed, and presented to all men then serving in the British navy.

Regarding Dibdin's sea-songs on the whole, we must charge them with a spirit of exaggeration. In our estimation, *that* is their one great pervading fault. We personally know what seamen are now-a-days, and we know what they were in Dibdin's time by the aid of his contemporaries; and our decided judgment is that he has overdrawn their character as a class—representing them to be greater philosophical heroes, and happier men afloat, and more reckless and foolish ashore, than they really were. We are perfectly aware that the character of seamen generally, and especially of men-of-war's-men, is perceptibly improved

since Dibdin's time, owing to ameliorating circumstances in their condition; but in their *esprit de corps*—their professional peculiarities of thought, of feeling, of speech, of action, they have altered comparatively little; and Dibdin's *stock beau-ideal* of a blue-jacket must have been over-coloured and melodramatic. Let us not be misunderstood. We are at present speaking of Dibdin's sea-songs in the bulk; and it is to the majesty of them that we apply the above charge of exaggeration, and of a tendency to impart incorrect notions of the life and character of men-of-war's-men. Moreover, we have no hesitation in expressing our belief that one reason why his songs did not induce real able seamen to enter the navy, was, because they knew too well how false were the pictures he drew of a jolly, happy, merry, reckless life afloat.

The other faults of Dibdin we must briefly pass in review. He was often most offensively coarse (much in Smollett's fashion) in his language and ideas. One of his admirers endeavours to excuse him, on the ground that such was the common vice of the age—an old and hackneyed plea on behalf of literary sinners. A second fault of his style was the ridiculously profuse manner in which he introduced sea-phrases and nautical technicalities. They bestud many of his songs as thickly as plums in a Christmas pudding. Now, we beg to apprise all indiscriminating admirers of the laureate of the navy, that real blue-jackets do *not* interlard their discourse, neither afloat nor on shore, with sea-phrases *à la* Dibdin, or *à la* Commodore Trunnion. Sometimes they use a racy, appropriate professional expression or phrase, but not very frequently. You may talk—as we have oft talked—with first-rate seamen and men-of-war's-men for hours without hearing them indulge in sea-slang or nautical nomenclature, except when absolutely necessary to convey their meaning. It is your half-bred dandy sailor—we say sailor, not seaman—who goes swaggering and swearing about on shore, but at sea is not fit to be entrusted with the wheel in a top-gallant breeze, and who cannot pass a weather-earring ship-shape, nor turn a heart in a stay, nor, perhaps, even make a long-splice in a creditable manner—it is a fellow of this stamp who cannot speak without “shivering his timbers,” and indulging in all sorts of

sea-slang and coarse profanity. A third—and in the estimation of seamen themselves the most serious of all Dibdin's faults—is his tendency to commit ludicrous errors in describing nautical manœuvres and in using sea-terms. For our part, we only marvel that he did not err yet more frequently in this respect. Lastly, Dibdin was prone to dash off his lyrics with inexcusable haste and carelessness; and he boasted that he had not only written but also set to music “thirty very prominent songs” in three-quarters of an hour each! Had *all* his songs been produced at this high-pressure speed, the world would have long ago consigned their author's name to merited oblivion.

Now we will gladly reverse the medal. It is ever more pleasant to dwell on merits than defects; and, having pointed out the chief errors and faults of Charles Dibdin, we will bear most cordial testimony to his rare and admirable qualities. He was not merely a writer of talent, but one of undeniable genius; and in his peculiar line he is quite inimitable and unrivalled. All his songs, even the most trifling, are pervaded by a hearty, bold, earnest, and very *manly* spirit; and, although he sometimes indulges in meretricious sentimentality, he is yet oftener truly and unaffectedly pathetic. Patriotism and duty are cardinal virtues, on which he perpetually expatiates; and with almost equal persistency does he inculcate many other noble qualities—generosity, valour, fortitude, clemency to a fallen foe, self-reliance, cheerful endurance of hardship and privations, and manly uncomplaining resignation to the worst that can befall. We have justly charged him with general exaggeration as regards the character of seamen and their life in the navy; but, setting aside this unfortunate (and we fear wilful and deliberate) vice of style, he has certainly portrayed seamen in a masterly manner, intuitively grasping their prominent peculiarities, which he brings forward in strong relief. He rarely, however, succeeds in drawing a striking, distinct, individual portrait; all his sketches are of one type; all his Jacks, and Toms, and Wills, and Dicks, are embodiments of the salient distinguishing qualities of a class, and, therefore, as such we feel them to be Representative Men—ideal, albeit truthful abstractions, rather than flesh-and-blood individuals.

If Dibdin had not written so many sea-songs, his reputation would have been enhanced in critical estimation. We admire his genius as much, and relish his themes and their treatment as keenly as anybody; but we think at least three-fourths of his sea-songs might be annihilated without any material loss to literature, and with a certainty of placing Dibdin on a yet higher pedestal of fame in the opinion of posterity. We have carefully considered all his acknowledged lyrics of the class in question, and our impression is, that at most not more than a score are deserving of permanent preservation, or worthy of the name and fame of their author.

A score, then, let us say, of Dibdin's sea-songs are excellent, and of this number some half-dozen are truly first-rate. Whatever depreciatory remarks we have previously thought it right to make, apply only to the great mass of the songs—not to the nobly-exceptional few; for the latter, although not faultless, are really of the very highest merit. Who can read "Poor Tom Bowling" without acknowledging its heart-subduing pathos? The language is beautiful, the melody is exquisite, the simple words are felicitously chosen, the sentiment is appropriate—all is in perfect keeping; and the result is, an unique, matchless composition, a gem that will be treasured as long as the literature of our country exists. "Poor Jack" is another piece which will assuredly enjoy an enduring popularity. Let us quote one grand verse which strikingly exemplifies what we said about Dibdin's earnest, manly way of advocating an ever-cheerful performance of duty, and reliance on Providence, and resignation to the will of God:—

"D'ye mind me, a sailor should be, every inch,
All as one as a piece of the ship;
And with her brave the world, without off'ring to flinch,
From the moment the anchor's a-trip.
As to me, in all weathers, all times, tides and ends,
Nought's a trouble from duty that springs;
For my heart is my Poll's, and my rhino's my friend's,
And as for my life, 'tis the King's.
Even when my time comes, ne'er believe me so soft,
As with grief to be taken aback;
For that same little cherub that sits up aloft
Will look out a good berth for poor Jack!"

"Jack at the Windlass" is a masterly picture of the mood in which sailors often go to sea; and amid its satire, the author is careful to let us understand that Jack's natural vein of

good-humour and cheerful obedience underlies all his satire, grumbling, and fault-finding. "The Voyage of Life" is a capital specimen of a moralising strain, in which Dibdin frequently indulged, when he would compare the ocean and ships to human life and to man, the individual:—

"A voyage at sea, and all its strife,
Its pleasure and its pain,
At every point resembles life—
Hard work for little gain.
The anchor's weighed, smooth is the flood,
Serene seems every form,
But soon, alas! comes on the scud
That speaks the threatening storm.

The voyage through life is various found,
The wind is seldom fair;
Though to the Straits of Pleasure bound,
Too oft we touch at Care."

"Tom Tackle," "Honesty in Tatters," "True Courage," "Sailor's Consolation," and several other songs, have each particular excellencies; but we can merely allude to them here. Our space will only permit us to speak of two other of Dibdin's pieces—one of which, "The Shipwreck," is the finest of all his serious efforts. It is a splendid composition, of a higher order of poetry, and more elevated in tone, and perfect in execution, than any other lyric he ever produced. In conception it is very dramatic; the incidents are natural, and correctly detailed; the imagery is remarkably vivid and appropriate. Had Dibdin never written anything else, it is of itself sufficient to stamp him a true poet; and as it is, we forget all his faults when we read it. We believe this noble piece is much less known than it deserves to be—for there is not a finer production of the kind in the whole compass of English literature; and, therefore, we hesitate not to present it entire:—

"Avert yon omen, gracious Heaven!
The ugly scud,
By rising winds resistless driven,
Kisses the flood.
How hard the lot for sailors cast,
That they should roam
For years, to perish thus at last
In sight of home!
For if the coming gale we mourn
A tempest grows,
Our vessel's shatter'd so and torn,
That down she goes!"

"The tempest comes, while meteors red
Portentous fly;
And now we touch old Ocean's bed, }
Now reach the sky!
On sable wings, in gloomy flight,
Fiends seem to wait
To snatch us in this dreadful night,
Dark as our fate:"

Unless some kind, some pitying Power
Should interpose,
She labours so within this hour,
Down she goes!

"But see, on rosy pinions borne
O'er the mad deep,
Reluctant beams the sorrowing morn,
With us to weep.
Deceitful sorrow, cheerless light—
Dreadful to think,
The morn is risen, in endless night
Our hopes to sink!
She splits! she parts!—through sluices driven
The water flows!
Adieu, ye friends! have mercy Heaven!
For down she goes!"

The best *song* (strictly speaking) that even the king of the sea-poets produced, remains to be noticed. We allude, of course, to the "True English Sailor," which he must have written in his happiest moment of inspiration. There cannot be two opinions about this song. It is the truest portrait of the English—or British?—sailor ever given to the world in verse. Everybody must recognise its graphic fidelity; and we can vouch for it, that there are at this moment thousands of gallant fellows serving their country in the Baltic and Black Sea fleets, to whom Dibdin's lines are thoroughly applicable. He must indeed be hypercritical who will venture to impeach the general truthfulness of this masterly description of the

"TRUE ENGLISH SAILOR.

"Jack dances and sings, and is always content;
In his vows to his lass he'll ne'er fail her;
His anchor's a-trip when his money's all spent—
And this is the life of a sailor.

"Alert in his duty, he readily flies
Where the winds the tired vessel are flinging,
Though sunk to the sea-gods, or toss'd to the skies,
Still Jack is found working and singing.

"'Longside of an enemy, boldly and brave,
He'll with broadside on broadside regale her;
Yet he'll sigh to the soul o'er that enemy's grave,
So noble's the mind of a sailor.

"Let cannon roar loud, burst their sides let the bombs,
Let the winds a dread hurricane rattle,
The rough and the pleasant he takes as it comes,
And laughs at the storm and the battle.

"In a fostering Power while Jack puts his trust,
As Fortune comes smiling he'll hail her;
Resign'd still, and manly, since what must be must—
And this is the mind of a sailor.

"Though careless and headlong, if danger should press,
And rank'd 'mongst the free list of rovers,
Yet he'll melt into tears at a tale of distress,
And prove the most constant of lovers.

"To rancour unknown, to no passion a slave,
Nor unmanly, nor mean, nor a railer,
He's gentle as mercy, as fortitude brave—
And this is a true English sailor."

Although Dibdin is the king of our sea-poets, yet he is not the author of

the greatest naval (and truly national) lyric in existence. Of course we allude to Campbell's "Mariners of England;" and only second to that glorious effusion of genius is the same poet's "Battle of the Baltic." It is merely necessary to name them here, for they are so universally known and appreciated that criticism or eulogy would alike be sheer impertinence.

It is worthy of remark that, with the exception of Charles Dibdin, no poet has produced anything like a *series* of sea-songs. From the latter end of the eighteenth century up to the present time, a considerable number of very popular sea-songs have been published; but in hardly any instance have more than one or two of these pieces been written by the same author. We shall now briefly notice a few of these solitary productions that have attained the greatest celebrity. "The Arethusa" (by Prince Hoare) is one of this class, and it has ever been especially popular in the navy, owing partly to the fame won by the gallant frigate commemorated, and partly to the dashing, breezy, chivalric style in which it is written—a style particularly calculated to please men-of-war's-men. This is the first stanza (one very fine line of which we italicise):—

"Come, all ye jolly sailors bold,
Whose hearts are cast in honour's mould,
While English glory I unfold—
Huzza to the Arethusa!
She is a frigate tight and brave
As ever stemm'd the dashing wave:
Her men are staunch
To their fav'rite launch,
And when the foe shall meet our fire,
Sooner than strike we'll all expire,
On board of the Arethusa."

Incedon frequently sang "The Arethusa," in a style that probably aided not a little to win its popularity.

The "Old Commodore" used to be immensely popular, and it certainly is a very clever and thoroughly sailor-like song; but, unfortunately, it is intolerably coarse in language, and is only fit, on that account, to be sung in a fore-castle, even if there, now-a-days. Another anonymous song (at least we have not been able to obtain any copy with the author's name) of greater merit, and of almost equal popularity, is that entitled "Harry Bluff." It may, however, be unknown to many of our readers, and we think so highly of its style and sentiment that we shall insert it without further comment.

Dibdin himself might have been proud to have written—as a worthy companion-song to his “True English Sailor”—

“HARRY BLUFF.

“Harry Bluff, when a boy, left his friends and his home,

His dear native land, on the ocean to roam;
Like a sapling he sprung, he was fair to the view,
And was true British oak as the older he grew.
Though his body was weak, and his hands they were soft,

When the signal was given he was first up aloft;
The veterans all said he'd one day lead the van,
And though rated a boy, he'd the soul of a man,
And the heart of a true British sailor.

“When by manhood promoted, and burning for fame,
In peace or in war Harry Bluff was the same;
So true to his love, and in battle so brave,
May the myrtle and laurel entwine o'er his grave.
In battle he fell, when by victory crown'd—
The flag shot away fell in tatters around;
The foe thought he'd struck, when he cried out,
‘Avast!’

And the colours of old England he nailed to the mast,
And he died like a true British sailor!

One of the most gifted of modern English song-writers, Barry Cornwall, is author of “The Sea;” and a more popular production of its class has not been written during the present generation. Everybody must have read it, or heard it sung. It may be bold to impugn the verdict of the public, which has been unequivocally manifested in favour of this remarkable song; but, whilst we appreciate its merits, and admire it as a very fine literary composition, we cannot conscientiously class it with the best songs of Dibdin, or with several sea-songs by various authors much less popular. In our opinion it is *far too artificial and forced in sentiment*. Whatever enthusiasm the author may have felt regarding the sea, his song has no racy salt-water smack; and were you to ask a blue-jacket his opinion, he would shift his quid, and contemptuously tell you that a Cockney must have written it. And there is a Cockney twang about it. When we carefully *con* it over, and weigh its words and their legitimate meaning, we feel that, however spirited it may be in a literary sense, it lacks the soul that animates the breast of the genuine sea-poet; and we fancy that the author drew his inspiration from the Thames, or, at most, from a trip in a Margate hoy, or in a steam-boat to Boulogne. The very poorest of Dibdin's songs—however carelessly written and paltry in theme—have a natural touch about them, a salt-water flavour, a sailor-like tone and air, which Barry Cornwall's celebrated song woefully

lacketh. The latter is a song which no true sea-poet would have written, and no seaman will care to sing; but it is excellently adapted to gratify the tastes of all fresh-water sailors, amateur river yachtsmen, and fervent admirers of T. P. Cooke. In a word, it is a platform and drawing-room song—an abundantly clever melodramatic effusion, which will extremely delight those who derive their notion of the ocean from a voyage to the buoy at the Nore, and their knowledge and *beau-ideal* of seamen from the performance of the heroes of nautical dramas on the stage. We are expressing an honest opinion, which we feel competent and qualified to pronounce; and, although we thus broadly protest against the indiscriminate eulogies so often lavished on “The Sea! the Sea! the open Sea!” we yet are warm admirers of the generality of Barry Cornwall's noble English songs. Nature, however, never intended him for a sea-poet. He should not venture lower down the Thames than Gravesend; or, at the utmost, he must not quit the soundings of the Channel. When his lead ceases to bring up sand and shells, let him immediately put about, and bear up for the river again; for, although he assures us that—

“If a storm should come, and awake the deep,
What matter? I shall ride and sleep!”—

yet we don't believe him; and, knowing, as we do, that he would be infallibly sea-sick even in crossing the Straits of Dover, we tremble at the mere supposition of seeing our helpless friend (who has spent “full fifty summers a rover's life”) tossed about like a shuttlecock on the merciless and remorseless billows of the North Atlantic—an ocean that may be said to hold all amateur “rovers” in especial scorn, for it has never yet failed to shake all their amiable, nonsensical enthusiasm out of them in less than twenty-four hours after they ventured to ride its royal waves!

Allan Cunningham's “A Wet Sheet and a Flowing Sea” is well deserving of its popularity. A nautical critic would, perhaps, object to some expressions; but it is, on the whole, a very fine, spirited song, and its sentiment is healthy and natural, and not overstrained nor melodramatic. We think it far superior to Barry Cornwall's more celebrated production.

The length of our article warns us to conclude ; yet, before doing so, we would fain notice a very beautiful and affecting piece, entitled "The Sailor-Boy's Grave," written by Mr. William Ilott. Whether it can be strictly called a sea-song is a question we shall not discuss ; but sure are we that it "breathes the very poetry of ocean" (to use Herman Melville's expression), and it is worthy, both on the score of subject, sentiment, and language, to be printed in any future collection of the choicest and finest sea-pieces ever written. Our readers will thank us for here presenting them with

"THE SAILOR-BOY'S GRAVE."

"Bright, bright were the sailor-boy's dreams in life's morning,

When hope with its fairy-forms gilded the way,
And a thousand sweet visions of happiness dawning,
Were spreading their shadows throughout the long day.

Quick, quick beat his heart at the buoyant bark's motion,

For his childhood's first dream—his first love—
Were the foam-crested waves of the wide-spreading ocean,

With the sun and the sea-bird above.

"Soon, soon were his hopes and his fairy-dreams banish'd ;

Not long did they gladden his sight ;
For he sickened, and quickly the light of life vanish'd,

Till it wan'd into death's gloomy night.
They buried him then in the shroud they had made him,

'Neath his childhood's first dream—his first love—
And sea-shells are scattered around where they laid him,

With the sun and the sea-bird above.

"No flowers bloom in beauty ; no stone tells his story ;

No dirge, save the wind and the wave ;
No tablet of fame, and no emblem of glory,
Are found near the sailor-boy's grave.

Yet his head rests in peace on his coral-rock pillow,
'Neath his childhood's first dream—his first love—
And the sun, and the sea-bird, and foam-crested billow,

All sparkle in splendour above."

Knowing what *we* know of the history of certain sailor-boys and their graves, we can hardly read the above exquisite lines without shedding tears. Underneath the desk on which we are now writing there lies at this moment a letter relating the death and burial of a sailor-boy—a letter written by the captain of the ship to the boy's widowed mother—that even a stranger cannot read without deep emotion.

One parting observation we must not omit. It is, that very few sea-songs, or lyrics, or poems, have been

written by practical seamen. We only know two notable exceptions. The first is Falconer, author of "The Shipwreck," and of several sea-odes, &c. ; and the second is Ismael Fitzadam, who is now almost forgotten, and unknown to the existing generation, but who acquired a melancholy celebrity more than thirty years ago. His real name was John Macken ; by birth an Irishman ; by education a gentleman ; by nature a poet. He became a man-o'-war's-man, and fought as such under Lord Exmouth, at the bombardment of Algiers. Subsequently, he wrote and published his "Harp of the Desert," which contains a description of the battle in question. It was generously appreciated in some literary quarters ; but when Ismael Fitzadam sent a copy of his work and a letter to Lord Exmouth, the latter declined to take any notice of either. Poor Fitzadam, in the bitterness and despair of his heart, then addressed the following very striking and affecting remonstrance to his Admiral :—

"Chief of the Christian host ! stern Exmouth, who,
When Britain's thunder, throned upon the sea,
Smote proud Algiers to dust—the slave set free—
Led'st up the fiery hurricane that blew,
And burst in vengeance on the Paynim crew,—
Champion of Faith ! rememberest aught of me,
Who that day, 'mid Old England's chivalry,
Did toil beneath thy banners, tough and true ?
Then tried, in such mad moment of renown,
To seize the theme—fond Phantom of the wave !
Well, though condemned to brook Oblivion's frown,
Though never poet-wreath my name may save,
Yet of his share, of thine, and victory's crown,
No slight can rob thy minstrel's desert-grave."

This ill-fated sailor-poet is said to have been a man of keen sensibility and of a very independent spirit. The neglect, the misfortunes, the disappointments, and the hope long deferred (and, alas ! never realised) experienced by him, at length broke his manly heart.

"And he ! what was his fate—the Bard—
He of the Desert-Harp, whose song
Flowed freely, wilfully as the wind
That bore him and his harp along ?

"The fate which waits the gifted one—
To pine, each finer impulse checked ;
At length to sink and die beneath
The shade and silence of neglect."

Thus wrote "L. E. L." when Ismael Fitzadam's death added another name to the long list of victims of neglected genius.

THE FORTUNES OF GLENCORE.

CHAPTER I.

A LONELY LANDSCAPE.

WHERE that singularly beautiful inlet of the sea, known in the west of Ireland as the Killeries, after narrowing to a mere strait, expands into a bay, stands the ruin of the ancient Castle of Glencore. With the bold steep sides of Ben Greggan behind, and the broad blue Atlantic in front, the proud keep would seem to have occupied a spot that might have bid defiance to the boldest assailant. The estuary itself here seems entirely landlocked, and resembles in the wild fantastic outline of the mountains around, a Norwegian fiord, rather than a scene in our own tamer landscape. The small village of Leenane, which stands on the Galway shore, opposite to Glencore, presents the only trace of habitation in this wild and desolate district, for the country around is poor, and its soil offers little to repay the task of the husbandman. Fishing is then the chief, if not the sole resource of those who pass their lives in this solitary region; and thus, in every little creek or inlet of the shore may be seen the stout craft of some hardy venturer, and nets, and tackle, and such like gear, lie drying on every rocky eminence. We have said that Glencore was a ruin, but still its vast proportions, yet traceable in massive fragments of masonry, displayed specimens of various eras of architecture, from the rudest tower of the twelfth century to the more ornate style of a later period; while artificial embankments and sloped sides of grass showed the remains of what once had been terrace and "parterre," the successors, it might be presumed, of fosse and parapet. Many a tale of cruelty and oppression, many a story of suffering and sorrow clung to those old walls, for they had formed the home of a haughty and a cruel race, the last descendant of which died in the close of the past century. The Castle of Glencore, with the title, had now descended to a distant relation of the house, who had repaired and so far restored the old residence as to make it habitable—that is to say, four bleak

and lofty chambers were rudely furnished, and about as many smaller ones fitted for servant accommodation, but no effort at embellishment, not even the commonest attempt at neatness was bestowed on the grounds or the garden; and in this state it remained for some five-and-twenty or thirty years, when the tidings reached the little village of Leenane that his lordship was about to return to Glencore, and fix his residence there.

Such an event was of no small moment in such a locality, and many were the speculations as to what might be the consequence of his coming. Little, or indeed nothing, was known of Lord Glencore; his only visit to the neighbourhood had occurred many years before, and lasted but for a day. He had arrived suddenly, and, taking a boat at the ferry, as it was called, crossed over to the castle, whence he returned at nightfall, to depart as hurriedly as he came.

Of those who had seen him in this brief visit the accounts were vague and most contradictory. Some called him handsome and well-built; others said he was a dark-looking, downcast man, with a sickly and forbidding aspect. None, however, could record one single word he had spoken, nor could even gossips pretend to say that he gave utterance to any opinion about the place or the people. The mode in which the estate was managed gave as little insight into the character of the proprietor. If no severity was displayed to the few tenants on the property, there was no encouragement given to their efforts at improvement; a kind of cold neglect was the only feature discernible, and many went so far as to say, that if any cared to forget the payment of his rent the chances were it might never be demanded of him; the great security against such a venture, however, lay in the fact, that the land was held at a mere nominal rental, and few would have risked his tenure by such an experiment.

It was little to be wondered at that

Lord Glencore was not better known in that secluded spot, since even in England his name was scarcely heard of. His fortune was very limited, and he had no political influence whatever, not possessing a seat in the upper house; so that, as he spent his life abroad, he was almost totally forgotten in his own country.

All that Debrett could tell of him was comprised in a few lines, recording simply that he was sixth Viscount Glencore and Loughdooner; born in the month of February, 1802, and married in August, 1824, to Clarissa Isabella, second daughter of Sir Guy Clifford, of Wytechley, Baronet; by whom he had issue, Charles Conyngnam Massey, born 6th June, 1828. There closed the notice.

Strange and quaint things are these short biographies, with little beyond the barren fact that "he had lived" and "he had died;" and yet with all the changes of this work-a-day world, with its din, and turmoil, and gold-seeking, and "progress," men cannot divest themselves of reverence for birth and blood, and the veneration for high descent remains an instinct of humanity. Sneer, as men will, at "heaven-born legislators," laugh as you may at the "tenth transmitter of a foolish face," there is something eminently impressive in the fact of a position acquired by deeds that date back to centuries, and preserved inviolate to the successor of him who fought at Agincourt or at Cressy. If ever this religion shall be impaired, the fault be on those who have derogated from their great prerogative, and forgotten to make illustrious by example what they have inherited illustrious by descent.

When the news first reached the neighbourhood that a lord was about to take up his residence in the Castle, the most extravagant expectations were conceived of the benefits to arise from such a source. The very humblest already speculated on the advantages his wealth was to diffuse, and the thousand little channels into which his affluence would be directed. The ancient traditions of the place spoke of a time of boundless profusion, when troops of mounted followers used to accompany the old barons, and when the lough itself used to be covered with boats, with the armorial bearings of Glencore floating proudly from their mastheads. There were old men then

living who remembered as many as two hundred labourers being daily employed on the grounds and gardens of the castle; and the most fabulous stories were told of fortunes accumulated by those who were lucky enough to have saved the rich earnings of that golden period.

Coloured as such speculations were with all the imaginative warmth of the west, it was a terrible shock to such sanguine fancies, when they beheld a middle-aged, sad-looking man arrive in a simple post-chaise, accompanied by his son, a child of six or seven years of age, and a single servant—a grim-looking old dragoon corporal, who neither invited intimacy nor rewarded it. It was not, indeed, for a long time that they could believe that this was "my lord," and that this solitary attendant was the whole of that great retinue they had so long been expecting; nor, indeed, could any evidence less strong than Mrs. Mulcahy's, of the Post-office, completely satisfy them on the subject. The address of certain letters and newspapers to the Lord Viscount Glencore was, however, a testimony beyond dispute; so that nothing remained but to revenge themselves on the unconscious author of their self-deception for the disappointment he gave them. This, it is true, required some ingenuity, for they scarcely ever saw him, nor could they ascertain a single fact of his habits or mode of life.

He never crossed the lough, as the inlet of the sea, about three miles in width, was called. He as rigidly excluded the peasantry from the grounds of the Castle; and, save an old fisherman, who carried his letter-bag to and fro, and a few labourers in the spring and autumn, none ever invaded the forbidden precincts.

Of course, such privacy paid its accustomed penalty; and many an explanation, of a kind little flattering, was circulated to account for so ungenial an existence. Some alleged that he had committed some heavy crime against the State, and was permitted to pass his life there, on the condition of perpetual imprisonment; others, that his wife had deserted him, and that in his forlorn condition he had sought out a spot to live and die in, unnoticed and unknown; a few ascribed his solitude to debt; while others were divided in opinion between charges of

misanthropy and avarice—to either of which accusations his lonely and simple life fully exposed him.

In time, however, people grew tired of repeating stories to which no new evidence added any features of interest. They lost the zest for a scandal which ceased to astonish, and “my lord” was as much forgotten, and his existence as unspoken of, as though the old towers had once again become the home of the owl and the jackdaw.

It was now about eight years since “the lord” had taken up his abode at the Castle, when one evening, a raw and gusty night of December, the little skiff of the fisherman was seen standing in for shore—a sight somewhat uncommon, since she always crossed the loch in time for the morning’s mail.

“There’s another man aboard, too,” said a by-stander from the little group that watched the boat, as she neared the harbour; “I think it’s Mr. Craggs.”

“You’re right enough, Sam—it’s the corporal; I know his cap, and the short tail of hair he wears under it. What can bring him at this time o’ night?”

“He’s going to bespeak a quarter of Tim Healey’s beef, maybe,” said one, with a grin of malicious drollery.

“Mayhap it’s askin’ us all to spend the Christmas he’d be,” said another.

“Whisht! or he’ll hear you,” muttered a third; and at the same instant the sail came clattering down, and the boat glided swiftly past, and entered a little natural creek close beneath where they stood.

“Who has got a horse and a jaunting-car?” cried the Corporal, as he jumped on shore. “I want one for Clifden directly.”

“It’s fifteen miles—divil a less,” cried one.

“Fifteen! no, but eighteen! Kiely’s bridge is bruck down, and you’ll have to go by Gortnamuck.”

“Well, and if he has, can’t he take the cut?”

“He can’t.”

“Why not? Didn’t I go that way last week?”

“Well, and if you did, didn’t you lame your baste?”

“’Twasn’t the cut did it.”

“It was—sure I know better—Billy Moore tould me.”

“Billy’s a liar!”

Such and such like comments and

contradictions were very rapidly exchanged, and already the debate was waxing warm, when Mr. Craggs’ authoritative voice interposed with—

“Billy Moore be blowed! I want to know if I can have a car and horse?”

“To be sure! why not?—who says you can’t?” chimed in a chorus.

“If you go to Clifden under five hours, my name isn’t Terry Lynch,” said an old man in rabbitskin breeches.

“I’ll engage, if Barney will give me the blind mare, to drive him there under four.”

“Bother!” said the rabbitskin, in a tone of contempt.

“But where’s the horse?” cried the corporal.

“Ay, that’s it,” said another, “where’s the horse?”

“Is there none to be found in the village?” asked Craggs, eagerly.

“Divil a horse barrin’ an ass. Barney’s mare has the staggers the last fortnight, and Mrs. Kyle’s pony broke his two knees on Tuesday, carrying sea-weed up the rocks.”

“But I must go to Clifden; I must be there to-night,” said Craggs.

“It’s on foot, then, you’ll have to do it,” said the rabbitskin.

“Lord Glencore’s dangerously ill, and needs a doctor,” said the Corporal, bursting out with a piece of most uncommon communicativeness. “Is there none of you will give his horse for such an errand?”

“Arrah, musha!—it’s a pity!” and such-like expressions of passionate import, were muttered on all sides; but no more active movement seemed to flow from the condolence, while in a lower tone were added such expressions as, “Sorrah mend him—if he wasn’t a naygar, wouldn’t he have a horse of his own? It’s a droll lord he is, to be begging the loan of a baste!”

Something like a malediction arose to the Corporal’s lips; but restraining it, and with a voice thick from passion, he said—

“I’m ready to pay you—to pay you ten times over the worth of your——”

“You needn’t curse the horse, anyhow,” interposed Rabbitskin, while, with a significant glance at his friends around him, he slyly intimated that it would be as well to adjourn the debate—a motion as quickly obeyed as it was mooted; for in less than five minutes Craggs was standing beside the quay,

with no other companion than a blind beggarwoman, who, perfectly regardless of his distress, continued energetically to draw attention to her own.

"A little fippenny bit, my lord—the laste trifle your honour's glory has in the corner of your pocket, that you'll never miss, but that'll sweeten ould Molly's tay to-night? There, acushla, have pity on the dark, and that you may see glory."

But Craggs did not wait for the remainder, but, deep in his own thoughts, sauntered down towards the village. Already had the others retreated within their homes; and now all was dark and cheerless along the little straggling street.

"And this is a Christian country!—this a land that people tell you abounds in kindness and good-nature!" said he, in an accent of sarcastic bitterness.

"And who'll say the reverse?" answered a voice from behind; and turning, he beheld the little hunch-backed fellow who carried the mail on foot from Oughterard, a distance of sixteen miles, over a mountain, and who was popularly known as "Billy the Bag," from the little leather sack, which seemed to form part of his attire. "Who'll stand up and tell me it's not a fine country in every sinse—for natural beauties, for antiquities, for elegant men and lovely females, for quarries of marble and mines of gould?"

Craggs looked contemptuously at the figure who thus declaimed of Ireland's wealth and grandeur, and, in a sneering tone, said—

"And with such riches on every side, why do you go bare-foot—why are you in rags, my old fellow?"

"Isn't there poor everywhere? If the world was all gould and silver, what would be the precious metals—tell me that? Is it because there's a little cripple like myself here, that them mountains yonder isn't of copper, and iron, and cobalt? Come over with me after I lave the bags at the office, and I'll show you bits of every one I speak of."

"I'd rather you'd show me a doctor, my worthy fellow," said Craggs, sighing.

"I'm the nearest thing to that same going," replied Billy. "I can breathe a vein against any man in the barony. I can't say, that for an articular congestion of the æortic valves, or for a sero-pulmonic diathesis—d'ye mind?—that there isn't as good as me; but for

the ould school of physie, the humoral diagnostic, who can beat me?"

"Will you come with me across the lough, and see my lord, then?" said Craggs, who was glad even of such aid in his emergency.

"And why not, when I lave the bags?" said Billy, touching the leather sack as he spoke.

If the Corporal was not without his misgivings as to the skill and competence of his companion, there was something in the fluent volubility of the little fellow that overawed and impressed him, while his words were uttered in a rich mellow voice, that gave them a sort of solemn persuasiveness.

"Were you always on the road?" asked the Corporal, curious to learn some particulars of his history.

"No sir; I was twenty things before I took to the bags. I was a poor scholar for four years; I kept school in Erris; I was 'on' the ferry in Dublin with my fiddle for eighteen months; and I was a bear in Liverpool for part of a winter."

"A bear!" exclaimed Craggs.

"Yes, sir. It was an Italian—one Pi-po Chiassi by name—that lost his beast at Manchester, and persuaded me, as I was about the same stature, to don the sable, and perform in his place. After that I took to writin' for the papers—*The Shibbereen Celt*—and supported myself very well till it broke. But here we are at the office, so I'll step in, and get my fiddle, too, if you've no objection."

The Corporal's meditations scarcely were of a kind to reassure him, as he thought over the versatile character of his new friend; but the case offered no alternative—it was Billy or nothing—since to reach Clifden on foot would be the labour of many hours, and in the interval his master should be left utterly alone. While he was thus musing, Billy reappeared, with a violin under one arm, and a much-worn quarto under the other.

"This," said he, touching the volume, is the 'Whole Art and Mystery of Physic,' by one Falreecin, of Aquapendente; and if we don't find a cure for the case down here, take my word for it, it's among the *morba ignota*, as Paracelsas says."

"Well, come along," said Craggs, impatiently; and set off at a speed that, notwithstanding Billy's habits of foot-travel, kept him at a sharp trot. A

few minutes more saw them, with canvas spread, skimming across the lough, towards Glencore.

"Glencore — Glencore!" muttered Billy once or twice to himself, as the swift boat bounded through the hissing surf. "Did you ever hear Lady Lucy's Lament?" And he struck a few chords with his fingers as he spoke—

"I care not for yon trelliced vine;
I love the dark woods on the shore,
Nor all the towers along the Rhine
Are dear to me as old Glencore.
The rugged cliff, Ben-Creggan high,
Re-echoing the Atlantic roar,
And mingling with the seagull's cry
My welcome back to old Glencore."

"And then there's a chorus."

"That's a signal to us to make haste," said the Corporal, pointing to a bright flame, which suddenly shot up on the shore of the lough. "Put out an oar to leeward there, and keep her up to the wind."

And Billy, perceiving his minstrelsy unattended to, consoled himself by humming over, for his own amusement, the remainder of his ballad.

The wind-freshened as the night grew darker, and heavy seas repeatedly broke on the bow, and swept over the boat in sprayey showers.

"It's that confounded song of yours has got the wind up," said Craggs, angrily; "stand by that sheet, and stop your croning!"

"That's an *error vulgaris*, attribut- in' to music marine disasters," said Billy, calmly; "it arose out of a mistake about one Orpheus."

"Slack off there!" cried Craggs, as a squall struck the boat, and laid her almost over.

Billy, however, had obeyed the mandate promptly, and she soon righted, and held on her course.

"I wish they'd show the light again on shore," muttered the Corporal; "the night is black as pitch."

"Keep the top of the mountain a little to windward, and you're all right," said Billy. "I know the lough well; I used to come here all hours, day and night, once, spearing salmon."

"And smuggling, too!" added Craggs."

"Yes, sir; brandy, and tay, and pigtail, for Mister Sheares, in Oughterard."

"What became of him?" asked Craggs.

"He made a fortune and died, and his son married a lady!"

"Here comes another; throw her head up in the wind," cried Craggs.

This time the order came too late; for the squall struck her with the suddenness of a shot, and she canted over till her keel lay out of water, and, when she righted, it was with the white surf boiling over her.

"She's a good boat, then, to stand that," said Billy, as he struck a light for his pipe, with all the coolness of one perfectly at his ease; and Craggs, from that very moment conceived a favourable opinion of the little hunch-back.

"Now we're in the smooth water, Corporal," cried Billy; "let her go a little free."

And, obedient to the advice, he ran the boat swiftly along till she entered a small creek, so sheltered by the high lands that the water within was still as a mountain lake.

"You never made the passage on a worse night, I'll be bound," said Craggs, as he sprang on shore.

"Indeed and I did, then," replied Billy. "I remember it was two days before Christmas we were blown out to say in a small boat, not more than the half of this, and we only made the west side of Arran Island after thirty-six hours' beating and tacking. I wrote an account of it for *The Tyrawly Regenerator*, commencing with—

"The elemental conflict that with tremendous violence raged, ravaged, and ruined the adamantine foundations of our western coast, on Tuesday, the 23rd of December——"

"Come along, come along," said Craggs; "we've something else to think of."

And with this admonition, very curtly bestowed, he stepped out briskly on the path towards Glencore.

CHAPTER II.

GLENCORE CASTLE.

WHEN the Corporal, followed by Billy, entered the gloomy hall of the castle, they found two or three country people

conversing in a low but eager voice together, who speedily turned towards them, to learn if the doctor had come.

"Here's all I could get in the way of a doctor," said Craggs, pushing Billy towards them as he spoke.

"Faix, and ye might have got worse," muttered a very old man; "Billy Traynor has the 'lucky hand.'"

"How is my lord, now, Nelly?" asked the Corporal of a woman who, with bare feet, and dressed in the humblest fashion of the peasantry, now appeared.

"He's getting weaker and weaker, sir; I believe he's sinking. I'm glad it's Billy is come; I'd rather see him than all the doctors in the country.

"Follow me," said Craggs, giving a signal to step lightly. And he led the way up a narrow stone stair, with a wall on either hand. Traversing a long, low corridor, they reached a door, at which having waited for a second or two to listen, Craggs turned the handle and entered. The room was very large and lofty, and, seen in the dim light of a small lamp upon the hearthstone, seemed even more spacious than it was. The oaken floor was uncarpeted, and a very few articles of furniture occupied the walls. In one corner stood a large bed, the heavy curtains of which had been gathered up on the roof, the better to admit air to the sick man.

As Billy drew nigh with cautious steps he perceived that, although worn and wasted by long illness, the patient was still a man in the very prime of life. His dark hair and beard, which he wore long, were untinged with grey, and his forehead showed no touch of age. His dark eyes were wide open, and his lips slightly parted, his whole features exhibiting an expression of energetic action, even to wildness. Still he was sleeping; and, as Craggs whispered, he seldom slept otherwise, even when in health. With all the quietness of a trained practitioner, Billy took down the watch that was pinned to the curtain and proceeded to count the pulse.

"A hundred and thirty-eight," muttered he, as he finished; and then gently displacing the bedclothes, laid his hand upon the heart.

With a long-drawn sigh, like that of utter weariness, the sick man moved his head round and fixed his eyes upon him.

"The doctor!" said he, in a deep-toned but feeble voice. "Leave me, Craggs—leave me alone with him."

And the Corporal slowly retired,

turning as he went to look back towards the bed, and evidently going with reluctance.

"Is it fever?" asked the sick man, in a faint but unfaltering accent.

"It's a kind of cerebral congestion—a matter of them membranes that's over the brain, with, of course, febrilis generalis."

The accentuation of these words, marked as it was by the strongest provincialism of the peasant, attracted the sick man's attention, and he bent upon him a look at once searching and severe.

"What are you—who are you?" cried he, angrily.

"What I am isn't so aisy to say; but who I am is clean beyond me."

"Are you a doctor?" asked the sick man, fiercely.

"I'm afeared I'm not, in the sense of a *gradum universatalis*—a diplomia; but sure maybe Paracelsus himself just took to it, like me, having a vocation, as one might say."

"Ring that bell," said the other, peremptorily.

And Billy obeyed without speaking.

"What do you mean by this Craggs?" said the Viscount, trembling with passion? "Who have you brought me? What beggar have you picked off the highway? Or is he the travelling fool of the district?"

But the anger that supplied strength hitherto now failed to impart energy, and he sunk back, wasted and exhausted. The Corporal bent over him, and spoke something in a low whisper, but whether the words were heard or not, the sick man now lay still, breathing heavily.

"Can you do nothing for him?" asked Craggs, peevishly—"Nothing but anger him?"

"To be sure I can if you let me," said Billy, producing a very ancient lancet-case of box-wood tipped with ivory. "I'll just take a dash of blood from the temporal artery, to releave the cerebrum, and then we'll put cowl on his head, and keep him quiet."

And with a promptitude that showed at least self-confidence, he proceeded to accomplish the operation, every step of which he effected skilfully and well.

"There now," said he, feeling the pulse, as the blood continued to flow freely. The circulation is relieved already; it's the same as opening a sluice in a mill-dam. He's better already."

"He looks easier," said Craggs.

"Ay, and he feels it," continued Billy. "Just notice the respiratory organs, and see how easy the intercostals is doing their work now. Bring me a bowl of clean water, some vinegar, and any ould rags you have."

Craggs obeyed, but not without a sneer at the direction.

"All over the head," said Billy; "all over it—back and front—and with the blessing of the Virgin, I'll have that hair off of him if he isn't cooler towards evening."

So saying he covered the sick man with the wetted cloths, and bathed his hands in the cooling fluid.

"Now to exclude the light and save the brain from stimulation and excitation," said Billy, with a pompous enunciation of the last syllables; "and then *quies*—rest—peace!"

And with this direction, imparted with a caution to enforce its benefit, he moved stealthily towards the door and passed out."

"What do you think of him?" asked the Corporal, eagerly.

"He'll do—he'll do," said Billy. "He's a sanguineous temperament, and he'll bear the lancet. It's just like weatherin' a point at say. If you have a craft that will carry canvas, there's always a chance for you."

"He perceived that you were not a doctor," said Craggs, when they reached the corridor.

"Did he faix?" cried Billy, half indignantly. "He might have perceived that I didn't come in a coach; that I hadn't my hair powdered, nor gold knee-buckles in my smallclothes; but, for all that, it would be going too far to say, that I wasn't a doctor. 'Tis the same with physic and poetry—you take to it, or you don't take to it! There's chaps, ay, and far from stupid ones either, that couldn't compose you ten hexameters, if ye'd put them on a hot griddle for it; and there's others that would talk rhyme rather than rayson! And so with the *ars medicatrix*—everybody hasn't an eye for a hectic, or an ear for a cough—*non contigit cuique adire Corinthum*. 'Tisn't every one can toss pancakes, as Horace says.

"Hush—be still!" muttered Craggs, "here's the young master;" and as he spoke, a youth of about fifteen, well-grown and handsome, but poorly, even meanly clad, approached them.

"Have you seen my father? What do you think of him?" asked he eagerly.

"'Tis a critical state he's in, your honour," said Billy, bowing; "but I think he'll come round—*deplation, deplation, deplation—actio, actio, actio*; relieve the gorged vessels, and don't drown the grand hydraulic machine, the heart—there's my sentiments."

Turning from the speaker, with a look of angry impatience, the boy whispered some words in the Corporal's ear.

"What could I do, sir?" was the answer; "it was this fellow or nothing."

"And better, a thousand times better, nothing," said the boy, "than trust his life to the coarse ignorance of this wretched quack." And in his passion the words were uttered loud enough for Billy to overhear them.

"Don't be hasty, your honour," said Billy, submissively, "and don't be unjust. The realms of disaze is like an unknown tract of country, or a country that's only known a little—just round the coast, as it might be; once ye'r beyond that, one man is as good a guide as another, *cæteris paribus*, that is, with 'equal lights.'"

"What have you done? Have you given him anything?" broke in the boy, hurriedly.

"I took a bleeding from him, little short of sixteen ounces, from the temporal," said Billy, proudly, and I'll give him now a concoction of meadow saffron with a pinch of saltpetre in it, to cause diaphoresis, dy'e mind? Meanwhile, we're disgorging the arachnoid membranes with cowld applications, and we're releeven the cerebellum by repose. I challenge the Hall," added Billy, stoutly, "to say isn't them the grand principles of 'traitment.' Ah! young gentleman," said he, after a few seconds' pause, "don't be hard on me, because I'm poor and in rags, nor think manely of me because I spake with a brogue, and maybe bad grammar, for you see, even a crayture of my kind can have a knowledge of disaze, just as he may have a knowledge of nature, by observation. What is sickness, after all, but just one of the phenomenons of all organic and inorganic matter—a regular sort of shindy in a man's inside, like a thunderstorm, or a hurry-cane outside? Watch what's coming, look out and see which way the

mischievous is brewin', and make your preparations. That's the great study of physic."

The boy listened patiently and even attentively to this speech, and when Billy had concluded, he turned to the Corporal and said, "Look to him, Craggs, and let him have his supper, and when he has eaten it send him to my room."

Billy bowed an acknowledgment, and followed the Corporal to the kitchen.

"That's my lord's son, I suppose," said he, as he seated himself, "and a fine young crature, too—*puer ingenuus*, with a grand frontal development; and with this reflection he addressed himself to the coarse but abundant fare which Craggs placed before him, and with an appetite that showed how much he relished it.

"This is elegant living ye have here,

Mr. Craggs," said Billy, as he drained his tankard of beer, and placed it with a sigh on the table; "many happy years of it to ye—I couldn't wish ye anything better."

"The life is not so bad," said Craggs, "but its lonely sometimes."

"Life need never be lonely so long as a man has health and his faculties," said Billy; "give me nature to admire, a bit of baycon for dinner, and my fiddle to amuse me, and I wouldn't change with the king of Sugar 'Candy.'"

"I was there," said Craggs, "it's a fine island."

"My lord wants to see the doctor," said a woman entering hastily.

"And the doctor is ready for him," said Billy, rising and leaving the kitchen, with all the dignity he could assume.

PAPERS ON POETRY.—NO. III.

SPANISH ROMANTIC AND CHIVALROUS BALLADS.

A CLASSIFICATION of the Spanish ballads, according to the respective eras in which, from internal evidence, they appear to have been composed, has been attempted in the preceding paper of this series—a classification most desirable and useful, by means of which we were enabled to trace the progress of Castilian poesy from a period but little less remote than the birth of the language which was its instrument, down to the time of its highest artistic perfection, as elaborated and perfected by the great poets of the seventeenth century. Any distribution of the ballads, however regular, which would wholly omit this literary link, would be necessarily defective; but a rigid adherence to it, at least when we come to present specimens of the various compositions of which Spanish ballad poetry is made up, would lead to much inconvenience and confusion. The same subject is frequently treated by poets of different eras; the fragment of an ancient ballad of the primitive class often forms the foundation of an exquisite elaboration by a comparatively modern writer, which could nowhere be so appropriately introduced

as in connexion with the venerable relic on which it was modelled; the phantoms of the imagination would be intermingled with the well-defined outlines of historical characters, and a vague, chaotic crowd would perplex the memory and fatigue the fancy, instead of the eye being delighted and the ear charmed with spectacles of order and harmonious sounds. We shall follow, then, the example of the Spanish critics themselves, and distribute the ballads under four or five distinct heads, having reference, when they are historical, not so much to the supposed periods at which they were composed, as to the time at which the events narrated shall have taken place, and when fabulous, to their mutual bearing or dependance upon each other. This classification of the ballads according to their subjects, need not exclude a constant reference to those questions of age and authorship which are so interesting in a literary point of view, when materials for such an investigation shall be found to exist. The Spanish ballads may be divided, in a general way, into the five following classes:—First, Ballads

founded on romantic circumstances, generally of a fictitious character, or on subjects connected with chivalry: Second, Those referring to the history of Spain and the popular heroes, such as Bernardo del Carpio, Fernan Gonzalez, the Lords of Lara, and the Cid: Third, Ballads founded on foreign history, principally that of ancient Greece and Rome, on classical mythological fables, or on sacred subjects: Fourth, Moorish ballads, which are the most picturesque and poetical of the entire: And fifth, miscellaneous ballads, whether amatory, sentimental, burlesque, satirical, or essentially popular, which could not well be grouped under any of the previous heads. In the "*Romancero General*" of Duran these are again subdivided into a great number of lesser divisions, which we shall notice in their proper order. At present we shall commence our panoramic view of Spanish ballad poetry with the stately cavalcade of the knights, either riding hawk in hand gracefully and leisurely to the hunting ground, or spurring with fatal haste to that celebrated valley, wherein, according to the pleasing delusion of Spanish national pride—

"Charlemain and all his peerage fell
By Fontarabbia."

The spirit of chivalry, and the adventures of that fabulous heraldic order in which the knights-errant of romance were enrolled, though amusing enough in the splendid exaggeration of Cervantes, were still so intrinsically noble, and expressed so high and so elevated an ideal, that even burlesqued as they are in that immortal satire, they awaken feelings of admiration and affection on behalf of the poor crazed knight that long survive the ludicrous impressions which are excited by his misfortunes. The spirit of chivalry was the spirit of strength, of justice, and of self-denial, called into existence by the imagination of the people who pined for a protector, and created for the purpose of opposing *force* with the only weapon which *force* would then regard—namely, a sword sharper and more powerful than its own. In the middle ages, ere yet the first seeds of a public opinion were thrown upon the hard surface of society, there for a long time to be trodden down by the iron heel of the freebooter or devoured by the vulture beak of some titled de-

spoiler; at such a period, the feeble and the industrious—all those whose position left them weak, or whose pursuits made them pacific—all, indeed, except the comparatively few, whose kindred tastes or idle and dissipated habits rendered them the fit instruments of employers in whose pleasures and plunders they shared; all those classes—and they comprised nearly the bulk of what we would now call society—were almost literally defenceless, and had to submit to wrong, or to purchase an immunity from it, or a subsequent relaxation of its severity, on terms, the pecuniary proportion of which, though exacting and oppressive, was often the least degrading and the most endurable. The people, no doubt, had then, as they have still, a powerful and an undying defender in the Church—that spiritual army, with its mitred captains and its croziered chiefs, and its ranks filled by innumerable pious souls, all marshalled by the lieutenants of the faith, and all making interminable war upon the invisible enemy, whose agents are the evil-doers of this world. They had then, as they have still, in the material temples and cloisters of the Church, and in the feeling of reverence with which they were regarded, an asylum and a protection which was seldom violated. These were the castles of the weak, the fortresses of the feeble, the *hospitia* of the poor, the lyceums of the ignorant, the armories in which the young of both sexes—

"Wrought linked armour for their souls, before
They dared walk forth to battle with mankind"—

the homes of those who had no other home; but the spiritual panoply of religion, which could render the soul invulnerable, was not always capable of protecting the body from indignity, and the hearth from spoliation. Any mitigation of the evils incidental to a period of disorder and barbarism, of individual power and social weakness, came from *it*; but, notwithstanding this diminution, a great deal of injustice, a great deal of oppression had to be endured without appeal and without redress. The people who heard the principles of justice laid down, and the terms of retribution threatened by the anointed dispensers of the law, saw them broken and set at nought at every turn. To them the Sword of the Spirit seemed of too fine an edge, and

of a temper too ethereal to cope with the rude weapons to which it was opposed. How natural for them, then, to imagine, and to love to dwell upon, a race of heroic champions, endowed with supernatural strength, gifted with superhuman bravery, cased in magic armour, bearing charmed lances, actuated by motives of justice and of generosity, uninfluenced by selfish considerations, bearing fatigues, enduring hardships, and all for the sake of succouring the weak, and resisting the oppressor? What were the paladins and knights of romance but the incarnations in a warlike and chivalrous age of those instinctive longings after a state of security, protection and responsibility, which modern society aims at through all its mingled and manifold machinery? At that time the altar was the only court of equity, within whose sacred precincts alone were heard those principles of justice and of mutual right, and those limitations of privilege and power, without which labour would tremble at its own success, beauty would bewail "the fatal gift," which exposed it to more certain danger, and virtue, that refinement which would be regarded only as a pervading grace, which rendered every other charm the more attractive. The words that came through the altar-rails were words of power, for they were the words of God; they fell soft and sweet, like notes of heavenly music, on the hearts of those who listened; they were the only sounds of consolation and of hope that were heard for many a long era; they spoke of the destiny of the soul, of its present trials and its future recompense. How—like love in the description of the poet—

"Its holy flame for ever burneth,
From heaven it came, to heaven returneth;
Too oft on earth a troubled guest,
At times deceived, at times oppress;
It here is tried and purified,
And hath in heaven its perfect rest;
It soweth here in toil and care,
But the harvest time of love is there."*

But the lips from which those instructive lessons issued, and the hands that were seldom raised but in benediction, were consecrated to peace. It was not for the minister of religion to rush in his silken vestments and sacerdotal robes to intercept the robber in

his foray, or overtake the ravisher in his flight; although his personal interference was never wanting when it could be beneficially used for the protection of innocence and the prevention of guilt. The popular imagination, which dislikes abstractions and delights in the creation of palpable things, saw the necessity of an intermediate order of beings—a sort of armed priesthood, bound frequently by the same vows, influenced generally by kindred motives, and devoting themselves, after a rude fashion, and in a bloody manner, with sword in hand and shield on arm, to the prevention or punishment of crimes, only reached by the tranquil homily or the spiritual anathema. Bolts fired in this life to explode in the next, have far too long a range for the irreverent malefactors of all times and places. So thought the minstrels and prose romancists of the middle ages. According to their material notions, the vigilance of Providence should be public, palpable, and present. A battle-axe in the hand of an avenging knight, and thundering on the gates of a robber-baron, they thought would strike more terror to his heart than the tinkling of the bell of excommunication in the distant chancel. The insecurity of the female sex led to that chivalrous and romantic devotion to some ideal mistress, which Cervantes perhaps unwisely ridicules in the "*Don Quixote*;" since with all its extravagance it greatly assisted religion in assigning and securing to woman her dignified and beneficent position in society. The hold which books of knight-errantry, whether in prose or verse, took upon the people did not arise so much from the interest of their adventures as mere stories, but from the conviction that the heroes whose prowess they chronicled were their own champions, having *their* interests at heart, and standing before others, as helpless as themselves, powerful to punish as well to protect. It was so in the early ages of Grecian history. The adventures of Hercules and Theseus, those famous knights-errant of antiquity, which we may be sure were received with greatest favour, and remembered most fondly, were not those which would appear to us to possess the greatest inherent attraction, but such as

* Southey.

recorded the destruction of some monster too terrible for ordinary courage to subdue, or the chastisement of some oppressor whom it required a demigod to curb; in either case a blessing and a boon to the people. The Amadis and Orlandos of modern song and story were not mere Gothic imitations of those classical heroes, as some have been inclined to imagine. They were original creations arising out of circumstances in some degree similar, from a consciousness of weakness and oppression on the part of the people, and from an indefinable longing after some authority which could effectually check and control the recklessness of passion and the lust of power. This, we conceive, was the original source of the strong attachment felt for ballads and narrative tales of this description during the earlier portions of the middle ages. Subsequently, no doubt, the romantic interest of the stories themselves, the use of supernatural machinery, the introduction of monstrous exaggerations, such as giants, dragons, &c., the influence of enchanters, and other magical personages, principally of Oriental origin, and perhaps the lax morality that gradually replaced the simple and innocent naturalness that were their earliest characteristics, may have invested them with new but fatal attractions. The spirit of chivalry, which was at first a semi-religious instinct, began to deteriorate. Instead of the knight being, as he was originally, the armed ideal of authority, a male effigy of Justice, still holding the uplifted sword, but replacing the fluctuating scales by the decisive shield, he became the mere representative of brute force, and differed only from those evil-doers that popular imagination had called him into existence to oppose, by surpassing them all in rudeness, rapacity, and voluptuousness. Their numbers increased, but their comeliness and vigour diminished, until at length the whole shadowy army of doughty paladins and wandering knights, with all their paraphernalia of giants, enchanters, and their magic menagerie of winged dragons, fell prostrate before the strokes of a single pen (the lance and the sword of the new civilisation), wielded by a one-armed and indigent soldier, who had with difficulty escaped from the battle of Lepanto; thus receiving on the same soil a more

fatal discomfiture than that which was believed to have befallen the bravest of them exactly eight hundred years before—

“When Rowland brave and Olivier,
And ev’ry paladin and peer
On Roncesvalles died.”

Nothing, perhaps, indicates more strongly the exceeding richness and interest of Spanish history itself, than the reserve with which the early balladists received the knights and champions, whose exploits were the common property of western Europe, as the heroes of their songs. A people, who could boast of such heroic children as Bernardo del Carpio, Fernan Gonzalez and the Cid, and whose historical traditions were varied by such romantic episodes as those contained in the legend of “The Children of Lara,” and many others, had little need to search for subjects of interest outside their own immediate history and soil. It is for this reason that, in the early tales of chivalry, whether in prose or verse, we find little or no trace of Prince Arthur and the Knights of the Round Table — of Launcelot of the Lake — of Palmerin of England, and his numerous namesakes — and of the other famous champions, with whom, for a long period, the rest of Christendom were familiar. As long as the struggle for national independence continued, the Spanish ear could find no music in any strain that had not that darling theme for its burden and inspiration — no Spanish heart could be thrilled by narratives which were not only fictitious, but foreign to those patriotic feelings which were cherished almost to the exclusion of every other. When the absorbing interest of the great national struggle was over, and when poetry, instead of being the spontaneous expression of popular opinion — an irrepressible outburst of the hopes and fears, the hatred and enthusiasm that lay in the inmost core of the Spanish heart — when poetry became a mere art, and the poet, instead of kindling the ardour, and keeping alive the enthusiasm of his countrymen, merely contributed to the amusement of their leisure hours — then, indeed, the shadowy paladins of chivalry, such as the Amadis, and Sir Tristrans, and others, are found to mingle with the more clearly defined outlines of Spanish historical or traditional heroes — not, indeed, before the former had be-

come localised as it were upon the Spanish soil, by means of the prose romances which recorded their prowess, and which attained an extraordinary, though short-lived, popularity. The principal exception to these remarks is to be found in those ballads which are founded upon stories connected with Charlemagne and his peers. "That great Sovereign," says Mr. Ticknor, "who in the darkest period of Europe since the days of the Roman Republic, roused up the nations, not only by the glory of his military conquests, but by the magnificence of his civil institutions — crossed the Pyrennees in the latter part of the eighth century, at the solicitation of one of his Moorish allies, and ravaged the Spanish marches, as far as the Ebro, taking Pamplona and Saragossa. The impression he made there seems to have been the same he made everywhere; and from this time the splendour of his great name and deeds was connected in the minds of the Spanish people with wild imaginations of their own achievements, and gave birth to that series of fictions which is embraced in the story of Bernardo del Carpio, and ends with the great rout at Roncesvalles."

But even in those romances (we speak of the series devoted to the exploits of the twelve Peers, and of the Christian or Saracenic Knights of Spain engaged with them) the Spanish national spirit maintains its usual predominance. It was not so much the greatness of Charlemagne, or the marvellous valour of his peers, that excited the Spanish balladists to record their glories; it was rather to exhibit Spanish heroism on a newer and more splendid stage, and to show how in the presence of the great Emperor Spanish or Moorish valour could hold itself, if not always with triumph, yet never with disgrace, even against those peers whom the voice of fame and popular *prestige* pronounced to be the bravest in the world. Spain is seldom if ever lost sight of. Many episodes are narrated, of which the chronicle of Turpin makes no mention — that famous storehouse from which Boiardo, Pulci, and Ariosto drew the materials of their poems, which was circulated all over Europe, and translated out of the

original Latin, not only into the various Roman dialects, but even into Irish — a curious version in that language existing to the present day in the celebrated Celtic MS., known as the "Book of Lismore," the date of which is certainly not later than the first half of the fifteenth century.* The Spanish balladists were not content with surveying Charlemagne and his peers at a distance—in one way or the other they contrive to mingle them so with Spanish and Moorish persons and circumstances, as to leave the impression that they belong more to the history of the Peninsula, than to the fair land of France. Thus the Moor Calaynos departs alone, at the simple request of his Moorish mistress, and rides boldly into the city of Paris, and blowing his bugle on the banks of Seine, challenges not only *one* of the great paladins to meet him in combat, but the three very bravest of the entire band. Then there is the expedition of Orlando and Rinaldo into the Moorish territory. The subsequent disgrace and banishment of Orlando, his disguise as a Moorish knight, and his laying siege to Paris itself. Then we have the steadfastness of the Admiral Guarinos in the halls of Marlot, and the gallant foray of Gay-féros, as far as Saragossa, to rescue his captive bride. There are, in fact, innumerable instances of this blending the two countries and the three races, wherein full justice is done to the peculiar merits of each, and to the valour of all. In point of style, these ballads are very simple and inartificial in their construction.

"The author of these romances," says Bouterwek, "paid little regard to the ingenuity of invention, and still less to correctness of execution. When an impressive story of poetical character was found, the subject and the interest belonging to it were seized with so much truth and feeling, that the parts of the little piece, the brief labour of untutored art, linked themselves together as it were spontaneously, and the imagination of the bard had no higher office than to give to the situations a suitable colouring and effect. This task was performed without study or effort, and the situations painted more or less successfully, according to the inspiration, good or bad, of the moment. These antique racy effusions of a fertile poetic imagination, scarcely conscious of its own

* See Gilbert's "Historic Literature of Ireland," p. 42.

productive power, are nature's genuine offspring. To recount their easily-recognised defects and faults, is as superfluous as it would be impossible, by any critical study, to imitate a single trait of the noble simplicity which constitutes their highest charm."

Mr. Ticknor, referring to the romantic events which form the subject of the ballads of which we are at present treating, says—"These picturesque adventures, chiefly without countenance from history, in which the French paladins appear associated with fabulous Spanish heroes, such as Montesinos and Durandarte, and once with the noble Moor Calaynos, are represented with some minuteness in the old Spanish ballads."

The largest number, including the longest and best, are to be found in the Ballad Book of 1550-1555, to which may be added a few from that of 1593-1597, making together somewhat more than fifty, of which only twenty occur in the collection expressly devoted to the Twelve Peers, and first published in 1608. Some of them are evidently very old, as, for instance, that on the Conde d'Irlos, that on the Marquis of Mantua, two on Claros of Montalban, and both the fragments on Durandarte, the last of which can be traced back to the Cancionero of 1511.

"The ballads of this class are occasionally quite long, and approach the character of the old French and English metrical romances; that of the Count d'Irlos extending to about thirteen hundred lines. The longer ballads, too, are generally the best; and those, through large proportions of which the same *asonante*, and sometimes even the same *consonante*, or full rhyme, is continued to the end, have a solemn harmony in their protracted cadences, that produce an effect on the feelings like the chanting of a rich and well-sustained recitative.

"Taken as a body, they have a grave tone, combined with the spirit of a picturesque narrative, and entirely different from the extravagant and romantic air afterwards given to the same class in Italy; and even from that of the few Spanish ballads which, at a later period, were constructed out of the imaginative and fantastic materials found in the poems of Bojardo and Ariosto. But in all ages, and in all forms, they have been favourites with the Spanish people. They were alluded to as such above five hundred years ago, in the oldest of the national chronicles; and when at the end of the last century, Sarmiento notices the ballad-book of the Twelve Peers, he speaks of it as one which the peasantry and the children of Spain still knew by heart."

The first ballad in this division of the *Romancero* of Duran, is that of *Count d'Irlos*, the extreme length of which has been already alluded to. The story on which it is founded is an imaginary expedition to the East, which was commanded by Charlemagne to be undertaken for the conquest of the kingdom of a great Moorish Prince, called Aliarde. The Count of Irlos was selected to conduct this expedition; he obeyed with alacrity, although grieving much at the separation from his young and beautiful wife, to whom he had been but recently united. His instructions to her were, that if tidings should not be heard of him for seven years, she should consider him to have perished; and that then she would be at liberty to enter into a new marriage, should she think it advisable to do so. He departs on his distant expedition, succeeds in landing on King Aliarde's territory, and reduces it to subjection in three years. Twelve years, in addition, however, roll by, before his power is so sufficiently consolidated as to permit him to think of returning, during which period no intelligence of him had reached France. He is at length startled by a dream that his wife is about being united to another husband; he suddenly abandons his conquest, and returns to France. His beard and hair had grown to such a length, and his long endurance of the fatigues of war had so changed his appearance, that he was enabled to inquire into his private affairs without being discovered. He learns that his wife had been compelled to betroth herself to the young Prince Celinos, another of the Peers of Charlemagne, that his castles were already in the possession of the bridegroom, but that the lady herself, by an express stipulation required by her, and enforced by the Emperor, was never to be asked to live with Celinos as his wife. The poor Count is sadly perplexed what to do; he is strongly inclined to kill the audacious semi-bridegroom, and all those among the Peers who abetted his pretensions; but he is fortunately recognised in time, and thus a good deal of mischief is prevented. His castles and his wife are returned to him, and Charlemagne honours the reunion with a banquet, to which all the twelve Peers, who ate bread at the one table, were invited, and where, it is to be hoped, they received a more

sumptuous entertainment than is recorded in that celebrated and oft-repeated couplet. Count Irlos delivers up to Charlemagne the keys of the conquered cities of Aliarde, and all ends happily.

Lockhart describes this ballad as "extremely flat and tedious" — a verdict in which, probably, most modern critics must agree; but it could not have been considered so by the Spanish people themselves, as it is one of those primitive compositions handed down by tradition, but which, previous to its being printed, underwent many changes at the hands of those minstrels and others who have transmitted it to us. "The narrative," says Duran, "is told generally with simplicity and vigour, although occasionally weakened by heaviness and monotony; but the dialogue is uniformly interesting and well-sustained."

The next ballad in the collection, or rather the first of a series of ballads, which form one continuous narrative, is of still greater length. It is on the subject of the Marquis of Mantua, and is more famous than the preceding one, from the use Cervantes makes of it in the fifth chapter of the "Don Quixote," where he represents the poor knight consoling himself with various quotations from this romance, after his discomfiture by the swine-drivers. It relates the treachery of Carloto, one of the sons of Charlemagne, who inveigles Count Baldwin into a forest, and there mortally wounds him, with the intention of marrying his widow after his decease. The Marquis of Mantua, his uncle, happening to pass through the forest at the time, hears him lamenting, after the manner so admirably burlesqued by Cervantes. Owing to this circumstance, the crime of Carloto is discovered; the Marquis vows that until Carloto is punished, he will act in the manner Don Quixote determined to imitate; and the assassin is accused before the Emperor, his father.

This forms the subject of a separate ballad; another is devoted to his sentence; and a fourth terminates with his execution on a public scaffold, in Paris. The Spanish editors of the "Don Quixote" consider that Jeronimo Trevino, who published the first of

this series of ballads, in 1598, at Alcalá, was its author; but the simplicity of the narrative, and its freedom from any traces of elaborate poetical ornament, lead Duran to the conclusion, that Trevino acted merely in an editorial capacity, and confined himself to the task of correcting and modifying a much more ancient production. Though condemned by the fastidious Lockhart, in his notes to an edition of Motteux' "Don Quixote," edited by him,* in which a considerable number of his celebrated translations first appeared, "as a very flat and unprofitable composition," it is considered by Duran to present a most beautiful picture of chivalrous manners, and is full of interesting sentiments, which, by their naturalness and simplicity, arrest the attention of the reader, and give an appearance of truth and reality to the conceptions of the poet. The story must have been very popular, as we find Lope de Vega making use of it as the subject of one of his dramas, which he entitles *El Marques de Mantua*, and which is to be found in the twelfth volume of his Dramatic Works. In addition to the longer ballads on the subject of Sir Baldwin (or Baldovinos, as he is called in the Spanish), there are several shorter and still more ancient ones, which have served for the glosses of later poets; they are all fragmentary, and generally refer to some incident or circumstance more fully detailed in those we have referred to. The Spanish minstrels seem to have had an especial hatred to *Carloto*, the supposed murderer of Sir Baldwin, which is inexplicable to the Spanish critics themselves, as of the three sons of Charlemagne, this *Carlos*, or *Carloto*, seems to have been the favourite, and history records nothing to his disadvantage. Had the Spanish minstrels selected Pepin, or Pipino, as they call him, the son of Charlemagne by his first wife, whom he repudiated, as the object of their satire and hatred, there might be some reason for it, in the circumstance that, like the popular notion of the English Richard the Third, he was known by the sobriquet of *El Jorobado*, or the crooked-back, from his personal deformity. He was also at variance with his father, entered

* Edinburgh, 1822. 5 vols.

into conspiracies against him, and would probably have met with a violent death, but from the circumstance of his having received a vocation for a religious life in a monastery, a calling which he eventually embraced.

The ballads on the subject of Count Claros de Montalban's love for one of the daughters of Charlemagne which follow, are among the very earliest of those which appeared in print, fragments of them being given in the first *Cancionero General*, which was published at Valencia, in 1511. Although the name of Count Claros is frequently to be met with in Spanish poetry as the very type of a true lover, no trace of his adventures can be found in the old historical chronicles: unless, indeed, we consider with the German critic, Depping, that the actual story of Eginhard, the secretary, and afterwards the son-in-law of Charlemagne, forms the original and authentic foundation on which they are constructed. In the first of them (the opening line of which Cervantes uses as the commencement of the ninth chapter of the second part of "Don Quixote," "It was midnight by the thread" — a mode of computation which would indicate, says some annotator, that the ballad was composed before the use of clocks was known) the story is told with the happy *denouement* which attended the suit of Eginhard. In some others a more tragical catastrophe is recorded; but on the whole, the general resemblance between the two narratives is too striking to be accidental. The loves of Eginhard and the daughter of Charlemagne form the subject of a prose romance, in which a picturesque but somewhat primitive stratagem is resorted to by the lovers. From the position of Eginhard in the emperor's court, the addresses of his future son-in-law had first to be made to the princess in secret. On one occasion that they thus met in the garden of the palace, a heavy shower of snow fell, and the lady, fearing that the impress of a man's foot on the white surface would betray their meeting, took Eginhard in her arms and carried him out of the garden. The emperor, who was an early riser, beheld the circumstance from his window, and though at first indignant, was eventually appeased, and united his daughter to the fortunate secretary, who showed his gratitude by writing the valuable chro-

nicle of his imperial father-in-law which still exists.

The best known portion of those ballads is that fragment already alluded to, which was printed in the *Cancionero* of Valencia, in the year 1511. It is a dialogue between the imprisoned count and his uncle, the Archbishop, after the former has been condemned to death for his ambitious love of the Emperor's daughter. It has been translated by Dr. Bowring and Mr. Ticknor. The following is the graceful and correct version of the latter:—

"PESAME DE VOS, EL CONDE.

"It grieves me, count, it grieves my heart,
That thus they urge thy fate,
Since this fond guilt upon thy part
Was still no crime of state;
For all the errors love can bring
Deserve not mortal pain,
And I have knelt before the king,
To free thee from thy chain.
But he, the king, with angry pride
Would hear no word I spoke:
'The sentence is pronounced,' he cried,
'Who may its power revoke?'
The infanta's love you won, he says,
When you her guardian were,
O, nephew, less, if you were wise,
For ladies you would care.
For he that labours most for them
Your fate will always prove;
Since death or ruin none escape
Who trust their dangerous love.'
'O, uncle, uncle, words like these
A true heart never hears;
For I would rather die to please,
Than live and not be theirs.'"

We now have reached the celebrated ballad of Count Alarcos, which the critics of all countries have agreed in pronouncing one of the most affecting and beautiful that can be found in any language. Although the story is rather one of love than chivalry, a certain resemblance which it bears to the preceding ballads on Count Claros, and still more, the view which it gives of the arbitrary power exercised by the Spanish princes over their feudatories and subjects during the middle ages, appropriately place it in the present division of our subject. In reading this ballad, we should remember that the king, who exercises the tremendous authority which it records, acted but literally in the spirit of the ancient Gothic laws, which, under circumstances of a similar nature, empowered not only the father of a family to put his wife or

daughter to death, but even delegated this terrible power, in case the father was dead, to the brother in relation to his sister, or even to the lover when the offending party had been betrothed to him (Ticknor, ii. 364). From the manner in which the story is told, as if it were an occurrence of no extraordinary novelty, it is possible that the ballad was composed when those laws were practically in force; for though they remained unrepealed, as we would say, on the statute-book, down even to the time of St. Ferdinand, in the middle of the thirteenth century, they were practically a dead letter in those respects for a long time previously. Their spirit, however, continued to be felt for centuries later, as the strict social laws which regulated domestic honour abundantly testify, and which in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries formed the most fruitful and exciting sources whence Lope de Vega, Calderon, and others drew the inspiration and the materials of their dramas. On this particular story of Count Alarcos, there are not less than four full-length plays in the Spanish theatre. One of them by Lope de Vega, called *La Fuerza Lastimosa, or the Deplorable Necessity*; another, by Guillen de Castro; a third, by Mira de Mescua; and a fourth, by José J. Milanes, a poet of Havana—the three last being called simply *El Conde Alarcos*, after the ballad. The *Romance* itself has been translated into English, by Mr. Lockhart and Dr. Bowring. In German a very pleasing analysis of it has been made by Bouterwek of which the following is the substance. The romance

of the Conde Alarcos, he says, is distinguished from most of the other romances by greater richness of composition. It opens in a very simple manner with a description of the sorrow of the infanta Solisa, who, after being secretly betrothed to Count Alarcos, has been abandoned by him:—

“Alone, as was her wont, she sate within her bower
alone;
Alone and very desolate, Solisa made her moan;
Lamenting for her flower of life, that it should pass
away,
And she he never wooed to wife, nor see a bridal
day.”

At length, after Count Alarcos has long been married, the forsaken princess discloses her connexion with him to her father. This scene is strongly painted, but not overcharged; the king is transported by rage and indignation: his honour appears to him so wounded, that nothing but the death of the countess can be a sufficient satisfaction. He has an interview with the count, addresses him courteously, represents the case to him with chivalrous dignity as a point of justice and honour, and concludes by categorically demanding the death of his lady. Thus the development of the story commences in a manner which, though most singular, is perhaps not unnatural, when the ideas of the age to which the composition belongs are considered. The count conceives himself bound, as a man of honour, to give the king the satisfaction he desires. He promises to comply with his demand, and proceeds on his way home. There is a touching simplicity in the picture which is here drawn:—

“In sorrow he departed—dejectedly he rode
The weary journey from that place unto his own abode;
He grieved for his fair countess—dear as his life was she;
Sore grieved he for that lady, and for his children three.
“The one was yet an infant upon its mother's breast,
For though it had three nurses, it liked her milk the best.
The others were young children, that had but little wit,
Hanging about their mother's knee while nursing she did sit.”

The pathetic interest now rises gradually to the highest pitch of tragic horror. The countess, who receives her husband with the wonted marks of affection, in vain inquires the cause of

his melancholy. He sits down to supper with his family; and again we have a situation painted with genuine feeling, though with little art. They sit down together to supper in the hall—

“The lady brought forth what she had, and down beside him sate,
He sat beside her, pale and sad, but neither drank nor ate.
The children to his side were led—he loved to have them so;
Then on the board he laid his head, and out his tears did flow.
‘I fain would sleep—I fain would sleep,’ the Count Alarcos said.
Alas! be sure that sleep was none that night within their bed.”

The apparent fatigue of the count induces the countess to accompany him to his apartment. When they enter, the count fastens the door, relates what has passed, and desires his lady to prepare for death. To all her remonstrances, he only replies with terrible brevity, that she must die before the morning dawns. She begs him to spare her only for her children's sake. The count desires her to embrace, for the last time, the youngest, whom she has brought with her into the room asleep in her arms. She submits to her hard fate, and only asks for time to

say an *Ave Maria*. The count desires her to be quick. She falls on her knees and pours forth a brief but fervent prayer; she then requests a few moments' more delay that she may once more give suck to her infant son. What modern poet, says Bouterwek, would have thought of introducing so exquisite a touch of nature? The count forbids her to awake the child. The unfortunate lady forgives her husband, but predicts, that within thirty days the king and his daughter will be summoned before the tribunal of the Almighty. The count strangles her.

"He drew a kerchief round her neck—he drew it tight and strong,
Until she lay quite stiff and cold her chamber floor along;
He laid her then within the sheets, and kneeling by her side,
To God and Mary Mother in misery he cried.

"Then called he for his esquires—Oh! deep was their dismay,
When they into the chamber came, and saw her how she lay.
Thus died she in her innocence, a lady void of wrong;
But God took heed of their offence—His vengeance stayed not long.

"Within twelve days, in pain and dole, the Infanta passed away;
The cruel king gave up his soul upon the twentieth day.
Alarcos followed ere the moon had made her round complete:
Three guilty spirits stood right soon before God's judgment-seat."

The versified portion of this analysis we have taken from Mr. Lockhart's version; that of Dr. Bowring, however, along with imitating the monorhythmical versification of the original, brings out occasionally the tenderness and simplicity which are its chief characteristics, in a manner, perhaps, more striking than even the elaborate and spirited transcript which we have used. Such, for instance, is the description of the wretched count after leaving the presence of the king, who had extorted from him the dreadful promise of destroying his wife:—

"Weeping mounts the Count Alarcos;
Weeping bitterest words is he—
Weeping for his wife devoted,
Whom he loved so tenderly.
Weeping for his infant children—
Infant children there were three,
One was yet a helpless baby
Nursed upon his mother's knee;
Nurses three had bared their bosoms,
He rejected all the three;
For he knew his tender mother,
And upon her breast would be.
Other two were little children,
Thoughtless, careless, gay and free."

In a later portion of the ballad, the entreaties of the countess are given

very feelingly. After fainting through terror at hearing the dreadful purport of her husband's visit, she slowly advances and addresses him mournfully thus:—

"Thus, then, thus am I rewarded
For my fond fidelity!
Kill me not—a better counsel
I would offer, count, to thee.
Send me to my native dwelling,
Where I passed my infancy;
I will educate your children,
Lead them—love them tenderly,
And preserve to thee as ever
An unbroken chastity.'
'Thou must die—must die, my countess,
Ere the morn wakes smilingly!"
'It were well, my Count Alarcos,
Well if there were none but me;
But I have an aged father—
(Oh! my mother tranquilly
Sleeps in death) my brother Garcia,
He was murdered cruelly—
He, the noble count, was murdered
For the king's dark jealousy.
Death afflicts me not, for mortal—
Mortal I was born to be—
But my children's fate afflicts me,
They must lose my company.
Let them come and take my blessing,
They my last farewell must see.'
'Never shalt thou see them, countess,
Earth has no such bliss for thee;

But embrace thy smiling infant,
 Now condemned to orphancy:
 Miserable is my duty—
 'Tis the excess of misery.
 Vain is all my wish, my lady,
 Though I gave my life for thee—
 'Tis thy doom—so now commend thee
 To the Eternal Deity.
 ' Let me utter one petition,
 One, in all humility.'
 ' Countess, ere the dawn of morning,
 Pour thy offering speedily.'
 ' Soon it will be said, Alarcos,
 Sooner than an *Ave-Marie*.'
 This was her petition, bending
 In the dust her trembling knee:—
 ' Father! humbly I commend me,
 I commit my soul to thee;
 Judge me not by what I merit,
 Judge me, Lord, benignantly;—
 By Thy grace and gentle mercy,
 And Thy love's benignity!
 Count—my count—the prayer is uttered,
 Uttered as 'twas wont to be.
 To thee I commend our children,
 Born in love 'twixt me and thee;
 And while life is thine, Alarcos,
 Pour thy prayers to heaven for me.' "

Then follows that most affecting incident of the poor countess asking for her baby to put him to her breast once more before she dies—an incident which cannot be read without emotion—which Bouterwek and the German critics have praised in the manner already mentioned, and concerning

which the American poet, Longfellow, asks—"Is there in all the writings of Homer an incident more touching, or more true to nature?"

Although we have by no means exhausted the subject of the Spanish ballads of chivalry in the present paper, we cannot more appropriately terminate the foregoing observations than by again quoting the elegant writer just alluded to. After taking a rapid but brilliant survey of the entire subject of Spanish metrical romance, he says: "Such are the ancient ballads of Spain—poems which, like the Gothic cathedrals of the middle ages, have outlived the names of their builders. They are the handiwork of wandering, homeless minstrels, who, for their daily bread, thus 'built the lofty rhyme,' and whose names, like their dust and ashes, have long been wrapped in a shroud."* "These poets," says an anonymous writer,† "have left behind them no trace to which the imagination can attach itself; they have 'died and made no sign.' We pass from the infancy of Spanish poetry to the age of Charles, through a long vista of monuments without inscriptions, as the traveller approaches the noise and bustle of modern Rome through the lines of silent and unknown tombs that border the Appian Way."

* Longfellow's "Poets and Poetry of Europe," p. 626.

† Now known to be Mr. Forde. "Edinburgh Review." Vol. xxxix. p: 432.

ALBERICO PORRO; A TALE OF THE MILANESE REVOLUTION OF 1848.—PART II.

BY AN OFFICER OF THE SARDINIAN SERVICE.

CHAPTER V.—THE VENGOATORI.

"There has sprung up a secret Society, whose intrigues, and meetings, and objects are so carefully concealed, as to defy all my endeavours to find them out."—*Letter of Count Bolza to the Director of Police.*

A FEW days after the visit of Porro to Nina Ezzellinni, on the outskirts of a wood, on the road leading to Milan, the capital of Austrian Lombardy, might have been seen three men, armed with carbines, conversing in a low tone together. The night was cold, and a sharp wind every now and then rustled through the trees, scattering the few leaves yet remaining, and which had, until then, withstood the approach of stern winter. The face of the moon was obscured by thick and dark clouds rolling over the firmament of heaven, while in the distance were heard the slight vibrations of thunder, accompanied with sudden flashes of lightning, indicative of an approaching storm.

"*Per Bacco!*" exclaimed one of the men, "how chilly the night is. I wish he would come, and let us finish our business."

"Perhaps he has already passed. It seems to me we have been here fully two hours, and I think it is useless remaining any longer. By stopping here I shall also lose seeing our promised Capitano, who is to visit us for the first time this evening."

"No, no, Giacomo," exclaimed the third man, "you are mistaken. We have not been here an hour yet, and it is only your impatient spirit which makes you imagine we are here longer. What will not our comrades say to us if we return without having accomplished the first business entrusted to our hands?"

"I wish to perform it with credit, as much as you; but I long to see what sort of man our Capitano is, in case he is thought worthy of being elected to the post, which two or three of my friends, who seem to have a guess as to who he is, entertain no doubt of his being."

"We are sure to be back in time, for he was not to arrive till one o'clock, and it is scarcely twelve yet. Let us

not, however, forget our instructions, and harm the man; for the Baron told us we were on no account to hurt him."

"Not I," responded the comrade of Giacomo; "although I can't say I should dislike to crack the skulls of a few of these barbarians. *Per la Madre del Dio!* I will still be revenged for the death of my brother."

"We shall hear to-night what the Capitano says, and then we shall know when our work is to commence. But what a stronghold we have got; it would defy all the ingenuity of the commissary and his agents to find out where we meet," said Giacomo.

"Yes, it will not be an easy task to find us out. I did not think, a few years ago, when I was accused of being joined in a conspiracy, I should ever be leagued with a real one."

"How was that?" asked Giacomo. "Tell us the story while we are waiting for this fellow; it will serve to pass away the time."

"Well, if you wish, I will relate how my poor brother was murdered, and how I fell into the hands of our present masters, who, God forbid should long continue to be so. It was in the year of 1831, when there was a great talk in Milan of a revolution likely to take place. I was one night walking in the country with a few comrades. We were talking and laughing, for we were all young fellows, of about sixteen or twenty years of age, when a small body of soldiers came along the road, and commenced to call us by different names. My brother, Enrico, who was with me, a young fellow, full of spirit, could not well brook the insults of the soldiers. At length something was said to him which I did not well mind; but the instant the soldier who had addressed him had ceased speaking, he flung at him a stone, shouting out as he did so, 'We will kill you all, in a few days, in this

way.' The soldiers immediately seized upon us all, and declared we were a band of conspirators, and they would have their revenge upon us. They were all taken before the Commissary; for I, fortunately, escaped, by giving the soldiers who held me some money I had on me belonging to my mother, who I knew would not care for it when she learned the purpose I had put it to. Poor Enrico Penuzia was shot for being a conspirator, and the rest of my comrades have never been heard of since, although it is nearly six years ago."

"And what do you think has become of them?" asked Giacomo.

"Lingering in some dungeon, I suspect. But, listen; there is the signal. Be ready to stop him."

A shrill whistle, that might almost be taken for the blast of the wind, echoed along the road, and then again another, sounding much nearer. Presently was heard the clattering of a horse's feet, and along the road came galloping a man dressed in the uniform of a government courier. His progress did not extend much further, for scarcely had he proceeded a few hundred yards, when the three men sprung out from the wood and seized his horse's reins. The sudden attack startled both the horse and his master, for the former, rearing and plunging furiously, upset the rider, and, escaping from the man who held him, galloped rapidly away, and soon disappeared from sight. To seize hold of the rider, and rifle his person of the despatches he bore from the Imperial Court to the different members of the Lombardic Government, was the work of a few moments; and binding the poor courier to a tree (from which in a few hours he was sure to be released), amidst his earnest supplications not to murder him, the party betook themselves away. Entering the wood again, which extended over many a hill and dale, they proceeded quickly to tread a small path, which turned now to the left and then to the right, seemingly as if it was interminable. After walking for the space of half an hour, they left the path entirely, and struck through the wood, where no sign of a road seemed ever to have existed. The wood appeared, however, well known to the men, for they experienced no difficulty in making their way through; and they trod boldly

forward, bending branch after branch aside that might have impeded their further progress. A shrill whistle, similar to the one which had given them notice of the approach of the courier, startled the silence of the night, hitherto broken by the wind and the roar of thunder. The three men stopped on hearing the sound; and Giacomo, applying his finger to his mouth, instantly repeated the signal. This was followed by two others, which were again repeated by Giacomo, and the three then continued their journey in perfect silence. They soon arrived at the top of a hill, where the trees were so thick they could scarcely force their road onwards. Here the signal was again repeated, and directly afterwards they were joined by another man, who led them down the steep hill, which it would have been impossible to have descended, it being almost perpendicular, were it not for the trees which they held by, as they slowly descended one by one. A small narrow opening presented itself a few hundred yards below in the hill, through which they crept, but soon the space widened sufficiently to enable them to walk straight, feeling the walls on either side, for the passage was totally enshrouded in darkness. At length a barrier opposed their further progress, and another signal was requisite to enable the difficulty to be overcome. A noise was after a few moments heard as if some iron machinery was at work, and the large ponderous piece of wall slowly opened, presenting to their sight a strange and picturesque scene.

The place they now entered was a large cavern, either cut out by art, or formed naturally. In the centre, built of stones, was erected a large table, and around it, formed by the same materials, was a number of seats, on which sat some fifty or sixty persons. On the table lay a miscellaneous collection of arms, consisting of guns, swords, pistols, and knives, intermixed with glasses and small casks of wine. The countenances of the persons assembled there presented every variety of features—the dark and handsome ones of the south, with the bold and lighter ones of the northern part of Italy; while in their dress appeared the same variety—the coarse coat of the artisan mingled with the fine-texture one of the gentleman. The

end of the cavern was hung with large folds of black cloth, while on the top of it, extending in the middle, hung a banner of a blood-red colour, on which was written in bold characters—

“SOCIETY OF THE VENGATORI,
Formed on the Twenty-first day of August, 1847,
To redeem from slavery the land
Of their Nativity.

Blessed be he who dies in its service!
Cursed the coward whose arm fails in its duty!”

As the three men and the person who had joined them entered the cavern, they were welcomed by their companions, and room was made for them to sit down. A person who sat at the head of the table, and who appeared to be a kind of leader, rose from his seat, and informed them their promised chief had arrived, and that the business of the night would be proceeded with. Instantly a perfect silence ensued, and nothing was heard but the gathering up of the arms, as each person seized his own weapon.

The Baron Pinaldi then entered the cavern, and approached the head of the table—

“Companions and Vengatori!” he exclaimed, “this night, the third of our meeting, we have met together again, to see in what way we can advance further our sacred cause. You are all aware the object we have in view—the emancipation of our native land from foreign oppression; but none of us are acquainted with the means to be employed in attaining this holy end. By the rules of our order we are bound to obey implicitly, at any hazard, the orders of our chief, if that head be elected by the unanimous voice of our body. We have hitherto thought and pondered over such an election, but notwithstanding the number of names we have mentioned, not one has been deemed worthy of a general vote. To place our lives, our future destinies, the welfare of our country, at the command of a single will, is a fearful responsibility; and yet to carry out successfully the ends of our order, it is impossible, without such a trust, however great and solemn, be confided in one. Hitherto I have remained silent, thinking you would have found one worthy of your generous confidence, but you have failed in doing so. Vengatori, that silence I now break, and declare to you I have found the one you have sought

for in vain—a youth, rich in birth, in fortune, in patriotism. Companions of our holy cause! Vengatori of our country's rights! behold the chief worthy of your votes!”

The folds of the black cloth were slowly drawn aside. In a small inner cave, hung with the same sombre hue, before an altar, on which stood a huge crucifix, behind it the likeness of our Saviour encircled with a crown of glory, was seen the manly and handsome countenance of Alberico Porro, glowing with eager expectation. Known to everyone present, for most of the persons belonged to the town of Padua and the city of Milan, a burst of applause greeted his unexpected presence. Advancing a few paces, and gracefully acknowledging the glad welcome he had received, he exclaimed—

“Fellow-countrymen! but a short time ago returned from a foreign land to revisit my own, at the request of an aged parent, I did little imagine, when entering Padua, I should be witness to a deed of injustice and oppression unworthy the age in which we live. I allude to what the greatest part of you are acquainted with, the imprisonment of the Signora Azellini. Too young when I left my native soil to understand the miserable subterfuges of power, I have returned, with mind expanded, to grasp and shift the exercise of undue imperial despotism. A lawless act committed before my sight, and which should have condemned the perpetrators to a severe punishment, is not only allowed to pass over in silence, my entreaties for redress unheeded, but is considered, in the estimation of Austrian wisdom, a fit act for reward. Do our masters think we have sunk so low, that we have become so debased in mind, so unheeded to the voice of pity, that murderers are to walk our cities in triumph, not considered even fit companions for us to associate with? Yes, Italians, we have given them reason to think so, when for thirty-two years we have borne almost uncomplainingly this barbarous Attila yoke. It is time we should awake to a proper sense of our manhood, to a thorough appreciation of our shame, and, casting aside for ever the fears which have kept us asunder, unite with heart and hand to efface the burning brand of Cain from our brows. I have come, therefore, to you this night, fearless in heart and purpose, to

express to you my determination, and either as your leader or as your equal, to point boldly out to you the only course left open—to strike earnestly for our brothers' and sisters' emancipation, or to weep in silence over our own degeneracy! Italians! from the centre of the old capital of the ancient world, Rome, a gleam of sunlight, for ages hidden from our view, has suddenly dawned upon our destinies, and it behoves us to greet bravely the ray, until not one, but a thousand, glitter in our path. Will you allow such a glorious light to pass unheeded from before your gaze? Will you quietly sit down and proclaim to Europe that the children of Dante, of Rienzi, are deaf to the sound of freedom? Will you see your parents, your sisters, your infants, sold to demoralisation, to vice, to the basest of all slavery? Men, if such is the future destiny you consign them to, I abandon my country; the very name of an Italian will be to me the impersonation of dishonour. But if you choose the cause of justice, of right, of country, of soul-inspiring liberty, then I bless my fortune for having you as brothers, and from this hour I dedicate my life and lands at the altar of Italy's wrongs!"

As Porro ended the curtains closed, and concealed him from sight. So deep and passionate in feeling had been his address, that for a few moments not a sound, not a whisper was heard. All were entranced, not so much with his language, as with the heartfelt emotion which breathed in every word, in every action of his body—the true soul of oratory. Then burst forth from every lip, "*Viva l'Italia! Viva la libertà! Long live Italy! Long live liberty!*" and was again and again echoed through the cavern, so intense was the feeling the address had excited.

"Vengatori," spoke the Baron Pinaldi, the instant silence had been obtained, "it now becomes your duty to say whether you accept of Alberico Porro as your leader and chief, to serve him with life and fortune, until the hour when the world shall proclaim your land a nation again."

"Yes, yes!" answered every voice, "we accept him as our chief."

"For form's sake, and for the necessary observance of our rules, which we have all sworn to obey, it becomes necessary for me to demand if any member of our order opposes the election?"

A moment's silence ensued, and no voice speaking, a burst of approbation resounded, with shouts of "*Viva il Signor Porro! Viva il nostro Capitano!*"

The curtain was again withdrawn, and the Baron Pinaldi advanced a few steps towards Porro, who still stood before the altar.

"Signor Porro, by an unanimous vote of the order of the Vengatori, I have to inform you they have chosen you as their chief, and I now call upon you to subscribe to the oath. I request you, therefore, to give me answers to the questions I shall address you. Do you solemnly believe in the justice of our cause, in the pledge we take to repel force by force, until the divine rights accorded to man by God be fully admitted?"

"I do."

"Do you solemnly declare, in wishing to enter our order as companion, you are actuated by neither ambition nor personal motive of any kind; and that your only feeling in doing so is the pure, holy, and sublime love of country and humanity?"

"I do."

"Do you, in sincerity of heart and purpose, renounce now and for ever all allegiance to the House of Austria, from its Emperor to its lowest servant; and throughout life, until Italy is free from its slavery, you will lose no opportunity, either in secrecy or openly, at the hazard of life, of fortune, of fame, in opposing its power and its empire?"

"I do."

"Are you willing to bind yourself by oath to the questions I have asked you, and which you have answered in the affirmative?"

"I am."

"Repeat after me, then, the formula of our oath."

"I, Alberico Porro, firmly convinced that the rights and immunities of my country have been betrayed to foreign oppression, the laws of Christianity violated by robbery, pillage, murder, and sacrilege, do here solemnly vow, in presence of God and man, to dedicate my life in defence of my country. I swear to let no opportunity pass, where my judgment shall consider it as coming within the moral code of war, without seizing upon it to advance the liberty of Italy. I swear never, by either act or word,

to pay obedience to the Emperor of Austria, and that I will use whatever influence I may possess to induce others to pursue the same course. I swear to pursue with uncompromising hatred every friend of the house of Austria, even if found in the ranks of my nearest and dearest relatives. I swear to obey, without questioning, the orders of the chief of the Order of the Vengatori; and lastly, not to divulge to human being either the objects or the names of its members, without a special permission from the chief to do so. As God is my judge, and as I trust for salvation through the mercy of my Saviour hereafter, I declare I have in perfect purity of heart and purpose, been ordained a member of the Order of Vengatori."

"Signor Porro, having now become a member of the society, the adjutant will instruct you in the signs and passes requisite to distinguish a member of our holy cause. Companion, you will now oblige the members by informing them if you are willing to accept the post of chief which they have unanimously conferred upon you."

"I am."

"Subscribe, then, to the oath."

"I, Alberico Porro, accept in entire unity of faith, and in the conviction of my sincerity, the post of Chief of the Order of the Vengatori, and declare before you, brothers in justice, in truth and in honesty, I will never use, or subvert, for personal ambition or private interest, the ends of our Society. I swear to keep inviolate this oath and the rules of the Order."

A shout of applause greeted Porro the instant he had finished subscribing to the oath.

"Comrades and soldiers of the Army of Vengeance! I have accepted the noble post of your chief, in the full determination of proving myself worthy of your acceptance. The march of thought, the experience of past ages, long years of oppression and injustice, are rousing in the Cæsar race the spirit of Brutus. With joy do I greet its appearance—with pleasure urge it forward. Let it roll over the fair plains of Lombardy, and I will still say, Forward! Let it roll in Croatian blood, and my cry will still be the same; nor shall I cease to echo it until from the Sicilian Sea to the Alps is seen floating in the breeze of heaven the national flag of Italy. What, if in the attain-

ment of this noble end, our lives become a sacrifice, is it not far better to die than to live in uncertainty and shame?—to live in the memory of the good, the pure, the free, than as the bondsmen of those who respect no ties, who acknowledge no justice? Man with life acquired the inalienable right of freedom; and it cannot be torn from him without a violation of the law of God. For this crime perished miserably Ezzelini and his family; for a similar one, the Borgia. And for this, too, must fall the supremacy of the Emperor on Italian soil. I would be the last to hurry on to the uncertainty of revolution the moral claims and rights appertaining to us. I would be the last to counsel you to secret, and afterwards to open resistance; but every other avenue for redress has long been closed to you—every prayer and entreaty, however humble, unheeded; and patience, having its limits, calls loudly for the scabbard to be cast indignantly aside—the sword to flash bravely in the light—your motto, 'Country and Liberty, or Slavery and Death!' To prepare this struggle—to use with prudence the large sums placed at my disposal—to take warning from previous failures, will be my earnest task; and to you, Vengatori, to whom God has entrusted our resurrection, to you be it the end to stir up the minds of your countrymen, to prepare for the battle and emancipation of Italy! Let no fear or doubt linger on your minds—remember boldness and decision are half the victory; and to appear weak is to throw a shadow on the justice of our cause. Farewell till our next meeting! I go to lay the mine of to-day—the triumph of to-morrow."

In the midst of loud applause from the band who had elected him as chief, Porro, accompanied by Pinaldi, left the cavern, and, by another entrance, known only to themselves, soon issued forth, as it were, from the bowels of the earth.

"I congratulate you, my dear young friend and noble leader," said Pinaldi, "on the success of this night's work. You exceeded my expectations, and have created for yourself a feeling amongst the Vengatori which, united with the oath by which I and they are all bound, will make them obey your slightest wish."

"Happy am I that you approve of

what I have done and said. The first step is taken, and I shrink not from the consequences. You will not fail me to-morrow night, for I will then inform you on what further means I have decided."

"No ; in nothing will I fail you so long as our conferences tend to the downfall of imperial Austria," answered Pinaldi in a quick and vindictive tone of voice.

"Adieu, Pinaldi ! May the smile of Heaven alight on our glorious enterprise !"

They had now arrived, by a different path from the one we have pursued in the first part of the chapter, where two roads, or rather narrow footpaths, crossed each other. A servant stood here with a horse, awaiting the arrival of his master, Porro, who immediately mounting and bidding farewell again to the baron, galloped on his way towards Milan, full of thoughts which were to conduce to the happiness or misery of thousands.

CHAPTER VI.

NIGHTY RESOLVES NOT EASY TO BE FULFILLED.

"I have in my hands an infallible means of making the good Milanese forget their idol, Pio Nono, and their wishes for national independence, which they have lately manifested in their puerile demonstrations ; the carnival is approaching, and I will then give a grand entertainment in the Theatre della Scala."—*Conversation with H. Figuelmont, the Austrian Minister at Milan.*

"The evil counsels of fanatics, and the faithless spirit of innovation, will be broken by your valour and fidelity, like fragile glass against a rock."—*Marshal Radetsky's address to the Austrian troops in the capital of northern Italy before the period of the Revolution.*

ALONE, in a small, handsomely-furnished room, before a table covered with numerous papers, was seated a person of rather an advanced age. His countenance was frank and open ; his dress and appearance bore the stamp of a person of some consequence. It was the Baron Toresani Lanzenfeld, for many years the director of the police at Milan. In his right hand he held a paper which he was intently scanning over, while his left supported his head, as his elbow rested on the table. The contents of the document he was perusing called every few moments a smile to his lips, and his rather stern features glistened with inward pleasure, created, no doubt, by the news he was gathering.

"So, so," muttered the Baron ; "the web is commencing to be unravelled. The Count Bolza informs me here he has at length discovered a track to the perpetrators of the robbery committed on the person of the Government's courier. The Baron Pinaldi was seen near the place about the same time the outrage was committed, and in his company this young lord, who has but lately returned to his country, and who annoyed the Imperial Court so much with some tale about his nurse's imprisonment. The Count Bolza informs me here—a trusty agent he is—there was also observed about the same neighbourhood a number of strangers during the evening previous, and the morning following, and he has collected a number of their names, all known

to be more or less disaffected towards the Government. He therefore comes to the conclusion, and a just one too, a political meeting must have been held in the neighbourhood. The whole of the persons the Count Bolza has discovered are strangers to the neighbourhood, and being there on the same evening that the courier was robbed, can easily be questioned, and if not able to assign good and valid reasons for travelling in that direction, can be detained in prison ; but this young Signor Porro, I know not whether we could venture on such a step towards him. Allied as he is to many of the most influential families in Lombardy, and to the royal house of Sardinia, his arrest would not be allowed to pass by without strong remonstrances from quarters we had better conciliate than excite further. Caution must be the plan, and before we think of curtailing his liberty we must have sure proof to go on. I must pause a few moments and reflect well on the matter. Ah ! a good idea, we must set some trusty spy on his footsteps, who will gain his confidence, which must be an easy task, for he is so young, and then the rest can be soon settled. These treacherous times require treacherous means."

His further reflections were interrupted by a servant entering and announcing the minister Figuelmont was waiting without.

"Show his excellency in immediately. Ah, my lord," continued the Baron Toresani Lanzenfeld, as the

Austrian minister entered, "you have just arrived in time to aid me with your good advice. But pray be seated."

"What is it you would ask of me? Of importance it must be, if your own sagacity cannot discover the course to pursue under your difficulty. It is thought, and in high quarters too, the chief of the police here is not often at fault," answered the Count Figuelmont—a man possessing good talents, but with an inordinate vanity in his own powers of discernment.

"I am glad to find, my good lord, my efforts to fulfil my duties have met with, for these several years past, the approbation of our gracious Emperor; yet there are times, and I fear it is so with most men, when I know not well how to deal with men, who, high in rank and influence, lend themselves to increase the agitation we see daily rising around us on every side. It was when you but entered now I was perusing a letter from one of our most trusty agents, and one who is well known to your lordship—the Count Bolza—who informs me he has discovered a clue to the perpetrators of the outrage, who stopped and robbed the Government's courier the other evening of his dispatches. It must have appeared clear, at least to you, that these were no ordinary thieves, for not an article on the courier's person was touched with the exception of the Government's bag; and I have from the courier's own lips his version of the story, and he stated positively—for I was most particular on that head—that the robbers had plenty of time before any help reached to have taken from him every article he had about him. Now, from what Bolza informs me, from the information he has gathered in the neighbourhood, some meeting of a clandestine kind, unknown to the police, must have been held the very night the robbery took place, in that part of the country. Further he gives me to know, a number of persons, all amongst the list of the suspected, and living far from the immediate neighbourhood, must have been gathered there for some unlawful purpose. Out of this list I must except one; and here lies my great difficulty."

"In what way, Baron?—for to the authority of the police must bow every one but its superiors."

"This exception of whom I speak is the heir of the Porro family—one

whom your lordship must see, from the influence of his powerful connexions, his rank, his riches, I cannot deal with as I would with one of the common herd of this vain, proud, and besotted Italian nobility."

"Ha, ha! you must be more charitable in speaking of our kind neighbours, who, with all their fine airs, remind me of so many Gascons, with plenty of boasting, but lacking the courage to make their empty vaunts good."

"Yet to deal with them, we must keep a sharp eye over their proceedings."

"Right, right; nothing like the strong sword of authority to keep them at their proper distance. With this young noble, this Signor Porro, of whom you speak, we must deal gently; not on account of any feelings of leniency we might entertain, but for other reasons, of which I shall speak anon. Nothing so easy as to lull him into security, to profess to be his most devoted servants, and then, when the proper hour arrives, to suddenly fall upon him, with full proof of his criminality, and give him either a quick and easy death, or consign him to the tender keeping of one of the many gaolers of our prisons."

"My own thought. Yet where to find one to whom we could entrust the delicate handling of this stripling. My own agents are commencing to be all so well known, or smell so strongly of the police, I fear none of them would be able to effect the work; and a failure would only place him on his guard."

"Oh, I can supply your want. I have on my hands a young Neapolitan nobleman, whom I have been acquainted with for some time past, and who would just suit the purpose. He must be well paid, however; for, in the first case, his task will be an expensive one; and, secondly, his whole fortune, although a large one when I knew him first, has entirely disappeared during a long career of extravagance and dissipation. Apart from these reasons, however, I would wish to serve him; and how better than binding him to the Gordian knot, where retreat is impossible?"

"Always sagacious, my lord—always ready with your good advice, to remedy any evil we may wish to overcome. When will you send him to

me, this new *protégé* of yours? I need not ask your lordship also, whether you are well assured of his fidelity?"

"As to your latter question, I invariably abide by the rules laid down by our Government — never to employ any person, whatever the interest I may feel in him, without having such a power over his future life as to be able, at any hour, if I find the slightest cause to doubt his fidelity, to turn him adrift on the world, a living curse to himself, and shunned by the whole of society. An excellent rule, too; for I have never, except in a single case which came to my knowledge, known any *employé* of ours become unruly in our service."

"And what is the case your lordship alludes to, if I may venture to inquire?"

"Oh, to you I can have no objection to communicate the fact; but we must be careful the world become not acquainted with a system we derive so much benefit from; for what an outcry would be raised if it was but known what means we adopt to turn our regular police body, our true agents, to a proper account! The secret stratagems, the bold crimes, the means to subdue both body and soul — the poisoning, the strangling, the continual torture of conscience; and yet these means, however fearful, are necessary to carry out an authority such as ours. The fact of which I spoke is but an illustration of our system, and which would have turned out as successful as all other cases, were it not for an unfortunate discovery; and thus, instead of our *employé* living a few years longer in horror of our secret servitude, we were forced to consign him quietly to the arms of death. The case was simply this. A respectable merchant, residing in the town of Padua, was thought to be a member of the Carbonari, and we had reason to think several members of it were scattered over the town. To find out who they were be-

came an absolute necessity, to prevent an increase of their number. The merchant was a widower, with an only child, a son, of about three or four years of age. One of our agents, a hardy ruffian, inured to every service, was a lover of the child's nurse, and he induced her one evening to give the child what he pretended was but a dose of physic, but in reality poison. In the morning the child was discovered a corpse, and the bottle which had contained the poison secreted in the coat of the father, placed there by the hands of our trusty agent. The police, who took care to be immediately on the spot the moment the child was discovered dead, arrested the merchant and the nurse, and carried them before the commissary, who was acquainted with the real facts of the case. The nurse, for fear of losing her lover, and by threats, was kept silent; while the father, against whom the evidence appeared so strong, was, by the offer of his safety and liberty, with a promise of strict silence on the whole matter, in an agony of terror at being thought by his friends and fellow-townsmen the murderer of his own child, induced to confess all he knew about the Carbonari. So far, everything had succeeded well; but, unfortunately, the nurse, a short time after, suddenly seized with illness, confessed the whole transaction — at least as much as she was acquainted with — to her master; and he, good soul, instead of seeking safety in flight, with the dangerous knowledge he possessed of our means of gaining information, must present himself at the commissary's office, with threats of vengeance. This, as I informed you before, was only put a stop to by the death of the merchant; there was no other alternative. Such is the history of a matter, which, to this day, is still a mystery to the wise world."*

"Ah, I remember well, my lord, my feelings of compunction when first appointed to my office, and I learned the many terrible secrets of our duty.

* The tale related is a strict fact, personally known to the author as having occurred. The tyranny of the Austrian police exceeds description; its means are most revolting to human nature. Cantù, in his "*Storia di Cento Anni*," thus describes its power:—
"Corrotte dalla Polizia, arbitra di tutto. Una polizia aulica, una polizia generale, una polizia del comune, una del governo, una della presidenza del governo, tutte spiantesi e vicenda; in mano della polizia stravano tutti gli impieghi, gli onori, i posti dell' istituto, le cattedre, sino il ministero ecclesiastico; giacchè per ogni nomina eran necessarie le sue informazioni segrete, irreparabili."

Necessity, however, is the mother of our law, and by its dictates we must abide."

"Certainly there is no other resource open. But to resume the thread of our discourse. The Cavalier Morini — for such is the name of the young gentleman whom I intend to introduce to the mysteries of our duties — will be with you in the course of tomorrow, and I will take care to prepare him for the nature of his office."

"A rather difficult task at the beginning, if the pupil has much delicacy of feeling."

"Oh! I shall have little scruple with my *protégé*," said the Count Figuelmont, with a sinister smile. "Let us drop our present subject, and turn to matters of greater importance which I have been ordered to communicate with you upon. By letters received this morning from his Highness the Prince Metternich, after regretting the tendency of the various independent princes of the states of Italy, to accord to their subjects liberal reforms, and thus discard the motherly authority of Austria in so doing, his highness directs me to confer with you and the Marshal Radetsky on the best means of quelling the rebellious feeling evincing itself not merely in the Roman States, in those of Piedmont, of Naples, of Modena, of Parma, but even in the Lombardo-Venetian territories. My opinion is, if the other sovereigns are so terrified by the mere ebullition of a people's feeling sunk in sloth, without a remnant of the ancient spirit remaining which ever and anon shone forth in the middle centuries, like a bright meteor of their past glory, our Government should not bow down before the shadow of a phantom it has so often before, and can still and ever crush with the utmost facility. By doing so it would only encourage them, if any partial reforms were conceded to their miserable outcry, to demand still more; and thus we should be ever annoyed, as we have been the entire year, by petitions pouring in from every quarter demanding, in the

most insolent tone, what they, the communes, choose fit to term their rights, granted to them by ancient treaties; as if Austria, from the hour she took the Lombardo-Venetian territories under her protection, acknowledged any other law but her own powerful will. For my part, I only smile at their puerile demonstrations, their invocations to the dead, their demonstrations at their public places of resort, their ovations to their new idol, Pio Nono.* It will be time enough, if any symptom of real rebellion is seen, to crush it immediately by a wholesale slaughter."

"My lord, with all due respect for your opinion, I differ from you in your estimate of the popular ebullition of feeling. Under the smooth surface of the Italian countenance, I think there lurks more than mere empty words. Not that I do not agree with you, even if an outbreak did take place against the Government, the task of crushing it would be accomplished, although not altogether with the ease you may imagine. I speak from information gathered from various secret sources. To me there appears but two paths open — either to concede to the wishes of the people, in granting them the liberty of the press, a civic guard, and a constitution of their own —"

"Ha! ha! Baron, your political wisdom has gone astray," exclaimed the Count Figuelmont, laughing heartily at the idea of reform.

"Or otherwise," continued the Baron Toresani Lanzenfeld, unheeding the interruption, "to call immediately into play the strongest measures of the law, and crush the slightest symptoms of dissatisfaction. Such is my opinion, my lord; and I assure you, it has not been formed without due thought or consideration."

"Why even the Marshal Radetsky expressed himself to me slightly on the dissatisfaction of the people, and assured me he felt not the slightest alarm on that head; the only fear he had was on the side of Sardinia, as if that puny power would dare to attempt, by force

* By demonstrations in the theatres, in the churches, in the public squares; by funeral services in honour of defunct patriots, by ovations to the Pope, by festivals and anniversaries without end, by all that could have a meaning, that could convey an allusion, however vague and remote, to the hope nearest to their hearts. The stir of men's mind was immeasurable! In proportion as the Italians made advances in the school of resistance, the Austrians lost sight of the compass of timely concession."—*Mariotti's Italy in 1848.*

of arms, the attack of such a giant as Austria. The Prince Metternich attributes this fear of the veteran marshal to its true source, an over feeling of cautiousness, engendered naturally at his age.*

"Well, my lord, I must bow to the superior wisdom of so able a statesman as Prince Metternich, whose experience in matters of this nature must be superior to my own; but Heaven grant he may not be deceived."

"For your fears, however, Baron, the Court of Vienna seems to have provided; for while the Archduke Rainer is directed to amuse the Milanese with promises of concessions, to us is entrusted the more manly task of calling out the troops at the first symptom of rebellion (and we shall soon find one in their demonstrations at the Theatre della Scala), and crushing forever the hopes of the people in obtaining reforms, even if we sacrifice, to gain this point, a few scores of lives."

"That will be the only means of preventing further disturbance; and I

congratulate you, my lord, on having come to such a wise decision. The opportunity of calling out military force will not be long wanting if the excitement of the people only continue, which there is no reason to doubt will be the case, until a lesson, such as you describe, is properly given the Milanese. Then only may we hope to live again in peace."

"I cannot help smiling, Baron, at your timidity, but the end will show how rightly I estimate this bawling populace. Adieu; I must away to the Archduke's palace."

"Ay, the end will show, indeed, who is the best judge. My lord, I wish you a happy evening at the festival of the Archduke."

Thus parted the two officers of the Austrian's eagle, each arrogant in his own opinion, but neither sufficiently initiated in the mysteries and shadows of a coming storm to foresee the force of a people's will labouring under injustice the most oppressive, tyranny the most unlawful.

CHAPTER VIII.

FREDERICO DI MORINI.

"'Twere vain to tell, and sad to trace,
Each step from splendour to disgrace—
Enough, no foreign foe could quell
Thy soul, till from itself it fell;
Yes, self-abasement paved the way
To villain bonds and despot sway."—Byron.

On the evening of the day following the interview of the Count Figuelmont with the chief of police, in a brilliantly lighted saloon at Milan, was seen collected a number of persons. The saloon was large and spacious, handsomely decorated with all the modern furniture of the day, and its walls were hung with pictures, some of extreme beauty and value. Around the sides of the saloon were arranged a number of tables, on some of which lay scattered a few books and papers, but the most of them were occupied by four or five persons seated intensely engaged in the hideous occupation of gaming. A strange

sight did that room present, and stranger still were the tales which could be recounted if those dumb walls could speak. It was a house licensed by Government for play — one of the many means adopted by the authorities to demoralise a people, whose spirit for liberty neither their chains nor prisons could ever subdue.

Through the room paraded two individuals, every now and then stopping for a few moments at each table to notice the proceedings of its occupants. One was the proprietor of the establishment, the other an agent of the police. What a fearful scene of con-

* "Marshal Radetsky had foreseen the attack of Sardinia and the general rise of Lombardy, early in the preceding year. He had throughout the autumn and winter demanded that his forces should be raised to one hundred and fifty thousand men, but always in vain. The Marshal had no apprehension himself whatever as to the insurrection alone, and only asked for reinforcement against the King of Sardinia. . . . Old Metternich treated this (warning) as a timorous apprehension of the still older Radetsky." — *Willisen's Italienische Feldzug des Jahres, 1848.* Berlin, 1849.

tending passions it must have appeared to them, mere spectators, having neither more interest in one party than another ! Yet with what a quiet and calm aspect did they gaze at each table, with its various occupants, as if they scarcely heeded the players. Custom and time had deadened their feelings. What care they who wins or loses ? See that old man, with his silvery locks, looking as if a pattern of morality, yet how eagerly he clutches the pile of gold before him, and how exultingly he gazes at his younger opponent. Look at that person, with the mild and benevolent countenance, as if anger could never distort the placid smile, how quickly the whole features change, and assume an aspect horrible to gaze upon. He has lost perhaps his all, and wildly rushes from the room—suicide ; who knows his doom ? God—his soul, his last thought ! See again that young man, scarcely twenty years of age, how thoughtfully, how eagerly he gazes upon those cursed cards he holds within his hands, as if every feeling of his heart, every noble impulse of his nature, was centered thereon. He loses ; and at every new turn of what he terms his ill-luck, hark ! what horrid blasphemy he utters ; the name of his Saviour continually invoked, he curses both God and his own being ! Fearful must be the moral responsibility of a Government which countenances and encourages by the sanction of its name such scenes of vice and degradation, and which seeks from thence, not merely a source of profit, but even a delight, in the increase of gaming, in the crimes and immorality of a people. Fearful must be the consequences ! Woe to the rulers who exult in the infamy of a nation !

To a small table, near the centre of the room, the attention of the reader must be more particularly directed. By its sides were seated two persons, deeply engaged in play, while around them was grouped a number of lookers-on, called there by the heaviness of the stakes. One of the two players was a person of about twenty-seven or twenty-eight years of age, with a bold, handsome, and prominent countenance, on which the traces of dissipation might be noticed by the close observer. There was about him a free and open kind of manner, extremely engaging, but at times a forward and overbearing manner, which considerably diminished the

feeling of prepossession one might feel in his favour ; and yet, in all he said and did, there was a pride of tone which marked a haughty and proud heart. Playing, as he was, for heavy stakes, there was little anxiety to be noticed in his general bearing and dark features ; but a nervous twitching at the corner of the mouth, and the momentary brightening of the flashing eye told the inward working of the passions, kept down alone by a strong struggle of mind. His opponent was a man far older than himself, yet trembling with excitement, and exhibiting, as he continued to win the heavy piles of gold before him, all the anxiety of fear lest he should again lose what he had gained.

"Nine!" exclaimed the latter, "and forty-two before, make me fifty-one. You have lost again, Morini."

"Double or quits for a last chance," uttered the other, who was the Cavalier Morini.

"Done," responded his opponent ; and a dense silence ensued, interrupted only by a person who called out the numbers as each player cast the dice.

A few moments, and the game will be decided. What a world of misery hangs over that short space—a small fortune, or nothing ! Heaven save the youth from that all-absorbing spirit of gain, the unquenchable desire for play, which seldom terminates in life till the grave receives the wreck of hope !

Those minutes so short, yet so long, have passed. The Cavalier Morini has lost ; in the last stake was played the remnant of a noble fortune. Oh, gambling ! what a fearful vice art thou ! how many a noble heart thou hast sacrificed at the altar of thy Satan-like glimpse of false hopes !

He rises from his seat, a smile on his lips, despair in his heart, and with a few words of farewell to the persons around him, he leaves the room, with a firm, slow, and haughty step. Who could guess how false and hollow was the echo of those steps ?

"Poor Morini ! I fear I have won more than he could well afford to lose. But we buy experience sooner or later in this world ; and at his age, with the world before him, he can best afford to lose."

With these words, the speaker swept his winnings off the table, stowed them away carefully about his person, and turned to speak gaily on other

subjects to the persons around him. Such is the pity of the confirmed gambler for his victim, and, sometimes, dupe! — a passing thought, and utter oblivion of his future fate!

The victim of his own fate, where was he? With the same proud mien, half unconscious of his actions, he slowly descended the staircase, and left the house. How coolly fell the light breeze upon his feverish and heated skin—how refreshing, after the excitement of the last hour! But it fell unheeded upon the Cavalier di Morini; and what to him was the glorious breath of heaven? His thoughts flew rapidly over past years, flitting from scene to scene, as each successively passed through the mind. His happy country home—the scenes of his childhood, decked rich with the bright flowers of memory's earliest fancy—the mother, kind in her love, and heavenly devotion to his care, happiness, and comfort—the father, his eyes glistening with affection as he predicted to his friends the future career of his only son—the death-bed where he had bid that father adieu as his spirit hovered between heaven and earth—the promise given, and then the last embrace! — all darted before the mind's eye, and in agony he groaned, "All gone, all lost to me for ever!"

Rousing himself by a powerful effort of mind, he sped quickly along the almost deserted streets, and at length arrived at his own residence, in the Contrada del Monte.

"Wine, wine!" he exclaimed, in almost a fierce tone, to the old and faithful servitor, who had watched him from his childhood, and who accompanied him to his drawing-room, while he threw himself, exhausted by his excited feelings, on a seat.

With quick steps the old servitor moved away to fulfil the order of his master, and soon returned with bottles and glass, which he carefully placed before the Cavalier di Morini.

"Are you unwell, Signor?" he exclaimed, as he noticed well and carefully the excited tone and look of his master.

"No, no, Giacomo: it is nothing—mere passing pain. Leave me. I would be alone."

The old man still lingered for a moment, as if he fain would have remained, and, with a grave shake of

the head, as if he divined all was not right, quitted the room. The Cavalier di Morini was alone. Alone! No. That inscrutable Being, wrapt up in the sublime mystery of his own Eternity, the immensity from whence no soul returns, still stood before him, to demand an account of his past acts. Alone! Oh, yes; could he but stand alone—sweep thought, memory away, what happiness! what bliss! to his present agony. Or could he but crush, and for ever, the remembrance of a few years—the dissipation, the vice, the scenes of infamy in which he had shone, in which he had been encouraged, how heavenly would not be his feelings of delight! But no, still no—there stood the Past—that horrid Past—with its grim visions of darkness and crime—no Future to stir his manhood, to cheer his heart, to offer him a single flower out of the thousand decking with beauty the path of Hope! He covered his face with his hands to shut out the vision, in vain, and groaned in agony, again repeating, "All gone, all lost to me for ever!"

Suddenly a thought flashes across his brain; and, starting up, he hurries to an adjoining room, and returns with a writing-desk. How the hand trembles as he attempts to open the desk! What madness has seized his brain! The thought of good has flown—evil governs his mind.

Slowly he opens the desk, and from a corner of it he takes a small phial, containing a dark mixture. Can in such a small compass be contained the power of severing life? In a glass he pours the deadly mixture, and raises it to his lips. In another hour life will be extinct. At that instant his eye rests on a small locket, containing the hair of a parent now no more. His whole frame shakes with a nervous tremor, as if stricken with palsy. The eye of the dead seems watching the actions of the living! — the spirit of a parent hovering over the danger of a child! It unmans him—it strikes fear to his soul—the glass falls from his hand! — he sinks, fainting, on his seat!

"Father, father!" he murmurs, "protect me from myself."

Tears, bitter yet sweet, spring to his eyes, and he sobs aloud. How terrible it is to see the strong and powerful man, accustomed to wrestle

with the world—to dare every danger and obstacle with impunity, sink into the weakness of woman—the feelings more powerful than himself—Nature overcoming habit.

A half hour passes away, and again he rises from his seat. The tears he had shed had relieved his maddening excitement, and reason was restored to its throne. Calmly he locked his desk, after pressing the locket to his lips and carefully restoring it again to its place. A letter now met his gaze, hitherto unnoticed, lying on the table, directed to himself. He opens it in a careless manner, but soon his attention seems entirely occupied by its contents, and carefully he reads it over again.

“I am saved!” he exclaims. “Here lie the means of concealing from the world, from my mother, the loss of my fortune. What matters to me how the gold is earned, so long as it protects me from the scorn and pity of my companions—from those I feel myself superior to. If I do become the tool of the police, the secret betrayer of those who confide in my honesty and honour, who is to know I am connected with that dreaded and hated power? Again, in this letter is hinted the knowledge of a transaction—a youthful folly it is true, but sufficient to make me a by-word of contempt in the world. Must I not, therefore, for my own interest, close with the offer of the Count Figuel-

mont, and thus procure for myself his silence? Who, also, is this Signor Porro, with whom he wishes me to become intimate, to watch his footsteps, to worm out his secrets—who is he that I should scruple to betray his confidence? A mere passing acquaintance, a generous fellow seemingly from what I have heard; but no tie of friendship or relationship binds him to me. He is also a rival in my affection for Nina Ezzellini. Let me see—if I refuse this offer, I lose her who is worth any sacrifice in my power. This transaction, so hateful in its memory, will become known, and, at the same time, my utter ruin. I shall go forth upon the world a penniless beggar, shunned by all but my mother, and she, too, perhaps, so kind and affectionate, will learn to hate the son who brought her old age in shame to the grave. Turn to the acceptance of this offer, and Nina Ezzellini may be mine, with fortune, friends, fame preserved. What need I more to decide me?—only a fool could hesitate. Away with scruples unworthy of a moment’s thought. Tomorrow I shall join the eagle’s nest, and greet one of its lords, the director of our police. And now that matter settled, I will away to bed.”

Little dreamt the Cavalier di Morini what an interminable web of iron he was casting around himself in making such a decision—escaping momentary shame, but hazarding the safety of his soul!

CHAPTER IX.*

A TRIUMPHANT ENTRANCE.

“The appointment of an Italian (to the vacant Archbishopric of Milan), after the decease of a German prelate (Gaisruck), was hailed as a return to national principles. Austria was here forced to depart from that system of denationalisation which had included the very clergy. Romilli was an Italian, and came in the name of the Italian Pontiff.”—*Mariotti’s Italy* in 1848.

On the fifth day of September, a large crowd of people was collected in one of the principal thoroughfares of Milan, leading to one of the city gates, while from window and balcony were seen numbers of ladies, grouped together as if awaiting the arrival of some procession or sight, which was to

pass in solemn state before them. The cause of this concentration, this mingling of artisan with merchant, of noble with peasant, was the expected arrival of the new Archbishop Romilli, appointed by the Pope, in despite of Austria’s all-grasping spirit, to the See of Milan, vacant by the death of the

* The events described in this chapter as having occurred on the 5th of September are not altogether correct. The entrance of the Archbishop Romilli, in triumphant procession, amidst the cheers of the Milanese, occurred on the day named; but the massacre of a defenceless people, met only for the purpose of celebrating the appointment of an Italian prelate to the vacant See, did not take place till two or three days after. The reader must excuse this liberty with history.

late German prelate, Gaisruck. It had been the object of the Government, for many a year past, to seize every opportunity, by appointing to office Germans — aliens to the people in language, in custom, and manner — to insult the feelings of the Italians, in violation of the most common principles of justice. This centralisation of power in the hands of foreigners, who, in many instances, were even unacquainted with the language of the country* they were sent to direct and govern, naturally tended to make the laws but a mockery, and power but an abuse. The lowest German menial was sure of protection at their hands; favoured in his insolence, in his disregard of the feelings of the Italians, and in committing often the most flagrant abuses, while the natives of the country in vain sought justice against his oppression — their prayers were unheeded, their voices entirely unheard. Thus the appointment of an Italian prelate to the vacant archbishopric was heard by the Lombards with gladness and surprise; the name of Pio Nono, who seemed to despise the mandates of the Austrian Cabinet, was greeted again and again by new shouts of applause, and hundreds of spectators gathered together on the morning of the 5th of September, determined to hail the new archbishop as the forerunner of brighter and happier days, and the dispeller of part of those dark clouds which had too long hung over the horizon of Italian liberty.

"Per San Carlo Borroméo," exclaimed one of the crowd — the Signor Girolamo Borgazzi, who did good ser-

vice to the cause of the Revolution at a later period — "our new archbishop will meet with a better greeting than either of his former German predecessors."

"Ay, that he will," responded a quiet and respectable merchant, who in the excitement of the times had come out to greet with his presence the arrival of the prelate. "Have you marked how every place of business is closed, as if it was a general festival?"

"What! you here, Signor Agnelli? The love of Pio Nono is working wonders when it can make you forget the hours of your business, and transform you into a political partisan."

"Italy requires the aid of her every son to make our demonstrations for reform of any use," responded the merchant to Signor Borgazzi's expression of surprise.

"With what a thousand vivas shall we not greet the sight of the archbishop!" exclaimed another of the crowd.

"We will show the *Tedeschi* we are not to be frightened any longer at their vile means of depriving us of our own countrymen to be our spiritual governors. Are they not satisfied with filling every other office, but they must make even the confessional seat an office of their police department?" rejoined another.

"Down with the foreigners, and viva Pio Nono!" exclaimed a tall and powerful man, waving on high a huge stick.

These few words, spoken in a loud tone, with passionate vehemence, acted like a spell on the people's feelings, and the cry of "Viva Pio Nono" was

* Not all the pedantry and pettishness of the irksome censorship of the press, not the hundred vexatious trammels on personal liberty, were half so galling to the Italian people as the anti-national character of the Government; those swarms of German, Slavonian, and, above all, Tyrolese *employés*, daily brought to supersede native functionaries; "*the very judges often unacquainted with the language of the country, and discharging their office through interpreters*" — (see General Pepe) — a system of denationalisation which led to the aggravation of those two main evils for which Napoleon's rule had been held up to universal execration — the police and the conscription — the police acting in open defiance to all established juridical or constitutional forms; jealous, all-prying, hated, and so much more harsh and arrogant at Milan and Venice than at Vienna, or in any of the provinces north of the Alps; spreading mistrust in the bosom of families, putting a check upon all domestic intercourse, giving the hearty and cheerful Lombard those habits of low cunning and dissimulation, which are too falsely deemed innate; and the military conscription, which in 1814 only bound the youths of the country to a three years' service, but which was subsequently extended to a period of eight or fifteen years, with a view to wean the Italian soldiers from all domestic associations, by a protracted sojourn on the borders of Hungary and Transylvania, to secure their allegiance by long habits of discipline, and to prevent, by unfrequent draughts, the spread of martial spirit among too great a mass of the Italian people." — *Mariotti's Italy in 1848*.

caught up from lip to lip, until it re-echoed far and wide, uttered by a thousand voices.

Through the crowd wandered with slow footsteps the handsome and slight form of Alberico Porro. Every now and then he stopped for a few moments to address here and there a word or two to any person he might have recognised, but to the most part of them he spoke in a low whisper, adding to each of them the significant words, "Remember, the time has not yet come," and then quietly proceeded onwards. He at length detached himself from the crowd, and took up a position on the steps of a portico, where he was soon surrounded by several friends, amongst whom was the Baron Pinaldi.

"Well met, my dear young friend," exclaimed the Count Pompeo Litta, the famous historian of the "Celebrated Families of Italy"—a work to the accomplishment of which he had devoted his whole fortune and life—"Well met; I was seeking you but this morning at the Palazzo Borroméo, to introduce to you a Neapolitan gentleman, with whom I believe you are already slightly acquainted, but whose intimacy you must cultivate for my sake, as his mind is congenial to your own. His love for his country is like that of his poor father, whom I knew well"—and sinking his voice into a whisper—"he may aid you in what you conferred with me on—the Cavalier di Morini, Signor Porro."

A slight flush, imperceptibly almost, passed over the countenance of di Morini, as he gracefully acknowledged the salutation of Porro.

"I shall be happy to cultivate the intimacy of any friend of the Count Pompeo Litta."

"And I too will hail as a happy hour the day which tended to make us understand the views of each other more clearly," said the Cavalier di Morini, as he grasped the hand of Porro, with a look which expressed more than words.

"What lusty cheers will grace the entrance of the Archbishop Romilli the instant he passes the city gate!" said the Count Pompeo Litta. "He will have good reason to be proud and gratified at his reception."

"Yet he will owe it solely to being born an Italian, Signor Conte," said the Baron Pinaldi. "It is time indeed our countrymen awoke to a sense of nationality."

"When was it ever extinct, Baron?" exclaimed the Count Vitaliano Borromeo, a member of one of the oldest and most illustrious families of northern Italy.

"Never, I trust, entirely; only to my mind it has slept for centuries past," responded Pinaldi. "The dream of Petrarch still exists but as a dream."

"Soon to be realised if we are but faithful to ourselves," uttered the Cavalier Morini, as he regarded Porro. "Do you not believe with me, Signor, our independence will before long become more than ideal?"

"I trust so; although the work is a gigantic enterprise, yet if the thousands who are collected to welcome the Archbishop are but sincere in their work, and paint the feelings rife throughout Italy, I have but little fear I shall live to see the work so glorious in its end fully realised."

"Long live the independence of Italy!" shouted di Morini, as if carried away by the warmth of his feelings.

"Hush, hush, Morini!" said the Count Pompeo Litta; "take care you do not attract the attention of the police."

"Per Bacco! I heed little their vengeance. We can but die once, and —"

The remaining part of the sentence was drowned in the shouts which now burst on every side of "Viva Pio Nono! viva Romilli!" indicating the approach of the Archbishop. Through the city gates came pouring an immense concourse of people—men, women, and children, mingled indiscriminately together. Following them marched a body of youths, bearing before them, a banner, on which was inscribed—

"Unity! Liberty! the Independence of Italy!"

As they marched slowly along, they sang, in a bold and martial tone, a song in honour of the Pope.

As each verse ended, the chorus of the hymn was caught up by the hundreds who crowded the streets, and was re-echoed from balcony to balcony. Patrician lady and noble, merchant and apprentice, artisan and peasant, all joined together in heart and energy, as again and again rose the spirit-stirring cry of "Viva Pio Nono!" It seemed as if the Milanese were determined, by throwing aside every remem-

brance of those dreaded dungeons, where had perished so many of the noble, the kind, the generous — martyrs at the shrine of constitutional liberty—to give the Austrian Government notice how strong was that feeling of reform, which, if not timely yielded to, could alone be quenched in blood. How often has not the same spectacle been seen within the last few years in Europe—the fields of Romagna dyed with blood; the streets of Naples a carnage to an infuriated soldiery; the people of Paris exulting in the expulsion of a kingly race, whose shortsightedness seemed proof against the warnings of past years, albeit there had perished one of the best of their line, a victim to the crimes of his ancestors — as if monarchs, dead and senseless to the best feelings of the human heart, desired to reign alone in the terrors, and not in the love, of the people God has designed them to govern. Alas! for the day which yet must come, when sovereigns will become exiles from the seat of their arbitrary rule — a pity, a contempt, a by-word of shame to the whole of the civilised world, where the tree of liberty has taken root in a nation's heart. Woe for the fall of absolutism! Glory to the dawn of the patriot's Messiah!

Through the city gate of Milan entered the Archbishop Romilli, the chosen of the apostle of the Vatican. Religion, the messenger of promise, the agent of liberty, the mighty source from whence was to come, ere long, the stream which was to convulse the whole of Europe in a torrent of blood! — the ambassador of the Abaris of prophecy, the would-be Caduceus of peace!

In his train followed a long course of ecclesiastics, dressed in all the gorgeous costume of the Roman Church, with banners and symbols innumerable. There, too, walked with more quiet pace, yet no less stately, the monks of the various religious orders; whilst fair youths, aspirants to religious honours, added grace and beauty to the spectacle. But not in the peaceful demonstration of a religious ceremony was that day to end; for in the joy of the people was borne the cry of political hope, and in the ears of the authorities it sounded as the triumph of a victory achieved by the moral wishes of the Milanese over their power. Could the mere semblance of an insult

be thought of in patience? Blood, ever blood, great God! could alone, in their view, wash out the stain.

Along the street, in the opposite direction, approached the battalion of the Kaiser Jägers, who might have well carried before them the motto of one of their leaders of the middle centuries — “Enemy to God, to man, to pity,” so well did they, on every occasion, where they had an opportunity of free license, justify the savage and blasphemous expression. Slowly they advanced, while an officer preceded them, ordering the people, in German, to disperse immediately. To many, and the most part of those who heard him, his language was perfectly unintelligible, and by those few who understood him, little or no heed was given to the confused words he uttered. Galloping back to his comrades, the battalion, after a few moments, was seen to halt, and then shrill blew the trumpets, and, like a thunderbolt, onwards poured the Jägers, sabre in hand, cutting at every one who opposed their progress. For an instant the people stood their ground, a few stones flew through the air, and cries of “Viva l'Italia!” was faintly echoed here and there by some sturdy and stout hearts. In a few moments more the crowd was dispersing and flying in every direction, the troops still charging amid fierce cries of exultation—a fit and noble work for the soldiers of a despot, to slay a defenceless and unarmed multitude. Onwards, their sabres reeking in human gore, pour the upholders of the Austrian monarchy, riding down and slaying both layman and priest, woman and child. What to them is the difference, so long as their savage brutality is gratified—what to the Government, so long as they succeed in striking the hearts of the Lombards with fear? Hark! to that cry of despair; it is the last shout of Enrico Petazzi, a fair boy of scarcely twelve years of age. Listen again to the heart-rending scream, piercing the ear; it is the cry of his mother, who has fallen, cut by the same brutal hand, her arm severed from the shoulder. Exult, minions of Despotism! exult in your brutality, in the hoarse laughter of your demon-like triumph! The day is fast dawning, when your savage exultation will become drowned in the echoes of a nation's wrong, checked by the sword

of justice, wielded by a hand mightier than your own!

Onwards, still onwards swept the fierce barbarians, passing the portico where yet stood Porro and his small knot of friends, who had gathered round him, gazing on the scene with mingled feelings of pity, indignation, and shame. If there was wanting a single spark to rouse within his mind a sense of his country's degradation, the heartless spectacle before him was sufficient to call forth his every feeling of manhood and patriotism. Loud expressions of indignation he gave vent to; and so inhuman was the mournful end of that procession of peace, of that quiet demonstration of a people's wants, that even the more cautious Count Pompeo Litta could not refrain from giving utterance to the hope that his country might soon be delivered from the barbarians who vied with the hordes of Attila in carrying destruction on those glorious plains and cities, teeming with the richness a beneficent Providence had bestowed. Even the heart of the Cavalier di Morini, traitor as he was, although not yet dead to every love for the soil which gave him birth, beat quick with anger, and bitter words fell from his lips, not as before, a part of the treasonable game he was playing, but words felt

deeply, in the inmost recesses of what was once a noble mind.

"Come along, my dear young friend," exclaimed the Count Pompeo Litta; "this scene sickens my heart. There is but one hope for Italy, and that is in God!"

"And in the arms of her sons, aided by his justice," responded Porro. "Yet I cannot leave this place until the sick and the wounded are attended to."

"Vain is your wish, Porro, for behold already the police are busy bearing away those who are not already dead, to places where you will find it difficult to obtain admission unless you enter as a prisoner," exclaimed the Count Vitaliano Borroméo. "Come, let us leave before these barbarians return."

Acceding to the wish of his friends, the instant he found his efforts to aid the wounded would be fruitless, he turned from the scene he had but an hour before contemplated with pleasure, as a manifestation of the love of nationality springing in the minds of a trampled race, and sought in the Palazzo Borroméo, his own rooms, to give loose to those feelings known but to the heart which has truly felt the claims of country, of home, of love.

CHAPTER XI.

THE PALAZZO BORROMEO.

"No se compra l'amor e no'l se vend."—*Poesie Scelte in Dialetto.*

From the princely palace of the Borroméo family, at Milan, echoed the sound of music. It was an evening of reception, and gathered there was a small portion of the members of that ancient and haughty nobility which has rendered itself famous in the page of history by its vices, its crimes, and its virtues. The Visconti, the Litta, the Belgiosa, the Trivulzi, and not less distinguished the lordly heads of the Borroméo race, were gathered together in friendly amity, ancient feuds forgotten and buried in the silent grave of oblivion. Thus may it ever be, and may the feeling increase, when the petty animosities of families, and factions, and classes may fade before the grand fountain of one common source, the nationality of country and kind.

On a seat, in a splendid drawing-

room, in which the noble host, the Count Vitaliano Borroméo received his guests, sat dressed in simple white, her dark hair braided with pearls, the beautiful and queenly form of Nina Ezzellinni. Round her crowded a number of admirers, amongst whom was the Cavalier di Morini. But not on him, or the others who stood near her, were her smiles, those of the heart, bestowed. With the stately bend of her head, the haughty salutation, the proud consciousness as if every act of homage on the part of those present was but her natural due, there was a wandering of the eye, a kind of inattention, which clearly showed her thoughts were straying far from that scene of social festivity. In vain did her admirers strive to excite a single smile; in vain call upon themselves a mo-

mentary attention; their efforts were fruitless — their compliments received scarcely a passing recognition from the proud and haughty heiress of the Ezzellini race. She seemed the impersonation of the Callirhoë of beauty, with the pride and vanity of Cinara.

"Signorina," exclaimed the noble host, as he advanced towards her, "may I pray you will favour the company with one of those beautiful songs of your native land, which we poor Italians delight in hearing so much, and to which your sweet voice gives a double charm?"

"I regret, Signor Conte, I cannot oblige you," responded the Signorina Ezzellini with a faint smile; "but the Signors around me will no doubt lend their voices to make your reception evening worthy of your princely magnificence."

"Ah! Signorina, one note of yours would be worth a thousand of ours!" exclaimed the Cavalier di Morini.

"Signor," answered the haughty beauty, "obedience becomes not mine, but yours. Let me see how promptly a good servant obeys."

"Signorina, your words are to me a command," responded di Morini, as he bowed to the regal divinity, whose heart he would have fain wished beating in response to his own, and advanced towards a magnificent piano-forte that occupied one side of the saloon.

Seating himself before it, he played a short prelude, as one well accustomed to the instrument, and, with a sweet and melodious voice, sang a canzonetta of his own composition.

As the last words of the canzonetta died away, loud congratulations greeted the attempt of di Morini to please, and well were they deserved, for he had exerted his utmost efforts to add pathos and fire to every sentence. But if his vanity was gratified by the numerous compliments paid him by many of the haughtiest members of the Lombard nobility, it received a check where least he would have wished it, and willingly he would have foregone every tribute paid to his musical talents, could he have called forth a single mark of approbation from the lips of the Signorina Ezzellini. It was for her he had sung — for her every effort was strained — for her each sentence of his song was intended — for her he had exceeded his

most sanguine expectations; and not to meet a single smile in return, not a look of thanks, was galling to his feelings. In anger he moved away from her vicinity, resisting every prayer that was made to induce him to favour the noble company with another specimen of his vocal abilities. At this moment, while the praises of di Morini were still the subject of conversation, the doors were opened, and the name of the young Porro was loudly announced by the servitors in waiting. Advancing into the room, he was at once met by the noble host, a cousin of his own, and warmly welcomed not only by the Count Vitaliano Borroméo, but also by the other distinguished guests. But his eye soon fell on the queenly form of Nina Ezzellini, and, disengaging himself from the friends who were around him, he advanced towards her. Where was now the proud haughtiness of mien that seemed to repel every advance — to look upon all around her as but the servants of her pleasure? Where that stern coldness of manner, which, were it not for the sparkling eye teeming with intelligence, would make one almost imagine that beautiful form was dead to every feeling and passion? Gone; and in their place was seen a sweet expression of tenderness, the lips wreathed with a happy and joyous smile, a slight trembling of the frame — everything denoting, not the inward consciousness of pride or beauty, but the bashful timidity of the young maid.

"Nina, my sweet Nina!" exclaimed Porro, "what an unexpected pleasure to meet you here! Little did I dream you were here, otherwise I should have left a serious appointment I have just come from, and hastened here sooner. In your presence I find my paradise."

"Hush, Porro — hush," as a blush mantled the countenance of the happy girl, "other ears may catch your meaning. How could I stay away from Milan when I heard you were here, and guessed well the errand you were on? Even your poor Nina may be of service to advance your glorious enterprise."

"Of service — of great, inestimable service, in giving me courage to dare and face every peril. But let us change the subject, for here comes di Morini to interrupt our intercourse. I know not how it is, but a damp al-

ways falls on my spirits when I see him; and yet I cannot guess why, for I think he wishes me well."

"Be careful how you trust him, Porro, for I like him not," answered Nina, in a low tone.

"It is too late, sweet Nina; he is already one of the initiated," responded Porro, in the same low tone, as the subject of their conversation joined them, his countenance lit up with a smile.

"Ah, caro Porro, how happy am I to see you, especially when your presence has called a smile upon the countenance of the Signorina Ezzellini."

"I am not aware," answered Porro, in a cold tone, "I was blessed with such a power; but if I have succeeded in doing so I am doubly blessed. But tell me, whose voice was that I heard singing when I was ascending the staircase?"

"It was the voice of your humble servant attempting a small canzonetta, in obedience to the order of the Signorina," answered di Morini, as he glanced furtively at Porro, to see what effect his words would have. "But I trust," continued di Morini, bowing low to the Signorina, and turning afterwards to the noble host, who had just joined them, with two or three others, "you will also lay the same stringent command on Signor Porro as you did, Signorina, on myself."

"The Signorina Ezzellini could not refuse to do so, especially when I assure her it will confer a deep favour on myself and my friends," uttered the Count Vitaliano Borroméo."

"To oblige you, Signor Conte, would be sufficient. I entreat you, Signor Porro, to sing an air for my sake."

"To obey you, Signorina, is to me a favour. May I entreat you to accompany me on the pianoforte?"

"Willingly, Signor," answered Nina Ezzellini, as she rose from her seat, and presented her hand to Porro to conduct her to the pianoforte.

Complete mistress of the instrument she sat before, and thrilling with happiness, she accompanied the fine manly voice of Porro to a bold and stirring song.

The song was scarcely ended when loud congratulations greeted the joint performance of Nina Ezzellini and Porro. From all those present the expressions of praise were sincere, and uttered in language that came from the heart, with the exception of one, upon whose ear every word of approbation fell like gall. The Cavalier di Morini, as he gazed upon the fine youthful form of Porro and the beauty of Nina, saw, with the quick eye of jealousy, they were already knit together, like congenial spirits, not merely in heart, but also in soul. The quick glance of their eyes, as they momentarily met; the rapid interchange of meaning; the happy and joyous sparkle, and the smile of supreme contentment, all told him the fate of the two had become as one. His hopes, entertained for months past, were, in the space of a few moments, entirely annihilated. The hand of Nina Ezzellini—that hand for which, in an instant, in a moment of despair, he had bartered country and honour, become the mere tool of a dreaded power, devoid of every feeling of charity, love, or justice, in whose iron fetters he had learned, and how bitterly! to know his very soul was not his own—that hand was now as far out of his reach as it ever had been. In anger and despair he clenched his hand, while a bitter smile of mockery illumined his handsome countenance.

"She loves another, and that other Porro," he inwardly exclaimed. "Yet she shall be mine. I swear it, Madre di Dio! I have not sold myself for nothing; and woe to the rival who stands in my path! Farewell, Nina! farewell, Porro! my hour of triumph, of love, and revenge is yet to come. Woe to your loves! woe to your plans of country's independence!"

With a heart bursting with bitterness, anger, and revenge the Cavalier di Morini left the splendid saloon of the Borroméo family, and turned towards his home, not to rest, but to dwell on his future plans of hatred and crime. How many a noble heart sinks in a pit of vice, when it allows, not its reason, but its passion, to rule its god-like intellectual spirit!

SICILIAN HOURS.

"Gratia musa tibi; nam tu solatia præbes,
 Tu curæ requies, tu medicina mali;
 Tu dux, tu comes es; tu nos abducis ab Istro,
 In medioque mihi das Helicone locum."—Ov. TRIST. IV. 10, 118.

THE SINGING-MATCH.

(THEOC., Idyl 8.)

To induce the British public, in its present warlike mood, to rest a few minutes beneath a hedge, and hear a shepherd sing, would be a triumph greater than any we seem like to gain. With "tuba" to lead our men to battle, and "tibia" to express their deeds, poor village "fistulæ" can only hope — "*miserum disperdere carmen.*" And yet, I do desire that one or two may turn aside with me, and help me to recall, and render to our English lanes, a song in other tongue and time so passing sweet; nor am I without an argument or two to convince those willing to believe, that a little quiet may stand them in good stead. First, is it not the moment when the gallant English sportsman quits St. Mary Axe, in all the pride and circumstance of gaiters, wide-awake, and flap-pocket vest, and proceeds with deliberation and a burly step to stake himself in a blackthorn hedge? Can he then be overflowing with other than rustic sympathies? Again, my story is of peaceful style, but with a definite result. If more be needed, let me only say, when Smithfield market verges on the unknown, how vital a point it becomes at once to insist on the difference between a sheep and a cow. If, by any means, I may obtain a short hearing for my favourite poet, I will do my utmost to present him in an unpretentious garb. Translators of far greater ability appear to have thrown away their advantage by insisting too sternly on their dignity, and thereby cumbering an original so truly easy and graceful. Hence (like an old Conservative at the hustings) they may obtain less favour than a candidate of humbler rank, but more genial vernacular. Perhaps no poet knew better than Theocritus those distinctions upon which depend the attractive powers of a writer — the difference between the familiarity which bespeaks a friendly

feeling and that which breeds contempt — between the ease of conscious beauty and that of listless abandonment — between the play of thought which pleases and relieves, and that which is ungainly and offensive. I must confess that in attempting to follow my author I have found no ease at all, but jolted along, like a cart in a lane where the ruts don't suit; however, I have done my best to bring home all the load, though shaken and impoverished, and above all, have avoided dragging along the brambles of my own invention. As to the metre, it is easy to assert that the heroic couplet does not suit the subject; but unless a better metre can be found, we must put up with it, or have none at all. The heavy Spenserian stanza, the splay-footed English hexameter, the cork-legged trochaic, and all the acephalous, anapaestic, dactylic, or other awkward squad of naturalised or native rhythm, have suggested themselves and been declined.

My final decision and adoption — *κατὰ δύστηνον πλοῦν* (has anybody rendered that expression "jury-rig"? — most likely some one has, for they always get in front of me) is no better than a grim satisfaction with brill instead of turbot; and the rhyme ought to have been more varied here and there; but, by all that is dry and dull, let us begin and do our best.

If you please, let nobody apply to a respectable and decently-conscientious individual that affected fop's cant, "word-painting," and I will try, from other parts of our pastoral friend, to describe the scene of the Sheldonic contest.

It is a brilliant afternoon of what our present spasmodics call a "blue day;" the shade the plane-tree throws is more refreshing than sherry-cobbler; the boys who are sitting there indulge every now and then in the wild excite-

ment of a pop, which they produce either by laying a broad leaf upon the orifice formed by the curved forefinger and thumb of the left hand, and then striking smartly with the other palm, or by pressing such leaf upon the lips, and sucking vigorously. Either process is supposed to afford information about their sweethearts. Far away to the eastward stretches the deep blue sea, the very bay from which Galatea used to walk by moonlight, bringing anchovies for dear Acis. It is now too hot to think of Polyphemus. Behind the youths is a broad green slope of clover and rich grass, varied, where the moisture favours, with swallow-plant, wild parsley, and newly-crisping ferns, and in the drier parts with wild thyme and the golden cytissus. Round the swell of the hill spreads, for many a mile, the most lovely country in the world. More of it might be seen if it were not for the trees, the mastich, plane, tamarisk, and chestnut; but these so richly wave and gleam with fragrant blossom, that no one may find fault. Far off, upon the left hand, Etna breathes a spire of whitish smoke, which looks complacent, and suggests no harm. Below the striplings, and to-

wards the sea, sheep and goats are lying in the shade, and cows stand knee-deep in the brook, and obligingly flip one another's flies off. That old wether, so preposterously woolly, has tucked his legs beneath him, and with his nose resting on a patch of plantain, is trying to reckon by his herbal calendar whether shearing-time ought not to have been here long ago. A grey goat, once his foe, but now his special chum, eyes with lazy desire a white clover blossom, about three inches from his nose; he never thinks of getting up, but is not without a hope that by the time he has finished another nap it may have grown more handy for a munch. Neither of them intends to pursue the grazing-business until the dew, their sauce and salad-oil, has brisked and flavoured stem and flower. So now with sheep upon the green, and painted in fleecy clouds on the blue above, and with duplicates of all your cows in the gentle brook, with ease and plenty round you, and no town-cries to clatter through the leaves, with none to steal except the silent shadows, with none to murmur, except bees among the thyme—

Ἀρχετὲ βοκολικᾶς, παῖδες φίλοι, ἄρχετ' αἰοιδᾶς.

EIGHTH IDYL OF THEOCRITUS.

'Tis said that once Menalcas, tending sheep,
Met graceful Daphnis, neat-herd on the steep—*
Both downy-cheeked, and both of age unripe,†
Both skilled to sing, and both to play the pipe.
Menalcas spied him first, nor tarried long
To challenge Daphnis to a match of song:
“Oh, guard of cows that low across the lea,‡
Are you the lad to try a stave with me?
I tell you I can beat you as I please.”
Him Daphnis answered in such words as these:
“Oh, guard of fleecy sheep, and piper too,
You ne'er can beat me whatsoe'er you do.”§

MEN.—“Then will you try,|| and set a prize at stake?”

DAPH.—“I'll stake a prize; I will that trial make.”

MEN.—“What shall we stake? what will you make the prize?”

DAPH.—“A calf; and you a lamb its mother's size.”

* Literally, “down the long mountains.”

† Theocritus abounds in nice distinctions as to the stages of whiskerism. Alas! we only ridicule the nascent hairs. *Ἐννιβω* (var. lect.) is a flat contradiction to the last line of the Idyl. The age designated is about fifteen years.

‡ The challenge is more polite than in other cases, and the contest altogether conducted courteously. In Idyl 4 and 5 there is a good deal of bullying and chaffing—natural enough, I dare say, but not so pleasing that Virgil and others need have copied it.

§ The Scholiast here pats Daphnis on the back, and requests him to say, “Not if you were to hang yourself.”

|| “Try.” Literally, “look into it.” How exactly our own idiom!

- MEN.—“Not I. Father and mother are a sight*
Too strict for that; they count them every night!”
- DAPH.—“What will you stake then? Shall the victor be
No whit the wiser for his victory?”
- MEN.—“I made a pan-pipe, such a one to play,†
A real beauty, even all the way;
Nine tubes it has, and white-waxed not to sever;
This will I stake—my father’s chattels never!”
- DAPH.—“A pan-pipe! I have got one now to play,
Nine-tubed, white-waxed, and even all the way;
So late I made it, still my thumb is sore,
The place the reed’s unlucky splinter tore.
But whom shall we make choice of to preside,
To listen, be our umpire, and decide?”
- MEN.—“Suppose we call that swain, whose kids around
Yon dog white spotted doth so bark and bound.”‡

* This precaution (so proper in the case of a musical son) is ascribed by Virgil to novel-cal influence.

† A poor equivalent. Si ad vitulam spectes, &c. This description of a σύριγξ (“pan-pipe” clearly, though “rebeck” would sound finer) requires one or two remarks. Confer. Ov. Met. viii. 190:—

“Ponit in ordine pennas
A minimâ ceptas, longam brevior sequenti,
Ut clivo crevisse putes. Sic rustica quondam
Fistula disparibus paulatim surgit avenis;
Tum lino medias et ceris alligat imas.”

This appears to me a very happy simile. Again, Tib. ii. 5, 31:—

“Fistula cui semper decrescit arundinis ordo,
Nam calamus cerâ jungitur usque minor.”

See also Theoc. Ep. v. 4, καρδάτω πνεύματι μελόμενος. It appears from Virg. Ecl. ii. 32:—

“Pan primus calamos cerâ conjungere plures
Instituit,”

That our name for the instrument is the correct one. For its dignity, see Virg. Ecl. iii. 25, and our author, Idyl v. 7. For a neat statement of its peculiar business, as distinct from tibia and tuba, see Flaviss. Poet. (Amsterdam, 1663), p. 172. As to the number of tubes (of reed or hemlock, but with us of elder) Salmasius says that seven was the proper allowance, and cites Ecl. ii. 36. The ingenious whim, called the σύριγξ of Theocritus (but not considered genuine), indicates an instrument of ten tubes, and the present passage one of nine. With us, children and Punchinellos appear to delight in tubes *ab libitum*. The Scholiast in the most ungentlemanly manner shirks the whole question. The words ἴσων κάτω, ἴσων ἄνωθεν, present some little difficulty. The “disparēs ciutæ” would suggest a different description; but the two may be put straight by applying the former to the ἀποτόμη of the reeds (after tying and waxing), this being so true that the lip might run along the rank of upper foramina, and the finger along that of the under ones, without feeling any roughness; or we may, and perhaps more correctly, refer the expression to the tabular surface of Menalcas’ masterpiece, and suppose him to boast of the lateral adjustment of the tubes. Taking a hint from Scholiast, I have stuck, in my version, to the vagueness of the text. Judicent doctiores. Obiter, has the Syrinx above-mentioned been rendered conscientiously into English pipe-shape? At once a crux and (if done well) a pluma — every couplet to rhyme, and to decrease by one syllable!

‡ φάλαρος. Many questions of deep interest to dogs, *ergo* to men, arise in the course of this and other Idyls, and have never (me judice) been discussed with proper gravity. Does φάλαρος here signify white, or white-spotted, or ticked, or cream-coloured, or with a white forelock, or something else? To enter fully into the question would require (as well as deserve) a separate essay. At Idyl v. 103, Valckener supposes the word to refer to a ram. Heinsius, with better taste, predicates it there also of a dog. A subsequent commentator remarks in the most heartless manner that “it doesn’t matter a bit which.” That man should be butted or bitten. It doesn’t at all matter which. My Liddell and Scott is now with my uncle [ἐνφῆμος ἴσθι], but I think that learned (but nicely unpoetical) pair pronounce in favour of white spots. The Scholiast tells us that φάλος means white, *ergo* φάλαρος does; rather a *non sequitur*. The same individual declares that φάλιος or βάλιος means white-faced or

They called the goat-herd, and he soon replied ;
 So they must sing, and goat-herd must preside ;
 Menalcas first, sweet player of the fife,
 Hath drawn the lot to lead the harmonious strife ;
 Then Daphnis answers with the due refrain,*
 As shepherds use ; and this Menalcas' strain :—

MEN.—Glades and rivers, heaven's birth,†
 If Menalcas ever lent
 Tune or song your listening worth,
 Feed my lambs to heart's content :
 And if Daphnis pasture here,
 Let him have no poorer cheer.

DAPH.—Rills and meadows, herbage sweet,
 If your Daphnis hath a tune
 Nightingales could never beat,
 Give his cows a plumper soon :
 And whate'er Menalcas feed,
 Kindly welcome to the mead.

MEN.—Worlds of spring, and worlds of grass,
 Worlds of milk in udders flowing ;
 When comes by the pretty lass,
 Hearty‡ are my lambs and growing :
 When departs the pretty lass,
 Parched at once are swain and grass.

DAPH.—Ewes and goats yeave double stock,
 Bees have richer hives and combs ;
 Taller oaks o'erhang the rock,§
 Where the beauteous Milo roams :
 When no more is Milo nigh,
 Kine and neat-herd both are dry.

blazed, and quotes κύματα φαληρίωντα of Homer, which he explains as λευκαινόμενα ; but that is not λευκά. It would appear that φαλός (akin to the Teutonic fal, fallow) indicates not a pure quiescent white (λευκός), but a glinty shimmery white, such as that derived from rapid motion ; perhaps we may thus connect it with βάλλω jacio, πάλλω vibro, and possibly φάλος, of a helmet, and φάλαγξ, as well as φάλαρα ; in the latter the idea of colour is hardly discoverable, but that of motion predominates ; *vice versa* in φάληρος. φάλιος is applied to the greyish white of a horse's forelock. After all, allowing for the modification of the secondary form of the noun, we may arrive at a dog of a grizly white, a very common colour for sheep-dogs now-a-days ; but in the text I could not venture to unspot an animal spotted by the Dean of Christ Church and the Master of Baliol College. Is it foreign to Bacchus (or Anubis) to observe that country boys in the west of England had a custom about fifteen years ago, of assembling towards nightfall, and shouting, uno ore, the following war-song, or possibly Druidic chant, "Tic phalāra, Tic phalāra, Tic phalāra whack !" Any explanation of this (however wild or romantic) will be thankfully received.

* So much has been written about the carmen amœbœum that I would only venture to remark that the theory thereof, according to which each singer is supposed to be trying to *cap* the other, spoils all one's enjoyment, and is not borne out by the specimens we possess.

† Here is one of the niceties and elegancies of the ἀμοιβή — I cannot render it as I would, but "heaven's birth" applies to one only of the two invocata, viz., to rivers, accordingly Daphnis employs an adjunct, "herbage sweet," proper to one only of his two invocata, viz., to meadows.

‡ "Hearty" is used *sensu rustico* ; according to farmers (no bad authority) the heart and stomach are close allies ; so even Urbani, "My heart turns against my food" (*absit omen*), and conversely, "no stomach for the deed."

§ A critic, who can't let well alone, reads καὶ δρύας ὑψίτερας ; thus losing a beauty, and spoiling the accuracy of ἀμοιβή (four propositions for four).

MEN.—Goat, the lord of Mrs. Goats,*
 Ram, that art a walking grove,†
 Short-nosed kids, come wet your throats—
 'Tis the pool that Milo loves:
 Curt-horn, go, and tell my friend,
 Proteus had his seals to tend.

DAPH.—“None of Pelops'‡ land for me—
 Not for me a purse of gold,
 Nor than winds more swift to be!
 Only in my arms to hold
 Thee, and sing to beved sheep,
 Grazing toward Sicilian deep.”

MEN.—“Storm to trees, and drought to rills,
 Springe to birds, and trammels laid§
 To wild deer are fearful ills,
 And to youth the love of maid:

* Thus far the alternation is exact; but here confusion begins, and different editors assign differently the remainder of the elegiac portion. I think that many lines are wanting here. As it is, the parallelism is entirely gone. Graefius' proposed restoration is ingenious, but fails (over and above its conjectural character) in two points. The βάθος ὕλας μυρίων would hardly be applied to a bull, and further the emendation does not uncoil the final plexus, which leaves the tetrastichons unharmonised. The fact of Menalcas passing from his “pretty lass” to Milo, the peculium of Daphnis, and recurring finally to his γυναικοφίλης position, is to me sufficient to prove a corruption or deficiency of the text; nor is it satisfactory even hactenus, for Daphnis the βώκολος should not felicitate himself (line 57) on the fertility of ewes and goats. Eichstadt's transposition removes that difficulty, but substitutes a worse one, by making Daphnis proprietor of verses 49 to 52 in text (57–64 in version), and so a goat-herd. Finally, he assigns to the beaten candidate that beautiful tetrastichon (oh, horrible technicalities, why haven't we short English for them?) which I have so plundered of its beauty.

† Literally, “Oh, depth of wood a thousand fold”—a terribly-vexed passage. ὧ (i. e., ὅν, ubi) is the reading adopted by Scholiast and many commentators. It spoils the run of vocatives and the texture of the sentence, and loses a playful thought. I believe the common reading to be correct. So Juvenal, ix. 13—“Horrida siccae silva comæ.” Wernsdorf cites Maximianus Etruscus, El. i. 140, de supercilio—“Desuper incumbens hispida silva premit.” We have it commonly enough. But the “depth of wood” seems to me to be a joke, at the expense, not (as the critics who retain the “oh” suppose) of the goat already summoned, but of an over-woolly ram, to whom it is far more applicable. Adopting this supposition, and taking the earlier part of Eichstadt's transposition, and the ingenious restoration of Graefius, we attain to a new beauty, and a completeness of either swain's topics equally natural and elegant; for Menalcas (shepherd and goat-herd) will then have taken in turn all the members of his onerous charge—the ἀμνίδες, the οἶς, the κριὶς, the αἰγες, the τράγος, and the ἐριφοί; and if we assign him the σύννομα μάλα line (which probably belongs to him, though not the whole tetrastichon), and remember that μάλα “nomen commune est generi ovillo et caprillo” (see Idyl xxvii. verses 46 and 68), we shall have made him gather them all at last together, and obtain a double significance for the word σύννομα. With a little arrangement, Daphnis (neat-herd) will have done the same, only commencing instead of finishing with the collective noun, βωκόλιον. Considering the subtleties of the amæbean song, the above does not appear an over-systemisation.

‡ To apologise for not doing justice to this stanza would be superfluous, for no English words can convey its beauty. Even the dry men of great learning, and very little taste, are obliged to push up their spectacles, and cry “Vivida atque elegantissima descriptio.” Being rather metre-hampered here, I append another version, verbum pro verbo, almost—

“Not for me the land of Pelops, not for me a purse of gold,
 Be it to possess, nor than winds more swift to be!
 But beneath this rock to sing, and here within my arms to hold
 Thee, and watch my flock together grazing toward Sicilian sea.”

σύννομα is opposed to stragglers, which would give him too much trouble for so warm a picture. The description becomes yet more vivid, when we remember that the speaker is even then ἐσθρῶν τὰν Σικελὸν ἐς ἅλα.

§ Our springles used to have a horse-hair noose. That ὕσπληγέ was a noose made of pigs' bristles (as generally asserted) seems rather improbable; is it not more likely to have been

Jove, not I alone have pined,
You as well loved womankind."

Thus tune for tune and line for line they gave ;
And thus Menalcas his concluding stave :—

"Wolf, spare my kids, and spare the mother's pride,
Nor take a mean advantage of the guide,
So young, in whom so large a flock confide.
Dog of the switch-tail, what ! so sound asleep ?*
To snore with a mere child to mind the sheep !
But ye, my ewes, oh never be afraid
To feast galore upon the tender blade ;
What odds if it shall spring again or no ?
Sess†—browse ye, browse ye, all that ye can stow ;
Fill every udder with the kindly juice,
Some for the lambs, and some for dairy use."

Once more young Daphnis caught the light refrain,
Preluding gently in a liquid strain :—

"As I was driving past a cavern shade
My cows yestreen, peeped forth an arch-browed maid,‡
'Oh, what a pretty, pretty boy !' she said.
No word, not e'en a tart one I bestowed,§
But dropped my eyes, and trudged along my road.

of pig-skin or the *ilia porci* ? The Scholiast gives a different account of the word. I have abstained from quoting passages in the Eclogues, copied or shaped from the present Idyl, because they are so familiar ; but it is as well to cite

"Triste lupus stabulis, maturis frugibus imbres,
Arboribus venti : nobis Amaryllidis ira" — ECL. III. 80,

for this reason, that the occurrence of the last word in that passage has actually induced Heinsius to substitute *κότος* for *πόθος*, in verse 59 of the original text (78 of ours).

* Line 86 (65 of text), "Ω λάμπουρε κύων. If I felt (as was indeed the case) the greatest diffidence in treating (*suprà*) of the forelock of a dog, how shall I express the emotion with which I handle his tail ? And upon this august subject there prevails a great diversity of opinions. Valckener impugns the character of this and the following line, because they contain a pleasant parody of the Homeric *ὅν χεῖ παννύχιον ἔνδειν βουληφόρον ἄνδρα*. Says Scholiast, "Λάμπουρος, name of a dog, from the circumstance of his having a bright tail or a red tail ; or a carefully-vigilant dog, from shining and guarding (*ῥεῖν*) [a dog that keeps 'a bright look-out,' or a strike-a-light dog] ; or from his being a female fox, perhaps (!) ; since dogs are like foxes, and a female fox is *λάμπουρις*." Oh, despicable calumny ! Give a dog a bad name, &c. In an admirable catalogue of canine names, in a work previously mentioned ("Flavissæ Poeticæ," page 35), I find, "His addi potest Lampurus, quasi album habens caudam." To me, *pace canum*, it seems to refer not so much to the mere colour of the tail as to its vivid and sprightly appearance—"Your tail is bright, it shines by night ;" and indeed I should but little hesitate to predicate lampurism of any dog, *colore qualicunque*, possessing a jaunty and well-cocked tail. But again, judicent doctiores. The Scholiast is so quaint, and withal so accurate, that for the benefit of the rising generation I must translate him yet a little further, word for word. "Σὺν παιδί—For boys are wont to make no fitting vigilance of the flock, but not to trouble, either taking it easy, or recreating themselves in sports. But grown-up folk make a better vigilance, so that for the dogs being lulled to sleep is no odds to them."

† "Sess." Perhaps not a very legitimate word, but one of much efficacy (as I have often seen) in cheering animals to eat. The Greek *σίττα* (from which, perhaps, it comes) has the same sympathising and appetising sound.

‡ I cannot render *σύνοφρος* quite correctly by a single word. "Link-browed" would be too hard. We should consider this meeting of brows over the nose anything but a beauty ; the Latin poets seem, however, to have caught the idea, and it is still prevalent in some countries.

§ What a good boy ! There seems to be no difficulty as to the word *πικρὸν*, though some propose, *contra metrum*, *μικρὸν*—a word not found in Theocritus (always *μικκρὸν*.)

Sweet is the heifer's breath, and sweet her lowing,
 And sweet to sleep by summer river flowing.
 The acorns to the oak a glory be,
 And so the apples to the apple-tree ;
 The very same her calf is to a cow,
 And cow herself to me who tend her now."

Thus sang the boys with mutual accord,
 And thus the Goat-herd published his award :—

"Thy lips, oh Daphnis, have some charming spell,
 And in thy voice some witchery must dwell ;
 To hear thee singing is a finer treat
 Than e'en to have a lick of honey sweet.
 Here, take the pipe, thou prizeman past compare,
 And if thou wilt come pasture over there,
 And give me lessons how to troll an air ;
 Thy salary shall be yon crump-horned goat,
 The one that keeps the milk-pail all afloat."

He clapped his hands, that boy, and bounded so
 In triumph, as a fawn beside the doe :
 In smouldering pain and trouble went the other,*
 And quite upset, like bride who quits her mother.†

Thenceforth made laureate of the country side,
 Daphnis, the stripling, won a Naiad bride.

Reader, if any one hath thus far
 perused me, forgive my short-comings,
 and (yet worse) my long ramblings,
 for the sake of my author, and my
 love of the gentle craft ; even as ye
 feel for and are inclined to love a
 "bad shot," both because he is more
 fervent than the successful sportsman,

and because you have a conviction
 that you could "wipe his eye." And
 if you must quote (as every Briton is
 expected now-a-days to do), quote in
 sorrow more than anger—

'Εἰς ὄρος ὅκχ' ἔρπεις, μὴ ἀνάλιπος ἔρχεο Βάττε.

MELANTER.

* Note difference between *σμήχω* and *σμύχω*. Both from *σμῶ* (akin, perhaps, to our elegant "smudge") ; but the former indicating rather a wet and the latter a dry process. See Moschus, vi. 4, *ἔρως δ' ἐσμύχεται ἀμοιβῇ*. A very bad cigar, which smoulders down the middle, *κατασμύχεται*.

† The commentators (to speak with the deepest respect) discover several mares' nests here, and patch the text wonderfully. Is it not clear that the contrast is between a fawn enjoying its mother's society, and a maiden torn from the apron-strings by a relentless bridegroom ? See Trach. 529, *καπὸ ματρὸς ἄφαρ βέβακεν ὥστε πόρτις ἐρήμα*.

WINE.*

WINE—the word is at once suggestive of festivity and gladness; it calls up the most joyous of our recollections; it brings to remembrance our happiest hours. “Wine that gladdeneth the heart of man,” is celebrated no less in the pages of Holy Writ than by the uninspired writer of every age, as one of the best gifts conferred upon man; it is universally associated with, it has always conduced to happiness and rejoicing; it cheers the drooping spirits, it recruits and sustains the exhausted nature; it revives the sorrow-stricken and the downcast — “Wine,” says Liebeg, “as a restorative, as a means of refreshment when the powers of life are exhausted, of giving animation and energy when man has to struggle with days of sorrow; as a means of correction and compensation when misproportion occurs in nutrition and the organism is deranged in its operations, and as a means of protection against transient organic disturbance, wine is surpassed by no product of nature or art.”

This “great gift of Providence to man,” to use the words of Mr. Gladstone, when Chancellor of the Exchequer, and speaking of the very subject of which our author treats, has been denied to the climate, and, in a great measure, to the very soil of our country. No doubt, if we are to take the word of the old chronicler, William of Malmsbury, we will believe that there was a time, somewhere about the twelfth century, when the vine was cultivated with signal success in parts of England, and when the produce of the vale of Gloucestershire “might almost compare with that of France.” In “Domesday Book,” which is a still older record, we find mention made in several instances of the vineyards and wines of England; and again, in “Madox’s History of the Exchequer,” we read of the vineyards belonging to nobles and ecclesiastics, and in particular of the vine-

yards in the neighbourhood of Leicester, which were the property of the Earl of Lancaster, in the reign of Edward III. We need not now, however, for any practical purpose, concern ourselves to inquire into the degree of credit which is to be given to the statements of these ancient records; for this we know full well, as a matter of certainty, that many attempts have been recently made to establish the vine-press in England, and that, notwithstanding all the advance which we have made in agricultural science, they have been uniformly unsuccessful. Our seasons are too wet and too cold. The vine will not come to maturity with us and ripen in the open air; neither have we in general that light, stony, calcareous soil which is necessary for its successful cultivation for the purposes of the vine-press. For, be it remembered, that a rich soil is fatal to wine; it will give a more luxuriant yield, but one of very inferior quality. The excellence of the quality of the vine is in the inverse ratio of its luxuriance; it is in the debris of extinct volcanoes that the very best wines of the south of France, of Madeira, of Italy, and of other countries, is produced. We have an illustration of this fact ourselves, in the only British colony in which we attempt the production of wine—that of the Cape of Good Hope; it is the richness of the soil of that country which gives to its wine that peculiar earthy taste which is so objectionable; manure your vine and you destroy your vineyard. We are inclined, then, to attach no importance to the judgment of the old chronicler as to the relative value of the wines of Gloucestershire and of France, and we believe it to be as little likely that we shall ever have the vineyard and the vine-press in England, as that we shall see plantations of the sugarcane or of the tea-plant. But is it therefore to be inferred, that it was

* “Wine; its Use and Taxation. An Inquiry into the Operation of the Wine Duties on Consumption and Revenue.” By Sir James Emerson Tennent, K.C.S., LL.D. London: James Madden, 8, Leadenhall-street. 1855.

the intention of Providence that the people of the British islands should be for ever shut out from this great source of comfort and enjoyment; that wine was not given fully as much for the solace and refreshment of the British workman as for that of the French, or Spanish, or Portugese peasant? As well might it be contended that tea was intended only for the Chinese. It never was the intention of Providence that we should enjoy and consume only that which we ourselves produce; it is, on the contrary, perfectly apparent, that it was no less part of the design and arrangement of the Great Author of creation, that those things which ministered to the comfort and happiness of his creatures should be obtained indirectly through the medium of commerce, as that they should be obtained directly by the cultivation of our own soil, or the exercise of our own industry. We do but frustrate that beneficent intention when we presumptuously interpose any obstacles to the fullest and freest international exchange. We can hardly hesitate to believe but that the necessity for commercial intercourse has been thus forced upon the human race by the variety of their wants, and the limited power of supplying them which any one country possesses, in order to draw more closely together the several branches of the human family, and to diffuse more widely amongst mankind the civilisation and intelligence which this mutual intercourse would give birth to.

But high as has been the position which England has ever held as a commercial country, at no time has she supplied her people generously and abundantly with wine. Neither directly nor indirectly have we been able to procure it. At one time, its natural price—in which we mean to include its cost abroad and the freight and other expenses of transport to this country—shut it out from general use. Again, when these obstacles were removed—when the wealth and purchasing power of the community was increased, and, at the same time, the facilities of transport and the extended commercial intercourse had lowered the price of wine, fiscal imposts came to be heaped upon it, which confirmed its exclusion—imposts suggested in part by the necessities of the revenue, but in a great measure by mistaken views of foreign policy, and by most perverse and er-

roneous notions of the objects and sources of national wealth. These two periods may be divided into the time preceding the revolution of 1688, and the subsequent period, down to the present day.

If we turn to the period of our history which preceded the revolution of 1688, and compare the prices of wine, at any given time, with the rates of wages at the same time, we will find that it was utterly impossible for wine to have entered into general consumption. If we refer, for example, to the fifteenth century, we find the red wine of Gascony quoted in England at sixpence per gallon, and the white Rochelle at fourpence. Again, at the close of the sixteenth century we find the wines which were then in use quoted at the following rates in England:—

Claret	2s. 8d. per gallon.
Sack	2 8 "
White Wine	1 4 "

Now, to our present notions, these prices were moderate enough; but if we would ascertain the power of the community, at that period, to indulge in the use of wine, we must look to their income at the time; and when we do so, we find that the rate of wages for the better class of artisans, such as master-masons, carpenters, shipwrights, and such like, ranged from fourpence to sixpence in the former period, and were about tenpence in the latter. In the schedules of wages of these times we find frequent quotations of the rates paid with diet, and the rates without diet; and the difference between the pay of such artisans as we have spoken of, with and without diet, in the year 1495, was from twopence to threepence per day—that is, in other words, threepence was then considered abundant for the food of a workman throughout the day. In another century this difference had risen to fourpence; and in 1685 it ranged from sixpence to tenpence, according to the nature of the employment. It is quite obvious, then, that at these prices of wine, and at such rates of wages, it would be impossible for any artisan to drink wine habitually, if at all; and we consequently find that beer and ale then was, as it still continues to be, the usual beverage, its price ranging, dur-

ing the period of which we have been speaking, from a halfpenny to three-halfpence per gallon.

During this period, however — that is, previous to the revolution of 1688, the price of wine, in England, consisted, as we have said, of its cost price abroad, and of the freight and other charges consequent on its importation. It was very slightly increased by custom-house duties and other fiscal burthens. It was the difficulties of transit and the restricted commercial intercourse at that period which constituted the chief element in its cost. The duties on the importation of wine, at that time, as our readers are aware, went by the name of "tonnage." This tonnage was a charge which varied in amount, but never was very considerable, on each tun of wine imported into the country; the tun being a measure which contained about 250 gallons. It was a subsidy which was granted by Parliament, at first but temporarily and for a prescribed period, but subsequently it came to be made for the life of the monarch. And so regularly and uniformly was this grant thus made, that after a time it came to be regarded as a part of the royal prerogative, and was levied as such, in many instances, even without the assent of Parliament. This duty of tonnage was, however, as we have said, never considerable. Early in the fourteenth century it amounted to two shillings a tun; in the middle of the seventeenth century a duty of forty shillings a tun was imposed; and the very first act of the parliament after the Restoration in this same century, was the imposition of a duty of from £4 10s. to £6 on every tun of French wine imported into the country — the preamble of the act reciting, that the purpose of the grant was for the guarding and defending of the seas against all persons intending the disturbance of trade and the invasion of the realm. The position, then, occupied by wine at this period of our history appears to have been somewhat similar to that which it now holds; it was a luxury available only to the upper classes and the wealthy, but wholly excluded from the consumption of the middle classes and the poor. It was even included in the sumptuary laws of the time; for, by a statute of the year 1552, it was forbidden to any man but such as

could spend a hundred marks of yearly rent, or be the sons of nobles of the realm, to have in their houses any vessel of wine exceeding ten gallons, on pain of forfeiting ten pounds. The absurdity, to be sure, of these sumptuary laws has been long since felt, and they have long been exploded from our statute book; we cannot but suspect, however, that somewhat of their spirit still lingers amongst us, and even upon this very question of wine, half unconsciously influences many of us. We cannot but believe that there are not a few who feel that wine is a luxury with which the working man has no business: beer and ale are good enough for him; wine should be reserved for the more favoured classes—for that section of society which, in this world, is born to be served. That a dusty labourer or exhausted cotton-spinner should sit down to his bottle of wine, would to these people be simply ridiculous, were it not accompanied by an uneasy feeling of presumption, of sense of invasion of the privileges of their set which torments them. To your genuine exclusive half the enjoyment of any indulgence consists in its very exclusiveness; his wine would lose half its relish if it were a luxury which everyone could participate in. The prevalence of foreign travel, and the opportunity of observing the general use of wine amongst the peasantry of other countries, has, no doubt, gone far to do away with the prejudice against its general use; still, however, wine ranks with us now at the present day fully as much as ever it did as a luxury available only to the few, and that the very class which probably could most readily dispense with it.

The high prices which now cause wine to rank in the class of luxuries is not occasioned, as in former times, by the unavoidable hindrances to commercial intercourse which were necessarily incident to the period, but by our fiscal regulations. From the time of the Revolution we have vigorously set about excluding the use of wine from the country. The war with France, which broke out in the year 1689, was inaugurated by the imposition of a heavy discriminating duty on the wines of that country—on those very wines which were then chiefly in use, and universally preferred amongst us. Such was one of the first acts of the reign of King William, of blessed memory—he

whose health we now toast in claret, when we can get it, for our deliverance from brass money and wooden shoes, and never think of the grudge we should bear him for having been the first to deprive us of the light and joyous wines of that country, and to drive us into the consumption of the strong and rough wines of Portugal. There were, however, it must be acknowledged, perverse and erroneous commercial notions prevalent at that period; and these concurred with the mistaken views of foreign policy, and confirmed and perpetuated the exclusion of French wines. It was then held to be the great object of commercial policy to have the balance of trade in favour of the country—in other words, to take care that we exported more than we imported; for it was argued, that if we always exported a greater amount of goods than we imported, the balance should be paid in the precious metals, and thus we would have a constant stream of gold and silver flowing into and enriching the country. We need hardly say that this notion of the desirableness of maintaining a favourable balance of trade is one which still prevails very generally amongst us; it is constantly to be traced in the various publications of the day. As it has no immediate concern with our subject, it would be out of place to advert to it now, further than to observe that, as when the balance of trade is favourable, or in other words, when we export more goods than we import, we get the balance in gold and silver, whether or not such a state of things is desirable depends altogether upon this—whether we are more in want of the gold and silver, or of the tea, sugar, wine, and other products which we might have imported in exchange for our exports. If we be so, a favourable balance of trade is desirable; but if we be not, it is very much the reverse.

It so happened, however, that one of the most glaring illustrations of this commercial fallacy occurred just at the time of which we have been speaking, and in immediate connexion with our subject; we allude to the treaty with Portugal in the year 1703, known as the Methuen Treaty, because it was negotiated by a gentleman of that name. By this treaty it was arranged that the Portuguese should always admit the woollen fabrics of England upon the terms which had

been established previously to the prohibition which then existed; and England, upon the other hand, engaged that she would at all times admit the wines of Portugal at two-thirds of the duty which should be charged on the French wines. This treaty was then looked upon as a masterpiece of diplomacy—as the *ne plus ultra* of political sagacity. The statesmen of England congratulated themselves, and the nation applauded the statesmen for having thus hoodwinked and outwitted the unhappy Portuguese. The profound craft of the negotiation was believed to consist in this: Portugal was then in the habit of receiving a large amount of the precious metals annually from the Brazils. It was believed that she would require a greater amount of our woollens than we could possibly consume of her wines—that thus the value of our woollens exported would necessarily very much exceed that of the wine imported, and that the difference should be paid in gold and silver, which her connexion with the Brazils supplied her with so abundantly. The thing was a sheer absurdity; it was ridiculous on many grounds, and for this one, amongst others, that all experience had shown the impossibility of our accumulating an indefinite quantity of the precious metals. The laws against their exportation had at all times proved inoperative—articles which possess so much value in so small a bulk can always be smuggled out of the country. And even if it had been practicable to cause the precious metals thus to flow into the country in a perpetual stream, until they had filled the land to overflowing, the effects would be most disastrous. There would be a constant depreciation in the value of the precious metals as their quantity continued to increase; the great medium of exchange would thus be constantly falling in value, working thereby perpetual ruin to the creditor portion of society, whose contracts had been entered into when the circulating medium was less depreciated, and destroying all mercantile enterprise by making it impossible to enter with confidence into any contract the fulfilment of which was postponed to a distant period. Upon all present transactions of buying and selling it would have occasioned inconvenience—it would have had the effect of obliging men to employ fifty or a

hundred sovereigns to buy what otherwise could have been got for—one imposing this inconvenience and risk upon the public, without doing an atom of service to any human being. Such was the most important treaty connected with our subject. Now that attention is so much turned at the present day to diplomacy, it may not be amiss thus shortly to glance at the absurdities of this specimen of the diplomatic art, which, at the commencement of the last century and long afterwards, was extolled as the very masterpiece of the craft—a piece of diplomacy which pledged ourselves to persist in an attitude of permanent hostility to our most powerful neighbour; permanently to diminish the consumption of wines which we took delight in; permanently to take to the wines of Portugal, for which we had then no relish, nor ever would have had but for the improvements which were subsequently made in them; and all this in the expectation of hurting the trade of France, and to realise for ourselves such commercial results as we have called attention to.

From the date of this Methuen treaty—that is, from 1703, the duty on the tun of wine was continually increased by successive acts of Parliament, until it amounted in the year 1786 to 8s. 9d. per gallon on French wines. Mr. Pitt then reduced the duty on French wines to so low a figure as 4s. 6d. per gallon, and conformably with the requirements of the Methuen treaty, he made of course a reduction of one-third on the wines of Portugal, bringing them down so low as 3s. per gallon. In ten years more, however, the duties were again raised, and that to a greater height than they had ever previously been; that on French wines being 10s. 2d., and on Portuguese and Spanish wines, 6s. 10d. In another decade the duty on French wines had still further risen to 13s. 8d., and that on the wines of Portugal and Spain, to 9s. 1d. In the year 1825, they were lowered; but it was not until the year 1831 that the principle of the Methuen treaty was finally abandoned, and the duties on French and other European wines were equalised, and charged with the uniform rate of 5s. 6d. per gallon. In 1840 they were all raised to 5s. 9d., at which rate they still remain.

Thus has wine been at all times in these countries looked upon not as a comfort, still less as a necessary of life,

but as a luxury; and from the time of the Revolution to the present, it has been looked upon as a luxury which was peculiarly well adapted for purposes of taxation. It has never been considered by the Minister in any point of view but a financial one; the only question he has ever proposed to himself is how the greatest amount of revenue could be raised from it. Even when the duties were reduced the principle was not departed from; the self-same motives influenced Mr. Pitt in his reductions of 1787, and Lord Ripon in his reductions of 1825, as had actuated all their predecessors. The problem they sought to solve was how the largest amount of return to the Exchequer might be obtained—whether by high rates with a reduced consumption, or by low rates and increased consumption. Nor can we say that even to the present moment any other views have been brought before the public; for, although we have recently had a few abortive attempts in Parliament to effect a considerable change in the duty on wine, and to reduce it so low as to one shilling a gallon, yet the advocates of this measure labour strenuously to show that the increased consumption would, after a little while, more than compensate the revenue for the reduction in the rate, and they impliedly, at least, admit that if it were otherwise the measure would not be desirable.

The agitation of this question of a one shilling duty, or we should rather say the mooted question—for with our Irish notions of an “agitation” it would be a degradation of the term to apply it to the little that has been said or done on this matter—has called forth the publication which is now before us. This volume of Sir James Emerson Tennent's contains within a very small bulk a great quantity of most valuable information on the subject of which it treats; it will always be a valuable handbook for those who seek for statistical information on matters connected with the supply of wines; with the duties to which they have been subjected; and the effect of these duties on their consumption. Differing, as it will appear that we do, from the policy which our author recommends, it is not because we dissent from many of the conclusions at which he has arrived, but because we would disregard them; because, if we were not involved in a war which makes all such attempts

impracticable, if peace were once restored, we would risk a diminution of revenue, or deliberately incur a loss, and seek to compensate for it by the necessary increase in our direct taxation rather than forego the advantages which we believe would flow from a cheap and liberal supply of wholesome wines in the country;—because, to use the language of Mr. Gladstone, when Chancellor of the Exchequer, “We know no article burdened with a fiscal chain, under our financial system, with respect to which any stronger reasons for a change could be given.” But it is perfectly consistent with our own views that we should feel this publication to be a most valuable one. We do not presume to question the accuracy of our author’s statistics, though we would, in a few instances, venture to qualify the conclusions at which he arrives. He has obviously devoted great labour and judgment to their collection and compilation. The pains which he has taken in procuring his materials, and the ability which he has shown in their arrangement, and in his reasoning upon them, is most creditable. If from our limited knowledge of the subject we had previously felt a different impression on some statistical points, we are satisfied that our author is right, and that we were in the wrong. The slovenly and unconscientious manner in which statistical inquiries have too frequently been conducted has brought all such reasonings into reproach; no man could put any confidence in inquiries which he finds resorted to to establish directly opposite conclusions. Such imperfection, no doubt, occasionally arises from the nature of the subject, from the difficulty of getting together a sufficiently extensive collection of well-ascertained facts in connexion with it; but it not unfrequently arises from the want of care and judgment on the part of the inquirer—too often from his want of honesty. Men jump at conclusions on most insufficient evidence, guided by their prejudices, or their whims, or by anything but the honest exercise of their judgment; they then impress a number of specially selected facts, chosen for their argument, to support their foregone conclusion, and this they put before the world as statistical inquiry. Such has not been the course taken by our author; he tells us that his feeling and his prejudices were all

in favour of the measure which he considers that he is on inquiry constrained to condemn; his book itself refutes, in every line of it, the supposition of want of care or of judgment in its composition. We cannot, however, but fear that all this labour and ability may fail to be generally appreciated; valuable as are the materials which are here collected, yet, for the main object of the work, for the practical conclusion at which our author arrives, and for the establishing of which all this labour and research has been undergone, the book is unnecessary. Our author’s conclusions lead him to pronounce against the one shilling duty; but who is agitating for it?—whom has he got to convince?—who are concerning themselves about the matter? A Committee of the Commons which could not agree to a Report; a motion by Mr. Oliveira, which was withdrawn; and a speech by the same gentleman to a motion which he did not make, with some publication emanating from the wine trade, are the only evidences of any interest being felt in the matter; so little do the people understand or concern themselves about what is for their utmost benefit. An author who regarded merely the success which is evidenced by an extensive circulation would hardly be guilty of the want of tact of publishing conclusions from which no one dissented. Sir Emerson Tennent must, we fear, rest satisfied with the reputation which he will obtain with the few who are competent to appreciate the value of the information in which his publication abounds, irrespective of the object to which it is immediately directed.

We have already intimated pretty distinctly our own views as to the policy of a great reduction on the duty of wine. If we were not engaged in a war which, by its stern and all-absorbing necessities, precludes the possibility of running any risk of deranging the public finance, we would unhesitatingly and earnestly advocate the experiment of a one-shilling duty, and supply the deficiency of the revenue, whatever it might be, and whether it should be temporary or permanent, by an increase in the direct taxation of the country. If there would be the slightest chance of substituting a cheering, grateful and exhilarating beverage, which would refresh the frame and invigorate the in-

tellect, for the maddening influence of alcoholic spirits, or the sottish, brutalising effects of ale and porter, we know no sacrifice of the revenue, or, to speak more accurately, no readjustment of the revenue, which should not be made in order to effect it. We have already quoted the testimony of Liebig, the most profound and philosophical chemist in Europe, in favour of wine—one, too, who has applied himself peculiarly to the study of the human diet. Our quotation might have been prolonged, for again he says:—"In no part of Germany do the apothecaries' establishments bring so low a price as in the rich cities of the Rhine, for wine is the universal medicine for the healthy as well as for the sick; it is considered as milk to the aged." Is it not notorious on the other hand, that the use of ardent spirits and of malt liquors is a most fertile source of disease in these countries? The very worst patients who enter the London hospitals are the brewers' men: a bruise or a scratch, which with others would be insignificant, with them will mortify and fester. On the Continent of Europe, the vice of intoxication is unknown. Does it not run riot and revel in every corner of our land?—does it not lead to the commission of the most heinous crimes; and can we venture to limit its ruinous effects to those instances in which it is the immediate incentive to crime?—does not the constant muddling with porter and ale, and other strong drinks in which the mass of Englishmen indulge—we speak not alone of the working classes, but of the class or two above them as well—beget a brutishness of nature which is destructive of all refinement and delicacy of feeling, and is revolting and degrading?

But it will be said, would these classes of whom we speak—would our people generally drink wine, if they could get it? This is obviously a main point for consideration; for if they would not, the alteration of the duty would be a wanton and injurious disturbance of the existing state of things—it would confer a very trifling benefit on those who now drink wine, and be of no service whatsoever to any other section of society, though occasioning a heavy loss to the public revenue. Now, upon this subject, which is necessarily one of speculation, there is much difference of opinion. When Mr. Gladstone

was Chancellor of the Exchequer, he thought that the experiment would be successful. "He was not," he said, "one of those who thought it impossible or visionary to expect a great extension of taste for, and consumption of, wine among the people of England. On the contrary, it appeared to him that the present state of the taste of the people, in regard to wine, was the natural result of our fiscal system in that respect." Something approaching to an experiment has been made by a few retail wine-dealers in London. Their experiment necessarily wanted the all-essential element of cheapness—so that it is hardly deserving of the name of an experiment at all; but selling wine in small quantities over the counter, the result showed, that Mr. Baker, of Holborn, sold in this way more than a pipe and a-half a-week; Mr. Pool, of London Bridge, sold a pipe in three weeks; Mr. Short, of the Strand, sold a hundred and sixty pipes a-year. This last-named gentleman says, that "bricklayers, labourers, coal-heavers, journeymen-carpenters, and men of all grades, come in and take their glass of wine—we have a thousand people a-day, and not a drunken man." He charges 4d. for a glass of port, 7d. for Champagne, and 6d. for a gill of claret. Now this is the experience of men who have tested the matter, as far as the present conditions of the case would admit of; and it is idle for our author, against these authorities (whom, by the way, he but obscurely refers to, without giving either their names or the particulars of their evidence), to set up the mere opinion of another wine-merchant, Mr. Busbell, that the working man would prefer beer to low wines; or even that of Mr. Maxwell, another merchant, who says that his men will steal his beer rather than steal the finest wine in his cellar; or the dictum of the Emperor of the French, that "the Englishmen would prefer their own good beer to the wines of France or Germany."

As we have said, the experiment never has been made to try whether our people generally would drink wine if they could get it at a moderate rate. But the experiment has been made with reference to the wealthier classes of society, and it has been uniformly found, that a reduction in the

duty on wine has stimulated its consumption to a surprising extent — to an extent, indeed, which, when we bear in mind the small proportion which the amount of the reduction ever bore to the whole price, seems perfectly unaccountable. Nay, more than this, it appears from the facts which are now before us, that the taste for wine, when once acquired under the reduced rate of duty, has maintained the consumption almost wholly unaffected when the duty was subsequently raised to its original height — unaffected even by a further advance to a still higher rate — unaffected by the difficulties interposed, and by the increased price occasioned by a war with a country from which a considerable portion of our supply was derived; and finally yielded, not to any amount of tax which was laid upon wine, but to the accumulated and increasing pressure on the national resources, occasioned by the general taxation of the country in a war of unexampled magnitude. This is all abundantly evident from the returns with which our author furnishes us, though we admit that they lead him to no such conclusion: he can only regard them “as presenting so many anomalies that throw no real light on the abstract question, and can only be accounted for by regarding them as the eccentricities of consumption excited by the vicissitudes of war.” Let us briefly glance at the facts with which our author furnishes us, and their bearing on this question.

It was in the year 1787, when the population and wealth of the country were very much less than they are at present, that Mr. Pitt made his first experiment on the wine duties, by reducing French wines from about 8s. a-gallon to 4s., and Portuguese and other wines from 4s. 6d. to 2s. 7d. Now, what was the effect on the consumption of the country of thus lowering the price of wine by 4s. and 2s. a-gallon? Why, that the consumption almost at once all but doubled. It had been—

	4,064,864	gallons	in	1785
it rose to	6,601,038	“	in	1690
and to	7,851,707	“	in	1792

In the next year, 1793, there was a trifling check, occasioned by the French war which then broke out, and yet we find that the consumption amounted to

6,861,374 gallons in 1794. Then came the second experiment which Mr. Pitt made on the wine-duties. In 1795 he raised French wines to 7s. 4d., and Portuguese and Spanish to 4s. 10d. per gallon, and even these rates he raised in the year following to 10s. 2d. and 6s. 10d. respectively; and what was the result? Why, that so confirmed had the country become within the ten years past in the habit of using wine, that even this rise of price produced little or no diminution in the consumption: it fell off, according to our author, but seventeen one-fifth per cent. We then come to the third experimental period, that between 1801 and 1805, during which time the duty was raised, year after year, until in the last year it amounted to 13s. 8d. on French wines, and 9s. 1d. on other wines. But not even these rates could overcome the now confirmed taste of the country: in the words of our author, “strange to say, the consumption proved to be sufficiently elastic to expand, notwithstanding this additional tension.” The duties on wine were thenceforth maintained at the scale of 1805, but it was not until 1812 that the consumption began to sink — not, however, under the influence of the high duties, as our author conceives. It is preposterous to suppose that such could be the case after that it had withstood this influence so long, and borne every successive rise almost unaffected. No; the consumption of wine then sank, not under the weight of its own duty, but under the tremendous and increasing pressure of the general taxation of the country, occasioned by the wars in which it was then engaged. Once again, in twenty years afterwards, we have a reduction in the duty, and accompanied with precisely the same results as in the previous instance of 1787 — a reduction followed by a great increase of consumption. Mr. Huskisson lowered the rates in 1825 from 13s. 8d. on French wines to 7s. 2d.; and from 9s. 1d. on Portuguese and Spanish wines to 4s. 10d.; and the uniform result forthwith ensued: we find that an increase in the consumption, to the extent of fifty per cent., took place immediately on the reduction of the duty. The average consumption of wine in the five years before the duties were lowered, amounted to 4,751,106 galls.

and, in the five years afterwards, to 6,741,855.

Shall we, then, with all these facts before us, demonstrating as they do the capability of the country to increase its consumption of wine—shall we be asked to acquiesce, without a trial, in the conclusion that wine could not be introduced into general use amongst our people? We doubt not that there are many who have long indulged in the strong stimulants of alcoholic spirits, or who have besotted themselves habitually with heavy malt liquors, and that by such men the best wine that could be offered them would be rejected as a mawkish dose. Our punch-drinkers despise claret. We all know that men who have long indulged in the use of strong stimulants find much difficulty in abandoning them. It is just as though you would propose to a coarse and hardened sensualist to give up the indulgence of his brutal appetites, and to seek enjoyment in the fine arts or in any other refined and cultivated pursuit. But it is not for such men that we are to legislate, but for those who are yet undepraved—for the races now growing up—for generations yet unborn; and we dare not so vilify our race as to say, that such of them as are undepraved by habit are yet so depraved by constitution, that it must continue besotted to all time; and that even when a grateful, nutritive and invigorating stimulant is offered to it, it will reject it, and take, in preference, to such as is destructive, brutalising, and debasing. We every day establish Athenæums, Mechanics' Institutes, Parks, Galleries of Paintings, Galleries of Sculpture, and Museums, for the amusement of the people. What do most of them yet know about painting or sculpture? but we acknowledge it to be our business to develop the taste, by presenting them with the objects of it. And did any one ever hear it put forward as an argument against such attempts to improve the taste and to refine the enjoyments of the people, that they would much rather have their good old English pastimes of prize-fighting or bull-baiting than all the galleries of paintings in the world? Is there in the nature of things any greater reason why the tastes of the palate should not change than tastes in other matters of enjoyment; and are not these changing every day.

Shakspeare supplanted the noble national sport of bear-baiting. Our author says that the English at all times have had a taste for strong wines, and he doubts that a demand could now be stimulated for a new class of light and pure wines. Why this should be so he does not pretend to tell us; he admits that it cannot be owing to the climate, "for the light wines of France find their most valuable markets in the still colder latitudes of Germany and Northern Europe;" he half hints that probably our cookery may require a more stimulant digestive than the *cuisine* of our continental neighbours, but on this he does not venture to determine; in fact, he does not pretend to account for it in any way, but he simply says, that it is uncontested, that "from a very early period the people of these countries have rejected light wines, and drank only those which, along with high flavour, combined a large proportion of body and spirit." And in further proof of the national taste for strong liquors, he constantly refers to the instance of French brandy, which was not excluded from consumption by a duty of 22s. 10d., and which doubled its consumption, when reduced in 1846 to 15s. a gallon. But this instance of the brandy proves nothing to the purpose; when the price allowed the genuine article to be imported, a less amount of spurious spirits was sold; and again, those who were in the habit of drinking other spirits gave up their gin, or whiskey, or rum, or British brandy, for the pure and genuine French. We have already seen that reductions in the price of wine were followed by increased consumption; moreover, the price of brandy has always brought it much more within the means of the bulk of the community than has ever been the case with wine. A tumbler of brandy punch could always be had at a price for which the quantity of wine that could be got would be quite insignificant.

Neither can we concur with our author as to this fixedness of the national taste in the matter of wine; we read the highest authority on the subject very differently; we refer to Mr. Henderson's work on "Ancient and Modern Wines." He says, "From the preceding details it is manifest that the taste of the English in wine has

varied considerably during the two last centuries. For five or six hundred years the light growths of France and of the banks of the Rhine were imported in larger quantities, while the rich, sweet wines of the Mediterranean and the islands of the Archipelago were held in the highest estimation. Then came the dry wines of Spain, which, for a time, were preferred to all others on account of their strength and durability. At the close of the seventeenth and beginning of the eighteenth centuries, the red growths of the Bordelais were in most urgent demand; but the wars in which the country was then involved put a stop to their importation, and led to the substitution of the rough vintages of Portugal. From the long continued use of these strong, dry wines, which are made doubly strong for the English market, the relish for sweet wines, which was once so prevalent, has gradually declined, and several kinds, such as canary, mountain, &c., which, as several of my readers may be old enough to remember,^a were drunk very generally by way of morning, but are now scarcely ever met with. Since the peace of 1814, the renewal of our intercourse with the Continent has tended to revive the taste for light wines, and to lessen materially the consumption of the growth of Portugal and Spain." Why then, we ask, should not this "taste for light wines" continue to extend itself, if it were but properly developed? Why should not "the light growths of France and of the banks of the Rhine be imported in largest quantity" once again to our country? Our author himself tells us, that "it is a matter of notoriety that the large consumption of tea and coffee by the middle and lower orders in England has very materially interfered with the use of intoxicating drinks in this country." Is it not too much to

ask us to believe that pure light wine would not be as likely to be substituted for intoxicating drink as tea or coffee, being, as we are convinced it is, a much more wholesome stimulant?

But the argument of our author about the disinclination of our people for light wines serves another purpose. While he admits the vast supply of this description of wine, he says, we would not receive it, and the better classes of wine he conceives to be too limited in supply to be within our reach. The length to which this article has run precludes the possibility of our following our author into this, which is the most interesting part of his work, in which he examines the present sources of supply of wine; we feel entirely convinced, however, that with the market of England open to the Continent, and in the present progressive state of agricultural and scientific knowledge, we could not fail to be, after a little time, abundantly supplied with sound and pure wine: A hundred years ago the district of the Alto Douro, which now supplies Port Wine to the world, was desert and uncultivated. Neither can we now enter into an examination of the effect of the change which we advocate on the public revenue; but this is of less importance as we have avowed that, if the exigencies of war would cease, we risk the loss of revenue to effect an object which we believe to be so desirable, and would supply the deficiency by an increase in the direct taxation. Indeed this, with many other evils connected with our finance, would be dispelled at once if the system of direct taxation, which we recently advocated,* were introduced. At present we can say no more, but again commend Sir James Emerson Tennent's work to all who desire information on the subject of which it treats.

* "The War Budget." May, 1855.

THE BATH OF THE STREAMS.

BY DENIS FLORENCE M'CARTHY.

I.

Down unto the ocean,
Trembling with emotion,
Panting at the notion,
 See the rivers run ;
In the golden weather,
Tripping o'er the heather,
Laughing all together,
 Madcaps every one.

II.

Like a troop of girls
In their loosen'd curls,
See the concourse whirls
 Onward in their glee ;
List their tuneful tattle,
Hear their pretty prattle,
How they'll love to battle
 With the assailing sea.

III.

See the winds pursue them,
See the willows woo them,
See the lakelets view them
 Wistfully afar ;
With a wistful wonder,
Down the green slopes under,
Wishing too to thunder
 O'er their prison bar.

IV.

Wishing too to wander
By the sea-waves yonder,
There awhile to squander
 All their silvery stores ;
There awhile forgetting
All their vain regretting,
When their foam went fretting
 Round the rippling shores.

V.

Round the rocky region,
Whence their prison'd legion,
Oft and oft besieging,
 Vainly sought to break—
Vainly sought to throw them
O'er the vales below them,
Through the clefts that show them
 Paths they dare not take.

VI.

But the swift streams speed them,
In the might of freedom,
Down the paths that lead them
 Joyously along ;
Blinding green recesses
With their floating tresses,
Cheering wildernesses
 With their murmuring song.

VII.

Now the streams are gliding
With a sweet abiding—
Now the streams are hiding
 'Mid the whispering reeds—
Now the streams outglancing
With a shy advancing,
Naiad-like go dancing
 Down the golden meads—

VIII.

Down the golden meadows,
Chasing their own shadows—
Down the golden meadows,
 Playing as they run ;
Playing with the sedges,
By the water's edges ;
Leaping o'er the ledges,
 Glistening in the sun.

IX.

Streams and streamlets blending,
Each on each attending,
All together wending,
 Seek the silver sands ;
Like to sisters holding
With a fond enfolding—
Like to sisters holding
 One anothers' hands.

X.

Now with foreheads blushing
With a rapturous flushing—
Now the streams are rushing
 In among the waves ;
Now in shy confusion,
With a pale suffusion,
Seek the wild seclusion
 Of sequestered caves.

XI.

All the summer hours
Hiding in the bowers,
Scattering silver showers
 Out upon the strand ;
O'er the pebbles crashing,
Through the ripples splashing,
Liquid pearl-wreaths dashing
 From each others' hand.

XII.

By yon mossy boulder,
See an ivory shoulder,
Dazzling the beholder,
 Rises o'er the blue ;
But a moment's thinking
Sends the Naiad sinking,
With a modest shrinking,
 From the gazer's view.

XIII.

Now the wave compresses
All their golden tresses ;
Now their sea-green dresses
 Float them o'er the tide :
Now with elf-locks dripping,
From the brine they're sipping,
With a fairy tripping
 Down the green waves glide.

XIV.

Some that scarce have tarried
By the shore, are carried
Seaward, to be married
 To the glad gods there :
Triton's horn is playing,
Neptune's steeds are neighing,
Restless with delaying
 For a bride so fair.

XV.

See at first the river,
How its pale lips quiver,
How its white waves shiver
 With a fond unrest ;
List how low it sigheth,
See how swift it flieth,
Till at length it lieth
 On the ocean's breast.

XVI.

Such is Youth's admiring,
Such is Love's desiring,
Such is Hope's aspiring,
 For the higher goal ;
Such is man's condition,
Till in heaven's fruition
Ends the mystic mission
 Of the eternal soul.

MID-DAY WITH THE MUSES.

BY ANTHONY POPLAR.

WHAT a tremendous summer! — what sultry noontides! The blue sky is blotched with patches of clouds, leaden-hued and thunder-charged. There is not a capful of air throughout the whole heavens; the breezes of early morning have all stolen away, like Asiatic ladies, to take their *siesta*. The atmosphere is heavy with electricity, and one feels faint and languid; and the spirits flag, sympathising with the flagging body. "Such as is the air, such be our spirits; and as our spirits, such are our humours," saith Jobertus, in his treatise upon fevers. And so the hot, dry air is drying up our very souls — for we are in the city, baked and blistered, with the sun shining down in his meridian ferocity, his native ardour intensified a thousand-fold by the reflection from flashing glass and candescent flag-ways. The great Stagirite was of opinion that heat alleviates all physical sufferings — "*Calor ad omnes dolores, vel ad plures est adjumento*;" but not such heat as that under which we are panting in these noontides. What shall we do? — shall we bar it out with closed windows? If we do, we suffocate. Shall we throw open every door and casement? Incontinently we shall have the hot air, bearing in with it the thick, white stifling dust of the street (for the civic *aquarius* goeth about, but rarely with the grateful watering-cart), and a legion of buzzing insects that set one frantic with their tiny trumpeting. There is but one thing for us. We will compound, and take a middle course — open the windows, shut the *jalousies*, and draw close the summer curtains, and then betake ourselves to the softest couch, in the darkest corner of the room, with a pleasant book or two, that will not tax our intellect, but rather please our fancy, and so condescend to tide over the hours of our existence till evening brings long shadows and grateful coolness.

Forthwith we put in practice this laudable design. We lie in the mellow *chiaro oscuro* of our little study, far away in the remoter regions of the

house, where no domestic sounds can penetrate, no noise of civic life find entrance. Upon the table beside us stands our vase of fresh flowers, plucked in a certain suburban garden, before the sun had drunk up all the dew in the early morn; and there is a glass, and a bottle of seltzer-water — nothing stronger, upon the honour of an editor; and half-a-dozen volumes sent to us by the Muses, and which we have laid aside during the occupation of graver matters, for an hour of quiet, meditative repose, such as this summer sultriness induces.

Theocritus, in his Idyl called "The Graces," inveighs against the want of patronage which poets experienced in his days. Everyone loved his money too well to spend it on poets, and was ready to exclaim — "Let the gods honour the poets. Homer is sufficient for all; who wants to hear any other? He is the best of poets who will take nothing from me —

Θεοὶ τιμῶσιν αἰδοῦς

Τίς δέ κεν ἄλλου ἀκουσάι· Ἄλις παντεσσὶν Ὀμηρος,
Οὗτος αἰδῶν λωστός ὅς ἐξ ἐμὲν οἰσεται οὐδέν."

Had the Syracusan lived in our days, he would not have found the popular appetite for poetry so exceedingly abstemious, nor, we hope, the public patronage so discouraging. Quite the contrary. He would find that one poet, even though he were Homer, would go but a short way in staying the stomach of this verse-devouring generation. The "*membra disjecta*" of the blind old man would be picked to the bone as clean as the limbs of a chicken at a picnic; and we would be all the readier to discuss a legion of *poetæ minores*, by way of *entremêts*. Ay, and we would be contented to pay for our luxuries, too, only we like to know that we get the real article. When we bargain for swans, or thrushes, or nightingales, we don't like to be set down to geese, or buntings, or tomtits.

The poetic taste is really very creditable now-a-days, and for the most part is tolerably healthy too. We are reprinting all the good old classical au-

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thors of English poetry, from Geoffrey Chaucer downwards; while the press daily sends forth new aspirants for poetic fame, with a profuseness that would indicate either that the public is a generous patron of all the sons of song, or that poets are not such poor devils as they were in the days of Oliver Goldsmith or Thomas Otway.

Well, let us see what lies before us for this summer-noon's inspection.

First comes a little volume, turned out in Pickering's best style, a reprint it would seem by the substituted preface. Whatever be the defects of Mr. James Orton—and we shall advert to them ere we close "*The Enthusiast*"—he has undoubtedly poetic fervor and considerable fancy. With these two are joined a very rich and abundant power of verbiage, and a nice sense of the melodious. He has all the mechanism of poetry, and a great deal more; and so the little volume in our hands is one of which he has no reason to be ashamed, either for its own intrinsic merits, or as giving the promise of better things with advancing years and more matured judgment.

The subject of the poem is the life of a solitary, who retired from the world to fix his abode in the desert, where—

"The huge, prone, marble skeleton,
Of proud Palmyra now so stilly lies,
So vast, so calm, beneath the moonlight pale."

The feelings and character of the *Enthusiast* are thus sketched by himself:—

"From earliest boyhood all the ways of men
(In that rude, restless world which prisoned me)

I learned to hate, and soar to higher things,
And ne'er forgot my hopes were not of earth.
I gazed with wonder on man's rotting cares,
I saw that demons once had hoof'd the world,
Which after rolled a human hell through Space.

I saw the grinning fiends of Scorn, and Hate,
And curs'd Jealousy swayed o'er the globe.
I saw that Vileness crawled to highest place,
And Virtue lay in tattered rags beneath!
I saw the haughty look of fiendish Pride,
Cast on poor fallen wretches, virtue-wrecked,
And no kind, pitying hand held forth to save.
I saw black Avarice slime the Church of God,
Which basely licked the sallow hand of Wealth!—

And hollow Vice, in lofty Virtue's form,
Flaunted her banner o'er my native land.

Then sick at heart I left the human world.
My friends, my home, and dwelt in Nature's holds.

"Upon the wild sea shore I made my home,
Where Nature grandly hymns Eternity,
And piled it with the thoughts of mighty men.
Then lofty thoughts, and starry visions came,
Till solitude grew filled with holy light.
Through the strongholds of Nature, or of Man,
O'er sky-tipped mountains, or through cities huge,
Or on wild ridges of white-breasted waves,
I wandered oft, and fed my growing mind.
But most I loved when storm, or calm prevailed,
To lie, or wander, on the cliff-piled shore,
Beneath Night's temple, solemn, gorgeous, vast,
With naught around me but the Eternal's voice
Telling me of mightier things unseen, unheard."

Even here love finds an entrance;
he meets one who fills his whole heart—

"Whose liquid notes on silence well, soft fell,
Like smooth pearls dropping in their crystal cell."

But his happiness is short-lived; his bride sickens; he bears her through many lands, in a vain search for health, till, at length—

"As when far music gently fades away,
Or fainter scent comes from the lily's cup,
So gradual ebb'd her life, to scenes of bliss."

The widowed lover wanders away through eastern climes; and in a vision he is led by his guardian angel through the spirit realms, and his whole life, from birth, is arrayed before him. A succession of scenes are exhibited, in which Mr. Orton displays vividness of thought and expression, and occasionally rises to a grandeur and elevation truly poetic. We might cite many passages to illustrate the writer's power. Here is one, for instance:—

"And lo! the sheen of myriad angel wings
Shimmered throughout the blue infinitude.
Thro' all infinity my spirit stretched:
Vast galaxies of countless blazing suns,
Each with its whirling planet, moon-encirqued,
All hugely round one blazing centre moved;
And toward that central sun my spirit yearned."

* "*The Enthusiast*; or, the Straying Angel." By James Orton. Pickering.

As the great Florentine meets Beatrice in heaven, so the Enthusiast again beholds his bride. This scene is well conceived ; passionate on the part of the earthly lover, but tempered with unearthly serenity on the part of the heavenly one. She consoles the Enthusiast with the assurance of her watchful affection :—

"She told how, tho' in heaven, 'twas not forbid,
For those who purely loved fond hearts below,
To oft descend, when solemn evening fell,
And breathe bright comfort o'er the loved one's soul ;—
How like a moonbeam in my saddened home,
She oft had entered—fondly gazed on me,
Had seen me yearning for her warm embrace,
Tumultuous waves of sorrow thro' me roll—
Then poured calm thoughts across my troubled soul,
And oft had seen, I felt her presence there !
Then told she of the full calm bliss of heaven,
The loving converse of the myriad souls,
Garnered from many a world, now angel forms."

The attendant angel yields to the desire of his earthly charge, and discourses to him of the great mysteries of creation—"Of God, of angels, and of fallen man," and tells him how spirit, matter, and all things create—

"Grew like a flower from out the Almighty's breast,
The seed, the stalk, and final azure bloom."

This is a high subject to deal with ; he who ventures to soar so high should have a strong wing to sustain him ; let him remember the fate of Icarus, and not approach too near the sun. Our wonder is not that Mr. Orton is unequal to this excursion, but rather that he has accomplished his perilous flight so safely. He has had the sagacity not to investigate those sublime metaphysics too closely, but to content himself with such general description as conduces to poetic effect and grandeur ; as one who sails on some calm northern sea marks, in the distance, the grand glittering outline of icy capes with the rosy light of heaven upon their awful summits, so the writer cautiously steers his way by the well-known chart that revelation and philosophy have laid down for man's guidance. Here is the prelude of his discourse, and we think it affords no mean evidence of poetic ability :—

"Eternity, Infinity, and Power—
Power mighty, positive, and absolute,

Within the Eternal's bosom calmly dwelt,
And God the Father was the All in All.

"As yet the active God, the eternal Son,
Within the Father's bosom calmly slept,
Yet fast was ripening into life's birth.

"All brilliant stars, all suns and systems lay
(Which are but beads strung on God's mighty will),
All ripening gradual, with the Infant-God.

"All hugeous worlds, and all created things,
With all developments of outthrown power,
Were for his heritage and governance.

"And all events, and mysteries, thro' all Time,
Creation, fall, redemption, and re-birth,
Lay mapped in light, within the Eternal's soul."

The poem before us contains some very melodious lyrical snatches interspersed throughout it, which give it lightness and relief, and exhibit a good deal of skill. We said Mr. Orton has faults—faults both of conception and composition ; at times he is extravagant in both. Like most young writers, he is constantly aiming at too much. Thus his passion occasionally is overwrought in sentiment as it is overdone, at times, in expression. His rhapsodies are not always free from turgescence ; his affluence of diction betrays him into an over-ornamentation. He is too fond of introducing epithets which often weaken the force of his language ; and he can never resist the temptation of a figure. But these are the faults of youth and genius—an exuberance which culture will control. He has sterling merits that outnumber them a thousand-fold—a true poetic temperament—a devout love of the true and the beautiful, in moral as in physical things, and may yet do far better than he has done, when time has matured his thoughts and teaches him to regulate the powers of his mind, and use with more frugality the stores of his imagination. To this volume are appended some prose essays, which impress us with a very favourable opinion of the originality as well as the boldness of Mr. Orton's mind. Though we mean to confine ourselves at present to the realms of poetry, yet there is so much in these essays that lies close upon the domains of the Muses, that we imperceptibly wander over the

boundary to meet such a passage as this:—

“The thoughts of a great Poet or original Thinker, like mountain torrents, sink first through the highest talented minds, and gradually lapse therethrough, till they sweep adown, gathering fulness and force as they go, and pour through and fertilise the broad valleys of humanity, where their rich beneficial effects are chiefly and more extensively visible. So with the once thin streamlet of Christianity; and so with all great teachings since Time began. So also with each individual mind, which is a minute representative, in its spiritual wanderings, backslidings, and aspirations, of The Ages of the World.”

We open a book, by Martin Tupper,* with a vague sense of apprehension and timidity—somewhat such as one feels who stands on a rock ere he plunges into a sea, of whose depth and temperature he has no exact knowledge, though he has sad misgivings that it is too deep to fathom and too cold to be altogether agreeable. Dr. Martin Tupper's proverbial philosophy is one of those vast rhythmical oceans whereon the unhappy mariner, who is forced to navigate it, wanders about in much perplexity. The surges of long-rolling lines sweep him pitilessly before them, drifting him he knows not where. He sees no shore for which he can make—he has no chart to guide his course; but ever and anon some light breaks through the gloom, which he is assured is the light of Philosophy. Without a metaphor we have never been able to understand that very bombastic and very pretentious congregation of philosophic hallucinations. Very magnificent common-placing it is indeed; but that does not make philosophy. Even though that common-placing be magnified through the mist of big words of dubious meaning—very turgid lines, of interminable length, and no measure or rhythm in particular—but that does not make poetry. Nevertheless, Dr. Tupper, for these very reasons, has his admirers; and we fear it is little short of heresy to question his claims to be a great philosopher and a great poet—a marvellous compound, uniting in himself the wisdom of the owl and the sweet-

ness of the cygnet. Our surprise and our pleasure were both considerable, on opening this last volume of Mr. Tupper's, to find short lines, simple expressions, and intelligible sentiments. There is more of heart and less of mind about these little poems than we were disposed to think Mr. Tupper would condescend to. They are, as he says himself, “not cold *pieces of poetical artifice*, deliberately carved and gilt (whereby, we presume, with a very just appreciation, he would indicate the ‘proverbial philosophy’), but have grown up, from time to time, the natural crop of occasion and circumstance.” Now, we are very much disposed to think the “natural crop” is very far superior in hue and perfume to the forced vegetation which the author has, on other occasions, given to the world. One can read through this volume and understand it from cover to cover. He will find many little pieces abounding in thoughts, which, if they are not elevated above the common-place, have the advantage of not being elevated above common sense. We will take one lyric at random; and we might select a dozen such, which one can read with real pleasure:—

A WORD OF WISDOM.

“Make the best of all things,
As thy lot is cast;
Whatsoever we call things,
All is well at last,
If meanwhile in cheerful power
Patience rules the suffering hour.

“Make the best of all things,
Howsoever they be;
Change may well befall things
If it's ill with thee;
And if well, this present joy
Let no future fears destroy.

“Make the best of all things,—
That is Wisdom's word;
In the day of small things
Is its comfort heard,
And its blessing soothes not less
Any heyday of success.

“Make the best of all things;
Discontent's old leaven
Falsely would forestall things,
Antedating heaven;
But smile thou and rest content,
Bearing trials wisely sent.”

* “Lyrics of the Heart and Mind.” By Martin F. Tupper. London: Arthur Hall, Virtue, and Co. 1855.

Now, we do not mean to say this is poetry; but we will dare to say that it is a very sensible, healthy composition, and written in good tripping rhymes withal, which a man may chant to himself of a summer's day, and which are worth remembering. We would wish, with all our hearts, that Mr. Tupper had written more wisdom

of this sort, and less philosophy of another sort—that he had thought less about the sublimely intellectual, and more about the simply intelligible. We shall content ourselves with one other sample, as we think it is full of hopefulness, as indicating a considerable amendment in Mr. Tupper's mode of enunciating his philosophical dogmas.

GOOD AND EVIL.

"Good hath been born of Evil many times,
As pearls and precious ambergris are grown—
Fruits of disease, in pain and sickness sown;
Nations have won their liberty through crimes,
And men through gain of losses: God alone,
Unreachable upon His holy throne,
Needeth not shade to illustrate His light,
Nor less to foil His greatest: but for man
The wrong must riot to awake the right,
And patience grow of pain, as day of night,
And wisdom end what woesome harm began;
And think not to unravel in thy thought
This mingled tissue, this mysterious plan,
This alchemy of good through evil wrought."

The fault which we find in this, as in most Mr. Tupper's productions, is, that there is more of "mind" than of "heart" in it. There is but little of the imaginative faculty about him: he is never warm, he has no colouring, no imagery, no play, no passion—very cold, very sober—and, let us say, so far as this little volume, very sensible. We congratulate him that he has *risen* to a *lower* elevation, if we may be pardoned the paradoxical expression. When he sang up in the clouds, nobody understood him; but when he leaves his "sky-larking," and sinks down to his "nest upon the dewy ground," he makes a great deal less noise, but more melody. *Apropos* of Martin Tupper, our ingenious and pleasant friend, "Trilinguis," sends us a merry rant, which we humbly present to all those who are worshippers of the Tupperian philosophy:—

TUPPER, TEA, AND TABBIES.

Addressed to a person who showed an alarming predilection for the above Triad.

Leave the ladies to their Tupper,
Tea-pot poet,—tea-pot fools!
We will have champagne for supper—
We will follow classic rules.

Let them babble, let them tease on,
He is worthy such defence;
He has neither rhyme nor reason,
He has neither sound nor sense.

We will take our wit from Lucian,
And our sense from Cicero,
And to Martin drink confusion—
Εν τῷ "mero modico."

"Will you take a cup of slop, sir?"
Sneaking words you must decline!
Do not be a lady's fop, sir,
Ημᾶς νυν χρη μεθύσκειν!*

Let old maids, with dry grim faces,
Look upon us black as ink;
We will dissipate "edaces
Curas" with a drop of drink!

While they talk at such a rate, O!
Of his proverbs, deep and fine,
We will take up dreams from Plato,
Scarce than Farquhar less divine.

While they gaze upon his features,
And would scan his snakey verse,
We will study Pindar's metres,
We will Homer's lines rehearse.

Let the silly Duchess *her* own
Green tea sip, if 'tis her choice;
Horrid stuff! hysterics *φέρων*
Τοις δειλοῖσιν ἀνθρώποις!

While, half mad with palpitation,
She cries, "æther bring to me!"
We, with Flaccus, will cry, "Bacchus!
O Lenæus, Evohe!"

Though we sit up till a mouse I
Hear not o'er the basement creep,
Αἰ μεριμνᾶν καθευδουσι,
Let us keep them fast asleep!

Siccis omnia nam dura, **

Providence they say has made;
Hence deduce by logic sure a
Premium be on drink has laid.

'Tis no wonder Xerxes should not
Win the laurels monarchs seek;
"Flumina epota" † could not
Nerve the Aede to rout the Greek.

"Omne capax urna movet!"
Ladies, clear your work away!
Hissing plague! how well ye love it!
Turn the cock and make your tea.

But the "pia testa" ‡ frisky,
With a thousand jokes, be mine!
Hold it wine, or hold it whiskey,
Ουπερ δεισσομαι πειν!

Horace bid his little tidy
Maiden, Neptune's feast-day crown;
Saying, "Fill a bumper, Lyde!" §
But not "Put the kettle down."

When he sent an invitation
To his Phyllis, as we're told,
'Twasn't "Tea and conversation," ||
But "A song and nine-year-old!"

True, he owns he thump'd them soundly
When the wine got to his head,
Till the room he saw them round lie,
With his pinches, black and red.

Paddy too makes his shillelahs
In the whiskey-feast go round,
Till at length you'd swear you feel as
If you stood on classic ground.

I don't blame the Celtic hero,
Nor the punchy poet rate,
But the "rixas super mero"
For myself I deprecate.

"Rectius istis si novisti,"
Your improvements let me see;
But I hope you'll cry, "Vicisti!"
And sit down with mirth and me.

We can assure Mr. Tupper that we are in very good humour with him just at present, and we will part him with one word of advice—Let him give up metaphysics and cento-syllabic measures, and take to smaller subjects and smaller lines—let him remember the fate of Cowley. He stuffed his *great* poems, according to the fashion of the times, with what was called philosophy. "His splendid

wit," to use the words of Cowper, was "entangled in the cobwebs of the schools;" and so they are laid amongst the cobwebs in the dusty shelves, while his lighter compositions, his lyrics and Anacreontics, are still read with pleasure. We may say with Pope—

"Who now reads Cowley? If he pleases yet,
His moral pleases, not his pointed wit:
Forgot his epic, nay Pindaric art;
But still I love the language of his heart."

We are not sorry to see a reprint of Leigh Hunt's poems. ¶ More than seventy years have now passed over the veteran's head—a life of varied fortune, of much trial, and of mutable celebrity. Praised and censured in each case beyond what was just, he has continued to share some portion of public estimation, notwithstanding the greater men that have since arisen; and one takes up his volume to-day with that cordiality of feeling which we extend to an old friend who has gossiped with us, and sung for us, in days when we were younger and lighter hearted. We do not mean to dwell upon this volume, for there is nothing in it that the public have not already seen.

The principal composition is "The Story of Rimini," which, with many faults, is not without beauties. The subject was one which was full of peril, for it had been sketched out by the hand of the great master of Italian song; but the outlines of Dante, like those of Retzsch, convey more to the sense and the heart than the most finished pictures of inferior artists. It was these great outlines that Leigh Hunt dared to fill in with light and shadow, with colour and expression—nay, he has ventured even farther, draping the figures with his own robing, and adding accessories to the picture. We cannot help thinking that he has occasionally diluted the forceful and energetic power of Dante's brief style, and marred the pathos of his simple expressions; he leaves little to our own imagination, but fills up with minute details the progress of a passion that should be ineffable. Thus, for instance, after a very charming picture of Francesca's garden and an

* Horace, B. I. Ode 18. † Juvenal, Sat. 10. ‡ Horace, B. III. Ode 21.

§ B. III. Ode 28. || B. IV. Ode 11.

¶ "Stories in Verse," by Leigh Hunt. London: G. Routledge and Co. 1855.

Italian noontide, the poet proceeds to analyse the feelings of the lady; then he leads us away from the subject that should engross all our feelings, by interposing the history of Launcelot and Queen Genevra. Next he gives us the fair one in her bower, and stops to paint her attitude and air, the flow of her ringlets, the disposition of her hands. "May I come in?" says Launcelot. Francesca answers, with free and usual tone, "O yes; certainly." Then the lovers are placed *en pose*—

"And Paulo, by degrees, gently embraced,
With one permitted arm her lovely waist;
And both their cheeks, like peaches on a tree,
Came with a touch together thrillingly."

How infinitely does this fall short of the pathos of Dante's simple line—

"Soli eravamo, e senza alcun sospetto,"

to say nothing of the Cockneyism of the cheeks like peaches on one tree; while the catastrophe suggested with such exquisite art by the Florentine's

"La bocca mi baciò tutto tremante,"

is reversed and ruined by the Londoner's *emendation*—

"And in his arms she wept all in a tremble."

If Leigh Hunt cannot compete with his great Florentine prototype, it is some consolation to him to know, that even an Italian poet has failed in like manner. Silvio Pellico has written a fine tragedy upon this favourite theme of Italian writers. It teems with tender and beautiful touches, like Dante leaving a thousand things to be thought that will not endure to be spoken; but he, too, fails where none but a master's hand is sufficient. In the second scene of the third act he makes Paulo remind Francesca of the fatal scene: the modern Italian felt the difficulty of amplifying what his great predecessor had touched, and so he puts into the mouth of the lover almost the very words which Dante gives to the daughter of Guido da Polenta; but he mars the whole picture by one fatal touch—

"—tu tremavi e ratta
Ti deleguasti."

After all, Leigh Hunt's poem suffers chiefly by comparison. Its actual defects are few: we judge of its short-comings

by seeing what the greatest poet after Shakspeare, who has appeared, could achieve. Hunt was himself fully sensible of the peril he placed himself in by challenging such a comparison, and he deprecates too severe criticism on that head very gracefully, by urging that the design of his poem is altogether *different* in its pretensions. "It is," he says, "a picture by an immature hand, of sunny luxuriance overclouded; not of a cloud, no less brief than beautiful, crossing the Gulf of Tartarus. Those who, after having seen lightning, will tolerate no other effect of light, have a right to say so, and may have the highest critical reason on their side; but those who will do otherwise have perhaps more, for they can enjoy lightning and a bask in the sunshine, too." As a poet, Leigh Hunt never occupied a high place—as an essayist he stands in higher consideration; he has a critical knowledge of good poetry, and knows how to work on the best models. If his good taste is sometimes spoiled by mannerism, it is as frequently fresh and genuine. He is often sprightly and fanciful, and occasionally polished and elegant; and we shall be glad to find that the success of this volume will justify him in publishing the rest of his miscellaneous poems which have not yet been collected.

While we are on collections, let us take a look at another very pretty volume that has just issued from the press. Here are the ballads of Wm. Harrison Ainsworth,* most of which every reader of romances has, we presume, already made acquaintance with. While one cannot withhold from the author of "Rookwood," the admiration due to great ability, it is impossible not to feel regret that his talents have not been always used to good purpose. The Jack Shepherd school of novels has a strong tendency to vitiate public morals as well as public taste; and we could have been well pleased to see some of those songs full of vulgar slang and "thieves' Latin," reeking with the fumes of the pothouse or the prison, excluded from the pages of this volume. With this drawback, it is as pleasant a companion for a half hour or so as heart could desire. Mr.

* "Ballads." By Wm. Harrison Ainsworth. G. Routledge and Co., London. 1855.

Ainsworth knows how to troll out a legendary ballad as well as any one we could name, with the exception of Macaulay or Aytoun. When he sings the sword of Bayard, or the ditty of Du Guesclin, or the romantic ballads of Yolande or Esclairmond, we feel that he evokes a true spirit of chivalry and of love that elevates and improves our natures; but the singer of romany chants and the chronicler of rapparees and highwaymen deserves no toleration. Let the laureate of ruffians and cut-throats seek a fitting theatre and a suitable auditory.

We should say a great deal more about this unpretending volume that next comes to our hand, were it not the production of one of our own especial fosterlings. With the name of Mortimer Collins,* we feel well assured every one who reads our pages has formed a very pleasant acquaintance. Some of those fine, rich, musical lyrics, which he seems to throw off from his heart as lightly as the thrush flings out her song from her full throat, and which, from time to time, we have sent through the world—some of these, we say, he has put together, and a few others that we have not seen before: and so he has sent us a little book—all too little, for he has omitted many things which we would have gladly seen again. Well, we must, we suppose, be contented with what he gives us.

Here is a pleasant picture as any we have seen for a long time; 'tis one which none of our friends have seen before:—

THE DEAN'S DAUGHTER.

I.

"Autumnal sunshine seems to fall
With riper beauty, mellower, brighter,
On every favoured garden wall
Whose owner wears the mystic mitre:
And apricots and peaches grow,
With hues no cloudy weather weakens,
To ripeness laymen never know,
For deans, and canons, and archdeacons.

II.

"Dean Willmott's was a pleasant place,
Close under the cathedral shadows;
Old elm-trees lent it antique grace;
A river wandered through the meadows.

Well-ordered vines and fruit-trees filled
The terrace walks; no branch had gone
astray
Since monks, in horticulture skilled,
Had planned those gardens for their
monast'ry.

III.

Calm, silent, sunny: whispereth
No tone about that sleepy Deanery,
Save when the mighty organ's breath
Came husht through endless aisles of
greenery.
No eastern breezes swung in air
The great elm-boughs, or crisped the ivy:
The powers of nature seemed aware
Dean Willmott's motto was "Dormivi."

IV.

Dean Willmott's mental life was spent
In Arabic and architecture:
On both of these most eloquent—
It was a treat to hear him lecture.
His dinners were exceeding fine,
His quiet jests extremely witty:
He kept the very best port wine
In that superb cathedral city.

V.

But oh, the daughter of the Dean!
The Laureate's self could not describe her:
So sweet a creature ne'er was seen
Beside Eurotas, Xanthus, Tiber.
So light a foot, a lip so red,
A waist so delicately slender—
Not Cypres, fresh from Ocean's bed,
Was half so white and soft and tender.

VI.

"Heigho! the daughter of the Dean!
Beneath those elm-trees apostolic,
While autumn sunlight danced between,
We two had many a merry frolic.
Sweet Sybil Willmott! long ago
To your young heart was love a visitor:
And often have I wished to know
How you could marry a solicitor."

Now, that is a piece of rich painting; so sunny and warm—so full of quiet repose. What felicity of expression; what skilful rhyming; what a flowing versification! and then the ending comes upon one so un-awares, with a pathos that is swallowed up in its humour, so that we don't know whether to sigh or to smile. One more picture, more charming still—a picture just for such a day as this on which we are now writing. 'Tis not new to us, but yet is it not the less grateful:—

* "Idyls and Rhymes." By Mortimer Collins. James McGlashan, Dublin; Orr and Co. London. 1855.

A MIDSUMMER CHANT.

I.

"Earth is lying in Thy summer, O great Sovran of the spheres!
Languidly beside the water stand all day the stately steers:
And the tall green corn is waving, with a wealth of swelling ears.

II.

"All day long the mavis joyous, his sweet song in shadow weaves,
Where the mighty boughs are drooping, heavy with their summer leaves,
And the young birds aye are singing underneath the cottage eaves.

III.

"Earth is lying in its beauty: silently the morning mist
Passes from the sunny mountains, by the soft-winged breezes kissed—
Warm and still the sloping hill, beneath a sky all amethyst.

IV.

"O the beauty of the sunset, deepening in purple hues—
And when Hesper rises slowly, bringing on the twilight dews,
Where the woodland streamlets ripple through the dusky avenues.

V.

"O Thou Giver of all gladness! we, the children of this earth,
Ever would desire to praise Thee, though our songs are nothing worth,
For the rich and fragrant summer, for its music and its mirth—

VI.

"For the dense green odorous woods, for the sky's unclouded dome,
For the calm sea, tossing lightly endless lines of starry foam,
Which shall thunder on for ever, till Thou take Thy people home."

But we promised not to praise our favourite, and so we shall say no more in the way of eulogy. We will lay him aside as a friend whom we shall call to us again, with but one regret, that he has left out of the present collection some of the finest poems which he has written. We hope he will repair this fault by a new and enlarged edition.

Here is another volume of lyrical compositions, which we turn over with much pleasure. If Mr. Allingham's* muse never essays the higher poetic strains, he is, at all events, equal to the subjects which he has chosen. The affections of every-day life, the charms of changing seasons, and things, and thoughts, which will find a response in every heart, are the subjects which he has chosen. They are, he tells us, the

productions of early life, and, as such, we willingly view them with favour. With a cultivated taste and a good feeling, both of which the author possesses, these ballads are worthy a kindly notice. There is a constant flow of pleasing thought to be found pervading the book, and sentiments, often little above commonplace, are well-expressed, and turned with much happiness. The principal composition, "The Music-Master," is a well-sustained tale of rustic attachment, with many passages of beauty and simple pathos, interspersed with pictures of sylvan scenery, drawn by no unskilful hand. A summer evening in the country has been described by a thousand poets, but here is something that is still fresh and picturesque:—

"And now, 'tis on a royal eventide,
When the ripe month sets glowing earth and air,
And Summer by a stream or thicket-side
Twists amber honeysuckles in her hair,—
Gerald and Milly meet by trembling chance,
And step for step are moving, in a trance.

* "The Music-Master," and "Day and Night Songs." By William Allingham. London: G. Routledge and Co. 1855.

" Their pathway foliage-curtain'd and moss-grown ;—
 Behind the trees the white flood flashing swift,
 Through many moist and ferny rocks flung down,
 Roars steadily, where sunlights play and shift.
 How oft they stop, how long, they nothing know,
 Nor how the pulses of the evening go.

" Their talk ?—the dappled hyacinthine glade
 Lit up in points of blue,—how soft and treble
 The kine's deep lowing is by distance made,—
 The quail's "twit-wit-wit," like a hopping pebble
 Thrown along ice,—the dragonflies, the birds,
 The rustling twig,—all noticed in few words.

" A level pond, inlaid with lucid shadows
 Of groves and crannied cliffs and evening sky,
 And rural domes of hay, where the green meadows
 Slope to embrace its margin peacefully,
 The slumb'ring river to the rapid draws ;
 And here, upon a grassy jut, they pause."

The smaller pieces are upon various subjects, such as usually suggest themselves to the mind of young poets. One, "The Way-side Well," is very pleasingly written, though not with as much power as the lines on the same subject which are to be found in the volume of Mortimer Collins which we have just noticed. It has, however, a rural simplicity and repose about it that will justify our pausing to quote it :—

THE WAYSIDE WELL.

" O thou pretty Wayside Well,
 Wreath'd about with roses !
 Where, beguiled with soothing spell,
 Weary foot reposes.

" With a welcome fresh and green
 Wave thy border grasses,
 By the dusty traveller seen,
 Sighing as he passes.

" Cup of no Circean bliss,
 Charity of summer,
 Making happy with a kiss
 Every meanest comer !

" Morning, too, and eventide,
 Without stint or measure,
 Cottage households near and wide
 Share thy liquid treasure.

" Fair the greeting face ascends,
 Like a naiad daughter,
 When the peasant lassie bends
 To thy trembling water.

" When a laddie brings her pail
 Down the twilight meadow,
 Tender falls the whisper'd tale,
 Soft the double shadow !

" Clear as childhood in thy look,
 Nature seems to pet thee.
 Fierce July that drains the brook
 Hath no power to fret thee.

Shelter'd cool and free from smirch
 In thy cavelet shady,
 O'er thee in a silver birch
 Stoops a forest lady.

" To thy glass the Star of Eve
 Shyly dares to bend her ;
 Matron Moon thy depths receive,
 Globed in mellow splendour.

" Bounteous spring ! for ever own
 Undisturb'd thy station ;
 Not to thirsty lips alone
 Serving mild donation.

" Never come the newt or frog,
 Pebble thrown in malice,
 Mud or wither'd leaves, to clog
 Or defile thy chalice.

" Heaven be still within thy ken,
 Through the veil thou wearest,—
 Glimpsing clearest, as with men,
 When the boughs are barest !"

" Wayconnell Tower" is a still better specimen of the author's powers in the same style ; indeed, the best productions of the volume appear to us to be of this character :—

WAYCONNELL TOWER.

" The tangling wealth by June amass'd,
 Left rock and ruin vaguely seen ;
 Thick ivy-cables held them fast,
 Light boughs descended, floating green.

" Slow turn'd the stair—a breathless height,
 And, far above, it set me free,
 When all the golden fan of light
 Was closing down into the sea.

" A window half-way up the wall
 It led to ; and so high was that,
 The tallest trees were not so tall
 That they could reach to where I sat.

" Aloft within the moulder'd tower,
Dark ivy fringed its round of sky,
Where slowly, in the deepening hour,
The first faint stars unveil'd on high.

" The rustling of the foliage dim,
The murmur of the cool grey tide,
With tears that trembled on the brim,
An echo sad to these I sigh'd.

" O Sea, thy ripple's mournful tune!—
The cloud along the sunset sleeps;
The phantom of the golden moon
Is kindled in thy quivering deeps.

" Oh, mournfully!—and I to fill,
Fix'd in a ruin-window strange,
Some countless period, watching still
A moon, a sea, that never change!

" The guided orb is mounting slow;
The duteous wave is ebbing fast;
And now, as from the niche I go,
A shadow joins the shadowy past.

" Farewell! dim ruins; tower and life;
Sadly enrich the distant view!
And welcome, scenes of toil and strife;
To-morrow's sun arises new."

Mr. Allingham, like most modern poets, has tried his hand on the sonnet. They are, to our thinking, not perfect specimens of a species of writing which is very exacting in its requirements both of metre, rhyme, and polish. Nevertheless they are as good as a thousand sonnets that are daily given to the public. Here is one that possesses poetic merit:—

ON THE SUNNY SHORE.

" Chequer'd with woven shadows as I lay
Among the grass, blinking the watery gleam;
I saw an Echo-Spirit in his bay,
Most idly floating in the noontide beam.
Slow heaved his filmy skiff, and fell, with away
Of ocean's giant pulsing, and the Dream,
Buoy'd like the young moon on a level stream
Of greenish vapour on decline of day,
Swam airily,—watching the distant flocks
Of sea-gulls, whilst a foot in careless sweep
Touch'd the clear-trembling cool with tiny shocks,
Faint-circling; till at last he dropt asleep,
Lull'd by the hush-song of the glittering deep
Lap-lapping drowsily the heated rocks."

If Mr. Allingham cannot lay claim to much originality or great vigour, he has certainly considerable sweetness of versification, and a true appreciation of natural beauties. These, with a cultivated taste, and a sufficient share of judgment, are likely to ensure the production of what will be pleasing. To fulfil that end is the mission of the many who write; to attain to the higher walks of poetry is granted but to the few. The critic who would proscribe the former class would do no good service to literature or to the public. We can well afford to linger over verses such as those before us, and feel not the less relish for loftier themes or higher thoughts, when we have the good fortune to meet with them.

We have a great dislike to what are called "fugitive pieces." We suppose they are compositions of so flighty

a character, that one is never able to fix them — that they are gone as soon as come, leaving no trace behind. From our own experience of such things, we have no great desire to stay them on their course, whether it be upwards on boys' kites, or downwards to the pastry-cook's kitchen — nay, we should be rather better pleased to find that they were gone even before they were come. Mr. Henry Leatham* has given us some of this sort of literature, which he calls his "Lesser Poems" (using a word that Dr. Johnson justly calls a barbarous corruption). Whatever fame his greater poems have acquired for him, we do not apprehend it will be largely augmented by the *lesser* ones. They make no pretension, he tells, to be works of labour or of art. So much the worse for writer and for reader. We know little of any value, either in poetry or in any thing else,

* "A Selection from the Lesser Poems of Wm. Henry Leatham." London: Longman and Co. 1855.

that can be produced without the one and the other. We do not mean to assume that Mr. Leatham is insensible to the importance of such handmaidens to genius, but he should be slow to offer any thing to the public with such an implied claim to its favour, or such an apology. In truth, we always look upon this announcement as a piece of vanity of the utterer, as who should say, "If I can throw off such things without trouble, what could I not do were I to use the aids of labour and art?" We have a very grave suspicion, now that we have read over these poems, that they are little else than the residuary scrapings of the portfolio of a man who has done and can do a great deal better things—the *caput mortuum* that remained in the crucible after all the ore had been taken away. There is nothing to censure, there is nothing to praise; a good deal of common-place thought in common-place language. We have gone from cover to cover without finding a new sentiment or feeling a fresh sensation. Let us give one of these poems, perhaps the best in its way:—

"Child of many prayers and tears,
Joys and sorrows, hopes and fears!
Child of scarcely three full years,
In death asleep!

"Infant tenderly beloved,
Early thus from sin removed,
Ere its venom thou hadst proved—
Say, shall we weep?

"Can a mother's love unbind
Those sealed eyes? or can it find
Charms to burst the chains that wind
Round thy cold brow?

"But the Archangels' stirring blast
Can those limbs, in marble cast,
Raise far lovelier at the last,
Than erst—or now.

"Yes! thy soul is now on high,
Face to face with God, and nigh
Jesus and his company
Of saints above!

"Glory far beyond what we
Could desire or grant to thee!
Let us set our cherub free
From selfish love!"

Now, that is all very well to put in an album; nor should we censure the kindness that would offer such a conso-

lation to the sorrow of the bereaved parent; but one scarce expects the public to be much in love with those platitudes who can read their Bibles in the hour of such trials, and learn how David found consolation when his child was taken away from him; and the sublimer comfort which Job took to his soul, while his body was racked with pain, in the contemplation of the resurrection. Mr. Leatham gives us some pieces which he classifies as "humorous." At this side of the Channel we flatter ourselves we have no small relish for, and appreciation of, humour; indeed, our good friends on the eastern side are in the habit of telling us that our taste in that way is somewhat more than is good for us—that if we laughed less we would fare all the better. We venture to say, however, that very few of his Irish readers will discover much humour in this volume; and were he to read his *jeu d'esprit* of "Railways and Royalty" in College-green to a convention of carmen (the best critics, by the way, of such matters extant), he would scarce extort a smile from the most mercurial of his auditors, even when he read about Lancaster finding his head between his knees. We have been the less lenient in our observations on Mr. Leatham's mediocrity, because he relies on his previous positions as an author. Had he been a young author, making his first appeal, we should temper our admonition with encouragement, advise him to have constant recourse to "labour and art," to elevate, if possible, his soul above platitudes, and his style above common-places; but we will not take these *lesser* things from Mr. Leatham, as beggars are doled out the remains of a banquet, after the dainties have been all consumed by worthier guests.

Whatever have been our short-comings at home in the way of warlike preparation, one class has, at all events, furnished its quota. We mean the poets; they have been very busy and very valiant withal. They have shed ink with a desperate and most gallant recklessness of that precious fluid. We have had more songs than we can well number, during the last year and a-half; and if the sound of harps could batter down the walls of Sebastopol, as that of horns did those of Jericho, we should have been masters of those obstinate strongholds long since. Have they not been battering the place with *their*

shells? Have they not beleagured the very walls with the *testudo*?

The latest ordnance in the way of war-songs that has issued from our poetical arsenal has been furnished by Mr. Bennet.* They are as good as any that we have seen heretofore — a remark which we do not intend to convey any extravagant commendation; for we confess we have not yet seen any of those lyrics which are likely to claim a lasting place in the country's literature, to be treasured by our children's children, like "Hohenlinden," and "The Battle of the Baltic," and those fine old sea-songs that have been long, as they still are, the delight and pride of British mariners. Some of these songs, however, which Mr. Bennett has published have this great merit, that they are written in strong, vigorous, manly English, such as a British soldier can understand and a British peasant can sympathise in, and are by no means deficient in spirit, with here and there a dash of pathos, just so much as a soldier can afford to indulge in upon the day of battle, that will elevate his heart without depressing his courage. "The Inkermann" contains some good verses of this description, that may possibly render it a popular favourite. We will quote a portion of it:—

"When we went up the hills of the Alma,
Through their hell-fire of shell and
of shot,
We did a good day's work that morning,
And, boys, a good drubbing they got;
But though they'll remember September,
They'll think of it, boys, but as play
To the work of this fifth of November,
And the drubbing they got, boys, to-
day.
Then a sigh for all those who are gone,
boys!
But fill up, all you who remain!
We'll drink, 'May they come soon
again, boys,
That, boys, we may drub them again!'

"Below they had mustered their thousands;
The night and the fog hid them well;
Before we could see, they were on us,
With shot, and with thrust, and with
yell;
They swept back our pickets, and yelling,
Right up, boys, upon us they come;

Fifty thousand they came to our seven,
Mad-drunk with religion and rum.

"We were but a handful to them, boys,
But not a heart 'mongst us all sank,
As we dashed at their grey-coated columns
That swept round us front, lads, and flank;
If they could not well see us, I swear, men,
Our ranks they could hear well and feel,
As we swept them down volley by volley,
And gave them their fill of the steel.

"'Twas a sight to shake stout hearts, I tell
you,
Their rush on our unarmed redoubt;
Six times there they fought their way in,
boys;
Six times, boys, we tumbled them out;
But what could we do 'gainst their num-
bers!
Surrounded and falling, how fast!
Overpowered, worn out, but still fighting,
Forced back, boys, we gave ground at
last.

"Back, foot by foot, fighting, they bore us,
And half all was over we feared,
When the cry rose, 'The French — the
French come, boys,
The Red-caps' — then, God! how we
cheered!
And on at a run came their Zouaves;
A shout, and on with them we go;
The Russians are flung from the hill-top;
The day is our own, boys, we know.

"But that day was a day to remember;
And all who came safe through that
strife,
Well that night might thank Heaven that
watched o'er them,
And brought them safe through it with
life;
Yes—we well might thank Heaven that
night, boys,
As on that red hill-top we stood,
That, safe there, the day was our own,
boys,
Though bought, lads, with England's
best blood!
Give a sigh to all those who are gone,
boys,
But fill up, all you who remain,
We'll drink, 'May they come soon again,
boys,
That, boys, we may drub them again!'

There is somewhat too much of a spirit of boastfulness in this lyric, which, alas! the issue of events by no means justifies. We, too, have had our re-

verses, short-lived we hope they may prove; and we have learned to recognise no despicable foe in those who inflicted upon us a bloody repulse on the memorable 18th of June, causing the British soldier for once to sigh as he recalls that day in the history of his life, and marking it with a black stone in the *fasti* of British annals. And here we are still, after many months have passed over—winter, and spring, and summer—beleaguering that fortress which we arrogantly thought would have fallen into our hands within one week after the battle of Alma, while all the time its fortifications seem to rise up under our cannonading, as its soldier hordes grow beneath our slaughter. Well, we have learned wisdom, and gained our learning at a very dear school. Still, let us keep up our spirits, and try to keep up the hearts of those who do battle for us in the Crimea; and so Mr. Bennett gives his aid in his chant “To the Besiegers of Sebastopol,” of which we quote the opening and concluding verses:—

“Foot by foot, and hour by hour,
Onward, brave hearts!—forward go!
Well we know the end is sure,
Though its coming must be slow!
Never fear we murmur here!
What you are right well we know;
Foot by foot, and hour by hour,
Onward, brave hearts!—forward go!

“Onward! what shall keep you back?
For the end who weakly fears?
On! the living have our prayers;
On! the fallen have our tears;
Oh, what welcome waits you here,
Victors, when your wounds you show!
Foot by foot, and hour by hour,
Onward, brave hearts!—forward go!”

After having perused the volume now before us, we are not quite sure that we understand why the author has so named it,* or the particular moral lesson he would wish to inculcate. This much, indeed, is plainly enough deducible, that in all earthly trials a reliance on God is the surest support; but beyond that we do not clearly see our way as to the author's object. We collect, from some introductory lines,

that it was written at a period of sickness, which may, perhaps, account for a want of method and completeness about it. Nevertheless, whatever be its drawbacks, it is a composition full of thoughtfulness, and abounds with passages of great beauty. A certain Italian Count Lamballa, despairing of winning the affections of the lady he loves, flies to a convent, and, in the austerities of religion, seeks a close communion with God; but amongst the superstitions and formularies of the brotherhood he cannot find what he wants. Then the desire to go again into the world comes back upon him, and the memory of his love will not be repressed. And so, with the aid of a friendly monk, he escapes from the convent, and secretly regains his own castle.

In the meantime his mistress is not without a suitor. We have the somewhat hackneyed device of a rich nobleman becoming the sole creditor of an impoverished father, who flies, leaving his daughter exposed to the plots of her admirer. Julian, of course, intervenes just at the right moment to rescue Lilia from Nembroni, who is prevented running away with her in a chaise-and-pair by the very effective process of a dagger-stroke in the heart, and the lady is conveyed senseless to Julian's castle. Julian discovers that Lilia loves him, and we have some very well written dialogue between the lovers. The failing in the lady's character is evidently a want of strength and reliance on her companion. She shrinks from the stains of blood, though the act had purchased her own freedom. She dreads to fly with the monk and marry him, and yet she yields eventually, and they escape just as he is about to be seized and taken back to his convent.

Five years pass away, and Julian is in a meanly-furnished house, at night, bending over the crib of a sleeping child. He is still the same earnest seeker after God, craving hungrily to be filled with spiritual knowledge. A strange misunderstanding arises between him and his wife, each believing that the love of the other is constrained. The scenes between the father and his little child are full of tenderness. The me-

* “Within or Without:” a Dramatic Poem. By Geo. MacDonald. London: Longman and Co. 1855.

ditations of the wife disclose the sorrow that is wearing her away:—

"He is too good for me, I weak for him.
Yet if he put his arms round me once,
And held me fast as then, and kissed me so,
My soul, I think, would come again to me,
And go from me in trembling love to him.
But now I am repelled. He loves me true,
Because I am his wife: he ought to love me;
I am the hook to hang his duty on.
Sometimes he waits upon me like a maid,
Silent with watchful eyes."

Lilia, in a moment of weakness, is about to yield to the love of Lord Seaford; but she resists, and flies from London. The character of Julian comes out finely under the trial of his wife's desertion and supposed infidelity—indignation, sorrow, humble resignation, and love still enduring through all. The father wanders incessantly about with his little child in his arms, seeking his wife. The child dies, and the father buries her in a country churchyard, and again seeks his wife, and wanders back to his own poor apartment. He lies down on the floor, and is found by the repentant Lord Seaford, who tends him gently. A letter is brought as the Count is dying:—

"Lord S. It is a letter from the Countess.

Julian. (*Feebly.*) What!

A letter from my Lilla! Bury it with me—
I'll read it in my chamber, by-and-bye;
Dear words should not be read with others
near.

Lilia, my wife! I have gone home to God.

Lord S. (*Bending over him.*) Your wife is
innocent."

The last part of the drama deals with the preternatural. The wife is on her knees before a crucifix, the husband, with the child in his arms, are spiritually present. The remorseful prayers of the woman are heard by them, and they suggest consolatory thoughts to her. The child whispers to her —

"Lily. O mother, there are blue skies here,
and flowers,
And blowing winds, and kisses, mother dear;
And every time my father kisses me,
It is not father only, but another.
Make haste and come — your head will not
ache here."

Then comes the last scene. Julian stands on the summit of a mountain in the light of the stars. The earth

beneath is involved in vapour. Lily is looking over a ledge of cloud upon the sea-fog below, from which rises the form of the wife floating towards Julian. We will give the rest in the author's words:—

"Lily. O mother, I could go much faster.

Lilia. Wait,

Wait, darling, for a little. By-and-bye
I shall be able too. O God, my Julian!

Julian. I may not help her. She must
climb and come.

"Up and up the rock they climb, the mother
and the child. At last Julian reaches his
hand. They stand beside him, and the three
are clasped in one infinite embrace.

"Julian. O God, thy thoughts, thy ways,
are not as ours;
Yet fill our longing hearts up to the brim."

There is something too fantastic about the latter part of this drama, and the real mingles with the supernatural somewhat incongruously, as the distempered dreams of a sick man. Still, however faulty as an entire composition, this volume contains a great many beauties, and a great deal that is vigorous as well as pathetic. There are some half-dozen songs here and there thrown in, many of which are very charming; while the tone of religious feeling pervading the whole is lofty and impressive. We hope when next Mr. MacDonald writes, his physical state will be stronger; and we doubt not his genius will exhibit itself more healthily.

We close the volume, and rise from our couch. Let us draw back the sunblinds and take a look into the metropolitan world outside us. Our window, which is at the rear, looks out due east, across intervening gardens, to the rear of the next street. Already we are projecting a long, deep shadow over the brown burnt-up grass of our own civic appurtenances, wherein we practise horticulture upon a very modest and limited scale, experimenting upon certain asthmatic shrubs and evergreens in a state of asphyxia, with one or two creeping plants that have been pinioned to the walls heaven knows how many years ago, and seem ever since to be in a mesmeric trance, without the power of either living or dying. We trace upon the adust *greensward* the picturesque outline of our roof, in strong shade, in which we

recognise the chimney-crock of the kitchen flue all awry, and a pole thrust out of the back attic window, bearing a fantastic resemblance to the spout of a mighty teapot. We raise our eyes upward, and lo! *there* is a glorious illumination! The sun has gone half down the heavens on his westward course, and has just attained the proper elevation to pour a whole broadside of solar glory upon the windows of the opposing houses. Every pane is lit up with a crimson flush, that is glinted from it in a thousand splinters of diverging brightness, as one sees the light flash-

ing off bayonets and breastplates at a military review; or from the dripping oar-blades when raised into the sunshine, or from the gilded crosses above church domes; or from anything else that will flash back the light of heaven as lustroously as it receives it. Come now, we have got something in the city, after all. Show us such a sunset in the country. You may boast your green fields and gleaming rivers, but have you got such gay red-brick mountains stuck over with blazing reflectors? We fancy not.

FOREST TREES.

A SUMMER hour of leisure, a bright warm hour; no clouds in the sky or on the mind—just such an hour as we can enjoy with a congenial friend, to whom we can pour out our thoughts in full tide, or drop them in desultory words, or with whom we can muse in that silence which is still companionship between minds that sympathise with each other. And where shall we spend this hour? It is too hot for the sunny garden, or the open plain, or the toilsome hill, or even for the yellow sea-beach. Let us to the forest—the green, cool, shady forest, that offers the most charming retreat to those who love (as who does not?) the “*delicious do-nothing*” * of the Italians. Here, while the sun warms the air around us, we can rest secure from his full power, but rejoicing in his benign influence, under a wide-spread canopy of boughs. We can sit against the trunk of some noble old tree, or recline upon its upheaved roots, lie prone upon the soft moss at its foot, and search into the stores of fancy and memory in a mood of placid dreaminess.

Let us choose our lair beneath these venerable oaks, where we have shade enough above and around us, but where the broad and pleasant opening before us gives a far extended view of the landscape, with its fields, and groves, and streams, and cots, and distant hills, basking in the noontide re-

fulgence. How beautiful by day is the “merry green wood”! merry with the small birds singing, and the wild pigeons cooing, and the insects humming, and the squirrels gambolling among the branches, and the leaves gently rustling in a low-toned chorus! How beautiful is the thick, deep velvet grass, enamelled with starry flowers; and the masses of shadow, and freaks of playful light; and here and there long sunny avenues leading to some enchanting vista! And there is so much variety among the trees: their trunks, some gnarled and brown, some smooth and silvery; the stiff and sturdy boughs, the graceful, flexible branches, and the foliage of all tints of verdure, from the blue and the yellow green to the emerald, and of all styles—the heavy, the feathery, the arrowy. Let us gather a few leaves from each different species of tree, and bring them to our seat, and lay them down beside us; not one of them but has some old association connected with history or poetic fable.

The OAK (*quercus robur*), magnificent, strong, and long-lived, is confessedly the monarch of the forest. The ancients believed that it was the first created of trees, and dedicated it to Jupiter, whose most celebrated oracle—that of Dodona—was among a group of venerable oaks, said to be endowed with the faculty of speech

* “*Il diletizioso far niente.*”

(doubtless the oracles were uttered by a human speaker concealed in the hollow of the trunk). The mast of the ship Argo was made of one of these vocal oaks, and was fabled to have pronounced oracles to the Argonauts.

The oak wreathed the brows of the Flamininæ, or wives of the priests of Jupiter (as it crowned the druidesses), of the Fates and Hecate (as emblem of strength), and of the venerable Goddess Rhea, in memory of acorns having been the first food of man; not our harsh, common acorns, but those of the oak, called *æsculus* by Virgil, who names it with the chestnut, and with the tree of the Greek oracle—

“ Ut altæ
Castaneæ, nemorumque Jovi quæ maxima frondet
Æsculus, atque habitæ Grails oracula quercus.”
Georgica ii.

The acorns of the *æsculus* were sweet, like the large Spanish kind called *bellotas*, which, however, require to be kept a few days before eating.

Near Priene, a city of Ionia, was a large oak, which marked the scene of a sanguinary battle between the Prienians and the Sanians. It became customary with the women of Priene, on solemn occasions, to swear “*by the darkness of the oak*,” within whose shadow their fathers, brothers, husbands, and sons had fallen—an expressive and pathetic adjuration.

Jupiter and Mercury, travelling in disguise through Phrygia, and being refused shelter by all, save Philemon and Baucis, an aged and poor couple, on discovering themselves to their hosts, promised to grant them whatever favour they desired. The wish expressed by the loving couple was, that neither might have the pain of surviving the other, but both die at the same moment. Jupiter, to reward their piety, changed their hut into a temple, Baucis into a lime-tree, and her husband Philemon into an oak, which thenceforward became the emblem of hospitality.

On the plain of Mamre stood a large oak, popularly called “*Abraham’s oak*,” and pointed out by tradition as the

tree under whose shade he was accustomed to sit. It was still extant in the time of Constantine the Great; and Christians, Jews, and Mahometans held an annual meeting under its boughs, and performed the rites of their respective religions in the open air, in peace, though not in union. But the Emperor, offended at a toleration which he considered unedifying, cut down the tree, built a church on the site, destroyed the antiquities of the place, and put an end to the yearly assembly.

The oak was worshipped by the ancient Germans as their god, under the name of Teut. The pagan Prussians maintained a perpetual fire (like that of the Vestals) of oak-wood, in honour of their divinity, Percunus. The Hessians dedicated the oak to Thor. There was a very large one at Guismar, venerated as Thor’s image. St. Boniface,* who, in the eighth century, went to convert the Hessians, determined on felling their idol. They made no resistance, firmly believing that the sacred tree would defy the axe; but when they saw “*Thor’s image*” prostrate before the missionary, they were convinced of their errors, and embraced Christianity.

It were trite to speak of the connexion of the oak with Druids. Long after the extinction of the latter, a traditional veneration for the mistletoe, as the offspring of the oak, was continued. In England, boys, on New Year’s morning, ran through the streets, striking the doors and windows with mistletoe boughs, and crying “*Yule, waes-hail*,” like the Danes of old. Even to this day the Christmas bush is reckoned incomplete in England without the white-berried mistletoe. In the French provinces of Picardy and Burgundy, as late as the middle of the eighteenth century, the children in towns were accustomed to run about the streets with mistletoe boughs, crying “*Aquila-neuf*” (a corruption of *la gui de l’an neuf*—i.e., the mistletoe of the new year), as a wood productive of good fortune.† The name of *Aquilaneuf* was

* He was an Englishman, originally named Wilfred. After his successful mission to the Hessians, he was made Archbishop of Mentz, which See he resigned, after sixteen years, to become Bishop of Utrecht. He went to preach to the heathen Frisons, by whom he was put to death, A.D. 754.

† Ovid recommends the speaking of auspicious words at the new year:—

“ *Prospera lux oritur: linguisque, animisque favete:
Nunc dicenda bono sunt bona verba die.*”—*FASTI*, I.

given to a kind of festal quest made by young people of both sexes on New Year's Day, to buy wax candles for the churches. But the festival degenerated into riot and licentiousness, and at the end of the sixteenth century it was abolished by an ordinance of a synod.

The mistletoe was deemed by the Celts to be an antidote for poison, and also a plant of good omen; but it was the reverse in the Scandinavian mythology, having caused great grief to the gods of the northern creed. Balder, a beautiful and amiable youth (answering to the classic Apollo), the second son of Odin, or Woden, and Frigga (answering to Venus), had a presentiment of approaching death. His parents, full of anxiety for him, went through all the realms of nature, exacting an oath from every created thing, of every description, never to injure Balder. Lok, the evil genius, however, disguising himself as an old woman, learned from Frigga that no oath had been exacted from the mistletoe, because it seemed so weak and helpless. At a feast of the gods, Balder good-humouredly stood as a mark for them to throw darts and quoits at, persuaded that nothing could harm him on account of the universal oath. Lok prepared a strong branch of mistletoe, which he sharpened into a keen dart, and gave it to a brother of Balder, named Hoder, who was blind. Hoder threw his missile, and it transfixed and slew Balder, to the great grief of his parents, and all their fellow-deities. Frigga hastened to the lower sphere, to represent to Hela,* goddess of death, how universally beloved and mourned was Balder, and to implore his restoration. Hela consented to give him back, if all creation, animate and inanimate, would weep for him. The afflicted parents went throughout all the world as before, conjuring all things to weep for their beloved Balder, that the tears of the world might ransom him. Their moving supplications were everywhere successful, till they came to a cave, wherein they found a wrinkled hag, who inflexibly refused to shed one tear of pity. It was Lok, in that form, who thus prevented the restoration of Bal-

der, as maliciously as he had caused his death. This story, which critics consider more pathetic than any in the classic mythology, is thought to be allegorical, typifying the successful opposition of the Druids to the religion of Odin.

It is singular that the mistletoe has now deserted the oak; it is found on the apple, the hawthorn, and some other trees; but so rarely on the oak, that an instance, when discovered, is considered as a very curious circumstance.

When William Rufus was building Westminster Hall, he was permitted by the then King of Munster, grandson of Brien Boru, to cut timber for the work in Ireland; and the once famous forest oak of Shillelagh, in the county Wexford, furnished the wood for the roofing.†

The oak, with its living canopy of leafy boughs, has served in olden times as a temple, a place of convocation, and a hall of justice. St. Louis (Louis IX. of France) was accustomed, after hearing mass, in the summer to lie down on the grass under a large oak in the forest of Vincennes, and to give permission for all persons who had business to come and speak to him, and he heard and judged their causes on the spot.

The oldest oak in England is (we hope it still is) in Clipstone Park (Duke of Portland's), which is the oldest park in England, having been a park before the Conquest. This tree is called the "Parliament Oak." Tradition says that Edward I. once assembled a Parliament beneath its branches.

Augustine, the Missionary of England, held a conference under an oak in Worcestershire, with the Welsh Bishops, vainly endeavouring to effect a conformity of rites and discipline.

There are many historical oaks still standing in England; but many, very many, have of late years ceased to exist. Amongst these is the tree called St. Edmund's Oak, in Hoxne Wood, near Bury St. Edmunds, which fell in 1848. Edmund, King of East Anglia (afterwards canonised as a martyr), being defeated in battle, and taken

* Hela is poetically characterised by the Northern Scalds: her place is *Anguish*; her table, *Famine*; her bed, *Leanness*; her threshold, *Precipice*; her waiters, *Expectation* and *Deliry*.

† The timber in the roof has been supposed to be chestnut, but on closer inspection it has been found to be oak.

prisoner by the pagan Danes, they determined to slay him on his refusing to renounce Christianity; and binding him to an oak in Hoxne Wood, they shot him to death with their arrows. His remains were interred at Bury St. Edmunds. When the oak pointed out by unvarying tradition as St. Edmund's fell, the trunk, up to its parting into branches, was twelve feet high, and five feet in diameter. When it was cut up, an iron arrow-head was found embedded in the wood, by Mr. Smithies, agent to Sir Edward Kerri-son, the proprietor. It was buried a foot deep in the bark, and about five feet up from the ground. There can be no doubt that it was the head of one of the arrows shot at the martyred king, which stuck in the tree, and was covered by the subsequent growth of the wood.

Ever since the British Druids venerated the oak in their primitive forests, it has been the national tree of England, whose soil it seems to love, for there it attains a greater degree of perfection than elsewhere. Its attributes of strength and endurance, its fitness for affording shelter and for defence, its many valuable qualities, its heart-soundness, combined with its external roughness, are characteristic of the people among whom it delights to flourish. In English history, the Royal Oak (which hid Charles II. from his pursuers), commemorated on the 29th of May, is associated with the restoration of the monarchy after the frenzy of Republicanism had subsided. But it is pre-eminently the tutelary tree in supplying those "wooden walls" which have so long kept the foot of the invader from its native shores—

"Hearts of oak are our ships,
Hearts of oak are our men."

To the English classicist the oak is the tree (not of Jupiter, but) of Neptune. Noble, valuable, and admired as it is on land, its peculiar scene of triumph and glory is on the waves. Let us hang, then, upon its branches, as an offering *ex voto*, a lay of the sea:—

GOING OUT OF PORT.

M. E. M.

The vessel moves along the tide,
Aloft her pennant streaming;
And all her canvas floating wide,
White in the sun-ray gleaming.

From bow to stern the busy crew
In various toils are vying;
To well-known sign, or loud halloo,
Obedient prompt replying.

Now seems the harbour to retire
(The ship to sea advancing),
At distance seen tower, dome, and spire
Still faint and fainter glancing.

And now recede the rural bands,
With hill, and wood, and dingle;
And wider still the sea expands,
And bursting billows mingle.

Now wider spread the sails to waft
Us from the port we're leaving;
And now the ship's boat, following aft,
Stout hands aboard are heaving.

He leaves the helm, the pilot bluff,
No more his needful station;
And speaks in sailor accents rough
His parting salutation.

And those who from the shore had come
Thus far for last leave-taking,
Now quit their lov'd ones—there are some
'Mong those with hearts half breaking.

And in the pilot's skiff below
(O'er the ship's side descending)
They take their place, for they must go
Back to the harbour wending.

That dark-eyed stripling, who is he,
From two lone females parting?—
He goes, and dares not turn to see
Their tears so vainly starting.

He's gone—but leaning o'er the stern
That lonely pair are straining
Their eyes the small boat to discern
That fast from sight is waning.

And who are they the boat that watch?—
A sister and a mother;
And he whose last glimpse thus they catch?
Sole son, and only brother.

His fate with theirs until this day
Had been united ever;
Now first he wends a different way,
Now first their fortunes sever.

Then fare thee well, thou Soldier's Son!
The eye of Heaven be o'er thee;
That noble path thou'rt entering on
Thy father trod before thee.

Young Soldier! take our heart's fond sighs;
Though Fate of home bereft thee,
Forget not us, the only ties
Thy sire in dying left thee!

Let us contrast with the broad, bluff
leaves of the oak the light and arrowy

foliage of the Ash (*fraxinus excelsior*), images of manly strength and female gracefulness. This tree holds a prominent place in the Scandinavian mythology, as an allegorical representation of the universe.

The northern Scalds feigned that there was a mystic ash called Ygdrassil, whose branches spread over all the earth. Its leaves were the clouds; the branches, the atmosphere; the ash-keys or seeds, the constellations. It had three vast roots, one reaching to heaven, one to the abode of the giants, and one to hell, or Nilgheim. And beside the latter root was Hvergelmer, or the abyss, wherein were Nidhogger, the snake-king, and numberless serpents that gnawed continually at the roots of the ash; these typify the evil principle, and the corruptions and vices that injure the world. By the side of the root that reached to the abode of the frost giants was the well of Mimer (*i. e.*, wisdom), in which knowledge and understanding lay hid; and Mimer drank every morning of the dew which fell from the leaves of Ygdrassil, *i. e.*, the dew that flows over the sky before the sun rises. Whenever the All-Father, Odin, came to that well he was not permitted to drink till he gave his eye in pledge (typifying the descent of the sun, Odin's eye, into the sea). By the side of the root, which reached to heaven, was the Urdar Fount (the fountain of the Past), where stood three virgins, named *Urd*, the Past; *Verandi*, the Present; and *Skulde*, the Future, who were perpetually drawing the water of life to refresh the mystic ash, and to keep it in eternal verdure. Two swans (the sun and the moon) were fed on the Urdar Fount. In the branches of the Ygdrassil dwelt an eagle (the air) that knew many things; and between his eyes sat a sparrow-hawk (pure ether) called *Veder lofner* (storm damper). A squirrel (hail, rain, and snow) ran up and down the tree to bring intelligence between the eagle and the snake-king, Nidhogger (expressing the power of the evil one in the air, to raise storms, &c.), and four stags (the four winds) careered among the branches. It must be confessed that there is much of poetic imagination in this Scandinavian allegory.

The heathen Saxons believed that the human race sprang from a log of ash, which the gods endowed with vitality. Similar was the idea of the Greek Hesiod, the poet of a people so unlike the old Saxons; he sang that in the Brazen age men were made from the ash (a wood well adapted for weapons of war).*

A relic of the ancient veneration for the ash still exists in some parts of Scotland and the north of England; the peasants, when their children are sickly, split young ash trees, and pass the patients through the clefts to ensure convalescence, as though they believed the ash to be endued with a vital principle.

The House of Anhalt, whose principality lies in Upper Saxony, has been productive of great men — warriors, statesmen, *literati*, &c. George, Prince of Anhalt, in the sixteenth century, thought it not derogatory to his rank to become a Protestant minister, in order to preach the doctrines of Luther. Wolfgang of Anhalt was expelled from his territories for his zeal in the cause of the Reformation. Another prince of this House founded an academy of *belles-lettres*. Leopold of Anhalt, in the eighteenth century, distinguished himself in the field of battle in Italy and in the Netherlands, and had the merit of creating the Prussian infantry. It were long to enumerate the glories of the House of Anhalt, which deduces its origin from Gomer, son of Japhet, whose descendants, migrating from Ascania in Bythinia, settled in Germany; hence the princes style themselves also Counts of Ascania. Their principal stronghold, the Castle of Anhalt in the Hartz, was built in the tenth century. All that now remains of it is some of the vaults. In the midst of these relics of Time rises a magnificent ash-tree, from whose top streams a white-and-red banner; and against the trunk of the tree is affixed a tablet, with the following fine inscription: — “Amid ruins and shady foliage, in memory of a noble ancestry and their achievements, prowess, and piety, with mourning at the evanescence of all earthly things, and with joyfulness at the imperishable existence of Justice, Virtue, Faith, Hope, and Love, posterity lifts up its eyes to a higher sphere.”

* “Works and Days,” line 144.

The poets fabled that Cupid at first made his arrows of the ash, but afterwards chose the funereal cypress. The wood of the ash, combining lightness with strength, has always been highly esteemed for making war-like weapons, such as the spear, the lance, and the bow. The spear with which Chiron armed his pupil, Achilles, was of ash. In its character of a martial tree we will accompany it with a real soldier-song, sung by German troops in the former wars, commemorating the military renown of Strasburg. But in translating from the original we have thought that by the alteration of the name of Strasburg the ballad became peculiarly applicable to the all-engrossing siege of the present day.

SEBASTOPOL.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN.

(" O Strasburg! au Strasburg!
Du wunderschöne stadt. u.s.w.")

Sebastopol! Sebastopol!

City of wondrous pride!

Before thy walls, thou scene of dole,
Hath many a soldier died.

The noblest Britain e'er hath sent
Across the ocean-foam—

Ah me! what young and loved ones went
Forth from their father's home.

They're gone—for so 'twas need—"yet more!
More for Sebastopol!"

That cry sounds through the cannon's roar,
The drums' incessant roll.

The mother pleads and weeps full sore,
Pleads for her stripling son:

"Kind Captain! for Heaven's love, restore
My boy, my only one."

"Alas! nor gold nor gems could buy
Thy son from out our band;
For he must march and, haply, die
In far Crimean land.

"Thy prayers avail not, nor the woe
That fills his true love's soul;
For he must go to face the foe
Before Sebastopol."

She weeps, she cries, "My child farewell!
A long farewell to thee:
From that dread scene, where thousands fell,
Thou'lt ne'er return to me."

As the oak has been termed the Forest-Jupiter, so has the MOUNTAIN ASH (*sorbus aucuparia*) been styled the Venus of the Woods. With its

graceful stem, flexile branches, light foliage, and bright red berries, it looks like some foreign beauty in an assembly of our native sylvans. From its preference of elevated sites, and from the resemblance its leaves bear to those of the ash, it has been erroneously called "mountain ash," having no affinity with the genus *fraxinus*.

The mountain ash was revered by the Druids, and was held by Celtic races as powerful against malevolent spells of sorcery. In some places it is called *quicken* (a corruption of *witchen* tree), and in Scotland, *rowan*, which is said to be derived from *rune*, the alphabet of the Scandinavians applied by their priests, with some modifications, to magical purposes. The peasantry in Scotland, the north of England, and parts of Wales, used (and, perhaps, in remote parts still do) to carry a bit of this tree sewed up in their clothes to avert baneful spells; and to hang a branch in the dairy to foil the *butter witch*. A bough of mountain ash that had been carried round the Beltane fire was fixed over houses, and left until the following summer, to neutralise the effects of "the evil eye."

A curious story of the anti-necromantic qualities of this tree was related by old Irish Shannachies, and recorded in Keating's "Ireland." The Tuatha de Dannans, having emigrated from Ireland, dwelt in Attica, which was invaded by a fleet and army from Syria. The Tuatha de Dannans, who were always adepts in magic, gave a powerful aid to the Athenians, by causing demons to enter into the bodies of their soldiers slain in battle, and bringing the re-animated dead into the field again next day. The Syrians, greatly perplexed at finding themselves repeatedly opposed by their slain antagonists, consulted one of their most learned priests, who recommended them to set a guard over the next battle-field, and to drive a stake of mountain ash through the body of each man they slew. They followed the advice, and each corpse, thus treated, at once decomposed and became incapable of resuscitation. The Syrians then gained the advantage; and the Tuatha de Dannans fled to Lochlin. This wild legend reminds us of the well-known story of the Hungarian vampires, whose malpractices were checked by driving a stake through the corpses which, on being exhumed, had

betrayed tokens of vampirism. From superstitions such as these must have originated the barbarous, and now obsolete, custom of putting a stake through the corpse of a suicide, as one whom it might be feared would not rest within an unhallowed grave.

Here are the handsome leaves of that fine tree, the PLANE (*platanus Orientalis*). The true Oriental plane is, we believe, becoming scarce in Great Britain, being in great measure supplanted by the American plane.

The true plane grows to an enormous size in southern countries. Pliny mentions one, in Lycia, so large that the hollow in its trunk formed a kind of cave, eighty feet in circumference, in which Lucinius Mutianus, governor of the province, entertained eighteen guests, who sat commodiously on benches placed all round.

The same author says, that the plane was first brought over the Ionian Sea into the Island of Diomedé (now Pelagosta) as a monument of that hero; thence it passed into Sicily and Italy, where it was so much valued for the shade it afforded, that it was even irrigated with wine.

The Greeks planted it round the Portico at Athens, and consecrated it to Genius and intellectual pleasures. Theocritus, in his 2nd Idyl, celebrates it as the favourite tree of the beautiful Helen.

In Georgia and Persia the plane was held sacred, and votive offerings were hung upon it.

Elian relates, that Xerxes happened, when on a march, to meet with a magnificent plane. He looked upon it with admiring eyes, ordered his men to halt and pitch his tent beneath its shade, and passed whole days, and a great part of many nights, in gazing fondly upon it, and indulging in silent reveries. He even suspended costly ornaments, as gifts of love, upon its branches. It was with the greatest reluctance that he at length tore himself from the spot to proceed on his way, and even then he left behind him one of his attendants to watch over the beloved tree. This strongly marked affection could have been neither the admiration of a naturalist nor the superstition of an idolater, but a feeling more pathetic, which touched the heart of the proud Persian king. There was something in the appearance of that plane that revived

some tender remembrance of former days, some affecting incident of his youth. How profound it must have been, when the association could so forcibly agitate a despot so selfish and so ambitious as Xerxes!

As a tribute to those mighty but gentle genii, the powers of reminiscence, who seldom visit us without bringing some tearful regrets in their train, we will dedicate to the plane tree a strain of

RETROSPECT.

M. E. M.

Scenes were bright around me
In my summer's prime;
Hope's glad wreaths had crown'd me
In that sunny time.
Skies were blue above me,
Earth with flowers was gay;
There were hearts to love me,
Lips kind words to say.

Oh! my happy leisure,
In those days of old,
When Time's glass could measure
Hours with sands of gold.
Hours—I spent them straying
E'en as zephyrs free,
With the cowslips playing
On the verdant lea;

Loitering on the mountains,
Mid the purple heath;
Seeking hidden fountains
Mossy stones beneath;
Gazing on a ruin
Grand, though rent and gray,
Where wild flowers were strewing
Beauties o'er decay;

On a rough root seated
Deep in forest-nook,
Poring, fancy-cheated,
O'er a favourite brook.
List'ning to the whisper
Of the twilight sea,
When it breath'd, sweet Hesper!
Welcomings to thee.

But I priz'd not duly
All that then was mine:
Felt not warmly, truly,
Bliss as gift divine.
Then half pleased, half doubting,
Look'd I on my joys,
Like a child that's pouting
O'er his heap of toys.

While I own'd the splendour
I blam'd the heat of noon;
I thought too cold the tender
Light of crescent moon.

Flowers e'en while enchanting
With their tints mine eye,
Ah! I chid them, wanting
Roses' fragrancy.

Larks I watch'd upspringing
Past each fleecy cloud,
And confess'd their singing
"Sweet—but oft too loud."
Yea! how much of treasure
Froward heart makes void—
Yea! how much pure pleasure
Leaving un-enjoy'd.

Thou, my soul insensate!
Dost thou seek at last
Somewhat to compensate
For the wasted Past?
Give me back the dullest
Of sweet hours that *were*;
Now of joy the fullest
Freight 'twould seem to bear.

Give me from the frailest
Of youth's fading bowers
One—but one—the palest
Of those former flowers;
Grateful on my bosom
I the boon would lay;
Priz'd like richest blossom
Of the Rose's spray.

Echo! bring but near me
By-gone Music's strain;
Faintest note would cheer me,
Wafted here again.
Slightest word once spoken
By Love's gentle voice
Give, to bid this broken
Heart once more rejoice.

Had my wayward spirit
Known its former bliss,
'Twould not now inherit
Grief so deep as this—
Grief for hopes neglected,
Garlands flung to waste,
Proffer'd good rejected,
Fruits I scarce would taste.

Drooping flowers recover
In soft summer rain—
Winter's tears weep over
Perish'd bloom in vain.
Vainly comes Repentance,
When Time blots the date:
O the bitter sentence
In these words, "Too late!"

This fine tree, the CHESTNUT (*fagus castanea*), admirable for its beautiful form, and estimable for its esculent fruit, was brought by Tiberius Cæsar from Sardis, in Lybia, to Italy; thence it passed into France and England. Its appellation *castanea* is from Cas-

tanis, a city of Thessaly, round which it grew abundantly. The name is still preserved in various European languages—*castagno* in Italian, *châtaigne* in French, *castanienbaum* in German, &c.

Some of the largest trees in the world are of this species. There is one on Mount Etna whose circumference at the ground is eighteen feet; and within the hollow trunk is a hut for drying and storing the nuts. It is called *Il Castagno de cento Cavelli* (the chestnut of a hundred horse), on account of a tradition that a Queen of Spain, with a hundred mounted attendants, once found shelter beneath its branches from a storm.

Near the ruins of Bradgate Palace, once the residence of Lady Jane Grey's family, is a group of stately chestnuts, growing there since the time of Edward I. Their branches must have often given their shade to that lovely, wise, and pious young girl, the martyred Lady Jane.

Whenever we see at a little distance a large HORSE CHESTNUT (*æsculus hippo-castanea*) in full beauty, decked with its erect, stately, fair flower-spikes, it looks to us as though thickly studded with wax candles for some floral festival. This tree was not known in England till the seventeenth century. It is a native of the northern parts of Asia. The Turks grind its bitter nuts into powder to give to horses whose wind is injured. Hence the popular name.

Here is a branch of the dignified ELM (*ulmus campestris*), with its furrowed and pointed leaves. Its green flowers have a pleasant smell, like violets, in warm seasons.

According to the poets, when Orpheus, on losing his beloved Euridyce, sang her loss to the accompaniment of his lyre, a wood of elms, called into being by the sweet sounds, sprang up all round him.

It was a funereal tree among the ancients, who planted it round tombs. In France, too, it was a custom, derived from antiquity, to plant it in churchyards.

Most of the elms in St. James's Park, London, were planted by Charles II. But there is one elm near the entrance of the passage leading to Spring Gardens, which is of older date, having been planted by the Duke of Gloucester, brother of Charles I. When that

ill-fated monarch was proceeding to the scaffold, he recognised the tree, and pointed it out to Bishop Juxon. In that sad, nay, awful moment, what a remembrance of youth, happiness, and power, all humbled to the dust, must have flashed upon his mind; yet conquered by Christian resignation, for he spoke firmly and calmly of the familiar tree and its touching associations.

Near Gisors, in Normandy, was an old historic elm, which had been the scene of many royal conferences. Beneath its canopy Henry II. of England and Philip Augustus of France conferred together concerning the debated restoration of the dower of Margaret, sister of Philip, betrothed to Prince Henry of England, then lately deceased (1183). Again, in 1187, the two kings, who had been at variance, met beneath the old elm, and were reconciled. Afterwards they quarrelled again, touching the personal interests of the Count de Toulouse, a relative of Philip, though the two kings had joined the Crusades, and were pledged not to bear arms against each other. They met, however, once more (in September, 1188), beneath the celebrated elm, but no agreement was effected. Some insult was offered by the knights of Henry to those attendant on Philip; and the latter, in a rage, swore that the desecrated tree should never more witness the meeting of monarchs, and felled it to the ground.

In France, before the Revolution, the elm was an especial rural favourite. In every hamlet there was some old and beloved one, beneath whose shade the young danced and wooed, and the old conversed together; and on whose boughs were hung the votive tributes of the religious to the patron saint of the place. Gresset* has left some simple lines on the subject of such a time-honoured tree, which we essay to translate:—

THE VILLAGE ELM.

FROM THE FRENCH OF GRESSET.

("Feuillage antique et venerable,
Temple des bergers de ce lieu.")

Ancient and venerable tree!

Fane of the peaceful shepherds here,
Fair Elm, of virtuous poverty

The monument for many a year!

Upon thy bark the hamlet's race
Their grandsires' loves recorded trace.
O thou that through two centuries past
Didst o'er the swains thy shelter cast,
And still dost canopy to-day
Their lightsome dance, their featful play,
Tell, from thy tender youth till now,
In this thy green old age, hast thou
E'er seen their simple manners changed?
Seen their true soul's firm faith estrang'd?
No! Innocence with light divine,
And nature these pure hearts among
Unaltered still as brightly shine
As when thou wert a sapling young:
And to preserve the memory
Of those long dead who planted thee,
Thou bidst us in their children view
Their faithful type, their record true.

"Live, ancient tree, and flourish long;
Flourish o'er time and tempests strong:
Live while these scenes endure, till spring
Shall yield its last sweet blossoming.
To stately oak and cedar yield
Their claim rich palaces to build.
Beneath a gilded roof to dwell
Proud self-styled wisdom loveth well;
But thy kind boughs with shelter bless
Meek worth and modest happiness."

The bark of the **LIME TREE**, or **LINDEN** (*tilia Europea*), furnished the Romans with tablets to write on. This was the bark called *liber*, whence a book, in Latin, is called *liber*. Strips of this bark also bound the garlands of the ancients. It now furnishes our gardens with their bass† matting.

A tale of classic fabulists relates that Philyra, a nymph beloved by Saturn, became the mother of Chiron, the Centaur. Shocked at the unnatural appearance of her offspring, she implored the pity of the gods, and they changed her into a lime-tree. This tree was, among the ancients, an emblem of conjugal fidelity, because Baucis, the loving wife of Philemon, was changed into one by Jupiter and Mercury, as we have before observed.

A lime of extraordinary size, which grew near the house of the ancestors of Linnæus, gave the family name of Linné (in Swedish the linden, or lime), Latinised into Linnæus. In England this tree was formerly called the *line-tree*.

In the market-place of Freyburg, in Switzerland, stands a venerable lime, a memorial of the famous battle of

* Born at Amiens, 1709; became a member of the French Academy; died at his native place, 1777.

† Properly *bast*, from a Russian word; it is largely exported from Russia.

Morat (June, 1476), between the Swiss and the invading Burgundians and the haughty Duke Charles the Bold, in which the latter was most signally defeated. A young soldier of Freyburg was anxious to be the first to announce the triumph of the Swiss. He ran all the way (a distance of about ten miles) with such speed, that when he reached the market-place he was just able to exclaim — "Victory!" when he dropped, and expired of fatigue. A sprig of lime-tree, which he carried, was taken from his dead hand, and planted on the spot, where it still stands. The trunk is now twenty feet in diameter, the branches are thick and wide-spreading, but much decayed, though still bearing leaves. In order to preserve the tree as much as possible, the boughs are supported on stone pillars.

On the Mall at Utrecht are eight rows of limes, which were spared by the troops of Louis XIV., when they took that city, and destroyed everything else save those trees.

The lime was introduced into England in 1591, by Spellman, the paper-maker, at the first paper-mills, at Dartford, where his trees are (or at least were very recently, if not still) extant and flourishing.

The lime is a great favourite with us. Its stature is so stately that it rises like a pyramid of foliage; its green blossoms are so ornamental, and so much loved by the bees, and its springtide verdure is so bright, yet so tender, that it always looked to us like the true tint of Hope's waving robe. Let us, then, appropriate to it a hopeful strain:—

THE MIRROR OF HOPE.

M. E. M.

Amid the desert's rugged scene,
Delusive Hope! why dost thou stand,
Displaying thus with smiling mien
A mystic mirror in thine hand?
Alas! my sinking heart to mock
The gleaming crystal cheats mine eyes,
Casting on barren sand and rock
The light, the tints of paradise.

Reflected in the glass I see
Bare rocks with moss and flow'rets gay;
Young leaves bedeck the blighted tree,
And 'mid the sands a streamlet's play—
But false are flower, and stream, and leaf;
I look around—the vision's o'er—
Cease, cruel Hope! to sport with grief;
Thy magic shall deceive no more.

I snatch thy mirror—break it—strew
The scatter'd relics far and near—
But see! full many a vivid hue,
And gleam and ray are sparkling here.
O'er all the wilderness they beam,
The shiver'd crystal's atoms bright,
And make the illumin'd landscape seem
Refulgent with a wondrous light.

Like earth-born stars here glittering keen,
Like fragments of a rainbow there—
Like jewels dropt by elfin queen,
Like fountain's spray, like dew-drops fair,
The shattered mirror multiplies
Its vainly-broken fairy spell.
O Hope! in thee what magic lies!
Thy power is indestructible!

The tall straight *POPLAR* (*populus alba*), too formal where there are many together, gives, when judiciously introduced, as in the clump which we can see from this, a pleasing variety to a wood. Look at the leaves on this spray of poplar; they are of a full-coloured green above, and are nearly white beneath. The classic poets say that the leaves were originally of an uniform hue, but changed when Hercules went down to Tartarus to bring up Cerberus, at the desire of Eurysthenes. On his downward course he pulled branches of the poplar that grew by the river Acheron, and made a wreath to keep his head cool. The outside of the leaves were darkened by the smoke of Tartarus, and the inside bleached by the heat of the hero's temples. To him the poplar was dedicated, because having slain a robber who harboured in a cave on Mount Aventine, the victor crowned himself from the poplars which grew round the den; hence Virgil (*Georgica*, lib. ii.), speaking of the poplar, says—

"Herculeæ arbor umbrosa coronæ."

The poplar has been from early times esteemed the tree of the people, or pop(u)lar tree. So it was considered among the Romans, and was planted as the tree of liberty during the time of the Republic, as it was in France during the first Revolution, when it was set up in the streets, and crowned with the cap of liberty. The French name *peuplier* is cognate with *peuple*, the people; as in Latin *populus* is the people, and a poplar. Perhaps the origin of this appropriation might have been the dedication of the tree to Hercules, who was a great antagonist of tyrants, and a reformer of abuses; yet he was

himself, for a time, under the command of Eurysthenes, as great a despot, and as full of caprices as his majesty the people in his wildest and freest mood.

The ASPEN (*populus tremula*) is said by tradition to have furnished the wood for our Lord's cross; wherefore the leaves have never since been able to rest; but are always quivering and whispering, as though with grief and dismay.

It has been observed that Virgil showed his skill as a naturalist when he selected the BEECH (*fagus sylvatica*) to shelter his reclining swain;* for no tree forms a more complete roof of verdure. Its beauty and its shade have made it a poet's tree. Near Binfield, in the precincts of Windsor Forest, stands the now old and shattered beech at whose foot Pope loved to bask, and beneath which many of his early poems were written. Lady Gower caused the words, "*Here Pope sang,*" to be carved upon its trunk.

At Stoke Pogis is Gray's favourite beech, of which he says in one of his letters that he used "to squat at its foot, and grow to the trunk for a whole morning." He alludes to it in his "Elegy"—

"There at the foot of yonder nodding beech,
That wreathes its old fantastic roots so high,
His listless length at noontide would he stretch,
And pore upon the brook that bubbles by."

Waller's beech is still shown at Penshurst, where he sang of his fair but scornful Sacharissa.

On the borders of Lake Weter, in Sweden, stands a remarkable beech, called, "The Twelve Apostles," because it originally divided into twelve stems; one of which, however, was felled by a zealous peasant, who said that "the traitor Judas should have no part with his brethren." He might have let it stand in honour of St. Matthias, who filled up the vacant place of Judas. This beech bears names inscribed by royal hands. Here is the name of Hedwiga Eleonora of Holstein, Queen of Charles X. of Sweden, the wedded wife of but six short years, who during the frequent wars of her brave young husband came sometimes to this quiet scene to recreate her anxious thoughts. Here,

too, is the incised autograph of her son, Charles XI., whose kingdom flourished during his mother's regency, who, like his father, warred successfully with the Danes, and, like him,† died early. Here, too, a visitor to this tree, to dream perhaps beneath its shade of military glory, came the redoubtable warrior Charles XII., and here he has added his name to those of his father, grandfather, and grandmother.

At the Pythian games, in honour of Apollo's conquest over the great serpent Python, the prize for the victor in running, chariot-racing, quoit-throwing, wrestling, boxing, fighting in armour, &c., was originally given in gold and silver; but subsequently a more romantic spirit predominated, and the prize awarded was a beechen crown. At first the contest was merely musical and poetical, and the prize was given to him who best sang the praises of Apollo, accompanying himself on the lyre; a far more pleasing competition than the violent exercises afterwards introduced. Hesiod, the celebrated Hesiod himself, was rejected as a competitor because he could not play upon the lyre, an indispensable qualification. The sacrifices offered at the Pythian games were of unusual magnificence. For those prepared by Acastus the Argonaut and King of Thessaly, he commanded all his cities to fatten a certain number of oxen, sheep, and swine; and proposed a crown of gold for the citizen who should produce the fattest ox, to head the procession of the victims; and this is the earliest "cattle show" of which we have read.

Of old the beech was venerated next to the oak, as its mast, or nuts, furnished food for man, as well as the acorns. In these better times we abandon both to our pigs, whose salted flesh has, according to Verstegan, derived its Saxon name *bacon*, from the beech mast on which our ancestors fattened their hogs—*bucon*, beechen (*buch*, a beech). But beech has also an etymology connected with a much nobler class of beings than the actual swinish multitude—i.e., the *literati*. Its smooth, easily-cut bark renders it suitable for writing tablets. Hence our word book is from the German *buch*,

* Tityre, tu patulæ recubans sub tegmine fagi.

† Charles X. died 1660, aged thirty-seven; Charles XI. died 1697, aged forty-two.

a beech; and in German, a letter of the alphabet is *buchstab*, literally a beech-staff.

Laurence Coster when walking* in a wood near Haerlem, amused himself by cutting words on the bark of a beech; he then filled up the hollows of the words with dust, and took off the impression on a moistened sheet of paper. With the help of his son-in-law he improved on his experiment, and invented printer's ink; whence he is considered by the Dutch as the inventor of printing.

Let us permit an ancient Italian poet to inscribe his axioms on the inviting trunk of this literary tree:—

ATTRIBUTES OF VIRTUE.

FROM THE OLD ITALIAN OF VOLGORE DI SAN GEMIGNANO. A.D. 1260.

("Flor di virtù sì e sentill corazo," &c.)

The flower of virtue is a noble heart:

The fruit of virtue, honour, firm, unbent;

Vessel of virtue, thou, proud valour, art;

The name of virtue, is "a man content:"

And virtue's face is modesty's bright hue:

And virtue's mirror, no offence to see;

And virtue's love is service prompt and true;

And virtue's gift is fair posterity:

And virtue's throne is wisdom's seat sublime;

And virtue's arm is welcome, warm and free;

And virtue's sense, love triumphing o'er time;

And virtue's work, unwav'ring loyalty:

And virtue's power, patience enduring still;

And virtue's sum is rendering good for ill.

The common MAPLE (*acer campestre*), of more shrub-like growth than other forest trees, is much esteemed by turners; the "treen" (tree-en) cups and trenchers of our forefathers were generally made from its wood. Virgil represents Evander, the old Arcadian prince and emigrant, who received Æneas hospitably in Italy, as seated on a maple throne, *solio acerno*—(Eneid viii.)

Our SYCAMORE (*acer major*, or *acer pseudo platanus*), with its handsome, lobed leaves, is a kinsman of the maple. The sycamore of Scripture is a different tree, having a fruit like the fig, and a leaf like the mulberry, whence its name, from the Greek words *sukos*, fig, and *moros* mulberry. Its wood was esteemed for mummy cases.

This spray of YEW (*taxus baccata*),

with its dark, slender, formal leaves, reminds us of a mourning plume, and well beseems a funereal tree. Being evergreen, it was planted in churchyards as a symbol of eternity and immortality. It was brought into fashion in England by Evelyn, to supersede the cypress.

The longevity of the yew is extraordinary. There is one on the road from Lake Maggiore to Milan, said to be coeval with Julius Cæsar. It was wounded by Francis I. (of France) in his fury at the loss of the battle of Pavia.

When Napoleon I. was making the famous road from the Simplon, he caused the road to be turned, in order to spare this tree, which stood in the route as originally planned; in which the Emperor showed a better taste and feeling than the King.

A yew is recorded by de Candolle of Geneva, to have lived over 2580 years.

At the famous Ankerwyke yew, still extant, was the meeting place of Henry VIII. and Anne Boleyn, when the fickle monarch poured his professions of love into her ear.

Under a yew at Cruxton Castle, Mary Queen of Scots consented, in an evil hour, to wed with Darnley; and in memory of the circumstance she caused a yew to be stamped on some of her coins. Poor Queen Mary's tree is dead, but a yew raised from one of its scions is living in the Botanic Gardens in Glasgow.

As a funereal tree we will append to it a few stanzas in harmony with its character:—

IN MEMORIAM V. M.

M. R. M.

Thou art gone! thou art gone!

Young, lov'd, and good, and brave!

The eastern sun shines warmly on

Thine honour'd early grave;

There, where thy war-worn comrades bore thee,

While deep-voic'd bugles wail'd before thee,
The farewell volley thunder'd o'er thee—

A soldier's rites were thine.

Yet more—upon thy sword-cross'd bier
From manhood's eye fast rain'd the tear;
Yea, Valour's self wept sore to see

How soon the cypress bough for thee
Should round the laurel twine.

* In 1420.

Thou art dead! thou art dead!
 Yet doth thy mem'ry live
 Sweet as the odours lightly shed
 That wither'd roses give.

For thee shall no *dark* tears be streaming,
 But *pure, calm, bright*—as best beseeeming
 Thy dear remembrance, star-like beaming,
 All cloudless and serene.

So hast thou liv'd, and so hast died;
 We think of thee with grief and pride—
 Pride, that thy name and blood was ours,
 Grief, that thy days like gather'd flowers
 So briefly fair have been.

Thou'rt lying lone and low:
 Not where thy kindred lie:
 Not where our native shamrocks grow
 Green beneath Erin's sky.

But thou canst rest as calmly, sleeping
 With Asia's violets round thee peeping,
 Where Bosphorus, in sun-light leaping,
 Laves Anatoli's shore.

Peace to thine ashes! Joy to thee,
 Spirit! from mortal coil set free!
 Go! meet thy sainted mother's love
 In those eternal realms above,
 Where death is known no more.

Do you not like the resinous scent
 of the young cones that rise among
 the stiff, narrow, blue-green leaves of
 this branch of *PINE*? (*pinus sylvestris*). It pleased the ancients so well,
 that they extracted the turpentine
 from it to strengthen their wine (a
 strange flavour it must have had);
 hence the pine-cone was used in the
 rites of Bacchus, and was placed on
 the end of the thyrsus.

This tree was sacred to Pluto, as an
 emblem of death; because when once
 cut down it does not shoot up again
 from the roots like other trees.

It was also sacred to Ceres, because
 she used its branches for torches when
 she was wandering night and day in
 search of her daughter Proserpine. And
 it was the peculiar tree of those hirsute
 rural deities, Pan and the Fauns, be-
 cause its peculiar foliage bears some
 resemblance to goats' hair.

The poets sang that the nymph
 Pithys was beloved by both Pan and
 Boreas; but she slighted the latter for
 the former; and the rude Wind-God
 dashed her against a rock, and man-
 gled her so cruelly, that Pan in com-
 passion changed her into a pine—a
 tale which is but a play upon words,
 the name of the nymph signifying in
 Greek a pine.

Branches of this tree wreathed the
 brows of Cybele, in memory of her

favourite Atys, whom she turned, in a
 fit of jealousy, into a pine.

In the Isthmian games, celebrated
 at Corinth in honour of Neptune, the
 prize was at first a garland of pine,
 then a wreath of dry parsley was sub-
 stituted; but subsequently the pine
 was resumed.

THE FALLEN PINE.

FROM THE GREEK OF ZELOTUS

Εκλασθὲν ἐπὶ γῆς ἀνέμῳ πίτυς—κ. τ. λ.

What me, the wind-struck—me, the prostrate
 Pine!

Me would'st thou send as ship to tempt the
 brine?

How could I brave at sea the tempest's roar,
 Who thus had suffer'd wreck on land before?

The congener of the pine, the *LARCH*
 (*pinus larix*) is more beautiful and
 graceful than the former. The Ro-
 mans became acquainted with the larch
 during their wars in Germany, and
 introduced it into Italy, where its tim-
 ber was much esteemed for strength
 and durability. On old larches in
 northern countries grows a valuable
 fungus, which is given medicinally in
 intermitting fevers. It is saponaceous,
 and used as soap by the Siberian wo-
 men. The Tungusians draw from it a
 deep red dye.

The *FIR* (*pinus picea*) is used in
 those Roman Catholic countries where
 the palm does not grow, as a substi-
 tute for that Oriental tree, in the
 commemoration of Palm-Sunday. In
 Germany it is used for the favourite
 "Christmas Trees," bright with tapers
 and rich with gifts. From its verdure
 in all seasons it is an emblem of faith-
 fulness.

THE FIR TREE.

FROM THE GERMAN.

("O Tannen baum, O Tannen baum!
 Wie treu sind deine Blätter!")

O friendly Fir, O changeless tree!

Thy leaves are faithful ever:

They live as fresh in winter's snow
 As e'en in summer's warmest glow.

Green fir tree! type of constancy,
 When fades thy verdure?—never!

O friendly Fir, O changeless tree,

I've lov'd thee long and dearly;

How oft on merry Christmas night
 When thou wert wreath'd, and gay, and
 bright,

I've gaz'd with joyous eyes on thee,
 And hail'd thee so sincerely!

O friendly Fir, O changeless tree !
 Thy leaves can teach us truly,
 That hope and constancy impart
 Strength, peace, and soothing to the heart,
 Whate'er the hour, the season be—
 Learn we the lesson duly.

Touch carefully the shining, but prickly leaves of the hardy HOLLY (*ilex aquissium*). Though this is with us a religious tree, from its connexion with Christmas and the new year, its association with that season is older than Christianity. The ancient Romans considered it an auspicious tree, and sent sprigs of it with gifts, on the first day of the year, as symbolic of good-will. The origin of this custom is said to have been, that Tattius, the Sabine king, received as good augury on New Year's Day, a present of holly boughs cut in the Forest of the goddess Strenia, whose name comes from the obsolete word *strenus*, signifying good and happy; and Tattius decreed that thenceforward that prickly tree should be dedicated to the new year, and accounted propitious. The temple of Strenia was near the Via Sacra, and from her name was formed Strenæ, new year's gifts, which the French wrote *estrennes*, and now *etrennes*.

The Romans dedicated the new year to Janus, the two-faced god, looking back to the past, and forward to the future. They sacrificed to him in new robes, whence the custom still existing of putting on something new on the first day of the year. They wished each other prosperity,* and avoided the utterance of words of evil augury. They did not, however, spend the festival in idleness, but worked a little at their usual business, that they might not be without occupation all the year. After the fall of paganism the new year's festivities were permitted to be retained, on the condition that all idolatrous observances should be abolished, that the feasts should be conducted with propriety, and the gifts should be considered only as tokens of mutual kindness. The holly and other evergreens were allowed to decorate the churches and houses as emblems of immortality. The etymology of holly is "holy," from its use in churches. Its name in German, Swe-

dish, and Danish is "*Christ dorn*," i.e., Christmas thorn.

Evelyn had at Sayes Court, near Deptford, a magnificent hedge of holly, four hundred feet long, nine feet high, and two feet thick—and of this fine fence he was extremely fond. When that "splendid savage" Czar, Peter the Great, occupied Sayes Court by favour of the owner, his Imperial Majesty amused himself every morning in trundling a barrow through and through the hedge, and thus destroyed its beauty, to poor Evelyn's grief and dismay.

The armed and shining holly, with its bright red berries, is the handsome cognisance of the Clan Drummond.

As the holly is an "anniversary tree," we will connect with it a commemorative strain

ON AN ANNIVERSARY.

M. R. M.

With rolling seasons yet once more returned,
 O well-remembered night! belov'd and mourn'd,

All hail to thee! though at thy coming now
 I feel a weight press on my pallid brow:

All hail! though former joy and present pain
 Thou brings't to mingle in my aching brain.

Long time is past since fled the night that bears
 Same date as thine, except, alas! in years.

That night we met—it boots not *who* to say;
 We met who soon were sever'd—far away—

We met—these words are mockery to the heart,
 When those who meet are destin'd but to part.

That night we met in spacious crowded hall,
 Illumin'd bright for joyous festival;

How little did I deem those hours of mirth
 Should give to long and sad remembrance birth;

That the blithe strain to which we danc'd
 The maze

Should echo like a dirge in future days.

That night now stands a monument of years,
 Where rests the mourner's eye suffused with tears;

An era whence to mark each after-date:
 A point of Time sad thoughts commemorate—

The natal night of feelings that will last
 Till with the heart that holds them life be past.

* "At cur læta tuis dicuntur verbis Calendis:
 Et damus alternas accipimusque preces."—OVID, FASTI,

I could not brook that now the voice of glee
Should ever mar these lonely hours for me :
No ! be they hallow'd all to musings deep
On hopes departed, which 'twere vain to
weep—
To weep !—alas ! could tears lost bliss re-
store,
Mine long ere this had smil'd on me once
more.

There is a strain of music soft and low ;
We knew it well, and lov'd it, long ago :
The silence of my solitude to break
I bid it now like mem'ry's voice awake—
The farewell song of youth's fair visions fled,
The annual *Requiem* chanted o'er the dead.

How graceful is the feathery spray
of the light and feathery BIRCH (*betula alba*), whose silvery stem
glints so cheerfully among the darker
trunks of her sylvan sisters. The tree
is, like the beech, fit for making tab-
lets : its bark, tenaceous, though flex-
ible, is easily split into *laminae* ; and
was, therefore, used by the Romans
for writing upon. Pliny says that
books of philosophy and religion, writ-
ten upon birch bark, were discovered
in full preservation in the tomb of
Numa Pompilius, four hundred years
after his death.

Branches of the birch wreathed the
fasces carried by the Roman lictors be-
fore their rulers.

The sap of the birch tree, drawn by
skilful incisions, boiled, sweetened,
and fermented, makes a pleasant
wine. Formerly it was accounted
amongst the necessary accomplishments
of a country parson's wife, that she
should be able to "carve and make
birch wine." When the Russians be-
sieged Hamburg, in 1814, they de-
stroyed all the birch-trees in the
neighbourhood, by draining off the
sap in a rough manner, to make a be-
verage.

In Scotland, where the "bonnie
birken tree" forms such a beautiful
feature in the landscape, it is adopted
as the badge of the Clan Buchanan.
The Clan Chisholm bears for its cog-
nizance the ALDER, which some na-
turalists class with the beech as a *be-
tula* ; but others separate it, and term
it *alnus*.

In days more romantic than these,
lovers used to inscribe records of their

feelings on the trunk of the birch.
Let us, then, carve upon it an old-
world song of love :—

THE LOVER'S LAY.

FROM THE SPANISH.

("Contentamientos de Amor,
Que tan cansados llegays," &c.)

Sweet joys, sweet hopes, the balm of Love,
That come with footsteps slow ;
Ah ! why so transient will ye prove ?
Why come so soon to go ?

Long, long desir'd ye come at last
To rest within my heart ;
But at the dawn ye rise in haste,
Like travellers, and depart.

Those guests, though pleasant, I condemn,
That only come to show
How much my loss in losing them,
To leave me deeper woe.

And though scant welcomings I pay,
To joys so brief and vain,
They go not discontent away,
For they return again.

Beside yon quiet pool a large old
WILLOW (*salix*) casts down its long
pendulous branches to kiss the unruf-
fled waters.

There is a tradition in Ireland, that
a young man, who was very ill of epi-
lepsy, wished exceedingly for apples,
having dreamt that they would cure
him. The fruit, however, could not be
procured, even the blossoms had not
appeared, so early was it in the year.
St. Kevin,* the patron saint of Glenda-
lough, celebrated in Moore's Ireland,
commencing—

"By that lake whose gloomy shore
Skylark never warbles o'er,"

was informed of the invalid's case, and
immediately caused a kind of yellow
apple to grow on a willow ; of these
the sick man ate, and recovered. In
memory of this circumstance, a cer-
tain kind of willow is said to bear a yel-
low fruit, called "St. Kevin's Apples,"
much esteemed for medicinal virtues,
but not for good flavour. This willow
we supposed to be the round-leaved
willow, or *salix caprea*, whose catkins
are ovate, and of a bright yellow.

A still more curious story of a willow
is told by Irish shannachies. A king

* St. Kevin, born at the end of the fifth century, of a noble family in the country of the O'Tooles, founded a Monastery at Glendalough, about the middle of the sixth century.

of Leinster, named Mayne, but popularly called Lowra Longseach, had ears like a horse. To conceal his deformity from the knowledge of his subjects, he allowed himself to be shaved and shorn but once a-year, and then put the barber to death. Happening, however, at one time to employ the only child of a poor widow, he was prevailed on, by her tears and entreaties, to let her son live, but he bound the young man by a solemn oath never to reveal the king's secret to any human being. The poor barber was so much oppressed by the weight of the royal mystery, that he fell dangerously ill; and his mother brought a celebrated Druid to see him. The sage perceived that it was the burden of something undisclosed which affected him, and he advised the invalid to go to a place where cross-roads met, then turn to the nearest tree on his right hand, salute it, and whisper the secret to it. The barber did as he was desired; and the tree, which he made his confidant, happened to be a large willow, from whose shade he returned home restored to perfect health. It happened that Craftiny, the royal harper, broke his harp, and going in search of wood to make another, chanced upon the barber's willow, cut it down, made his instrument, and took it to play, as usual, at court. But strike the strings how he would, instead of the music he intended to produce, they distinctly uttered the words—"King Lowra Longseach has the ears of a horse." The monarch, finding his secret thus miraculously made public, repented of the victims he had sacrificed to it, and no longer attempted to conceal his blemish. The resemblance of this legend to the classical fable of King Midas, with the ears of an ass, whose barber revealed the secret to tell-tale reeds, is striking. The latter is, we presume, the origin of the former.

The osier-work of the Britons, taken prisoners by the Romans, was much admired at Rome, where they introduced, with their work, the word *buscaud*, a basket (in Irish, *bascaid*). We read in Martial—

"Barbara depictis veni bascauda Britannis;
Sed me jam mavult dicere Roma suam."

The willow, from its drooping appearance, and the pensive rustling of its leaves, has been made the emblem

of love forsaken or thwarted. We have seen a pretty French device—willows drawn apart by ropes, but with their tops still inclining towards each other; the motto was, "*Le penchant nous unit, le destin nous separe.*" (Inclination unites us, destiny separates us.)

Permit a forsaken poet of old Provence to hang his verse upon the willow. He can plead the merit of singularity; rejected poet-lovers in general lay the blame of their misfortune on the cruel fair; but this candid bard confesses, with rare frankness, the fault to be his own:—

THE CONFESSION.

FROM THE PROVENCAL OF GUGLIELMO DE BERGADAN.

("Al temps d'Estri qan s'alegran l'ausel," &c.)

'Tis summer, and the birds are gay,
For they can sing their loving lay;
And meads are glad, for they are drest
Once more in green—their favourite vest;
And trees rejoice; for spray and bough
Are deck'd with leaf and blossom now;
And lovers all are blithe, who feel
That love is treasure, health, and weal.
But ah! amid this gladness, I
Opprest with sorrow, weep and sigh;
My love is lost—for ever gone—
Yet love or bliss I merit none;
My fault, mine only, wrought for me,
My still Belov'd! the loss of thee.

Look forward upon yonder knoll to our right, that heap of prostrate ruins, sad relics of an ancient castle, now overgrown with grass and wild flowers, peeps picturesquely through the close bushes that grow around it. How surely wherever there is a ruin, baronial, ecclesiastic, or domestic, we find the strong-scented, dusky ELDER, with the large bunches of its white flowers, or its black shining berries. Perhaps it is on account of its predilection for ruins, which the peasants believe to be haunted at night, that this tree derives its reputation of being particularly connected with the elves and fairies. It is strongly narcotic, and to sleep under its shade is hurtful to some constitutions. This quality, acting upon excitable temperaments, sometimes occasions wild dreams, which the rustic sleeper has taken to be actual transactions with "the Good People." The name "Elder" seems to have some affinity with "*Elle*," a

Scandinavian word, signifying a supernatural being of the elfin order.

The Danish country folk believe that this tree is the abode of "Hyldemoer"—i.e., the elder mother and her attendant sprites, and that it is unlucky to cut it down, or to have any articles made of its wood without asking permission of "Hyldemoer."

There is a strange tradition that the tree on which Judas Iscariot hanged himself was an elder; hence it was accounted a great disgrace to be crowned with its leaves.

The Latin name of the elder, *sambucus* is derived from the Greek *sambuka*, a musical instrument made of the hollow wood of the tree. There is a kindred word in Hebrew, *sabcha*, generally rendered sackbut, which seems to have been a kind of triangular lyre.

The DWARF ELDER (*sambucus ebulus*) differs from the elder tree in being herbaceous, its stems dying down to the ground every year, and then shooting up anew; in having a creeping root, narrower leaves, and the flowers having a stronger scent, and a deeper purplish shade than those of the tree; it is also a month later in blossoming. Old English tradition says that it sprung up originally from the Danes when they were massacred in England, in 1002, during the reign of Ethelred; hence it is called in many places, *Dane-wort*. It has the same properties as

the elder tree, and often grows in churchyards beside old dilapidated tombs.

We will append to the ruin-loving elder a suitable strain, with which we will take our leave of the forest trees.

THE RUIN.

M. E. M.

Relic of an age long since grown hoary,
Stately tower! a wasted ruin now,
Ah! how chang'd from all thy pristine glory,
Tempest-shatter'd, lone and sad art thou.

Yet upon the rent and darken'd masses,
Life, and grace, and beauty meet the eye;
Moss and ivy, blossoms wild, and grasses,
And the wall-flower breathing sweets on high.

Ah! how blest those boons of kind creation
Springing up the mournful wrecks to hide;
Giving e'en a charm to desolation,
Fair meek things that reck not aught of pride.

Lovely thus 'mid wrecks of human sorrow
Springs each spirit-influence, bright and pure;
Hope that looks beyond *this* world's to-morrow,
Meekness, Patience cheerful to endure.

Trustful Energy, and willing Duty,
Aspirations that like incense rise—
These to darkest griefs lend grace and beauty,
And to fragrance turn the mourner's sighs.

M. E. M.

POSTSCRIPT OF A LETTER TO THE EDITOR OF THE DUBLIN UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE.

OUR ALLIES, THE AUSTRIANS.

Writing, as I do, upwards of a thousand miles away, ere this reach you the question involved in Sir Bulwer Lytton's motion will have been answered, and the House of Commons have decided upon one of the grossest recorded cases of political dishonesty. We have indeed fallen upon days of defeat and disaster! The prestige that once animated us and nerved our courage through many an adverse struggle, seems at length to have abandoned us, and in the falseheartedness of our statesmen are we now to detect the signs of an approaching decline! There probably never was a war for which more valid reasons existed, which could be argued upon so many convincing grounds of necessity and good policy; and yet there probably never was one engaged in with such reluctance and lukewarmness—so little energy in the outset, so little zeal in the progress, while at the same time every high ground of principle, every great and inspiring suggestion which had originated the struggle were one by one abandoned. Indeed the state of the public mind as to the cause of this great contest became confused and distracted—their convictions trifled with, their hopes abased, till our people became, like our brave army, the gross victims of every discord and mismanagement, without guidance, without counsel, and without support. This was no war of a "succession;" it was not a dynastic struggle as to what branch of a royal house should inherit a throne and a sceptre; it was not even a contest in which two adverse opinions are the litigants, and a question of national prejudice was at issue; it was, and it is, essentially a war of Despotism *versus* Liberty—a struggle between the brute force of barbarism and the energy of civilised nations; and consequently on this ground it was, of all others, the most eminently popular war that ever England engaged in.

Has our Ministry taken advantage of this fact? have they profited by the high ground thus in their possession? have they replied to the opponents of this struggle by displaying the extent of its proportions, the vastness of its interests? or have they narrowed the whole question to its very meanest and most insignificant bases—marking, even by the terms of accommodation they are willing to accept of, how small are the objects at issue, how ignoble is the whole cause in dispute?

The terrible sufferings of our gallant soldiers, the noble martyrdom of the bravest army we ever sent forth from England, have served to turn our attention away from the field of discord and misconduct nearer home; but now that we are more at leisure for the inquiry, let us see if the mistakes of Downing-street were not the equal of those at Balaclava, and the folly and incompetence of our statesmen more ruinous and destructive than the roadless camp and the chaotic harbour!

From the very commencement the course was a wrong one. Our war with Russia was eminently the cause of a great principle—a principle dear to every nation which loves civilisation—to every people who cultivate liberty. Was this, then, the way in which we proclaimed our contest? were these the grounds on which we asserted we should take our stand? were these the arguments by which we sought to gain allies to our side?

If so, how came it that our first appeal was to Austria? Is Austria the enemy of the principles asserted by the Czar? Is she, has she ever been, the foe of despotism? In which of her institutions do we see the germ of civil liberty? In what state of her vast dominions have we an evidence of her love of freedom? What guarantees for her enlightenment do we detect in her government of Hungary? How many arguments in favour of her rule does Lombardy offer?

If we dread, as we say we dread, the incursion of the Cossack, is it to Austrian sympathy we should have betaken ourself for aid? Are the events of the year '48 so remote as to be forgotten? Have we no memory of the fact that it was

to Russia Austria herself appealed to suppress the rising spirit of Hungarian freedom, and to crush the cause of that very constitution on which we assume to found all that we prize in government?

But our intercourse with Austria of late years was quite sufficient not alone to instruct us as to her policy, but to inform us of the measure of respect and esteem which she accorded to our country. The degree of deference she vouchsafed to our representative during the war in Lombardy, the value she placed upon the counsels of our Government, are matters of record, while there are others not recorded, but remembered, as significant and as meaning.

Sir D. Ralph Abercromby, our then Minister at Turin, can bear witness as to the insulting demonstration he met with when he visited the headquarters of Marshal Radetzki—an insult which never could have been perpetrated save by the connivance of those in command. But let us turn from these signs of the times, and simply return to the fact—was it from Austria we could hope for a sincere and faithful alliance?

In the name of what principle did we, at one and the same time, invoke aid from Austria and from Piedmont? What arguments that met acceptance at Turin were heard with satisfaction and pleasure at Vienna? Or was it that we urged right in one capital—expediency in the other; justice here—necessity there?

Be it so; we did not dare to suggest to Count Buol that we felt the cause of liberty in peril—that the great question of human progress was in the issue. We never whispered our dread of Cossack barbarism; we simply insinuated the possibility, that Russia in the provinces might prove an uncomfortable neighbour, and that the interrupted navigation of the Danube might interfere with Austrian commerce—that is, to Piedmont we preached the cause of mankind and liberty; to Austria we talked of trade and the security of a frontier. Diplomacy, doubtless, knows how to vindicate its own etymology; and Lord Westmoreland held very different language from Mr. Hudson.

It is not for me to say what I think of such a policy; perhaps statecraft admits of recourses that ordinary dealings would repudiate, and men of honour reject. I am unskilled in the science of those “cases of conscience,” which envoys and special ministers are called upon to resolve. This much, however, I know, that the policy was as weak as it was dishonest—as short-sighted as it was unworthy. On grounds of principle, we ought not ever to have appealed to Austria; on grounds of expediency, we need not have done so. For reasons that involve her very existence as an empire, she never *could* be *with us* in this struggle; for reasons as powerfully cogent, she never *dare* be *against us*. As the ally of the West, she exposes herself, by an open and assailable frontier, to the attack of a most powerful enemy, beyond all reach of aid and all hope of succour. The war, too, from that moment, would change its venue, and the legions destined for the capture of Constantinople would be marching on Vienna. As little could she risk an alliance with Russia;—all Hungary in insurrection—the whole of northern Italy in revolt, would demand every bayonet and every sabre she could summon to oppose them.

There is no need of any suggestion on our part to effect these movements—they follow, as certain and inevitable consequences. Our mockery of an Austrian alliance has indeed retarded this complication, and weaned from us the sympathy of those who, in the outset of this contest, hoped that the cause of universal liberty was at issue.

Nor was there any necessity why we should, as some have recommended, evoke the slumbering nationality of Poland, or call to our banners the disaffected of every land of Europe. No; our case stood not in need of such allies; and it has been entirely our own fault if we have not the aid of the whole liberal feeling of Europe. The whole of our negotiation with Austria has been, then, a gross blunder! By no imaginable course of events could we have derived any profit from such aid as she would afford us; and by the line she has adopted we have incurred every injury it was in her power to inflict—nor are these light injuries. By the strategy of her military commanders, Russia has been left entirely free to reinforce her troops in the Crimea. By her occupation of the provinces, as a neutral power, Russia has been spared the necessity of employing a large garrison to hold them, or the moral loss consequent upon the evacuation; while, by the tone of her diplomacy, Austria has contrived to narrow down the

great cause of the war to some miserable points of petty differences, in which Russia is to the full as much in the right as her adversaries. Add to this, that in our ignoble pursuit of this same alliance, we have outraged every sentiment which for years we have been professing, and given a flat denial to all the hopes of liberty we have encouraged throughout the whole Italian peninsula. Assuredly, if our object was to assail despotism and its policy, Austria should not have been the ally of our choice.

"She has kept all her engagements," said Lord Clarendon, in his reply to Lord Lyndhurst's admirable speech. "She has kept all her engagements"? —

Which of them, we would ask, has she adhered to? Is it the first — that if the Russians crossed the Pruth, she would regard it as a *casus belli*? Is it the second — wherein she pledged herself to move, if the Russian army crossed the Danube? Is it the treaty of January last — when she stipulated, that if peace were not ratified, or in progress of ratification by the time then stated, that she would then arrange with the Western Powers the terms of a military convention?

Here are three pledges—which of them has she kept? To be sure, our foreign secretary, with a zeal above discretion, volunteers the explanation, by assuring us that Austria only waited till we were successful! That had Sebastopol fallen or Cronstadt been taken, we should have Austria heart and soul in our cause. Let us not undervalue the admission. Let us rather treasure it as the only true expression of opinion with which the present Government have favoured us—the only solitary instance in which they treated us to a fact.

Lord Clarendon also informs us, that our successes were always welcomed at Vienna, and our cause had all the sympathy of Austria. Who could have so grossly misinformed him? In all which calls itself society at Vienna, but one opinion, one wish prevailed—and that was for the success of the Russian arms. The army, in every rank, from that of field marshal down to its lowest lieutenant, had no other desire than to see France and England humbled. How could it be otherwise, in a service where scarcely a superior officer could be seen without a Russian decoration, and where many actually enjoy Russian pensions?

The expression of Austrian sympathy for Russia was the more remarkable, that Austrian officials, whether in the civil or military services, are especially guarded — never evincing anything like a personal predilection in a question of politics. Had the pro-Russian tendency, then, been one likely to meet disapproval in high quarters, how many would have dared to avow it? Is it not more natural to suppose that they knew such to be the temper and such the leaning of the Government?

Of all the absurdities yet broached about the state of feeling of the Continent, I know of none to equal this assertion of Austrian sympathy. I am here speaking of what I know, and I assert, without a qualification, that this is not the sentiment of Austrians of rank, nor is it the feeling of the army. England of late years has been the reverse of popular in Vienna; nor is there a city where, without peculiar and personal claims, our countrymen meet with less courtesy and attention. What treatment our travellers experience at the hands of police and passport-people let the columns of our own newspapers reveal.

To say, therefore, that our cause is regarded with favour, and that our success would be hailed with joy amongst them, is to assert what no English resident of Austria would credit — no native Austrian would expect you to believe.

Lord Lyndhurst avers, that if no actual treaty exist between Russia and Austria, that certainly a distinct understanding subsists between them. But who is to say that no actual treaty — no distinctly drawn up and concerted document — does not bind each to his separate part in this grave emergency? He would be, to my thinking, a very rash man who would reject this possibility — a possibility which, under reflection, becomes more and more like a probability.

If we pass under review all that Austria has done since the outbreak of this war, and then contrast with it what she might have done, the supposition assumes a very plausible shape. Nor is there in such a line of policy anything inconsistent with her practice, or adverse to her traditions. I could quote acts of even greater and deeper treachery during the progress of the late troubles in Italy.

On the other hand, mark the tone of Russia in all her intercourse with Austria: how remote from that of a Government in daily expectation of a rupture; what interchange of compliments—what bartering of orders, and decorations, and old uniforms of the defunct Czar!

Do the terms of such an intercourse suggest thoughts of estrangement and hostility; or are the autograph letters handed by Count Esterhazy and General Gortchakoff missives of defiance and insult?

Away, then, and for ever, with the flimsy pretext of an alliance it was a disgrace to have sought for, but worse than a disgrace to have accepted in the measure it was accorded. Austria is not with us; but, I repeat again, she dares not be against us! Let this be the guiding spirit of all our diplomacy with regard to her—a tone of calm and resolute defiance, and her enmity will be less to be feared, and her friendship not less valuable.

As she is not our ally, admit her to none of the privileges of alliance; while the tramp of her squadrons has not been heard, do not listen to the voice of her diplomacy. She is treacherous—she is Machiavelian, but with all that she is powerless! She maintains an army of half-a-million, and it is the mere police of her own kingdom, and beyond the frontier of her misruled territory she is not to be dreaded.

It is the bane of our public men that they possess little personal acquaintance with foreign countries. The language held by Ministers with regard to Austria is a strong illustration of this ignorance. Let us hope that the delusion is not to last for ever, and that when measures of menace towards Piedmont* are added to the insulting tone assumed by journalists to the Western Powers, we may at length awake to the conviction, that the Austrian alliance is not the great boon that our rulers have called it.

C. L.

* Forty thousand fresh troops are to be sent into Italy, and a strong force assembled on the Ticino and the Austro-Sardinian frontier.

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VOL. XLVI.

THE FORTUNES OF GLENCORE.

CHAPTER III.

BILLY TRAYNOR—POET, PEDLAR AND PHYSICIAN.

"DIDN'T I tell you how it would be?" said Billy, as he re-entered the kitchen, now crowded by the workpeople, anxious for tidings of the sick man. "The head is relieved, the con-jestive symptoms is allayed, and when the artarial excitement subsides, he'll be out of danger."

"Musha but I'm glad," muttered one; "he'd be a great loss to us."

"True for you, Patsey; there's eight or nine of us here would miss him if he was gone."

"Troth he doesn't give much employment, but we couldn't spare him," croaked out a third, when the entrance of the Corporal cut short further commentary; and the party now gathered around the cheerful turf fire, with that instinctive sense of comfort impressed by the swooping wind and rain that beat against the windows.

"It's a dreadful night outside; I wouldn't like to cross the Lough in it," said one.

"Then that's just what I'm thinking of this minit," said Billy. "I'll have to be up at the office for the bags at six o'clock."

"Faix you'll not see Leenane at six o'clock to-morrow."

"Sorra taste of it," muttered another; "there's a sea runnin' outside now that would swamp a life-boat."

"I'll not lose an iligant situation of six pounds ten a-year, and a pair of shoes at Christmas, for want of a bit of courage," said Billy; "I'd have

my dismissal if I wasn't there, as sure as my name is Billy Traynor."

"And better for you than lose your life, Billy," said one.

"And it's not alone myself I'll be thinking of," said Billy; "but every man in this world, high and low, has his duties. *My duty*," added he, somewhat pretentiously, "is to carry the King's mail; and if anything was to obstruct, or impade, or delay the correspondence, it's on me the blame would lie."

"The letters wouldn't go the faster because you were drowned," broke in the Corporal.

"No, sir," said Billy, rather staggered by the grin of approval that met this remark. "No, sir; what you observe is true. But nobody reflects on the sintry that dies at his post."

"If you must and will go, I'll give you the yawl," said Craggs; "and I'll go with you myself."

"Spoke like a British Grenadier," cried Billy, with enthusiasm.

"Carbineer, if the same to you, master," said the other, quietly; "I never served in the infantry."

"*Tros Tyriusve mihi*," cried Billy; "which is as much as to say—

"To storm the skies, or lay siege to the moon,
Give me one of the line, or a heavy dragoon;"

"It's the same to me, as the poet says."

And a low murmur of the company seemed to accord approval to the sentiment.

"I wish you'd give us a tune, Billy," said one, coaxingly.

"Or a song would be better," observed another.

"Faix," cried a third, "'tis himself could do it, and in Frinch or Latin if ye wanted it."

"The Germans was the best I ever knew for music," broke in Craggs. "I was brigaded with Arentscheld's Hanoverians in Spain; and they used to sit outside the tents every evening, and sing. By Jove! how they did sing—all together, like the swell of a church organ."

"Yes, you're right," said Billy, but evidently yielding an unwilling consent to this doctrine. "The Germans has a fine national music, and they're great for harmony. But harmony and melody is two different things."

"And which is best, Billy?" asked one of the company.

"Musha but I pity your ignorance," said Billy, with a degree of confusion that raised a hearty laugh at his expense.

"Well, but where's the song?" exclaimed another.

"Ay," said Craggs, "we are forgetting the song. Now for it, Billy; since all is going on so well above stairs, I'll draw you a gallon of ale, boys, and we'll drink to the master's speedy recovery."

It was a rare occasion when the Corporal suffered himself to expand in this fashion, and great was the applause at the unexpected munificence.

Billy at the same moment took out his fiddle, and began that process of preparatory screwing and scraping which, no matter how distressing to the surrounders, seems to afford intense delight to performers on this instrument. In the present case, it is but fair to say, there was neither comment nor impatience; on the contrary, they seemed to accept these convulsive throes of sound as an earnest of the grand flood of melody that was coming. That Billy was occupied with other thoughts than those of tuning was, however, apparent, for his lips continued to move rapidly; and at times he was seen to beat time with his foot, as though measuring out the rhythm of a verse.

"I have it now, ladies and gentlemen," he said, making a low obeisance to the company; and so saying, he struck up a very popular tune, the

same to which a reverend divine wrote his words of "The night before Larry was stretched;" and in a voice of a deep and mellow fulness, managed with considerable taste, sung—

"A fig for the *chansons* of France,
Whose meaning is always a riddle;
The music to sing or to dance
Is an Irish tune played on the fiddle.
To your songs of the Rhine and the Rhone
I'm ready to cry out *jam satis*;
Just give some thing of our own
In praise of our Land of Potatoes.
Tol lol de lol, &c.

"What care I for sorrows of those
Who speak of their heart as a *cuore*;
How expect me to feel for the woes
Of him who calls love an *amore*!
Let me have a few words about home,
With music whose strains I'd remember,
And I'll give you all Florence and Rome,
Tho' they have a blue sky in December.
Tol lol de lol, &c.

"With a pretty face close to your own,
I'm sure there's no rayson for sighing;
Nor when walkin' beside her alone,
Why the blazes be talking of dying.
That's the way, tho' in France and in Spain,
Where love is not real, but acted,
You must always putend you're insane,
Or at laste that you're partly distracted.
Tol lol de lol, &c."

It is very unlikely that the reader will estimate Billy's impromptu as did the company; in fact, it possessed the greatest of all claims to their admiration, for it was partly incomprehensible, and by the artful introduction of a word here and there, of which his hearers knew nothing, the poet was well aware that he was securing their heartiest approval. Nor was Billy insensible to such flatteries. The "*irritabile genus*" has its soft side, can enjoy to the uttermost its own successes. It is possible, if Billy had been in another sphere, with much higher gifts, and surrounded by higher associates, that he might have accepted the homage tendered him with more graceful modesty, and seemed at least less confident of his own merits; but under no possible change of places or people could the praise have bestowed more sincere pleasure.

"You're right, there, Jim Morris," said he, turning suddenly round towards one of the company; "you never said a truer thing than that. The poetic temperament is riches to a

poor man. Wherever I go—in all weathers, wet and dreary, and maybe footsore, with the bags full, and the mountain streams all flowin' over—I can just go into my own mind, just the way you'd go into an inn, and order whatever you wanted. I don't need to be a king, to sit on a throne; I don't want ships, nor coaches, nor horses to convey me to foreign lands. I can bestow kingdoms. When I haven't tuppence to buy tobacco, and without a shoe to my foot, and my hair through my hat, I can be dancin' wid princesses, and handin' empresses in to tay."

"Musha, musha!" muttered the surroundings, as though they were listening to a magician, who in a moment of unguarded familiarity condescended to discuss his own miraculous gifts.

"And," resumed Billy, "it isn't only what ye are to yourself and your own heart, but what ye are to others, that without that sacret bond between you, wouldn't think of you at all. I remember, once on a time, I was in the north of England travelling, partly for pleasure, and partly with a view to a small speculation in Sheffield ware—cheap penknives and scissors, pencil-cases, bodkins, and the like—and I wandered about for weeks through what they call the Lake Country, a very handsome place, but nowise grand or sublime, like what we have here in Ireland—more wood, forest timber, and better off people, but nothing beyond that!

"Well, one evening—it was in August—I came down by a narrow path to the side of a lake, where there was a stone seat, put up to see the view from, and in front was three wooden steps of stairs going down into the water, where a boat might come in. It was a lovely spot and well chosen, for you could count as many as five promontaries running out into the lake; and there was two islands, all wooded to the water's edge; and behind all, in the distance, was a great mountain, with clouds on the top; and it was just the season when the trees is beginnin' to change their colours, and there was shades of deep gold, and dark olive, and russet brown, all mingling together with the green, and glowing in the lake below under the setting sun, and all was quiet and still as midnight; and over the water the only ripple was the track of a water-hen,

as she scudded past between the islands; and if ever there was peace and tranquillity in the world it was just there! Well, I put down my pack in the leaves, for I didn't like to see or think of it, and I stretched myself down at the water's edge, and I fell into a fit of musing. It's often and often I tried to remember the elegant fancies that came through my head, and the beautiful things that I thought I saw that night out on the lake fornint me! Ye see I was fresh and fastin'; I never tasted a bit the whole day, and my brain, maybe, was all the better; for somehow janius, real janius, thrives best on a little starvation. And from musing I fell off asleep; and it was the sound of voices near that first awoke me! For a minute or two I believed I was dreaming, the words came so softly to my ear, for they were spoken in a low, gentle tone, and blended in with the slight plash of oars that moved through the water carefully, as though not to lose a word of him that was speakin'.

"It's clean beyond me to tell you what he said; and, maybe, if I could ye wouldn't be able to follow it, for he was discoorsin' about night and the moon, and all that various poets said about them; ye'd think that he had books, and was reading out of them, so glibly came the verses from his lips. I never listened to such a voice before, so soft, so sweet, so musical, and the words came droppin' down, like the clear water filterin' over a rocky ledge, and glitterin' like little spangles over moss and wild flowers.

"It was'n't only in English but Scotch ballads, too, and once or twice in Italian that he recited, till at last he gave out, in all the fulness of his liquid voice, them elegant lines out of Pope's Homer—

"As when the moon, refulgent lamp of night,
O'er heaven's clear azure spreads her sacred light,

When not a breath disturbs the deep serene,
And not a cloud o'ercasts the solemn scene,
Around her throne the vivid planets roll,
And stars unnumbered gild the glowing pole;
O'er the dark trees a yellower verdure shed,
And top with silver every mountain's head:
Then shine the vales; the rocks in prospect rise—

A flood of glory bursts from all the skies;
The conscious swains rejoicing in the sight
Eye the blue vault and bless the useful light."

"The Lord forgive me, but when he came to the last words and said, 'useful light,' I couldn't restrain myself, but broke out, 'That's mighty like a bull, any how, and reminds me of the ould song—

"'Good luck to the moon, she's a fine noble creature,
And gives us the daylight at night in the dark.'

"Before I knew where I was, the boat glided in to the steps, and a tall man, a little stooped in the shoulders, stood before me.

"'Is it you,' said he, with a quiet laugh, 'that accuse Pope of a bull?'

"'It is,' says I; 'and what's more, there isn't a poet from Horace downwards that I won't show bulls in; there's bulls in Shakespeare and in Milton; there's bulls in the ancients; I'll point out a bull in Aristophanes.'

"'What have we here?' said he, turning to the others.

"'A poor crayture,' says I, 'like Goldsmith's chest of drawers'—

"'With brains reduced a double debt to pay,
To dream by night, sell Sheffield ware by day.'

"Well, with that he took a fit of laughing, and handing the rest out of the boat, he made me come along at his side, discoorsin' me about my thravels, and all I seen, and all I read, till we reached an elegant little cottage on a bank right over the lake; and then he brought me in and made me take tay with the family; and I spent the night there; and when I

started the next morning there wasn't a 'screed' of my pack that they didn't buy, penknives, and whistles, and nut-crackers, and all, just, as they said, for keepsakes. Good luck to them, and happy hearts, wherever they are, for they made mine happy that day; ay, and for many an hour afterwards, as I just think over the kind words and pleasant faces."

More than one of the company had dropped off asleep during Billy's narrative, and of the others, their complaisance as listeners appeared taxed to the utmost, while the Corporal snored loudly, like a man who had a right to indulge himself to the fullest extent.

"There's the bell again," muttered one; "that's from the 'lord's room,'" and Craggs, starting up by the instinct of his office, hastened off to his master's chamber.

"My lord says you are to remain here," said he, as he re-entered a few minutes later; "he is satisfied with your skill, and I'm to send off a messenger to the post, to let them know he has detained you."

"I'm obeydient," said Billy, with a low bow, "and now for a brief repose!" And so saying, he drew a long woollen nightcap from his pocket, and putting it over his eyes, resigned himself to sleep with the practised air of one who needed but very little preparation to secure slumber.

CHAPTER IV.

A VISITOR.

THE old castle of Glencore contained but one spacious room, and this served all the purposes of drawing-room, dining-room, and library. It was a long and lofty chamber, with a rafted ceiling, from which a heavy chandelier hung by a massive chain of iron. Six windows, all in the same wall, deeply set and narrow, admitted a sparing light. In the opposite wall stood two fire-places, large, massive, and monumental; the carved supporters of the richly-chased pediment being of colossal size, and the great shield of the house crowning the pyramid of strange and uncouth objects that were grouped below. The walls were partly occupied by book-shelves, partly covered by wainscot, and here and there dis-

played a worn-out portrait of some bygone warrior or dame, who little dreamed how much the colour of their effigies should be indebted to the sad effects of damp and mildew. The furniture consisted of every imaginable type, from the carved oak and ebony console, to the white-and-gold of Versailles taste, and the modern compromise of comfort with ugliness which chintz and soft cushions accomplish. Two great screens, thickly covered with prints and drawings, most of them political caricatures of some fifty years back, flanked each fire-place, making, as it were, in this case, two different apartments.

At one of these, on a low sofa, sat, or rather lay, Lord Glencore, pale and

wasted by long illness. His thin hand held a letter, to shade his eyes from the blazing wood fire, and the other hand hung listlessly at his side. The expression of the sick man's face was that of deep melancholy — not the mere gloom of recent suffering, but the deep-cut traces of a long-carried affliction, a sorrow which had eaten into his very heart, and made its home there.

At the second fireplace sat his son, and, though a mere boy, the lineaments of his father marked the youth's face with a painful exactness. The same intensity was in the eyes—the same haughty character sat on the brow; and there was in the whole countenance the most extraordinary counterpart of the gloomy seriousness of the older face. He had been reading, but the fast-falling night obliged him to desist, and he sat now contemplating the bright embers of the wood fire in dreary thought. Once or twice was he disturbed from his reverie by the whispered voice of an old serving man, asking for something with that submissive manner assumed by those who are continually exposed to the outbreaks of another's temper; and at last the boy, who had hitherto scarcely deigned to notice the appeals to him, flung a bunch of keys contemptuously on the ground, with a muttered malediction on his tormentor.

"What's that?" cried out the sick man, startled at the sound.

"'Tis nothing, my lord, but the keys that fell out of my hand," replied the old man, humbly. "Mr. Craggs is away to Leenane, and I was going to get out the wine for dinner."

"Where's Mr. Charles?" asked Lord Glencore.

"He's there beyant," muttered the other in a low voice, while he pointed towards the distant fireplace, "but he looks tired and weary, and I didn't like to disturb him."

"Tired! weary! — with what? — where has he been? — what has he been doing?" cried he, hastily. "Charles, Charles, I say!"

And slowly rising from his seat, and with an air of languid indifference, the boy came towards him.

Lord Glencore's face darkened as he gazed on him.

"Where have you been?" asked he, sternly.

"Yonder," said the boy, in an accent like the echo of his own.

"There's Mr. Craggs now, my lord," said the old butler, as he looked out of the window, and eagerly seized the opportunity to interrupt the scene; "there he is, and a gentleman with him."

"Ha! go and meet him, Charles—it's Harcourt. Go and receive him, show him his room, and then bring him here to me."

The boy heard without a word, and left the room with the same slow step and the same look of apathy. Just as he reached the hall the stranger was entering it. He was a tall, well-built man, with the mingled ease and stiffness of a soldier in his bearing; his face was handsome, but somewhat stern, and his voice had that tone which implies the long habit of command.

"You're a Massy, that I'll swear to," said he, frankly, as he shook the boy's hand; "the family face in every lineament. And how is your father?"

"Better; he has had a severe illness."

"So his letter told me. I was up the Rhine when I received it, and started at once for Ireland."

"He has been very impatient for your coming," said the boy; "he has talked of nothing else."

"Ay, we are old friends. Glencore and I have been schoolfellows, chums at college, and messmates in the same regiment," said he, with a slight touch of sorrow in his tone. "Will he be able to see me now? Is he confined to bed?"

"No, he will dine with you. I'm to show you your room, and then bring you to him."

"That's better news than I hoped for, boy. By the way, what's your name?"

"Charles Conyngham."

"To be sure, Charles, how could I have forgotten it! So, Charles, this is to be my quarters, and a glorious view there is from this window — what's the mountain yonder?"

"Ben Creggan."

"We must climb that summit some of those days, Charley. I hope you're a good walker. You shall be my guide through this wild region here, for I have a passion for explorings."

And he talked away rapidly, while he made a brief toilet, and refreshed him from the fatigues of the road.

"Now, Charley, I'm at your orders; let us descend to the drawing-room."

"You'll find my father there," said the boy, as he stopped short at the door; and Harcourt, staring at him for a second or two in silence, turned the handle and entered.

Lord Glencore never turned his head as the other drew nigh, but sat with his forehead resting on the table, extending his hand only in welcome.

"My poor fellow!" said Harcourt, grasping the thin and wasted fingers, "my poor fellow, how glad I am to be with you again." And he seated himself at his side as he spoke. "You had a relapse after you wrote to me?"

Glencore slowly raised his head, and pushing back a small velvet skull-cap that he wore, said—

"You'd not have known me, George. Eh? see how grey I am! I saw myself in the glass to-day for the first time, and I really couldn't believe my eyes."

"In another week the change will be just as great the other way. It was some kind of a fever, was it not?"

"I believe so," said the other, sighing.

"And they bled you and blistered you, of course. These fellows are like the farriers—they have but the one system for everything. Who was your torturer?—where did you get him from?"

"A practitioner of the neighbourhood, the wild growth of the mountain," said Glencore, with a sickly smile; "but I mustn't be ungrateful; he saved my life, if that be a cause for gratitude."

"And a right good one, I take it. How like you that boy is, Glencore. I started back when he met me. It was just as if I was transported again to old school-days, and had seen yourself as you used to be long ago! Do you remember the long meadow, Glencore?"

"Harcourt," said he, falteringly, "don't talk to me of long ago, at least not now." And then, as if thinking aloud, added, "How strange that a man without a hope should like the future better than the past."

"How old is Charley?" asked Harcourt, anxious to engage him on some other theme.

"He'll be fifteen, I think, his next birth-day; he seems older, doesn't he?"

"Yes, the boy is well grown and athletic. What has he been doing?—have you had him at a school?"

"At a school!" said Glencore, starting; "no, he has lived always here with myself. I have been his tutor—I read with him every day, till that illness seized me."

"He looks clever; is he so?"

"Like the rest of us, George, he may learn, but he can't be taught. The old obstinacy of the race is strong in him, and to rouse him to rebel all you have to do is to give him a task; but his faculties are good, his apprehension quick, and his memory, if he would but tax it, excellent. Here's Craggs come to tell us of dinner; give me your arm, George, we haven't far to go—this one room serves us for everything."

"You're better lodged than I expected; your letters told me to look for a mere barrack; and the place stands so well."

"Yes, the spot was well chosen, although I suppose its founders cared little enough about the picturesque."

The dinner-table was spread behind one of the massive screens, and under the careful direction of Craggs and old Simon, was well and amply supplied—fish and game, the delicacies of other localities, being here in abundance. Harcourt had a traveller's appetite, and enjoyed himself thoroughly, while Glencore never touched a morsel, and the boy eat sparingly, watching the stranger with that intense curiosity which comes of living estranged from all society.

"Charley will treat you to a glass of Burgundy, Harcourt," said Glencore, as they drew round the fire; "he keeps the cellar-key."

"Let us have two, Charley," said Harcourt, as the boy arose to leave the room, "and take care that you carry them steadily."

The boy stood for a second and looked at his father, as if interrogating, and then a sudden flush suffused his face as Glencore made a gesture with his hand for him to go.

"You don't perceive how you touched him to the quick there, Harcourt? You talked to him as to how he should carry the wine; he thought that office menial and beneath him, and he looked to me to know what he should do."

"What a fool you have made of the

boy!" said Harcourt, bluntly. "By Jove! it was time I should come here!"

When the boy came back he was followed by the old butler, carefully carrying in a small wicker contrivance, *Hibernice* called a cooper, three cob-webbed and well-crusted bottles.

"Now, Charley," said Harcourt, gaily, "if you want to see a man thoroughly happy, just step up to my room and fetch me a small leather sack you'll find there of tobacco, and on the dressing-table you'll see my meerschaum-pipe; be cautious with it, for it belonged to no less a man than Ponitowski, the poor fellow who died at Leipsic."

The lad stood again irresolute and confused, when a signal from his father motioned him away to acquit the errand.

"Thank you," said Harcourt, as he re-entered; you see I am not vain of my meerschaum without reason. The carving of those stags is a work of real art; and if you were a connoisseur in such matters, you'd say the colour was perfect. Have you given up smoking, Glencore? you used to be fond of a weed."

"I care but little for it," said Glencore, sighing.

"Take to it again, my dear fellow, if only that it is a bond 'tween yourself and everyone who whiffs his cloud. There are wonderfully few habits — I was going to say enjoyments, and I might say so, but I'll call them habits — that consort so well with every condition and every circumstance of life, that become the prince and the peasant, suit the garden of the palace, and the red watch-fire of the barrack, relieve the weary hours of a calm at sea, or refresh the tired hunter in the prairies."

"You must tell Charley some of your adventures in the west. The Colonel has passed two years in the Rocky Mountains," said Glencore to his son.

"Ay, Charley, I have knocked about the world as much as most men, and seen, too, my share of its wonders. If accidents by sea and land can interest you, if you care for stories of Indian life, and the wild habits of a prairie hunter, I'm your man. Your father can tell you more of salons and the great world, of what may be called the high game of life —"

"I have forgotten it, as much as if I had never seen it," said Glencore, interrupting, and with a severity of voice that showed the theme displeased him. And now a pause ensued, painful perhaps to the others, but scarcely felt by Harcourt, as he smoked away peacefully, and seemed lost in the windings of his own fancies.

"Have you shooting here, Glencore?" asked he at length.

"There might be, if I were to preserve the game."

"And you do not. Do you fish?"

"No; never."

"You give yourself up to farming, then?"

"Not even that; the truth is, Harcourt, I literally do nothing. A few newspapers, a stray review or so reach me in these solitudes, and keep me, in a measure, informed as to the course of events; but Charley and I con over our classics together, and scrawl sheets of paper with algebraic signs, and puzzle our heads over strange formulas, wonderfully indifferent to what the world is doing at the other side of this little estuary."

"You of all men living to lead such a life as this! a fellow that never could cram occupation enough into his short twenty-four hours," broke in Harcourt.

Glencore's pale cheek flushed slightly, and an impatient movement of his fingers on the table showed how ill he relished any allusion to his own former life.

"Charley will show you to-morrow all the wonders of our erudition, Harcourt," said he, changing the subject; "we have got to think ourselves very learned, and I hope you'll be polite enough not to deceive us."

"You'll have a merciful critic, Charley," said the Colonel, laughing, "for more reasons than one. Had the question been how to track a wolf, or wind an antelope, to outmanœuvre a scout party, or harpoon a calf-whale, I'd not yield to many, but if you throw me amongst Greek roots, or double equations, I'm only Sampson, with his hair *en crop*!"

The solemn clock over the mantelpiece struck ten, and the boy arose as it ceased.

"That's Charley's bed-time," said Glencore, "and we are determined to make no stranger of you, George. He'll say good night."

And with a manner of mingled shy-

ness and pride the boy held out his hand, which the soldier shook cordially, saying—

"To-morrow, then, Charley, I count upon you for my day, and so that it be not to be passed in the library I'll acquit myself creditably."

"I like your boy, Glencore," said he, as soon as they were alone. "Of course I have seen very little of him; and if I had seen more I should be but a sorry judge of what people would call his abilities; but he is a good stamp; 'gentleman' is written on him in a hand that any can read; and, by Jove! let them talk as they will, but that's half the battle of life!"

"He is a strange fellow; you'll not understand him in a moment," said Glencore, smiling half sadly to himself.

"Not understand him, Glencore; I read him like print, man; you think that his shy, bashful manner imposes upon me; not a bit of it; I see the fellow is as proud as Lucifer. All your solitude and estrangement from the world, hasn't driven out of his head that he's to be a viscount one of these days; and somehow, wherever he has picked it up, he has got a very pretty notion of the importance and rank that same title confers."

"Let us not speak of this now, Harcourt; I'm far too weak to enter upon what it would lead to. It is, however, the great reason for which I entreated

you to come here. And to-morrow—at all events in a day or two—we can speak of it fully. And now I must leave you. You'll have to rough it here, George; but as there is no man can do so with a better grace I can spare my apologies; only, I beg, don't let the place be worse than it need be. Give your orders; get what you can; and see if your tact and knowledge of life cannot remedy many a difficulty which our ignorance or apathy have served to perpetuate.

"I'll take the command of the garrison with pleasure," said Harcourt, filling up his glass, and replenishing the fire. "And now a good night's rest to you, for I half suspect I have already jeopardied some of it."

The old campaigner sat till long past midnight. The generous wine, his pipe, the cheerful wood-fire, were all companionable enough, and well-suited thoughts which took no high or heroic range, but were chiefly reveries of the past, some sad, some pleasant, but all tinged with the one philosophy, which made him regard the world as a campaign, wherein he who grumbles or repines is but a sorry soldier, and unworthy of his cloth.

It was not till the last glass was drained that he arose to seek his bed, and pleasantly humming some old air to himself, he slowly mounted the stairs to his chamber.

CHAPTER V.

COLONEL HARCOURT'S LETTER.

As we desire throughout this tale to make the actors themselves, wherever it be possible, the narrators, using their words in preference to our own, we shall now place before the reader a letter written by Colonel Harcourt about a week after his arrival at Glencore, which will at least serve to rescue him and ourselves from the task of repetition.

It was addressed to Sir Horace Upton, Her Majesty's Envoy at Stuttgart, one who had formerly served in the same regiment with Glencore and himself, but who left the army early, to follow the career of diplomacy wherein, still a young man, he had risen to the rank of a minister. It is not important to the object of our story to speak more particularly of his character, than that it was in almost

every respect the opposite of his correspondent. Where the one was frank, open, and unguarded, the other was cold, cautious, and reserved; where one believed, the other doubted; where one was hopeful, the other had nothing but misgivings. Harcourt would have twenty times a day wounded the feelings, or jarred against the susceptibility of his best friend; Upton could not be brought to trench upon the slightest prejudice of his greatest enemy. We might continue this contrast to every detail of their characters, but enough has now been said, and we proceed to the letter in question:—

"Glencore Castle.

"DEAR UPTON,—True to my promise to give you early tidings of our old friend, I sit down to pen a few lines,

which, if a ricketty table and some infernal lampblack for ink should make illegible, you'll have to wait for the elucidation till my arrival. I found Glencore terribly altered; I'd not have known him. He used to be muscular and rather full in habit; he is now a mere skeleton. His hair and moustache were coal black; they are a motley grey. He was straight as an arrow—pretentiously erect, many thought; he is stooped now, and bent nearly double. His voice, too, the most clear and ringing in the squadron, is become a hoarse whisper. You remember what a passion he had for dress, and how heartily we all deplored the chance of his being colonel, well knowing what precious caprices of costly costume would be the consequence. Well, a discharged corporal, in a cast-off mufti, is stylish compared to him. I don't think he has a hat—I have only seen an oilskin cap; but his coat, his one coat, is a curiosity of industrious patchwork; and his trowsers are a pair of our old overalls, the same pattern we wore at Hounslow when the king reviewed us.

“Great as these changes are, they are nothing to the alteration in the poor fellow's disposition. He that was generous to munificence, is now an absolute miser, descending to the most pitiful economy, and moaning over every trifling outlay. He is irritable, too, to a degree. Far from the jolly, lighthearted comrade, ready to join in the laugh against himself, and enjoy a jest of which he was the object, he suspects a slight in every allusion, and bristles up to resent a mere familiarity, as though it were an insult.

“Of course I put much of this down to the score of illness, and of bad health before he was so ill; but, depend upon it, he's not the man we knew him. Heaven knows if he ever will be so again. The night I arrived here he was more natural—more like himself, in fact, than he has ever been since. His manner was heartier, and in his welcome there was a touch of the old jovial good fellow, who never was so happy as when sharing his quarters with a comrade. Since that he has grown punctilious, anxiously asking me if I am comfortable, and teasing me with apologies for what I don't miss, and excuses about things that I should never have discovered wanting.

“I think I see what is passing with-

in him; he wants to be confidential, and he doesn't know how to go about it. I suppose he looks on me as rather a rough father to confess to; he isn't quite sure what kind of sympathy, if any, he'll meet with from me, and he more than half dreads a certain careless, outspoken way in which I have now and then addressed his boy, of whom more anon.

“I may be right, or I may be wrong, in this conjecture; but certain it is, that nothing like confidential conversation has yet passed between us, and each day seems to render the prospect of such only less and less likely. I wish from my heart you were here; you are just the fellow to suit him—just calculated to nourish the susceptibilities that *I* only shock. I said as much t'other day, in a half-careless way, and he immediately caught it up, and said—‘Ay, George, Upton is a man one wants now and then in life, and when the moment comes, there is no such thing as a substitute for him.’ In a joking manner, I then remarked, ‘Why not come over to see him?’ ‘Leave this!’ cried he; ‘venture into the world again; expose myself to its brutal insolence, or still more brutal pity!’ In a torrent of passion, he went on in this strain, till I heartily regretted that I had ever touched this unlucky topic.

“I date his greatest reserve from that same moment; and I am sure he is disposed to connect me with the casual suggestion to go over to Studtgard, and deems me, in consequence, one utterly deficient in all true feeling and delicacy.

“I needn't tell you that my stay here is the reverse of a pleasure. I'm never, what fine people call, bored anywhere; and I could amuse myself gloriously in this queer spot. I have shot some half dozen seals, hooked the heaviest salmon I ever saw rise to a fly, and have had rare coursing, not to say that Glencore's table, with certain reforms I have introduced, is very tolerable, and his cellar unimpeachable. I'll back his chambertin against your excellency's; and I have discovered a bin of red hermitage that would convert a whole vineyard of the smallest Lafitte into Sneyd's claret; but with all these seductions, I can't stand the life of continued constraint I'm reduced to. Glencore evidently sent for me to make some revelations, which, now that

he sees me, he cannot accomplish. For aught I know, there may be as many changes in *me* to *his* eyes, as to *mine* there are in *him*. I only can vouch for it, that if I ride three stone heavier, I haven't the worse place, and I don't detect any striking falling off in my appreciation of good fare and good fellows.

"I spoke of the boy; he is a fine lad—somewhat haughty, perhaps; a little spoiled by the country people calling him the young lord; but a generous fellow, and very like Glencore, when he first joined us at Canterbury. By way of educating him himself, Glencore has been driving Virgil and decimal fractions into him; and the boy, bred in the country—never out of it for a day—can't load a gun or tie a tackle. Not the worst thing about the boy is his inordinate love for Glencore, whom he imagines to be about the greatest and most gifted being that ever lived. I can scarcely help smiling at the implicitness of this honest faith; but I take good care not to smile; on the contrary, I give every possible encouragement to the belief. I conclude the disenchantment will arrive only too early at last.

"You'll not know what to make of such a lengthy epistle from me, and you'll doubtless torture that fine diplomatic intelligence of yours to detect the secret motive of my long-windedness; but the simple fact is, it has rained incessantly for the last three days, and promises the same cheering weather for as many more. Glencore doesn't fancy that the boy's lessons should be broken in upon—and *hinc istæ litteræ*—that's classical for you.

"I wish I could say when I am likely to beat my retreat. I'd stay—not very willingly, perhaps—but still I'd stay, if I thought myself of any use; but I cannot persuade myself that I am such. Glencore is now about again, feeble of course, and much pulled down, but able to go about the house and the garden. I can contribute nothing to his recovery, and I fear as little to his comfort. I even doubt if he desires me to prolong my visit; but such is my fear of offending him, that I actually dread to allude to my departure, till I can sound my way as to how he'll take it. This fact alone will show you how much he is changed from the Glencore of long ago. Another feature in him, totally unlike his for-

mer self, struck me the other evening. We were talking of old messmates—Croydon, Stanhope, Loftus, and yourself—and instead of dwelling, as he once would have done, exclusively on your traits of character and disposition, he discussed nothing but your abilities, and the capacity by which you could win your way to honours and distinction. I needn't say how, in such a valuation, you came off best. Indeed he professes the highest esteem for your talents, and says, 'You'll see Upton either a cabinet minister or ambassador at Paris yet;' and this he repeated in the same words last night, as if to show it was not dropped as a mere random observation.

"I have some scruples about venturing to offer anything bordering a suggestion to a great and wily diplomatist like yourself; but if an illustrious framer of treaties and protocols would condescend to take a hint from an old dragoon colonel, I'd say that a few lines from your crafty pen might possibly unlock this poor fellow's heart, and lead him to unburthen to *you* what he evidently cannot persuade himself to reveal to *me*. I can see plainly enough that there is something on his mind; but I know it just as a stupid old hound feels there is a fox in the cover, but cannot for the life of him see how he's to 'draw' him.

"A letter from you would do him good, at all events; even the little gossip of your gossiping career would cheer and amuse him. He said, very plaintively, two nights ago, 'They've all forgotten me. When a man retires from the world, he begins to die, and the great event, after all, is only the *coup-de-grace* to a long agony of torture. Do write to him, then; the address is 'Glencore Castle, Leenane, Ireland,' where, I suppose, I shall be still a resident for another fortnight to come.

"Glencore has just sent for me; but I must close this for the post, or it will be too late.

"Yours ever truly,

"GEORGE HARCOURT."

"I open this to say that he sent for me to ask for your address—whether through the Foreign Office, or direct to Studtgard. You'll probably not hear for some days, for he writes with extreme difficulty, and I leave it to your wise discretion to write to him or not in the interval.

"Poor fellow, he looks very ill to-day. He says that he never slept the whole night, and that the laudanum he took to induce drowsiness, only excited and maddened him. I counselled a hot jorum of mulled porter before getting into bed; but he deemed me

a monster for the recommendation, and seemed quite disgusted besides. Couldn't you send him over a despatch? I think such a document from Stutgard ought to be an unfailing soporific."

CHAPTER VI.

QUEER COMPANIONSHIP.

WHEN Harcourt repaired to Glencore's bedroom, where he still lay, wearied and feverish after a bad night, he was struck by the signs of suffering in the sick man's face. The cheeks were bloodless and fallen in, the lips pinched, and in the eyes there shone that unnatural brilliancy which results from an over-wrought and over-excited brain.

"Sit down here, George," said he, pointing to a chair beside the bed; "I want to talk to you. I thought every day that I could muster courage for what I wish to say; but somehow, when the time arrived, I felt like a criminal who entreats for a few hours more of life, even though it be a life of misery."

"It strikes me that you were never less equal to the effort than now," said Harcourt, laying his hand on the other's pulse.

"Don't believe my pulse, George," said Glencore, smiling faintly. "The machine may work badly, but it has wonderful holding out. I've gone through enough," added he, gloomily, "to kill most men, and here I am still, breathing and suffering."

"This place doesn't suit you, Glencore. There are not above two days in the month you can venture to take the air."

"And where would you have me go, sir?" broke he in fiercely. "Would you advise Paris and the Boulevards, or a palace in the Piazza di Spagna at Rome? or perhaps the Chiaja at Naples would be public enough? Is it that I may parade disgrace and infamy through Europe, that I should leave this solitude?"

"I want to see you in a better climate, Glencore; somewhere where the sun shines occasionally."

"This suits me," said the other, bluntly; "and here I have the security that none can invade—none molest me. But it is not of myself I wish to speak—it is of my boy."

Harcourt made no reply, but sat patiently to listen to what was coming.

"It is time to think of him," added Glencore, slowly. "The other day—it seems but the other day—and he was a mere child; a few years more—to seem when past like a long dreary night—and he will be a man."

"Very true," said Harcourt; "and Charley is one of those fellows who only make one plunge from the boy into all the responsibilities of manhood. Throw him into a college at Oxford, or the mess of a regiment to-morrow, and this day week you'll not know him from the rest."

Glencore was silent; if he had heard, he never noticed Harcourt's remark.

"Has he ever spoken to you about himself, Harcourt?" asked he, after a pause.

"Never, except when I led the subject in that direction; and even then reluctantly, as though it were a topic he would avoid."

"Have you discovered any strong inclination in him for a particular kind of life, or any career in preference to another?"

"None; and if I were only to credit what I see of him, I'd say that this dull monotony, and this dreary, uneventful existence, is what he likes best of all the world."

"You really think so?" cried Glencore, with an eagerness that seemed out of proportion to the remark.

"So far as I see," rejoined Harcourt, guardedly, and not wishing to let his observation carry graver consequences than he might suspect.

"So that you deem him capable of passing a life of a quiet, unambitious tenor—neither seeking for distinctions, nor fretting after honours."

"How should he know of their existence, Glencore? What has the boy ever heard of life and its struggles? It's not in Homer, or Sallust, he'd

learn the strife of parties and public men."

"And why need he ever know them?" broke in Glencore, fiercely.

"If he doesn't know them now, he's sure to be taught them hereafter. A young fellow who will succeed to a title and a good fortune —"

"Stop, Harcourt!" cried Glencore, passionately. "Has anything of this kind ever escaped you in intercourse with the boy?"

"Not a word—not a syllable."

"Has he himself ever, by a hint, or by a chance word, implied that he was aware of —"

Glencore faltered and hesitated, for the word he sought for did not present itself. Harcourt, however, released him from all embarrassment, by saying—

"With me, the boy is rarely anything but a listener; he hears me talk away of tiger-shooting, and buffalo-hunting, scarcely ever interrupting me with a question. But I can see in his manner with the country people, when they salute him, and call him my lord —."

"But he is not my lord," broke in Glencore.

"Of course he is not; that I am perfectly aware of."

"He never will—never shall be," cried Glencore, in a voice to which a long pent-up passion imparted a terrible energy.

"How!—what do you mean, Glencore?" said Harcourt, eagerly. "Has he any malady?—is there any deadly taint?"

"That there is, by Heaven!" cried the sick man, grasping the curtain with one hand, while he held the other firmly clenched upon his forehead. "A taint, the deadliest that can stain a human heart! Talk of station, rank, title—what are they, if they are to be coupled with shame, ignominy, and sorrow? The loud voice of the herald calls his father Sixth Viscount of Glencore; but a still louder one proclaims his mother a —"

With a wild burst of hysteric laughter, he threw himself, face downwards, on the bed; and now scream after scream burst from him, till the room was filled by the servants, in the midst of whom appeared Billy, who had only that same day returned from Leenane, whither he had gone to make a formal resignation of his functions as letter-carrier.

"This is nothing but an '*accessio nervosa*,'" said Billy; "clear the room, ladies and gentlemen, and lave me with the patient." And Harcourt gave the signal for obedience by first taking his departure.

Lord Glencore's attack was more serious than at first it was apprehended, and for three days there was every threat of a relapse of his late fever; but Billy's skill was once more successful, and on the fourth day he declared that the danger was past. During this period, Harcourt's attention was, for the first time, drawn to the strange creature who officiated as the doctor, and who, in despite of all the detracting influences of his humble garb and mean attire, aspired to be treated with the deference due to a great physician.

"If it's the crown and the sceptre makes the king," said he, "'tis the same with the science that makes the doctor; and no man can be despised when he has a rag of ould Galen's mantle to cover his shoulders."

"So you're going to take blood from him?" asked Harcourt, as he met him on the stairs, where he had awaited his coming one night when it was late.

"No, sir; 'tis more a disturbance of the great nervous centres than any decayin' of the heart and arteries," said Billy, pompously; "that's what shows a real doctor, to distinguish between the effects of excitement and inflammation, which is as different as fireworks is from a bombardment."

"Not a bad simile, Master Billy; come in and drink a glass of brandy-and-water with me," said Harcourt, right glad at the prospect of such companionship.

Billy Traynor, too, was flattered by the invitation, and seated himself at the fire with an air at once proud and submissive.

"You've a difficult patient to treat there," said Harcourt, when he had furnished his companion with a pipe, and twice filled his glass; "he's hard to manage, I take it?"

"Yer' right," said Billy; "every touch is a blow, every breath of air is a hurricane with him. There's no such thing as tratin' a man of that temperament; it's the same with many of them ould families as with our race-horses, they breed them too fine."

"Egad, I think you are right," said Harcourt, pleased with an illustration that suited his own modes of thinking.

"Yes, sir," said Billy, gaining confidence by the approval; "a man is a *mā-chine*, and all the parts ought to be balanced, and, as the ancients say, *in equilibrio*. If you give a preponderance here or there, whether it be brain or spinal marrow, cardiac functions or digestive ones, you distroy him, and make that dangerous kind of constitution that, like a horse with a hard mouth, or a boat with a weather helm, always runs to one side."

"That's well put, well explained," said Harcourt, who really thought the illustration appropriate.

"Now my lord there," continued Billy, "is all out of balance, every bit of him. Bleed him, and he sinks; stimulate him, and he goes ragin' mad. 'Tis their physical conformation makes their character; and to know how to cure them in sickness, one ought to have some knowledge of them in health."

"How came you to know all this? You are a very remarkable fellow, Billy."

"I am, sir; I'm a phenumenon in a small way. And many people thinks, when they see and converse with me, what a pity it is I havn't the advantages of edication and instruction, and that's just where they're wrong, complately wrong."

"Well, I confess I don't perceive that."

"I'll show you, then. There's a kind of *janius* natural to men like myself, in Ireland I mean, for I never heerd of it elsewhere. That's just like our Irish emerald or Irish diamond, wonderful if one considers where you find it—astonishin' if you only think how azy it is to get, but a regular disappointment, a downright take-in, if you intend to have it cut, and polished, and set. No, sir; with all the care and culture in life, you'll never make a precious stone of it!"

"You've not taken the right way to convince me, by using such an illustration, Billy."

"I'll try another, then," said Billy. "We are like Willy-the-Whisps, showing plenty of light where there's no road to travel, but of no manner of use on the highway, or in the dark streets of a village where one has business."

"Your own services here are the refutation to your argument, Billy," said Harcourt, filling his glass.

"'Tis your kindness to say so, sir," said Billy, with gratified pride; "but the sacrat was, he thrust me—that was the whole of it. All the miracles of physis is confidence, just as all the magic of eloquence is con-viction."

"You have reflected profoundly, I see," said Harcourt.

"I made a great many observations at one time of my life—the opportunity was favourable."

"When and how was that?"

"I travelled with a baste caravan for two years, sir; and there's nothing taches one to know mankind like the study of bastes!"

"Not complimentary to humanity, certainly," said Harcourt, laughing.

"Yes, but it is, though; for it is by a con-sideration of the *feræ naturæ* that you get at the raal nature of mere animal existence. You see there man in the rough, as a body might say, just as he was turned out of the first workshop, and before he was fettered with the *divinus afflatus*, the æthereal essence, that makes him the first of creation. There's all the qualities good and bad—love, hate, vengeance, gratitude, grief, joy, ay and mirth—there they are in the brutes; but they're in no subjection, except by fear. Now it's out of man's motives his character is moulded, and fear is only one amongst them. D'ye apprehend me?"

"Perfectly; fill your pipe." And he pushed the tobacco towards him.

"I will; and I'll drink the memory of the great and good man that first introduced the weed amongst us—Here's Sir Walter Raleigh. By the same token, I was in his house last week."

"In his house! where?"

"Down at Greyhall. You Englishmen, savin' your presence, always forget that many of your celebrities lived years in Ireland. For it was the same long ago as now—a place of decent banishment for men of *janius*—a kind of straw-yard where ye turned out your intellectual hunters till the sayson came on at home."

"I'm sorry to see, Billy, that, with all your enlightenment, you have the vulgar prejudice against the Saxon."

"And that's the rayson I have it, because it is vulgar," said Billy, eagerly. "Vulgar means popular, common to many; and what's the best test of truth in anything but universal belief, or whatever comes nearest to it. I

wish I was in Parliament—I just wish I was there the first night one of the nobs calls out ‘that’s vulgar;’ and I’d just say to him, ‘Is there anything as vulgar as men and women? Show me one good thing in life that isn’t vulgar? Show me an object a painter copies, or a poet describes, that isn’t so?’ Ayeh,” cried he, impatiently, “when they wanted a hard word to fling at us, why didn’t they take the right one?”

“But you are unjust, Billy; the ungenerous tone ye speak of is fast disappearing. Gentlemen now-a-days use no disparaging epithets to men poorer or less happily circumstanced than themselves.”

“Faix,” said Billy, “it isn’t sitting here, at the same table with yourself, that I ought to gainsay that remark.”

And Harcourt was so struck by the air of good breeding in which he spoke, that he grasped his hand, and shook it warmly.

“And what is more,” continued Billy, “from this day out I’ll never think so.”

He drank off his glass as he spoke, giving to the libation all the ceremony of a solemn vow.

“D’ye hear that?—them’s oars; there’s a boat coming in.”

“You have sharp hearing, master,” said Harcourt, laughing.

“I got the gift when I was a smuggler,” replied he. “I could put my ear to the ground of a still night, and tell you the tramp of a revenue boot as well as if I seen it. And now I’ll lay sixpence it’s Pat Morissy is at the bow-oar there; he rows with a short jerking stroke there’s no timing. That’s himself, and it must be something urgent from the post-office that brings him over the Lough to-night.”

The words were scarcely spoken when Craggs entered with a letter in his hand.

“This is for you, Colonel,” said he; “it was marked ‘immediate,’ and the post-mistress despatched it by an express.”

The letter was a very brief one; but, in honour to the writer, we shall give it a chapter to itself.

CHAPTER VII.

A GREAT DIPLOMATIST.

“MY DEAR HARCOURT,—I arrived here yesterday, and by good fortune caught your letter at the F. O., where it was awaiting the departure of the messenger for Germany.

“Your account of poor Glencore is most distressing. At the same time, my knowledge of the man and his temper in a measure prepared me for it. You say that he wished to see me, and intends to write. Now there is a small business-matter between us, which his lawyer seems much disposed to push on to a difficulty, if not to worse. To prevent this, if possible, at all events to see whether a visit from me might not be serviceable, I shall cross over to Ireland on Tuesday, and be with you by Friday, or at furthest Saturday. Tell him that I am coming, but only for a day. My engagements are such that I must be here again early in the following week. On Thursday I go down to Windsor.

“There is wonderfully little stirring here, but I keep that little for our meeting. You are aware, my dear friend, what a poor, shattered, broken-

down fellow I am; so that I need not ask you to give me a comfortable quarter for my one night, and some shell-fish, if easily procurable, for my one dinner.

“Yours, ever and faithfully,
“H. U.”

We have already told our reader that the note was a brief one, and yet was it not altogether uncharacteristic. Sir Horace Upton—it will spare us both some repetition if we present him at once—was one of a very composite order of human architecture; a kind of being, in fact, of which many would deny the existence till they met and knew them, so full of contradictions, real and apparent, was his nature. Chivalrous in sentiment and cunning in action, noble in aspiration, and utterly sceptical as to such a thing as principle, one-half of his temperament was the antidote to the other. Fastidious to a painful extent in matters of taste, he was simplicity itself in all the requirements of his life, and with all a courtier’s love of great people, not only

tolerating, but actually preferring, the society of men beneath him. In person he was tall, and with that air of distinction in his manner that belongs only to those who unite natural graces with long habits of high society. His features were finely formed, and would have been actually handsome, were the expression not spoiled by a look of astuteness—a something that implied a tendency to over-reach—which marred their repose and injured their uniformity. Not that his manner ever betrayed this weakness; far from it—his was a most polished courtesy. It was impossible to conceive an address more bland or more conciliating. His very gestures, his voice, languid by a slight habit of indisposition, seemed as though exerted above their strength in the desire to please, and making the object of his attentions to feel himself the mark of peculiar honour. There ran through all his nature, through everything he did, or said, or thought, a certain haughty humility, which served, while it assigned an humble place to himself, to mark out one still more humble for those about him. There were not many things he could not do; indeed he had actually done most of those which win honour and distinction in life. He had achieved a very gallant but brief military career in India, made a most brilliant opening in Parliament, where his abilities at once marked him out for office, was suspected to be the writer of the cleverest political satire, and more than suspected to be the author of the novel of the day. With all this, he had great social success. He was deep enough for a ministerial dinner, and “fast” enough for a party of young Guardsmen at Greenwich. With women, too, he was especially a favorite; there was a Machiavellian subtlety which he could throw into small things—a mode of making the veriest trifles little Chinese puzzles of ingenuity that flattered and amused them. In a word, he had great adaptiveness, and it was a quality he indulged less for the gratification of others than for the pleasure it afforded himself.

He had mixed largely in society, not only of his own, but of every country of Europe. He knew every chord of that complex instrument which people call the world, like a master; and although a certain jaded and wearied look, a tone of exhaustion and

fatigue, seemed to say that he was tired of it all, that he had found it barren and worthless, the real truth was, he enjoyed life to the full as much as on the first day in which he entered it; and for this simple reason, that he had started with an humble opinion of mankind, their hopes, fears, and ambitions, and so he continued, not disappointed, to the end.

The most governing notion of his whole life was an impression that he had a disease of the chest, some subtle and mysterious affection which had defied the doctors, and would go on to defy them to the last. To suggest to him that his malady had any affinity to any known affection was to outrage him, since the mere supposition would reduce him to a species of equality with some one else—a thought infinitely worse than any mere physical suffering; and, indeed, to avoid this shocking possibility, he vacillated as to the locality of his disorder, making it now in the lung, now in the heart—at one time in the bronchial tubes, at another in the valves of the aorta. It was his pleasure to consult for this complaint every great physician of Europe, and not alone consult, but commit himself to their direction, and this with a credulity which he could scarcely have summoned in any other cause.

It was difficult to say how far he himself believed in this disorder—the pressure of any momentous event, the necessity of action, never finding him unequal to any effort, no matter how onerous. Give him a difficulty, a minister to outwit, a secret scheme to unravel, a false move to profit by, and he rose above all his pulmonary symptoms, and could exert himself with a degree of power and perseverance that very few men could equal, none surpass. Indeed it seemed as though he kept this malady for the pastime of idle hours, as other men do a novel or a newspaper, but would never permit it to interfere with the graver business of life.

We have, perhaps, been prolix in our description, but we have felt it the more requisite to be thus diffuse, since the studious simplicity which marked all his manner might have deceived our reader, and which the impression of his mere words have failed to convey.

“You will be glad to hear Upton is

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in England, Glencore," said Harcourt, as the sick man was assisted to his seat in the library, "and, what is more, intends to pay you a visit."

"Upton coming here!" exclaimed Glencore, with an expression of mingled astonishment and confusion—"how do you know that?"

"He writes me from Long's to say that he'll be with us by Friday, or, if not, by Saturday."

"What a miserable place to receive him," exclaimed Glencore. "As for you, Harcourt, you know how to rough it, and have bivouacked too often under the stars to care much for satin curtains. But think of Upton here! How is he to eat?—where is he to sleep?"

"By Jove, we'll treat him handsomely. Don't you fret yourself about his comforts; besides, I've seen a great deal of Upton, and, with all his fastidiousness and refinement, he's a thorough good fellow at taking things for the best. Invite him to Chatsworth, and the chances are he'll find twenty things to fault—with the place, the cookery, and the servants; but take him down to the Highlands, lodge him in a shieling, with bannocks for breakfast and a Fyne herring for supper, and I'll wager my life you'll not see a ruffle in his temper, nor hear a word of impatience out of his mouth."

"I know that he is a well-bred gentleman," said Glencore, half pettishly; "but I have no fancy for putting his good manners to a severe test, particularly at the cost of my own feelings."

"I tell you again he shall be admirably treated; he shall have my room; and, as for his dinner, Master

Billy and I are going to make a raid amongst the lobster-pots. And what with turbot, oysters, grouse-pie, and mountain mutton, I'll make the diplomatist sorrow that he is not accredited to some native sovereign in the Arran islands, instead of some 'mere German Hertzog.' He can only stay one day."

"One day!"

"That's all; he is over head-and-ears in business, and he goes down to Windsor on Thursday, so that there is no help for it."

"I wish I may be strong enough; I hope to heaven that I may rally—" Glencore stopped suddenly as he got thus far, but the agitation the words cost him seemed most painful.

"I say again, don't distress yourself about Upton—leave the care of entertaining him to *me*. I'll vouch for it that he leaves us well satisfied with his welcome."

"It was not of that I was thinking," said he, impatiently; "I have much to say to him—things of great importance. It may be that I shall be unequal to the effort; I cannot answer for my strength for a day—not for an hour. Could you not write to him, and ask him to defer his coming till such time as he can spare me a week, or at least some days."

"My dear Glencore, you know the man well, and that we are lucky if we can have him here on his *own* terms, not to think of imposing *ours*; he is sure to have a number of engagements while he is in England."

"Well, be it so," said Glencore, sighing, with the air of a man resigning himself to an inevitable necessity.

BUNSEN'S EGYPT.*

THE first volume of the English version of this elaborate work appeared in 1848, and was received by the British public with the respect due to the virtues and learning of the distinguished individual whose name it bore; and now, after the lapse of six years, the second has appeared, to be followed (we are told) in about a year hence, by the third and last volume. The object of the work is indicated by its title, "*Egypt's Place in Universal History*;" and considering how much has been written on the subject, from Herodotus downwards, it might be thought that this point had been tolerably well established long ago. There has been no disposition manifested in ancient or modern times to undervalue the importance of Egypt as an element in the earlier civilisation of the post-diluvian world, but a tendency rather the other way; for it must not be thought that we knew nothing of Egypt, or that its mysterious history excited no attention, before the secret of hieroglyphical interpretation was discovered, and we were enabled to read the monumental inscriptions of ages far transcending in antiquity the oldest written records of the race. What place will be assigned to her by the Chevalier Bunsen, when he has completed his literary survey of her remains, we cannot know till his third volume appears; but we do not imagine that even his extraordinary erudition can lead to any sensible change in the convictions that have long prevailed among educated men as to the government, laws, arts, sciences, literature, and habits of a people whose claims upon our regard are due more to accidental circumstances than to any marked superiority they possessed over other and contemporary nations. The Chevalier, like most of his countrymen, has a rooted dislike to Moses, and rather a contempt for those who attach any weight to his authority; but we will venture to affirm, that had it not been for the writings of the recreant

priest of Heliopolis, the annals of Egypt would have remained till this day in the same state of darkness and uncertainty as the annals of Babylonia and Assyria. The Greek classical writers did as little towards the elucidation of the one as the other, and what we do know with any degree of certainty about the ancient Egyptians, we owe chiefly to the earlier Christian writers, who were attracted to the study of their history by its connexion with the history of the Israelites. We make this statement in the full knowledge of what was done, or attempted to be done, by the scholars and critics of the Alexandrine school before the Christian era; and our deliberate belief is, that the desire manifested in modern times to penetrate the veil that has so long covered the history of the land of the Pharaohs, is due more to its relations with the Abrahamic race, both before and after the exodus, than to any other single cause whatever. Our acquaintance with Egypt begins with the story of Joseph and his brethren, wherever it may end; and though it may shock learned ears to be told so, we can entertain no doubt that an illustration of that simple and touching tale would excite a greater sensation throughout Christendom, than the discovery of a new dynasty, or the settlement of the place in which Moses, the first king, was born or died.

Our readers are probably aware that the first volume of this work was devoted to those preliminary investigations in which the learned German mind delights, and was, in fact, a huge preface extending over some 750 pages; but since this was to be the method adopted, it is impossible that it could have been better executed. The literary resources of the Chevalier Bunsen are nearly inexhaustible, and are prodigally displayed in the discussion of the questions that arise on the very threshold of his work; and hard as the task of perusal often is, all must admire

* "*Egypt's Place in Universal History.*" By O. C. J. Bunsen, Ph. D., and D. C. L. Translated from the German by C. H. Cottrell, Esq., M.A. Vol. II. London: Longman, and Co. 1854.

his wonderful fertility, and the thorough command which he holds over his materials. In this respect he resembles his illustrious master, Niebuhr; and we find, in the second volume especially, illustrations of the force of his discriminative faculty, which show that it is little, if at all, inferior in power to that of his great predecessor in historical renovation. Having cleared the way for his future labours in the first volume, by a copious analysis of what had been done by previous Egyptologists, ancient and modern, he proceeds, in the second, to grapple with those terrible perplexities known as the Lists of the Kings, which, by careful collation, and unwearied diligence, he has restored to chronological order. It is impossible, without consulting the book itself, to form a conception of the sagacity that is exhibited in these emendations; and if anything could compensate for the toil of groping through this critical labyrinth, it would be the pleasure that every ingenuous mind must feel at the contemplation of so much zeal united to so much knowledge. His chief authorities for the dynastic history of the Old Empire are Manetho and Eratosthenes, particularly the latter, and both are appealed to, though with less confidence, for the middle or shepherd period; while the reconstruction of the New Empire rests on the Epitomists, Josephus, the canon of Ptolemy, and the Monuments; and those only who have tried to comprehend these tables, and to extract out of them a consistent narrative, can be expected to appreciate the skill that is shown by M. Bunsen in this portion of his work. He has done for Egyptian chronology all that profound criticism can effect for it; and obscure as such labours may seem to be, we, who reap the benefit of them, should not forget that, whether we can agree to all his conclusions or not, these reformatations required, for their successful accomplishment, a combination of the highest talent, learning, and ingenuity that could be found. So bewildered was old Jacob Bryant by these unaccommodating tables, that he declared the one half of them to be spurious, and cut off the first fifteen at a blow (iv. 404); and though a different and a wiser course has been followed by the members of the new school of interpretation, still the state of these lists has been till now a grievous stumbling-block to the most intelli-

gent of even modern inquirers. This defect will be no longer felt if M. Bunsen's corrections are accepted by scholars generally; but we are apt, when talking of this subject, to recall the remark of Plutarch, that the traces of truth in these Egyptian records are so slight, that it requires a skilful person to find them out, and "to extract much out of little," *μεγαλα δι μικροῖς ἔλαιν*. With the restoration of the regal lists there is necessarily associated the construction of what the author considers a true system of Egyptian chronology, which he believes he has established on a lasting foundation; and as it is upon this point that the Chevalier Bunsen anticipated the greatest divergence from the opinions he has promulgated, we shall devote a few words to the consideration of the argument which he has raised upon his archaeological inferences.

The system of chronology followed in this country, and in most parts of Western Christendom, places the creation of the world at 4004 years, and the deluge at 2,348 years, before the birth of Christ. It is admitted upon all hands, however, that considerable discrepancies exist in the results of the calculations founded on the Hebrew genealogies, from which alone we can know anything of these matters; and that the Vulgate, the Samaritan text, and the Septuagint, differ largely in their temporal computations. Thus, for example, between our canon, as established by Usher, and the Cores-theopolitan æra, or that adopted by the Greek Church, there is a difference of 1,500 years—an immense portion of time to be either of doubtful existence, or unappropriated; and the knowledge of this fact necessarily compels us to allow some latitude to those who desire to make this globe older than it is commonly supposed to be. We are perfectly willing, therefore, to give the Chevalier Bunsen the benefit of these differences, though there is very little chance of our being able to extend the antiquity of the earth to such a degree as his Egyptian theory would require, and without which, as it seems to us, all his toil and skill in the restoration of the regal lists must go for nothing; for either he and his Egyptian monuments must give place to Moses and the Hebrew annals, or Moses and the Hebrew annals must give place to them. The case stands thus.

From the commencement of the Egyptian monarchy under Menes to the death of Alexander the Great, when it was finally extinguished, the Chevalier's theory requires 3,000 years at least in uninterrupted sequence; and this portion of time must be farther, and even indefinitely, enlarged, if we consider that before the union of the upper and lower countries, under that sovereign, Egypt was not a newly planted region, but had been long settled, and, though divided into separate provinces, was governed by a race of native princes, who possessed vast landed property, and aspired to dynastic honours. Now, Alexander the Great died at Babylon, in the year 325, B.C., in the year of the world 3681, as we commonly calculate, and by ordinary computation, 2025 years after the flood; if we take, therefore, the 3000 years required by the hypothesis, from his death to the accession of Menes, we shall reach the year of the world 975, and thus make the commencement of the united Egyptian monarchy to fall about 45 years after the time assigned to the death of Adam, in the scriptural lists, and 81 years before the birth of Noah, and, as a consequence, 681 years before the deluge. How far beyond this we should go in order to plant a people in the valley of the Nile, and to allow time for the growth of those "princely families who were the great landowners of the provinces, and who called themselves Egyptian kings" (ii. 183), we are not told; but from what we have stated it will be seen that it is impossible to accommodate M. Bunsen's chronology to the system in ordinary use, since the necessities of his theory would oblige us to transcend the era of the creation of man. Some of the more obvious difficulties might be removed, perhaps, by the substitution of any of the three Oriental epochs, which are all more extensive than our own, and would widen the area of time sufficiently to admit of the colonisation of Egypt after the flood; but as none of them would give what the Chevalier insists upon having, viz., 2000 years in a consecutive series, and without the intervention of the flood, before Moses, it would manifestly serve no practical purpose to adopt them, instead of the vulgar and more limited canon in common use. The very terms of his proposition, indeed, forbid the attempt

to reconcile his views respecting the date of the commencement of the Egyptian Empire, to the opinions hitherto received upon that head, for we are not only not troubled with Mizraim, the second son of Ham, and the grandson of Noah, who, in less ambitious histories, is said to have planted Egypt, and to have bestowed his name upon both the country and the people, but we are expressly told that the establishment of the age of Menes is merely the settlement of a particular point in Egyptian chronology, and not the determination of the date of the arrival in Egypt of an Asiatic horde from the East, and, consequently, of the common history of the people known to the world in aftertimes as Egyptians. On the contrary, it is assumed throughout, and is even a necessary condition of the Chevalier Bunsen's thesis, that Egyptian society did not begin with Menes, the first king, but that the elements of political life must have existed long before his day to enable him to do what he did do; but how long is the difficulty, which he can only remove by disregarding what has been hitherto received as truth, and substituting for it certain bold conjectures which, in the present state of our knowledge, are absolutely incompatible with any system of chronology admitted among men, learned or unlearned. The Chevalier has somewhere said that in inquiries of this kind a thousand years more or less are of very little consequence; and as he tells us in his first volume, that the history of the Egyptians "shows them to belong to the great middle age of mankind" (Introduction, p. xxxii.) we need not further embarrass ourselves by an attempt to elucidate a subject that only becomes darker and more perplexed, the more it is meddled with. The flood is in great disfavour in Germany at this moment, and is particularly disliked by the whole brood of Egyptologists in that country. The Chevalier Bunsen discards it altogether; but we would not be doing justice to him or to ourselves, if we did not allow him to state, in his own words, how he proposes to deal with this little impediment to the establishment of his chronological deduction:—

"People are ashamed of being ignorant in matters of research, with which the sound common sense of mankind might long ago

have grappled ; but professed scholars even, especially in Germany, do not blush to parade before all Europe a scandalous ignorance of Egyptian research, and to talk with caste-arrogance of 'so-called contemporary monuments,' and 'pretended explanations of the hieroglyphics.' When, however, this will not answer their purpose any longer, they come forward, especially in England, with theological suspicions, and charges of infidelity—men who never gave a single proof of being able to read and critically explain the records of their own faith in the original. . . . Yet these are the fairest opponents amongst those who doubt the correctness of Egyptian archæology. What will become, they ask first of all, of the Bible dates? And what becomes of the flood? exclaim the zealots. 'Two thousand years' history and chronology before Moses! and that from one for whom the Bible chronology prior to Solomon is not good enough! And here a wide door is opened for sarcasm and scoffing; for there are many zealous souls who desire nothing better than to prove that the 'scoffer,' 'the God-despiser,' 'the infidel critic,' himself deals uncritically. In such persons' eyes, however, every man is naturally a scoffer who declares he does not believe anything (i. e., whatever) they assert, however devoid it may be of sound foundation, and however insignificant in itself. . . . Opponents of this class will naturally consider us prejudiced throughout in favour of the Egyptian authorities, of which we were the first to prove the historical authenticity. The affair, however, is no affair of ours. Be we right, or be we wrong, it is truth of which we are in search. What we contend against is, indifference to the discovery of truth in the old traditions. It is the deceitful pretence of real knowledge which we have zealously laboured, and that not for a short time, to expel, even in the domain of the oldest chronology, from its prescriptive strongholds, to offer it up to the manes of Eratosthenes, of Scaliger, and of Niebuhr."—(Vol. ii. pp. 417–19.)

We say nothing of the enthusiasm which induces a man of learning to offer incense to the "manes of Eratosthenes, Scaliger, and Niebuhr," nor of the scholastic affectation that leads him to disregard the testimony of Moses, who certainly knew more about Egypt than any of them; for we feel that it is no business of ours to quarrel with the Chevalier Bunsen's tastes; but we would venture to remark on these not very decently-worded sentences, that the men whom he derides as zealots, and treats as fools, are as much in earnest about the *truth* as he can be. They may differ from him as to what the *truth* is, or should be in

the estimation of responsible beings, but he has lived long enough in England to know, that to believe in the inspiration of the Scriptures is no proof of either ignorance or fatuity, and that individuals whose erudition is little less profound than his own would not be thought the worse of amongst us if they considered it an exercise of talent as useful to mankind to strengthen the bulwarks of the religion they profess, as to elucidate, by conjectural emendations, the monumental records of a people whose vanity on the subject of their ancestry was notorious and ridiculous, and whose best mental qualities were clouded by credulity, superstition, and blindness. We have no desire to undervalue the labours of so distinguished a man on a field that he has made almost his own, and who has established so many claims upon our generosity; but we must state, in plain terms, that if his conclusions offer a positive violence to the religious convictions of the people of this country, they will be rejected without hesitation, and will deserve to be so. It can signify very little to the great mass of mankind in Christian countries when Menes reigned, who preceded or who succeeded him, or even whether there was ever such a man at all; but it does concern them intimately to be assured that the great lawgiver of the Hebrews was what he represented himself to be, and not an impostor. Whatever comes of the monuments, the inscriptions, and the dynasties, we cannot afford, *as yet*, to put them in the place of Moses and his writings. If the modern German scholars will not allow us to consider him an inspired man, who was under the guidance of a heavenly power, and must be indulged with the liberty of sneering at our simplicity when we do so, they cannot prevent us from asking where, in that case, he got that collection of strange and varied knowledge which he communicated to others, and which distinguishes him so remarkably from all the profane writers of antiquity. The story which he tells it is impossible he could have invented. It is too complicated and too multifarious for that; and if he has only bequeathed to posterity a series of old legends which had been preserved among the descendants of the Noachidæ, can any good reason be assigned why we should not put as much

credence in them as in the infinitely more apocryphal traditions preserved in Egyptian papyri, or engraved on Egyptian tablets, stelæ, and tombs? We know of none; and it seems to us to be unwise, to say the least, to treat one species of ancient testimony as worthless, which has long enjoyed the reverence of mankind, and to exalt another upon its discredit, which has no greater claim upon our confidence, in order that a chronological theory may be established, which, were it corroborated to-morrow, would add little to our positive knowledge, and nothing to our positive happiness. We must be allowed to doubt, also, the expediency of reviving those claims to a fabulous antiquity that distinguished all the nations of the old world before the rise of the Greeks, and of leading us back to that state of helpless ignorance and stupid wonder, from which a more correct knowledge of their annals had enabled us to escape. Egyptology is not only a fashionable study at present but a fascinating one; and we are bound to add, that amongst ourselves it has been heretofore prosecuted in a spirit of becoming respect for the paramount authority of the Hebrew writings, from Prichard ("Mythology," 1817), with whom a scientific analysis of Egyptian philosophy and literature, properly speaking, began, down to Mr. Osburn, whose very interesting treatise ("Ancient Egypt, her Testimony to the Truth of the Bible," 1846) is devoted to the confirmation of the Mosaic narrative; and it will be a subject of sincere regret to those who entertain a rational desire to see the history of Egypt cleared of that mystery which has so long enshrouded it, should the mistaken zeal, and the misdirected enthusiasm of a few learned foreigners, succeed in surrounding it with incredible properties, and in identifying it with repulsive theories. It is for this reason that we have dwelt at such length on the Chevalier Bunsen's system of chronology. His high personal character and his wonderful attainments necessarily impress much weight on his individual opinions; and many unreflecting persons will adopt his views, without considering that if they were to prevail over those which have been received unsuspectingly by the great body of Christians, for 1850 years, they would leave the modern man in a worse

condition than the ancient man, by sapping the foundations of his religious belief, and replacing his positive faith by an objectless pantheism.

We must pass over with a mere reference the remarks on the pyramids, which are decided to be works of the old empire, and demonstrated to have been the rock sepulchres of the kings, enclosed in enormous cases of masonry. Colonel Howard Vyse's labours have been of great service here, and have enabled the author to give a description of those stupendous structures, which is perfect in all its details. The drawings and illustrations are likewise very distinct, and we learn with some interest that a word which has been long naturalised in every European language, and has so perfect a Greek look and sound, as pyramid, is, after all, pure Coptic, being a compound of the definite article *pe* and *rama*, height—the lofty (ii. 389), just as Herodotus's *piromis* (ii. 143, Πιρωμις δὲ ἵστί κατ' Ἑλλάδα γλωσσῶν, καλὸς παραθεῖς) is resolvable into *pe rome*, the man. We must also be contented with a mere allusion to the admirable dissertations on the Lake Mæris and the Labyrinth, both of which display in a marked manner M. Bunsen's analytical talent, and proceed to offer a few general remarks on the Hyksos, or middle period, according to our author, of the Egyptian monarchy, on which he entertains opinions that are in a great measure proper to himself.

At a period in the history of Egypt, the precise date of which cannot now be ascertained, but which Prichard places hypothetically in the year of the world 2071, or about 11 years before the call of Abraham, the old empire, under the successors of Menes, fell into decline, and was subdued by a body of foreign invaders, known as the Hyksos, or Royal Shepherds—for such is the meaning of the words *Hyk* and *sos*, of which the designation is composed. It is in a quotation from Manetho, given by Josephus, that the first mention of these people is made, and the Jewish historian obviously borrowed it, with the design of applying it to his ancestors (προγόνου), whose Egyptian career, he thought, would be thus made to look more honourable in the eyes of the Gentile nations, for whom he wrote. This pious fiction, however, has been long exploded, as

it is quite impossible to reconcile the condition of the captive Hebrews with that of the triumphant and dominant Hyksos, who held Egypt in subjection for centuries, and made her princes tributary. That this is a very intricate piece of history cannot be denied; but unless we suppose the Hyksos rule to have ended a considerable time before the settlement of the Israelites in Egypt, instead of being, as many believe, contemporaneous with that event, we cannot understand why it should be said, when the children of Jacob went down there, that "shepherds were an abomination unto the Egyptians." The cruelties perpetrated by these strangers on the native population were great, and will account for this feeling; but it is not easy to see why, if the reigning Pharaoh in Joseph's time was a shepherd prince, he should put into the mouths of his brethren a speech that could not fail to be highly offensive to him. We confess, then, that without overlooking the chronological difficulties that arise from the adoption of such an opinion, our own impression is, that the Hyksos must have preceded the Hebrew shepherds by many years, perhaps by half a century; and that Mr. Bryant's view of the matter—that to the Israelites was assigned the district they had latterly occupied—has always appeared to us an exceedingly probable one. That the royal shepherds were not Hebrews is certain; but who they were it is not so easy to tell. They have been called Arabs, Scythians, and even Assyrians; but M. Bunsen affirms that they were, according to the testimony of the Egyptians themselves, "neighbouring Semitic tribes from the north-east of Egypt—that is, Canaanites, associated possibly with the Bedouins of Northern Arabia and the peninsula of Sinai" (vol. ii. p. 421). We know not how this positive statement is to be established, as all that Manetho says of them is, that they were an obscure race of men (*αἰσχροὶ καὶ γένος αἰμίον*), and that they came from the east (*ἐκ τῶν πρὸς ἀνατολὴν μερῶν*); but however this may be, it seems certain that they established themselves in lower Egypt, and having chosen a king, that they fixed his residence at Memphis, the ancient royal city of the native Pharaohs, from which convenient locality they governed the whole country. We learn, however,

from the Chevalier Bunsen, that though the subjection of Egypt to these strangers was complete, and so far universal that their sovereignty was everywhere recognised, their authority was exercised through the native governors of provinces who continued, as of old, to perform the duties demanded of them by the ancient constitution of the country. This is a very important fact, and, we rather think, a novel one, in the history of the Hyksos dominion, and we consider it right, therefore, to give its announcement in M. Bunsen's own words:—

"The notion of a total subversion of life and manners is wholly unwarranted—a pure fancy. Although tributary, the greater part of the land of the Pharaohs obeyed its native princes. The seat of the shepherd sovereignty was a fortified camp. They held possession of Memphis, but their residence was a vast fortress on the frontiers of the Syrian desert, not far from old Pelusium, the very spot, probably, where, in the latter centuries of the old empire, the Heracleopolitan princes founded an empire of their own. The southernmost point they occupied was the primeval royal residence in lower Egypt, Memphis. From hence, says Manetho, they held the Egyptians in subjection, and took tribute of their princes. Not only did the Thebans then continue to exercise the sovereignty in the Thebaid as princes of a tributary Egyptian empire, but also the Xoites in the Delta. Manetho expressly mentions several tributary princes; and had he not done so we should have been obliged to assume the existence of a northern Egyptian dynasty."—vol. ii. p. 422.

Everything connected with the Hyksos dominion in Egypt is obscure and intricate, and has been felt to be so by all the writers who have treated of it; but the commonly received opinion is, that the shepherds were mere intruders on the Egyptian soil, the possession of which they held by the power of the sword alone—a body of foreign military governors, in fact, who had forcibly seized the country and usurped the supreme authority—and that they continued to be wholly distinct from the native Egyptian population, though their kings, whose names appear in the regal lists, reigned collaterally with the native Theban, but tributary princes, by whose exertions they were ultimately expelled. The duration of their rule it is difficult if not impossible to fix accurately;

and it is upon this point that M. Bunsen differs most widely from his predecessors. Their stay in Egypt has been generally assumed to have been about 250 years; but though this number would be undoubtedly more convenient, in all respects, than one materially lower or higher, it must be confessed that it rests on no satisfactory grounds. Manetho, in the passage already referred to as being preserved by Josephus, gives 511 years; but this also is rejected by M. Bunsen, whose view of the matter, if we take it up correctly, is this:—

The Egyptian monarchy, from Menes to Alexander, is divisible into three periods—the old, the middle, and the new empires—making in all a period of 3555 years; and the middle period is that of the shepherd rule, which lasted for at least “five full centuries, perhaps nine” (ii. 416). Ultimately, and after much critical discussion, the period of 922 years is adopted, and Manetho's number of 3555 years for the duration of the entire empire is thus made up:—

Old Empire	1347 years.
Middle, or Hyksos period		922	“
New Empire	1286 “
<hr/>			
Total	3555 years.

It would thus appear that the character of the shepherd sovereignty in Egypt has been wholly misunderstood heretofore, chiefly from the desire of the older Christian writers, and especially Eusebius, to accommodate the figures of the Alexandrian chronologists to the limits of the Hebrew computation of time. But all this is now corrected—the shepherds take their proper place in Egyptian history, not as the temporary occupants of the Egyptian territory, but as its permanent lords for nearly a thousand years. And it is in the “General Introduction to the Middle and New Empires,” at the beginning of the third book, and which is prefatory to the announcement of this discovery, that those bitter reflections will be found to which we have before alluded, and which contrast so strongly with the habitually calm tone of the Chevalier Bunsen's writings. Upon this conjectural restoration of a history and a chronology, we do not feel that we are called upon to add anything to

what we have already said on the subject of M. Bunsen's chronology generally; but it will now be seen *why* he requires that extension of time which would carry him beyond the Flood, and why he has been compelled to disown that event altogether. If the middle empire, or shepherd period, needed a thousand years, or thereby, it was necessary to get them somewhere; and if this period of a thousand years be interposed between the old and the new empires, it must, of necessity, push the commencement of the first empire far beyond any date in the world's history, which a post-diluvian calculation will allow. It is this necessity, then, which has led the Chevalier to quarrel so loudly with the received opinions; to put himself and Lepsius against Moses; and to ask, more haughtily we think than the doubtful nature of his conclusions will justify, an acquiescence in his views, which, in this country at least, will certainly not be granted. Those who can command the necessary leisure, and who desire to know on what grounds our author rests his hypothesis respecting the Hyksos, we must refer to the work itself, where they will find a multiplicity of curious and minute details of which it is not practicable to give any account in such a notice as this; and we shall now close our remarks on a volume of extraordinary erudition, by the statement of a few general reasons, unconnected altogether with chronology, which lead us to question the truth of those bold historical assumptions on the shepherd rule in Egypt, which the Chevalier Bunsen believes that he has invested with the immoveable characters of substantial and documentary history.

Wherever the shepherds came from, and whoever they were, it is agreed that they were not Egyptians, but strangers who invaded the land, and who neither understood the language, nor practised the rites, of the people. It is impossible now to ascertain their number when they took possession of Egypt, and reduced its princes to a state of vassalage, though Mr. Bryant, upon what authority we know not, makes it 240,000 (vi. p. 165); but it was probably not greater than a nomadic tribe could contrive to feed and keep together; and it is generally admitted, that the ease and rapidity with which they effected their conquests,

were due to the decline of the martial virtues among the Egyptians, the discontent of the people in consequence of the exactions of, and the labours imposed upon them by, the first race of kings, and possibly to domestic treachery. Having once established their authority, we must suppose one of two cases—1st. Either that they continued to exist as a separate military caste, wholly distinct from the Egyptians; or, 2ndly, that they gradually adopted the language, manners, and religion of the people they had subdued, and through the lapse of time, intermarriages, and other obvious means, lost those peculiarities which were proper to them as foreigners, and which caused their name to become ultimately a byword of reproach. If we take the first case, a comparatively short period of time will suffice, say the 250 years commonly assigned to their dominion; if we take the second, a larger portion of time will be needed, such as M. Bunsen's 922 years. The question, then, lies between the comparative probabilities of these two assumptions, and neither does nor can admit of the intervention of a third. Now, it is a noticeable circumstance that Manetho—or Josephus speaking for him—gives their number at the date of their expulsion, and, after a residence in Egypt of, according to him, 511 years, at 240,000 persons, the same number which Bryant gives to them at their entry; whence it may be inferred that they preserved to the last their original state of isolation, though it may be concluded, at the same time, that their numbers had been latterly much diminished, possibly by the war of thirteen years' duration which they had maintained with the natives before they were finally driven out of the country. The grand point, however, is the establishment of the fact of their isolation, for if that be once settled, the shorter term of residence will follow as a matter of necessity; and it will also follow, that the shorter that term can be made the stronger will the case become; for, a residence extended to upwards of 900 years, the complete domestication which this would imply, and the exercise of imperial functions for so long a time, are irreconcilable with the theory of a distinct class-existence, and so entire a separation of the shepherds from the rest of the population as their

history, as it has come down to us, absolutely requires. The difficulty is considerable with 250 years; it is doubled with 511; and it becomes altogether insuperable with 922; for it must be remembered that, whatever chronology be adopted, we have the same story to tell at the end of it, namely, that the Hyksos were gathered together in a single stronghold to the number of 240,000 souls; that they were there besieged by a king of Upper Egypt, and compelled, in terms of a capitulation, to abandon the territory they had so long oppressed by their presence, and to evacuate the country, not in detachments, or portions, but as a whole. We repeat, then, that considering the peculiar structure of society in Eastern countries, and particularly in ancient Egypt, we can believe, if obliged to do so, this to have been practicable after the lapse of two centuries, or thereby, but to be scarcely conceivable after the lapse of five centuries, and to be wholly unimaginable after the lapse of nine. Universal history furnishes nothing analogous to the conditions on which the Chevalier Bunsen's middle empire is founded, for it will not be alleged, we presume, that the sojourn of the Israelites in Egypt is a parallel case, and if not, we know not where one is to be found; for though the English are a ruling military class in Hindostan, they are not domesticated there as the Hyksos were in Egypt; while the Chinese example of the Mantchoo Tartars is so little in point, that they have governed the Celestial Empire for only 160 years (1692) and are now so thoroughly incorporated with the people whom they subdued, that, though much dissatisfaction is expressed with their rule, the recent movement against them has failed to make any sensible impression upon it. At this moment it is 789 years since the Norman Conquest of England, less by 133 years than the Chevalier Bunsen asks for the duration of the shepherd dominion in Egypt; but who could now separate the Norman from the Saxon, the Saxon from the Dane, or the Dane from the Briton? And unless human nature was different in ancient Egypt from what it is in modern Europe, how can we believe that after the lapse of nearly a thousand years it was possible to collect the Canaanitish invaders into one body, to shut them up in a fortress

with their families and their effects, and finally to drive them from the land they had made their own into the wilderness, for by this time they could have had no other home, and no other country, than Egypt? It appears to us, therefore, that this part of M. Bunsen's general argument, which he obviously thinks the strongest, and which he has made so many sacrifices to establish, is really the weakest, since it is opposed not only to the canons of experience, but to the laws of social progression and amalgamation in every age. So far from removing the difficulties that have always belonged to

the Hyksos period, it increases them fifty-fold; and we must conclude these very general remarks on this unquestionably able and learned work, by expressing our regret that its accomplished author should have allowed his zeal in the cause of Egyptian archæology to render him unjust to those who think less highly than he does of the historical value of the Egyptian monumental records, and whose chief sin is, that they decline to postpone the authority of Genesis to Lepsius's "*Todtenbuch*," and to give up the Flood in obedience to M. de Rongé's last "*Memoire sur quelques Phénomènes Célestes*."

THE MYSTERY OF THE BEASTS.

IN that tract of time which lies between the ages of fable and the epoch when the blended civilisation of Rome and Greece assumed its most gorgeous aspect, in all antiquity, the sciences which rest on the observation of positive facts made no progress. We cannot say they did not exist. One man opened the inquiry, but in this line of philosophy that solitary individual had no disciples. Aristotle, the philosopher we allude to, perused with attention the habits of brutes, and recorded them with care, and classed them in accordance with the laws of a rude comparative physiology. But he had no followers in this path. The sciences of which he laid the basis, and of which he foresaw the results, were stifled by the swarming luxuriance of fable. In lieu of observations, the most incredible and preposterous romances were massed together in the pages, for instance, of Ælian, Ctesias, and even Pliny himself, philosophers who seem to have swallowed the grossest figments without a twinge of fastidiousness. It is perfectly amazing, and we can only account for it by supposing in those ages writing was so rare and costly an accomplishment, that individuals who could use the pen deemed it unbecoming to use their eyes. If the theologians of pagan antiquity were poets, as Bacon observes, their naturalists were even worse. Animals that crowded about their steps, and which they could not move their eyes without see-

ing, are the heroes of the most extravagant legends. The whole world is metamorphosed by superstition. Truth is ignominiously swept out, and dreams substituted for reality. Writers stride forward from prodigy to prodigy, with the arrogance and self-esteem of authors who scorn to be observers. In the presence of brute instinct, man—the king of the creation—abdicates his reason, in order to endow the meanest animals with this prerogative. Nothing is more strange. When every being in existence is metamorphosed, he next proceeds industriously to invent a world of impossible beings, and his childish credulity greedily believes in all that his own teeming fancy invents. Finally, Polytheism attributes prescience to brutes—the power of ascertaining and indicating futurity; and, by way of climax to this pile of absurdities, sublimates them into deities. It is, we think, worthy of inquiry, why the inferior animals should be thus *humanised* at once by superstition, and poetry, and philosophy.

According to the doctrine of the metempsychosis—introduced into Greece by Pythagoras and Timæus—the brute animals are human beings in an altered form. In their new shape, they preserve a recollection of their former condition. They were believed by some philosophers to possess three souls—the sensitive, rational, and vegetative soul—corresponding to what, in recent times, has been termed in-

tellectual, organic, and animal life. A book was written by Plutarch, to prove that animals possess reason, inasmuch as the operations of our boasted understanding are more liable to error than the mysterious operations of instinct. Poets, and even philosophers, regarded them as our earliest teachers of the useful arts. At an early period (according to Pope)—

"To man the voice of nature spake :—
Go! from the creatures thy instruction take;
Learn from the birds what food the thickets yield—
Learn from the beasts the physic of the field.
Thy arts of building from the bee receive;
Learn of the mole to plough, the worm to weave;
Learn of the little nautilus to sail,
Spread the thin oar, and catch the driving gale.

Learn each small people's genius—policies—
The ant's republic, and the realm of bees:
How those in common all their wealth bestow,
And anarchy, without confusion, know.
And these for ever, though a monarch reign,
Their separate cells and properties maintain."

A grasshopper, instructed by the melodious teachings of the nightingale, carried off the prize in the Pythian games. The chargers of the Sybarites were famous for pleasing manners and accomplishments. They particularly surpassed in dancing; and on one occasion, when the battle-trumpet sounded a charge, and all the Sybarite cavalry were advancing at the signal, the Crotonian enemy suddenly struck up a reel, or jig, or dancing tune, whereupon the Sybarite chargers, mistaking a battle for a ball, began to foot it feebly to the measure, and capered, and pranced, and tramped, so as to disorder the ranks, and, through love of pleasure, forfeited victory.

Narratives and statements such as these frequently occur in the writings of the ancients, who tell them with the grave air of satisfied and undoubting credulity. Indeed they saw no reason to doubt them, when their philosophers, whose names were symbolical of wisdom, recognised men in brutes, in birds, and even in insects; and when beasts were assimilated in intellect to men, we cannot be surprised if animals employed human language; that is, when reason dwelt in the mind, we can readily suppose it spoken by the tongue. The narratives of the fabulists are only dramatic versions of universally accredited traditions. That Æsop's fox should converse with the stork, or that a philosophic discussion should beguile the leisure of the town rat, when visited by an acquaintance from the country, is not to be wonder-

ed at, when history itself teems with similar examples. On the fall of Tarquin, a dog, in the open streets, could not contain his political sentiments, but gave expression to his republican opinions by loudly vociferating his congratulations. When Domitian was assassinated, an observant crow, perched on the capitol, favoured the city with its regicidal views by applauding the murderers. "It's a good deed," screamed the crow; "it is right well done." When Otho oppressed Rome, and Vitellius threatened the walls, the golden reins, to the terror of the alarmed city, dropped from the hands of the statue of Victory, and the oxen, in a low tone, were overheard exchanging private opinions on public affairs. When Lepidus and Catullus were consuls, a cock, in the farm-yard of Galerius, conversed like a human being; and Pliny, animadverting on this fact, gravely remarks, that "speaking cocks are very rare in history."

One of the most extraordinary features in this superstition is, that while beasts are adepts in the language of men, it is only in exceedingly rare cases that men ever attain to any knowledge of the language of beasts. All antiquity produced but five individuals who reached this extraordinary height of science, namely—Tiresias, Helenus, Cassandra, Apollonius of Tyana, and Melampus. Apollonius was suddenly gifted with this privilege in India, while manducating the heart of a dragon; and serpents communicated the faculty to Melampus. Here is the story:—The servants of Melampus found a nest of serpents in a hollow oak, which, after killing the old ones, they brought to Melampus, who ordered the young creatures to be carefully brought up. When these serpents reached maturity, their gratitude for the care bestowed on their education caused them one day, while Melampus was wrapped in profound repose, to glide close to his ears and lick them repeatedly, a process which improved his hearing to such exquisite fineness, that he was astonished, on awaking, to hear the brutes utter sounds that were quite intelligible to him.

While it must be confessed that the zoology of antiquity is as fantastic and fabulous as an Arabian tale, it must be also admitted that, as far as we have yet gone, it is perfectly logical. For example: the brute has three souls;

he has consequently the same faculties as man, and the faculties being the same, the passions must be identical. Though modern science yields its unwilling assent to the undoubted and melancholy fact, that the material appetites and instincts of man are only too identical with those of the brute, yet it refuses to admit of this analogy in the moral sentiments. A profound and even infinite difference is clearly recognised, though to define what this difference consists in is a task of which modern science is incapable. It knows and proclaims, however, that the sacred ray which enlightens and warms man has not reached the lower animals. Now, antiquity was blind to this distinction. To the lower animals it attributed not merely the passions which agitate, but the moral sentiments which dignify, and the affections which console, mankind.* Rivals are found among the beasts and birds for the heroes of tragic passion, such as Phædra, Orestes, Pylades, &c. A goose, according to Pliny, fell desperately in love with a youth named Egius; and in Egypt a tender passion was conceived for the beautiful Glaucé, a female musician of distinguished merit in the Court of Ptolemy, by an amorous ram. A sublime constancy in friendship has been manifested from time to time by horses, eagles, and dolphins.

A young girl in Sestos reared and fed an eagle, which, upon her death,

was inconsolable; it rushed into her funeral pyre, and perished upon her ashes. A dolphin died of grief for the loss of a child, during the reign of Augustus. This child was accustomed, on its way to school, to cross the Lucrine lake every day, which the dolphin observing, approached the child and bore it on its back, safely depositing its burden on the opposite shore. One day the child failed to appear, and the dolphin was seen waiting with evident uneasiness. The dolphin came the next day, and the next, but the child was dead, and the sympathetic fish, as if it were

"A crime in heaven to love too well,"

sickened and perished of grief.

Such tales justify us in maintaining that antiquity assimilated beasts to men. The marvellous predominates in these facts:—On every hand real creatures are strangely transfigured; but the unbridled fancy of antiquity is not satisfied with transfiguration. When it has described grasshoppers that excelled in music, serpents that were profound linguists, eagles that committed suicide, and oxen that discussed politics, it turns from them in disgust to delight its greedy credulity with monsters made up of the discordant fragments of living types. Antiquity passionately loved a monster, and slighted or neglected existing animals, to conjure up with eager avidity animals that could never exist. The

* The poet Campbell seems to have been a convert to the doctrine of antiquity, when he says:—

"The deep affections of the breast,
That Heaven to living things imparts,
Are not exclusively possessed
By human hearts.
A parrot from the Spanish Main,
Full young and early caged, came o'er
With bright wings to the bleak domain
Of Mulla's shore:
To spicy groves, where he had won
His plumage of resplendent hue—
His native fruits, and sky, and sun,
He bade adieu.
For these he changed the smoke of turf,
A heathery land, and misty sky,
And turned on rocks and raging surf
His golden eye.
But fretted in our climate cold,
He lived and chattered many a-day,
Until with age, from green and gold,
His wings grew gray.
At last, when blind, and seeming dumb,
He scolded, laughed, and spoke no more;
A Spanish stranger chanced to come
To Mulla's shore:
He hailed the bird in Spanish speech—
In Spanish speech the bird replied,
Flapped round the cage with joyous screech,
Dropt down, and died!"

woods, mountains, seas, and even the infernal regions teem with horrible and dreadful forms—such as dragons with enormous pinions, winged horses, *crocottes*, that cunningly lured woodmen from their toils by calling them by name, and enticing them into the solitudes of the forests, where they devoured them; griffins, with sharp snouts; four-legged birds, furnished with lion's claws, and covered with red feathers; the *catoblepas*, which shot from its terrible eyes glances that killed the most powerful warriors. The *marticorus*, according to the description of Ctesias, was a strange jumble of incongruous parts. It had green eyes, a scarlet skin, a lion's body, three rows of teeth, and the tail of a scorpion, in which, like a hand, it brandished a javelin. According to Pliny, fishes with horses' heads were often seen in the Arabian Sea, out of which they crawled at night to graze in the fields. The backs of whales were often seen rising above the surface of the Indian Ocean, to the extent of four acres; while in the waves of the Ganges enormous eels, thirty cubits long, slowly rolled their vast volumes. The fleet of Alexander was met by a shoal of monstrous tunnies, which opposed it with the discipline and numbers of an army. The Prætorian guards fight with sea-serpents, and crimson the ocean with their blood to the extent of thirty thousand paces. In the centaurs, the onocentaurs, and the hippocentaurs, the human shape is blended with that of the horse, the goat, the monkey, and the fish. Æschylus speaks of the daughters of Phorceys, who had one common eye among five sisters, an eye which passed from hand to hand, apparently like a modern opera-glass. Snakes were seen curling on the heads of the Gorgons, in lieu of ordinary locks.

All these monsters, according to a tradition which reminds us of the theories of geology, and which was known in the middle ages, were engendered in chaos, anteriorly to the formation of the earth. It was not merely poetry and popular credulity—science itself attested their existence. Pliny saw a centaur, embalmed in honey, exhibited in Rome in the reign of Claudius. The earliest Christian writers, Justin, Cyprian, and Jerome, admit their existence, believing them to be fallen angels, condemned to

stroll through dismal solitudes and uninhabited forests, until the day of judgment.

These hybrid beings are dispersed in considerable numbers over the whole earth; but there are creatures combining the limbs of men with the forms of beasts, which fail to reproduce their kind, or at best give birth to monsters of a different nature. One of these, termed the chimæra, the daughter of Echidna, presented

“A cherub's head, a serpent all the rest.”

This interesting creature was united to the fierce and terrific Typhon, to whom she bore four very anomalous children, renowned for an extravagant superfluity of members—such as the hydra of Lerna with a hundred heads; the cerberus with fifty heads; and another chimæra which had the undesirable peculiarity of possessing four feet and three heads; as well as the dog of Geryon, slain by Hercules, &c. The heroes of antiquity, Theseus, Bellerophon, and Hercules, amused their leisure meritoriously, in braining this unnecessary plurality of heads, just as the solitary dragons that watched by the fountains or haunted the forests of the Celts were destroyed by the heroes of a later period. As paganism and the devil were personified by the dragons of the Christian legends, we may take it for granted that the destructive carnivora of archaic ages (which retarded the progress or arrested the foundation of civilisation) were represented by the monsters described above.

Amid this crowd of grotesque monstrosities, the phoenix appears as the type of beauty, gentleness, and grandeur. The existence of the phoenix is not simply asserted by the naturalists, the very gravest historians attest its existence. The appearance of a phoenix in the consulship of Paulus Fabius, and Vitellius, or the thirty-fourth year of our era, is described by Tacitus as an event of the first importance, and worthy of transmission to the remotest posterity—“Every five hundred years the phoenix,” says Tacitus, “comes into existence, though it is true,” he adds, “some assign four hundred and sixty-one years as the true period. The first phoenix appeared in the reign of Sesostris; the second was seen in the reign of Amasis; and the last under Ptolemy III. This last phoenix,

surrounded by a crowd of feathered attendants whom it far outshone in splendour of plumage, took its flight to Heliopolis, the city of the sun." The Roman historian does us the favour to inform us that "when its time of death approaches, the phoenix constructs a nest in its native country, which it inundates with a generative principle. From this nest springs a new phoenix, which, on attaining maturity, takes diligent care to perform the funeral rites of its deceased parent, and exhibits extraordinary sagacity in accomplishing its pious task. It carries bundles of myrrh from great distances, to accustom itself to bear burdens, and, when strong enough in the wing, takes its deceased parent on its back, and bears it through the air to the altar of the sun, where, laying the body down, it burns it with spices."

Believed by the people, and blazoned by poetry, and recorded by history, religion also lent its sanction to these fables, while painting and sculpture gave them universal currency. The humbler animals, not sufficiently elevated when placed merely on a level with mortals, were advanced to the dignity of internuncios between gods and human beings; they were oracles of the future, and revealed the Divine will. The most momentous affairs, the armies and the colonies of the ancients, were, in all dangerous and foreign expeditions, guided by birds. The dripping fugitives who escaped from the deluge of Deucalion, were guided to safety by a pack of wolves, and, in gratitude, their new city was named Wolfstown. Egypt was indebted to the same animal for its safety from Ethiopian invasion. The sites of the most renowned cities were indicated to their founders by quadrupeds or birds, as was specially the case in the instance of Rome, Alba, and Constantinople. The lower animals were the real priests of ancient prophecy, and in the very desirable quality of clearness, the language of the brutes always surpasses that of the oracles. Achilles is told by his horse, without a shadow of ambiguity, that he must die before Troy. In the midst of the Forum, a patriotic ox warns the astonished people, bellows his threats, of the dangers which environ the republic. Ants are seen busily engaged in conveying grains of corn, and placing them in the mouth of the infant Midas, thereby intimating

the future opulence of the sleeping boy—

"They don't wear out their time in sleeping and play,
But gather up corn in a sunshiny day,
And for winter they lay up their stores:
They manage their work in such regular forms,
One would think they foresaw all the frosts and the storms,
And so brought their food within doors."

Bees clustered round the cradle of the sleeping Plato, alighted on his lips, and intimated that the wisdom, of which bees are an emblem, should one day issue from his eloquent lips. Serpents climb up and lock the infant Roscius in their folds; and, in the great pitched battles of the Roman armies, eagles are seen hovering in the sky, as heralds of victory.

Mysteries to which men are blind are clearly perspicuous to birds; and this, owing to their elevation over terrestrial things, the great length of their vision, the purity of their aerial element, the innocence of their lives, and their power of ascending into the heavens. The debates in the councils of the gods are audible to birds; indeed augury takes its name from them, *augur* and *augurium* being, according to Varro, derived from *avium garritus*, the chattering of the feathered race.

As polytheism was altogether a religion of ceremony, negligent of morals and void of dogma, it consecrated all these dreams, and thus resigned the management of most magnificent empires to the meanest animals. "At Rome the consuls and emperors have much less influence," says Pliny, "than the sacred chickens. The peckings of domestic fowls are contemplated with awe and solicitude. The proceedings of the magistrates are regulated according to the caprices of these fowl. As the chickens show an appetite or reluctance to feed, the magistrates open or shut their houses. The legions engage the enemy when the chickens are vivacious; they prognosticate victory, and command the commanders of the world."

But it was not merely the Romans—the deities of Olympus applied for information to birds. Jupiter, the master of the universe, was at one time somewhat puzzled to make out the precise centre of the earth; so he engaged two eagles to fly, the one to the east, the other to the west, and proceed constantly forward till they met. The eagles obeyed, and the oracle of Del-

phi being the spot over which they came together, the ancients believed Delphi to be the umbilical point, the *ὀμφαλός* of the earth; and in grateful memory of the meeting of the eagles, the Delphians placed two golden images of that bird in the temple of Apollo. Delphi was to Greece what Meath was to Ireland, or the *Midhyama* of the Hindoos, the *Midheim* of the Scandinavians, the Cuzco of the Peruvians, and the Palestine of the Hebrews.

To place animals in temples and solemnly consecrate them was not enough for Polytheism. It raised them to Olympus, where it associated them with gods. The eagle, bearing thunderbolts in its pounces, was alike the instrument of the pleasures and of the vengeance of Jupiter. Standing by his throne, it was ever ready to sweep forward with the message of wrath or the pledges of his affection. Polytheism twisted serpents round the caduceus of Mercury, placed an owl on the helm of Minerva, fed the horses of Olympus with ambrosia, endowed them with immortality, and extolled them as more rapid than the very gods.

It was not enough for Polytheism, which a father of the Church terms "the madness of mankind" to blend brutes indiscriminately with deities; it raised them from the humility of associates to the dignity of gods themselves. Thus Rome instituted the worship of the locust, and celebrated its festival on the eighth of the kalends of December, the object being to prevail on those creatures to forbear destroying the harvests of Italy. Fetishism seemed pushed to its utmost extravagance by the Babylonians and Canaanites, but Egypt really perfected the superstition. The animal kingdom furnished the country of the sphynx with nearly all its religious emblems. Birds, quadrupeds, and reptiles swarmed in its temples, and were deified by its priests. Not satisfied with this, Egyptian imagination furnished the devotees of Egypt with what may be termed "monster-gods." It dignified or degraded Anubis with the head of a dog, and set off Isis with the head of a cow, while Osiris was made to look cunning and ridiculous with the head of a hawk. Jupiter Ammon looks foolish through the head of a ram, and Saturn grins portentously with the long snout of a crocodile. Paganism built

temples to house quadrupeds, and hollowed ponds for the evolutions of finny divinities. At Melita a serpent lay coiled within a tower erected exclusively for its preservation, while trains of priests and servants were seen every day proceeding to lay flowers and honey on the altar of this reptile.

The countless multitudes of Egypt sadden at once into the deepest mourning at that (to them) appalling event—the death of a dog, a cat, an ibis, or a jackal. The mourning nation embalms them with pious solicitude, weeps over their inanimate forms, conveys them with solemn pomp into the sepulchres of royalty, and tenderly places them beside the "buried majesty" of Egypt. The insanity of Egypt having deified the brutes, went a step farther—an awful step: men pale and trembling in ligatures were dragged to their shrines and solemnly murdered before the unintelligent eyes of these "monster gods," fully justifying the remark of the Stagyrte, "man is in many instances more stupid and meaner than the beasts." "Oh! how vile must man be," exclaims Pascal, "when he subjects himself to quadrupeds, and adores brutes as deities!"

The vileness which Pascal laments, originates in an ignorance which he could not remedy. To human investigation the intellect of brutes presents the most puzzling enigma in the visible creation, and what man cannot understand, he naturally, if not inevitably, reverences. Man, unenlightened by revelation, could not answer the query of the poet—

"Who taught the nations of the field and flood
To shun their poison and to choose their food?
Prescient, the tides or tempest to withstand,
Build on the wave or arch beneath the sand?
Who made the spider parallels design,
Sure as Demoirre, without rule or line?
Who bade the stork, Columbus-like, explore
Heavens not his own, and worlds unknown before?
Who calls the council states the certain day?
Who forms the phalanx and who points the way?"

The question was first clearly stated by Montaigne and Pereira, philosophers who laid the foundation of the two distinct schools which divide the philosophic world at this moment into hostile camps. One of these schools, which may easily trace its origin to Pereira, refuses intelligence, or even feeling, to lower animals, while feeling, and intelligence, and even soul, are conceded to the brutes by the disciples of Montaigne. The foremost cham-

pions of the spirituality of the human soul may be found among those who make the souls of brutes material; while, on the other hand, those philosophers who are most liberal in endowing brutes with spiritual intelligences, are very niggardly and stingy in allowing men any souls at all. Brutes are considered by Pereira as insensible puppets, which some veiled hand jerks this way and that; and though they utter cries of joy or sorrow, without being sensible of either sorrow or joy; and though they eat they are not hungry, though they drink they are not thirsty. According to these philosophers, animals do not act from anything resembling human knowledge, but solely from the disposition of their organs. Descartes admits, what it would be very difficult to deny, that brutes possess life; but while he allows them feeling he refuses them intelligence. He illustrates his argument by comparing brutes to watches, which though made exclusively of insensible machinery, wheels and springs, can, nevertheless, count minutes and measure time more accurately than men. "The Being who made them," says Malebranche, "in order to preserve them, endowed brutes with an organisation which mechanically avoids destruction and danger; but in reality they fear nothing and desire nothing." The *automatism* of animals was the fashionable philosophy of the Cartesians and Jansenists, and was at one time all the rage in France. During the last century a swarm of books was published on the subject, which instead of elucidating the matter, only rendered it more obscure. The most unfeigned astonishment is expressed by many of these writers at the marvels of instinct, but these are the very writers who are most emphatic in declaring animals mere machines.

The followers of Descartes, who maintained that the animals were inferior to machines, were opposed by the followers of Pereira, who maintained that they were superior to men. The animals are endowed by *these* philosophers with freewill and foresight; the brutes speak, laugh, and reflect as we do. Leibnitz, after carefully balancing the attributes of men and brutes, he-

sitates to admit the superiority of our species. He declares that some men, and no doubt himself among the number, are decidedly superior to brutes, while the difference between certain stupid men and certain intelligent quadrupeds is so small, that he doubts if any difference really exists, or admitting its existence, that the advantage is on the human side. He argues for the immortality of the souls of brutes, and—

"Thinks, admitted to an equal sky,
His faithful dog shall bear him company."

But brutes must be gifted with conscience, knowledge, and responsibility before they can be admitted to the dignity of another life; and accordingly, these attributes are freely given them by the naturalist Bonnet.

Cuvier, Buffon, Locke, and Voltaire, and all the writers who have endeavoured to penetrate the mystery of existence through the medium of metaphysical inquiry, or the study of animal organisation, have devoted meditation and investigation to what some term the intellect, and some the automatism, of the lower animals. Their contradictions are innumerable. But the medium between the preposterous extravagance of refusing sensation to the very organs of the senses, and the no less ridiculous theory which lodges an immortal spirit in a flea, is to be found in what is termed *instinct*. "But what is instinct?" asks Voltaire. "It is a 'substantial power,' it is a 'plastic energy.'" *C'est je ne sais quoi, c'est de l'instinct*. The nature of instinct has been often canvassed subsequently to this writer, but the discussion has invariably terminated in some unsatisfactory definition, proving the invincible ignorance of man on this subject, and that—

"Well hast thou said, Athena's wisest son,
All that we know is, little can be known."

It is one of those mysteries the solution of which is concealed in the mind of the Godhead. The unaided intellect of man will never pierce it.

"What is this mighty breath, ye sages say,
That in a powerful language, felt, not heard,
Instructs the fowls of heaven? What but God,
Inspiring God, who, boundless Spirit, all
Adjusts, sustains, and agitates the whole."

(C)

ITALIAN LITERATURE DURING THE TERCENTO.

IT is an observation, as trite as it is true, that the arts and sciences which ennoble and civilise mankind, can take root or flourish in the soil of liberty alone. It is as trite, though certainly not so true, a remark, that the atmosphere of peace is as essential to the growth of the arts and sciences as is the soil of liberty to their existence. History, the great test of truth, while she has ever affirmed the former position, has shown that the latter is a sophism. It is indeed quite true, that the *beaux arts* may grow with an increase more luxuriant and more rapid beneath the shade and the shelter of repose; but we may learn, too, from the past, that the storm which agitates the atmosphere purifies it also, and that the fitful sunshine, the fresh breeze, the shower, and the flood, stimulate a healthy growth, induce a robust vitality, make the roots strike deeper, the branches spread wider, and fling the seeds far abroad—if, indeed, the plant be fixed in the soil necessary for its sustentation. The want of repose may distract men's minds from a sedulous worship of the Muses, though even then they may have a hardy, though not possibly a luxuriant growth. The want of liberty crushes the intellect—it withdraws all the attractions to learning—it renders the pursuit of knowledge not only difficult but full of peril—it paralyses genius, makes thought a pain, and mental exertion laborious, because hopeless. Thus where there is no liberty, there cannot be civilisation. Her brightest illumination in the states and times of antiquity has, with the departure of liberty, given place to the profoundest gloom of barbarism, while the return of liberty has ever been the herald of the returning dawn of arts and sciences.

The truth of the positions which we have just advanced is strikingly exemplified by the revival of literature in Italy during the latter portion of the thirteenth and the fourteenth century. The classical literature of Greece and Italy, long decaying, may be said to have perished with the subjugation of the Roman Empire in the West in the

fifth century. Boethius, in the succeeding age, alone reflected like twilight the sunset of learning. "The swan-like tones of his dying eloquence," to use the language of Hallam, issued from his prison-tower at Pavia; and then came a night of silence long and deep—a night illumined faintly now and then by some solitary star rising from our own land—a silence broken by the voices of Bede and of Erigena. While the rest of Europe, still prostrate beneath the tyranny of feudal institutions, had scarce emerged from barbarism, the republics of Italy had been, for over two centuries, in the possession of a large share of that liberty which the genius of their free institutions conferred, and which the peace of Constance, in 1183, consummated and secured; and with that liberty came the enjoyment of intellectual existence, stimulating individual minds to raise themselves to eminence, and to attain those honours and that influence which, in a free state, intellect is ever able to achieve. And yet during this very period, when literature began to revive, and in the regions where her light again dawned, civil wars and internal dissensions raged almost without intermission. Frederick II., the great patron of literature, was involved in unceasing broils during his life, and at his death he left Italy as much convulsed as when he ascended the Imperial throne. The feuds, too, of the Guelphs and the Ghibelines raged throughout the country, and nowhere with more animosity than in the state in which the illustrious Dante arose, to be at once its glory and its disgrace.

While the literature of Spain—which, preceding that of Italy, had yet been languishing for years—produced nothing superior to the barbarous rhythm and rude style of "the Cid," or the monkish poems of Gonzalez de Berceo and Lorenza Segura—while the English language was in the process of evolving itself from the Anglo-Saxon, and could exhibit nothing less rude than the compositions of Layamon and the rhyming chronicles of Robert of Gloucester—

while France was occupied with scholastic theology and metaphysics, propounded in her colleges and monasteries through the medium of Latin, and leaving the laity in gross barbarism and ignorance—the language of Italy had acquired considerable polish, and was advancing rapidly towards perfection. The courts and schools of Palermo, Naples, and Salerno were—thanks to the encouragement of Frederick and his sons—the *rendezvous* of poets, orators, and men of genius. Already Pier del Vigne composed with much elegance of thought, purity of style, and harmony of language; and Ricordano Malaspina wrote his History of Florence in a style so pure and perfect, that, as M. Sismondi truly remarks, it may be pronounced a masterpiece at the present day. Foremost amongst the followers of the new and beautiful language which had its birth in Sicily—extricated from the corruption of the Latin, and tinctured with the spirit and taste of the Arabians and Provençals—foremost of these in Italy were Guido Guinicelli, whom Dante has honoured with high eulogy, Fabrizio, and Onesto, natives of Bologna; while Florence produced, ere the close of the century, amongst others, Guittone d'Arezzo, Brunetti Latini, the tutor, and Guido Cavalcanti, the friend of Dante. Thus the light of a new language and a new literature had arisen in Italy before the commencement of the fourteenth century.

The “Tercento,” as it is denominated in Italy, or, as we would call it, the fourteenth century, is regarded by Italians with a justifiable pride. It stands prominently out not only in the history of the literature of their own land, but in that of the world. There is assuredly none to transcend it. The Augustan age of Rome produced its Horace and its Ovid, its Virgil and its Sallust, Tibullus and Propertius; but the genius of Dante towers above them all—poet, historian, philosopher, and statesman. One epoch there is—the epoch of England's Elizabeth—which can alone compare with it; the age which produced a wondrous galaxy of genius, the poet of all times and of all lands, the “*minister et interpres naturæ*,” the immortal Shakspeare, and the *stellæ minores*, which would have blazed as stars of the first magnitude, were *he* not above the horizon—Ben

Jonson, and Beaumont, and Fletcher, and Spenser. Had John Milton lived a century before his time, he would place the Elizabethan age of England even above the “Tercento” of the Italians.

To estimate fairly the position which the “Tercento” occupies in the annals of literary achievement, we must not only regard the three great writers of that age according to their intrinsic excellence as writers, but we must consider, likewise, what they, and through them, the age in which they flourished achieved for literature independent of what they actually wrote—not only as conferring the highest and last polish upon a language but just before emerged from rudeness and barbarism, but also as giving a tone and impetus to the literature of other countries, by which they, indeed, continued to profit when Italy herself, during an entire century, failed to display any progress; and further still, as the sedulous revivors and cultivators of all that was instructive and elegant in the philosophy and literature of the Latins and the Greeks, when that of the former was buried in monasteries, and that of the latter almost forgotten in western Europe.

Previous to the appearance of “the great master,” the Italian poets of the age had contented themselves with such vehicles of thought and feeling as the madrigal, the sonnet, or the canzone afforded, and with such themes for their muse as the fables of ancient mythology, the achievements of chivalry, the incidents of romance, or, more frequently than any others, the charms of their mistresses, and the gallantries of the times. But the capacious and accomplished mind, the profoundly contemplative and imaginative spirit of Dante, sought after higher food to satisfy its cravings. With reviving literature a spirit of scholastic theology had come in, and the mysteries of the unseen world, and the speculations of faith, occupied more than heretofore the minds of men. Availing himself of this, the master-mind of Dante built up from the materials around him a poem, the sublimest in conception, the most magnificent in imagery, the profoundest in thought, the boldest in plan, the most masterly in execution, the most vigorous, the most lifelike that the world has ever seen. A poem justly esteemed

the greatest of all epics, but which his modesty called simply "a comedy," to which admiring posterity, retaining still his own designation, has added most worthily that title of "Divine." In the present day, it would be a work, if not of rashness, assuredly of supererogation, to enter into anything like a critical dissertation upon that mighty masterpiece of genius, the "*Divina Commedia*" of Dante. Its excellence is of that commanding character, that it commended itself to the world's admiration from its first appearance; and from that to the present — from Boccaccio to Ugo Foscolo—it has been the subject of able and luminous comment both from the professor's chair and the critic's study. Though the worship of Dante was, like all human feeling, subject to the mutations of fashion — though it was the caprice of one age to go Dante-mad (*Danteggiare*), as of the succeeding one to be satisfied better with lighter food — yet at no time has the poet been without a large body of sincere and ardent admirers. We shall content ourselves with quoting the words of two critics, one of his own times, another of ours. Giovanni Villani the historian, who must have been acquainted with Dante, after noticing the defects of the poet, thus concludes his criticism — "*Una vivacissima fantasia, un ingegno acuto, uno stile quando quando sublime, patetico, energetico, che ti solleva e rapisce, immagini pittoresche, fortissime invettive, tratti teneri e passionati, ed altri somiglianti ornamenti onde è fregiato questo o poema, o, comunque vogliam chiamarlo, lavoro poetico, sono un ben abbondante compenso de' difetti e delle macchie che in esso s'incontrano.*"

Mr. Sismondi, who has so lately passed away from amongst us, gives us the following critical estimate of the "*Divina Commedia*" — "Without a prototype in any existing language, equally novel in its various parts and in the combination of the whole, it stands alone as the first monument of modern genius — the first great work which appeared in the reviving literature of Europe. In its composition it is strictly conformable to the essential and unvariable principles of the poetical art. It possesses unity of design and execution, and bears the visible impress of a mighty genius, capable of embracing at once the parts and the whole of its scheme; of employing

with facility the most stupendous materials; and of observing all the required niceties of proportion without experiencing any difficulty from the constraint."

In perusing the immortal work of Dante, one, in truth, knows not what most to admire—the boldness and sublimity of his thoughts — the splendour of his images — the vastness of his knowledge; his pathos, his passion, his force—the wonderful condensation of expression—the severe simplicity of language, that is rarely ornamented—the classic purity of his style. In each and all of these Dante was a master. In each and all of these, the poets of his own country and those of modern Europe have drawn from his work as from a well of living water. Deriving comparatively little from his predecessors, who shall tell how much the poets who have succeeded him have drawn from his example and inspiration. Had Virgil never lived, Dante would, we believe, have written his "comedy;" but we may ask, with more hesitation, would Milton have produced the "*Paradise Lost*" had Dante never sung his divine mysteries? Indeed, there is a striking resemblance between the two great poems; and the fine criticism of Macaulay on Milton may be applied to Dante:—"His poetry acts like an incantation. Its merit lies less in its obvious meaning than in its occult power. There would seem, at first sight, to be no more in his words than in other words. But they are words of enchantment; no sooner are they pronounced than the past is present, and the distant near. New forms of beauty start at once into existence, and all the burial-places of the memory give up their dead."

There is one element essential to the Italian mind, and that of course we find present in Dante. The principle of love—the mind-worship of the beautiful—awoke his earliest musings, and presided over his loftiest and his latest song. To those who have read the "*Vita Nuova*," or the "*Divina Commedia*," the name of Beatrice Portinari is as well known as that of her poet-lover. Boccaccio, in his life of Dante, has left us a touching and vivid description of the beautiful girl, and her first meeting with the poet. The passage is too long for quotation; but from it we learn, that at a May-day fête, given by Folco Portinari,

Dante, then only nine years old, was amongst the juvenile guests. Beatrice, or Bice, the host's daughter, was a year younger—so graceful, so lovely, that many regarded her as an angel. Boy that he was, so deeply and so suddenly was her image engraven upon the heart of Dante, that from that day until life left him it was not obliterated.

The commentaries upon the "*Divina Commedia*" are almost beyond count. Not only the sources from which Dante derived his plot have been the subject of a variety of conjectures, but the political objects, as well as the moral bearings of the poem, have been diversely interpreted.

But perhaps we should seek in the poet's mind, and the circumstances of his life, for the moulds in which the "*Divina Commedia*" were cast. Many passages in the "*Convito*" of the poet may serve as a key to the plan of the "*Divine Comedy*," and ought to be studied by every admirer of that great poem. "*Writings*," says Dante, "should be viewed in four different senses—a literal sense, an allegorical sense, a moral sense, and a mystical (analogical) sense." All of which senses the poet proceeds in the same passage to explain and exemplify. With the exegetical light which these observations of the poet himself affords, one may advantageously examine the political as well as the moral and æsthetical bearings of the poem. Whatever be the true interpretation, one thing is certain, that the sensation created in Italy by the appearance of the "*Divina Commedia*" was totally without example. It was in every man's mouth. In the public streets and squares of the very city whence its illustrious author had been banished, people might be heard repeating extracts from "*il libro*," as the work was emphatically denominated. Boccaccio, in his "*Life of Dante*," relates an incident, which forcibly illustrates the reverence, approaching to awe, in which the poet was held by the lower classes of his countrymen:—

"Walking one day in the streets, Dante had to pass in front of a doorway, at which a group of women were assembled for a friendly gossip. On his approach, one of them put her finger on her lips, and exclaimed in a mysterious voice to her companions—

"Hush! that is the man who can

descend to the infernal regions when he likes, and then writes what he has seen!"

"True," said another, "it must be so; and that is why his face is so swarthy, and his beard so black and curly, from the heat and smoke he has had to go through."

The feelings with which, at this day, we contemplate the great work of Dante, partake somewhat of the same sentiment of reverence. We look upon it as the traveller in the East looks upon the Pyramids. Its sublime aspect, its colossal proportions, its dignity, its symmetry, and its solemn beauty, place it as much beyond the structures of our own times, with all our advances of science and civilisation, as it stood in the days when it was first reared amid the punier works that have since perished around it.

A great poet of modern Italy has recorded his high estimate of Dante, and few poets of any age or country were better fitted to pronounce upon the merits of the illustrious Florentine. Alfieri undertook to extract from the "*Divina Commedia*" all the verses which were remarkable either for harmony, for expression, or for thought. These extracts, all made with his own hand, ran to two hundred pages in quarto, written in very small characters, and nevertheless unfinished, and were discontinued at the nineteenth canto of the *Paradiso*. M. Ginguené informs us that he saw this manuscript, and that he perceived at the top of the first these remarkable words, written by the poet himself in 1790:—

"Se avessi il coraggio di rifare questa fatica, tutto ricopierei, senza lasciarne un'iota, convinto per esperienza che più s'impara negli errori di questo che nelle bellezze degli altri."

Before we pass from the consideration of the "*Divina Commedia*," we must not omit some mention of the peculiar measure in which it is written. The "*terza rima*," of which Dante was probably the inventor, is more suited to epic poetry than to any other species of composition; and, in our opinion, is more congenial to the muse of Italy than to that of any other country. Two of Dante's English translators have adopted this measure; and Lord Byron, in his "*Prophecy of Dante*," has afforded perhaps the

best specimen of what can be achieved by it in our own tongue. It is, no doubt, true, as a modern critic has observed, that the position of the recurring rhymes keeps the attention alive, and admits of a regular flow of the narrative; but we think that this very continuity becomes at length wearisome, and holds the attention too long suspended, and even distracts it, and we look in vain for the relief which the pauses in the stanzas of the "*ottava rima*" afford us. This was, undoubtedly, the opinion of Boccaccio, who invented the latter measure, which has displaced the former even in epic poetry. Indeed we rarely now find the "*terza rima*" used even by Italians, and more rarely still by the poets of other countries; while the "*ottava rima*," the sonnet, and the quatrains, have been freely adopted into the poetry of modern Europe.

Contemporaneous with, and immediately succeeding to Dante, many poets and some prose writers appeared in Italy; for the influence of his genius gave an onward impetus to literature. Few of them, however, attained to any great eminence in their own day, for "the leader of the Italian dialect" overshadowed and obscured them, and fewer still retain a place in the literature of our own times.

All that was mortal of the illustrious Florentine reposed within the tomb in the church of the Franciscans at Ravenna, ere the next great poet of Italy arose. When, in 1302, Dante turned his steps towards Arezzo, banished from his native Florence, and doomed to be burned at the stake, one Petraceo, or Petraccolo, a fellow-citizen, was his companion, and the sharer of his exile. This man was the father of Petrarch, who may thus be said to have drawn his first breath within the influence of "the great master," and to have inhaled the spirit of poesy during his earliest years. Between the two great poets there is, however, little in common—little in the structure of their minds, little in the character of their compositions. In Dante, all was gigantic, nervous, sublime; simple, stern—stern almost in his very tenderness—his most touching passages owe less to the power of language than to the force of a true and simple nature. Who that peruses the exquisite episode of "*Francesca di Rimini*" can be insensible to this

fact? What can possibly surpass in pathos the simple line—

"La bocca mi baciò tutto tremante?"

What volumes could adequately fill the sad story, whose issue is left to the heart's imagining in words so delicately suggestive as—

"Quel giorno poi non vi leggeremo avanti?"

Petrarch's mind was more on a level with the mass of mankind—distinguished from them in degree rather than in kind. He possessed a fine genius, an ardent thirst for knowledge, an indefatigable industry in the acquisition of it, a noble aspiration after all that was great, and an ardent love for all that was good. It strikes us that nothing could be more opportune for the cause of literature and the advancement of the Italian language, than that a mind of the elegance and delicacy of Petrarch's should have succeeded a soul of such power, vigour, and originality as that of Dante. While the latter, by the energy of his genius, seized upon the materials of the nascent tongue, and reared up a fabric grand and permanent, the former, by his taste and classic polish, added a thousand florid graces and lighter ornaments, that beautified the solemn structure; till, from the united skill of both, the mass stood forth in all the perfection and polish in which we still behold it—like to those noble piles of mediæval days, where we see all the massive grandeur of its simpler elements relieved by the beautiful tracery of elaborate sculpture, by the ornaments of rose, and trefoil, and zigzag, upon Gothic shaft and buttress.

While the fame of Dante rests to-day on the same basis that it rested upon a few short years after ungrateful Florence

"Proscribed the bard, whose name for evermore
Their children's children would in vain adore,
With the remorse of ages,"

namely, upon the "*Divina Commedia*," it is one of the strangest examples of the mutations of earthly fame, and the most emphatic lesson of the unerring criticism of posterity, that the productions which formed the glory of Petrarch in his own eyes, and in those of his contemporaries, are now rarely spoken of, and still more rarely perused; while the occupations of his amatory muse, the sacrifices of his

heart to that love (which, though ever present, never engrossed his spirit so as to withdraw him from the higher duties of patriotism or of literature) still flourish fresh and charming, transmitting the name and fame of the poet from age to age. Strange fortune! The laboured and unfinished Latin epic, which placed the laureate's crown on his brow, has withered away like the material leaves of which that crown was composed; while the Italian odes and sonnets of the lover to his Laura have woven round his head a wreath of laurel (in the figurative language of his own conceit), still bright and unfading—

“Watering the tree which bears his lady's name
With his melodious tears, he gave himself to fame.”

As Dante was the great epic poet of the fourteenth century, so Petrarch may be well considered as the father of Italian lyric poetry. Deeply imbued with a knowledge and the spirit of the great Latin masters, with a keen sense of the elegant and the ornate (which exhibited itself as well in the productions of his pen as the adornment of his person), a fine perception of the harmonious in sound and numbers, a quick fancy, a subtle wit, and, in fine, influenced by a love whose nature and extent it is not easy to define, Petrarch gave to the world a body of lyrics, odes, canzone, and sonnets, that have ever been considered models to his countrymen for perfection of harmony, richness of colouring, elegance of thought, purity of style, and polish of language. Yet, with all these, it is impossible not to be sensible of much that detracts from the value of these lyrics. As amatory productions, which is their prominent character, the reader constantly feels that there is a want of reality and truth in them that weakens their power. Much of this may have its origin in the nature of his love for Laura. Were it mere ideal-worship, as some suppose, then we have at once the clue to its solution. As the passion cannot be forced, neither can it be simulated successfully. If Petrarch's love was platonic, and nothing more, we will not be disposed to wonder much that the poet who during his mistress's life was able, for twenty years, to sustain such a passion in unabated ardour (notwithstanding the consolations which he found elsewhere), and to live on the recollec-

tion of that love for so many years after her death, often fails to touch the heart, while he charms the ear. That his intercourse with the wife of Hugo de Sade was of this latter character we are disposed to believe; and though there are passages in Petrarch's writings that suggest one less culpable, we incline to range ourselves on the side of the learned Abbe de Sade, notwithstanding the clever and sarcastic strictures in the notes to the fourth canto of “Childe Harold.” Be this as it may, there is frequently a frigidity and affectation in the sonnets that mar their effect. Often, too, there is an exaggeration of sentiment, an exuberance of imagination, that suggests to the mind that the poet was making love “by the book,” rendering “his well-sung woes” the vehicle rather of his own elegant composition than the involuntary outbursts of his passion. The subtlety of his intellect leads him to refine where others would only feel; he abounds in “*concetti*” and paltry plays upon words; we become wearied with the recurring confusion between “L'Aura” and “Laura;” and, as Sismondi remarks, “throughout Petrarch's whole life, we are in doubt whether it is of Laura or of the laurel that he is enamoured.” Petrarch's praise of Laura, like Waller's of Saccharissa, betrays the poet more than the lover. To the former may be applied the fine image which the latter, improving upon Ovid, applied to himself—that as Apollo, in pursuit of Daphne, caught but the laurel, so Petrarch, in seeking his “laurel, filled his arms with bays”—

“Elapsa reperit Daphne sua laurea Phœbus.”

The influence of Dante was too recent not to tincture, in some degree, the writings of Petrarch. Accordingly, his “*Trionfi*” are throughout allegorical, with visions like those in the “*Divina Commedia*,” and, like it, constructed in the *terza rima*, with similar divisions into cantos. The “*Africa*,” the Latin epic written for the poet's crown, has, fortunately for posterity, never been finished. The masterpiece of his own day has not a solitary eulogist in ours. The few who look into it become soon weary of its inflated style and its want of interest, and mankind is contented to believe, as a matter of tradition, that it is exceedingly dull, and exceedingly unreadable.

Over some of his other Latin compositions we plead guilty ourselves to have occasionally spent an hour, and we confess we are not disposed to pronounce so unfavourable an opinion as most of the commentators on Petrarch have done: and his treatise, "*De remediis utriusque fortune*," is replete with true philosophy. While, however, Petrarch deservedly ranks next to Dante in the annals of Italian literature, "it is not," to use the words of a recent writer, "as the lover of Laura, as the elegant and tender poet, but as one who devoted his time to deep researches and investigations for the improvement of the language of his country, that such a claim can be advanced in his behalf. Laura was the source of those tender lays that thrilled throughout Italy, and vibrated throughout Europe; but Italy, a nobler mistress, exercised power over his thoughts which brought into play the machinery of a mind rarely equalled. As by the touch of a magic wand, the effeminate and voluptuous language of the love-sick poet was exchanged for the manly tones of the orator and the patriot. We behold him, with the language of a Demosthenes or a Cicero, exhorting the princes of Italy to bid a truce to their private feuds, and to unite their forces against a common enemy."

"He arose to raise a language." An orator, a philosopher, a geographer, an historian, and an antiquary, as well as a poet, Petrarch was the greatest man of his own day. His influence upon his contemporaries was vast. His epistolary correspondence (chiefly in Latin) with popes, princes, literary men, senators, and republics is enormous. They were regarded as masterpieces of eloquence and correct style; they passed from hand to hand, and were copied and carefully preserved.

M. Ginguené, in his eloquent and just criticism of Petrarch, after observing upon some of the defects of the poet, and especially upon his fatal taste for plays upon words and antitheses in expressions, thus concludes:—

"Mais si ces défauts se font trop sentir dans Pétrarque, par combien de beautés ne sont-ils pas rachetés? Avec quelque rigueur que l'on veuille juger les uns, de quelle trempe ne doivent pas être les autres pour que, ni le temps, ni les variations du goût et des mœurs ne leur aient rien ôté de leur prix? La rouille de la barbarie couvrirait

encore une partie de l'Europe; l'Italie même s'en dégageait à peine. Dante avait paru; mais il était loin de la célébrité qu'il acquit ensuite: l'imprimerie manquait encore à la publication rapide et générale d'un poème aussi long que le sien. Nous avons vu que Pétrarque ne le connaissait pas dans sa jeunesse. Ce fut de son propre génie qu'il tira toutes ses forces, et l'on pourrait dire qu'il vint le second presque sans avoir de premier. Il prit et garda le premier rang parmi les poètes lyriques. Il parla, disons mieux, il créa, dans le quatorzième siècle, un idiome poétique et une langue du cœur qu'on n'a pu surpasser depuis, et qui ont conservé jusqu'à nos jours tout leur éclat et tout leur charme."

In the hands of Petrarch the sonnet, already improved by Guittone d'Arezzo, may be said to have acquired its perfection; and as we have already ventured a few remarks on the *terza rima*, we hope we shall be pardoned a word or two on the sonnet. An able critic says it has had a fatal influence on the poetry of Italy. We doubt this. If the sonnets of Petrarch alone will not disprove the assertion, we may call those of Monti, Zappi, Filicaja, and a host of others to his aid. It is true the sonnet has the disadvantages of circumscribing the writer to a given length and a complex rhyme; but those disadvantages are, we think, overrated, especially in the case of Italians. Though the length is prescribed, there is no necessity that the subject should be concluded in one sonnet, any more than in one stanza of *ottava rima*. In point of fact, we find the Italians have often continued the theme through two or more sonnets, and our own Shakspeare has written a long poem in them. The difficulty arising from the rhyme is, from the nature of their language, inconsiderable, nor have we ourselves found it very formidable. But the sonnet has great merit. It is essentially harmonious. The structure of its rhythm, and the order of its recurring rhymes, render it the perfection of melody, closing with the charming cadence of its *tercetti*; and it induces a careful composition, as is particularly observable in poets who wrote much in it. The Italian scholar will surely agree with us, and we can refer with confidence to Bowles and Byron, and above all, to Wordsworth, to prove how well the sonnet has borne transplantation into British soil.

The language of Italy had, as we have seen, reached its perfection as the language of poetry, beneath the plastic hands of Dante and of Petrarch. As the vehicle of prose, its purity was established by Malaspina and the elder Villani. There yet wanted one who should give to the prose of Italy the graces of sprightliness and familiar freedom, which suit not the muse of history. In a word, the novelist was yet wanting; and with the exigency of the hour came the man. In the Tuscan territories at Certaldo, some twenty miles from Florence, was born, nine years later than Petrarch, Giovanni Boccaccio, the last of the noble triumvirate of the "*tercento*," the "father of Tuscan prose," he "who formed the Tuscan's syren tongue." The son of a rich merchant, his father destined him for the occupation by which he had himself attained wealth; but the young man's tastes led him to far different pursuits, and a visit to Naples decided his destiny. "Visiting one day the tomb of Virgil, the *genius loci* worked upon him—the spirit of poetry rose within his breast. The enthusiastic youth knelt at the tomb of the Mantuan, and took a vow to bid an eternal farewell to the beaten track of commerce, and to follow the wandering steps of the Muses." At this time Robert King of Naples was one of the greatest patrons of literature, and his court the most brilliant and learned in Europe. Its attractions naturally drew young Boccaccio within its sphere, and his love for the Muses was still further developed, and finally fixed, by his ardent attachment to the king's natural daughter, whom he has made celebrated under the name of Fiammetta. Boccaccio aspired to be a poet; he imitated Dante, and wrote in *terza rima*; he composed epics in *ottava rima*; he wrote ballads and sonnets, yet none of these were calculated to raise him to a position approaching that of the two great poets whom we have already noticed. His distance from Dante was immeasurable, and he was far below Petrarch; indeed so truly was he sensible of this, that he is said to have committed his minor poems to the flames on reading Petrarch's. It was as the author of the "*Cento Novelle*" that Boccaccio established his great reputation in his own times, and has retained it to the present. In this com-

position he raised the Italian language to a pitch of perfection before unknown. "He not only invented," says a high authority, "a new style, but founded, or certainly fixed, a new language. Every Italian scholar is acquainted with the plot of the "*Decamerone*." At the time of the great plague in Florence, in 1348, seven young ladies, and three young gentlemen retired to a beautiful villa in the neighbourhood of the city, where they spent ten days; a lady was elected alternately queen of the day, and each member related daily a story. These stories are varied with infinite art. By turns gay, tender, passionate; with every varying colour the style is varied with exhaustless power and charm of language; while the description of the plague, which serves as an introduction to the tales, may, says M. Sismondi, "be ranked with the most celebrated historical descriptions which have descended to us. De Foe afterwards gave a description as true and as terribly life-like as Boccaccio's, and one scarcely less powerful has since appeared in the "*Promessi Sposi*" of Manzoni. That the "*Decamerone*" has faults, and grave ones too, cannot be denied; that they are full of licentious incidents, and are often indelicate in language and imagery, is to be regretted; and we must admit, that morality and religion are often treated with levity. Yet in judging of the "*Decamerone*," or its author, we must not apply the same standard of criticism which we would to a work or a writer of our own time. We must remember that the morals of the age and the country in which he lived were far from strict; that the court of Naples was the most dissolute in Italy; and that the lady at whose request the "*Cento Novelle*" were written was not herself unaffected by the depraved and light tastes of the court. Let it, too, be remembered that the work was written when he was yet a very young man, and that in after years he not only regretted its appearance, but endeavoured to suppress it. But above all, let it not be forgotten that he devoted himself with indefatigable assiduity and zeal to the promotion of literature, and especially to the introduction of the Greek language; and, in the words of an eloquent apologist, "he exhausted his little patrimony in the acquirement of

learning, and was amongst the first, if not the first, to allure the sciences and the poetry of Greece to Italy." Upon the whole, had the priests and monks, whose immorality and not the religion they professed he assailed, succeeded in suppressing the "*Decamerone*," as they sought to do, posterity would have suffered more from its loss than they can ever do from its errors; and we feel confident that, despite of its faults, the brilliancy of its style, its wit, *naïveté*, and picturesque power, will insure it admiring readers as long as the Italian tongue endures.

It has been observed by Denina* that the "*Decamerone*" of Boccaccio, although less grave than the "*Divina Commedia*" of Dante, and less polished than the poetry of Petrarch, has nevertheless done much more than either of them in fixing the Italian language. The writers of the sixteenth century never speak of the "*Decamerone*" but with an enthusiasm almost religious. But setting aside whatever of exaggeration there may be in their praises, one cannot avoid acknowledging that in addition to the skill in the conduct of the whole composition, which is indeed marvellous, and has never been equalled by any other writer of tales or novels, either in Italian or in any other tongue, there is to be seen also most faithfully represented, as in some vast gallery, the manners and usages of his time, not only in the characters and personages which are purely his invention, but also in a great number of historical sketches which are touched with the hand of a master.

Such were the triumvirate of the Tercento — Dante, Petrarch, and Boccaccio — stars that shone out above the horizon of literature with a splendour, differing in intensity and brightness, yet all far removed from every other light that glimmered with an obscured radiance about them. To them Italy owes the formation of her language—the glory of her literature—the celebrity of her name. To them mankind is largely indebted for the revival of the Greek and Latin classics, and the rescuing from oblivion

numerous precious manuscripts of antiquity. The study of their lives and their labours will edify the man of taste and scholarly pursuits, and afford the historian much light with which to investigate the political events of the times, in which they took so large a share.

It has been somewhat ingeniously observed that Nature, in the fourteenth century, by an effort, produced in Italy three great men; and that effort was still more felicitous in that the genius of each of these men was essentially different. They struck out for themselves three routes by which to ascend the heights of Parnassus, so far asunder that they each reached the summit without encountering or obstructing the others; and mankind can now enjoy the productions of all without feeling that those of any one give an idea of the others, or being able to prefer any to the rest, or to compare them together. He who came first seems to have attained the greatest elevation; he who came last the lowest; but the truth is, that it is the nature of the work in which each achieved excellence, that has a different elevation. The manner in which each used his gift of genius and treated his own subject is equally perfect, and each holds the highest rank in his own department, because he has never been surpassed in it.

"The literature of Italy," says Mr. Simpson, to whom, as well as to others, we acknowledge ourselves largely indebted, "may be compared to a noble river. It may be traced from its very source, and followed in all its turns and windings. Its rich and limpid waters reflect now the passions, the loves, the joys; now the sorrows, the wrongs of Italy. All her eminent writers have been more or less political characters. From Dante to Machiavelli, from Machiavelli to Massimo Azeglio, their writings have been mirrors of the times in which they lived. Dante, Petrarch, and Boccaccio, form the clasp in a chain consisting of many links, great and small, of higher or lesser value, which constitutes the literature of Italy."

* "*Vicende della Letteratura*," lib. ii., cap. 13.

THE FALL OF DAY.

I.

The tall trees
Project long shadows on the sunny slope ;
Trembles a faint star on the tracèd seas
Through yonder forest ope,
Gilding their dreams ; the breezes through the grass
Seem tones of some old quaint mysterious mass.

II.

Far away
The dying sunbeams slumber on the hill,
The mingled lights of evening and of day
Dance on the glittering rill,
Which the smooth stones, the while it glides along,
Break into music like a fairy song.

III.

Earthward sinks
The fluttering lark, aye singing as he falls
His heaven-taught hymns—O how the calm air drinks
His showery madrigals :
He has been singing ever since the morn,
And now nests down among the golden corn.

IV.

Creeps a thrill
Through the green leaves, 'tis but the zephyr's wing
Quivering in sleep a moment—now 'tis still ;
And, lately wandering,
The drowsy bee hums hiveward rich with dowers
From fragrant bosoms of sweet summer flowers.

V.

Yon pale cloud
Is tinting with the sunset's hectic flush,
So is the distant tor now glory-browed ;
And now a solemn hush
Steals from the skies adown the mountain-side,
'Tis the deep stillness of the eventide.

VI.

The white moon
Grows golden in the grey dome of the sky ;
Brighter she climbs the dark'ning steep, and soon
Will lighten radiantly.
Now in the shifting purple hues of even
Earth, air, and sea, seem blending into heaven.

VII.

The tall trees
 Throw now no shades, for all is dusk around ;
 The star is splendid o'er the seas, the breeze
 Is dead with every sound
 But the sweet streams. Myriads of loving eyes
 Yearn on the earth from out the bending skies.

VIII.

The brown tint
 Has faded into gloom on the sharp crest
 Of the far mountain. Only starlight's glint
 On the stream's heaving breast.
 The lark and bee are quiet—the warm glow
 Has left the cloud and the hill's frowning brow.

IX.

Heavy dews
 Pearl the soft eyelids of night-cradled flowers,
 That opening, smile but when the warm sun woos
 In daylight's golden hours.
 Sadness comes on me with the twilight grey,
 And with the day my rhyme is laid away.

RUSSIAN LITERATURE.

THERE is no country in the world where the action of despotism upon national literature is more remarkable than in Russia. The pursuit of authorship is at all times proverbially a precarious one; but in that country the path to literary fame leads only too surely to the grave. For the purposes of state policy, the vigorous censorship which exists over all the products of intelligence is not considered sufficient; no sooner has a writer displayed any boldness or freedom of thought, than he is pursued by a destiny which follows him in every phase of his career, and strikes him down generally before he has reached his prime. The history of Russian literature adds a new and an instructive chapter to the calamities of authors, and at this time it affords a subject which cannot fail to prove interesting. When we come to examine it, we can scarcely help feeling surprised that such a thing as literature exists there at all. A brief glance at the list of its victims is almost enough — one of the most remarkable men of his day, Koltzoff, was condemned at the age of twenty-two to a perpetual exile in Siberia; Belowky,

the poet, perished miserably of famine; Poutchin was killed in a duel; Venitzinoff died at Teheran by poison. In short, no sooner does a man of letters attain any eminence than he is struck down by a fate as mysterious as it is inevitable. To this list may be added the name of that very remarkable man, a specimen of whose writings we would now present to the reader.

Nicholas Gogol perished two years since, in the prime of life, but not before he had succeeded in establishing a reputation which is beyond the reach of tyranny to destroy. As a painter of the manners of his time he stands unrivalled. His writings, which have a grave, social meaning, are distinguished by great originality, and a vein of humour as genuine as that of Swift or Sterne. His portraits of the different phases of Russian life which have fallen within the sphere of his observation are very striking, and place him in the foremost rank of his contemporaries. Gogol was a native of Little Russia. He commenced his career as a writer of fiction, and his reputation was first established by a comedy called *The Comptroller*. This

piece, distinguished by singular boldness of thought and a power of comic humour, exhibits a picture of Russian life the accuracy of which is incontestable. He supposes a gentleman just come from St. Petersburg into one of the provinces. The new arrival is mistaken for the comptroller-general, who was expected about the same time. The opportunity is thus afforded of passing in review every class of provincial administration, which he shows to be utterly corrupt, full of the grossest profligacy, and not only servile, but tyrannical. But the most famous production of this author was a work called "*The Dead Souls*"—a subject which, being peculiar to the country, requires a word of explanation. The serfs of the country are called souls; this term is, however, confined to the males only, neither women nor children being taken into account. The wealth of a noble is estimated by the number of souls on his estate. These are bought or sold, given as a dowry, or mortgaged, as occasion may require. There exists in the country districts a sort of provincial administration called "*the Council of Guardians*." To the needy peasants loans are granted by the imperial treasury on the security of their effects. This custom produces a strange result. Foreign speculators go from village to village for the purpose of purchasing the souls of the dead—that is to say, the serfs which are really dead, but whose names still appeared on the registry, which undergoes revision only once in five years. They thus obtained from the Council of Guardians a security, which they can carry beyond the limits of the empire and negotiate on foreign exchanges. Upon this curious custom Gogol has founded his romance, through the medium of which he completely exposes not only the system of fiscal administration, but many strange phases of Russian life; and he thus displays in a bolder outline than the stage could give him, all the crimes and vicious practices which the curse of despotism can inflict upon a country.

The moment he became distinguished his doom was sealed. That career which opened with so much brilliancy was soon clouded by misfortune; humiliation and persecution followed him at every step. At length he succeeded in making his way to Rome, where he lived for several years. He returned,

bringing with him a number of manuscripts, the fruits of his labours during his exile. It was not long, however, before he died suddenly, under strange and mysterious circumstances, at Moscow, whither he had retired. His writings were immediately prohibited; and it was forbidden that his name should be mentioned in any of the public journals. People spoke of him in whispers; and it was said that the greater portion of his unpublished manuscripts were burned by his own hand two days before he died.

We have before us three short sketches written by him. That which we have selected we present to our readers, less as a specimen of the author's peculiar style than as affording an accurate picture of the domestic life of the great country with which we are now in collision, and drawn by the hand of an artist qualified to portray it.

There was once a certain good old couple who resided in the Ukraine, sprung from one of the ancient families of Little Russia, that exhibit a marked contrast to some of their countrymen, who, risen from the lowest rank to be servants of the state, avail themselves of their privileges to oppress their poorer neighbours. Having realised a small capital, they endeavour to become genteel by adding to the letter "o," with which their names usually terminate, the letter "w," so as to resemble a good Russian name.

Having had no children, the affection of this old couple was completely centred in each other. Athanase had been a military man in his earlier life; he had married when he was about thirty, and had succeeded in obtaining the hand of Pulcheria, not without considerable difficulty, for his circumstances were not then in the most flourishing condition. He contrived, however, to manage the affair with so much address that he gained his point. Of this love passage in his life he would occasionally, but not often, converse freely. Athanase was not one of those old men who tire you by sounding the praises of the past, and deprecating the time in which you live. He would take the greatest interest in all the events of your life—in your success, your reverses. He was fond of asking questions, but his curiosity was never tiresome; nor was he ever indifferent

or absorbed in other matters, like some child, who, when you are speaking to it, will be seen scanning with profound curiosity the seal which hangs from your watch.

The apartments occupied by this couple were small and low, just of the kind which people of the olden time delighted to inhabit. The temperature was warm, for these old people loved heat. The walls of their principal sitting-room were ornamented by a few pictures and engravings in old oaken frames. I am certain the proprietors of the house could scarcely have told you whom they were meant to represent. There were, among others, two large portraits painted in oil — one, an archbishop; the other, Peter III. Among the engravings there was the Duchess de la Valliere, considerably moth-eaten. Around the windows and above the doors were other prints, so black and stained that you would be disposed to take them for spots upon the wall. The ceiling was of terra-cotta, so admirably constructed that it might stand a comparison with that of any lord in the land. The chamber of Pulcheria was quite full of chests and boxes, both great and small; a number of little bags, filled with cucumber and melon seeds, were suspended from hooks in the ceiling; all the vacant spaces which were left by the heaps of boxes were filled with spindles of thread, bundles of rags, and other trifles of a quarter of a century old. Pulcheria was a great manager, and she collected about her every article which might by any possibility prove of future use. But what was most remarkable in the whole house was the peculiar noise made by the doors; from morning until evening it went sounding on. I cannot tell why the doors made this peculiar noise. Was it because the hinges were not properly oiled?—or did the carpenter by whom they were constructed introduce some secret machinery? But so it was. The door of the sleeping apartment had a weak and attenuated voice; that of the *salle-a-manger*, a deep and base one; as to that which closed the antechamber, it made a curious, trembling, plaintive sound, so that if one listened with attention it seemed to say, "I am cold — I am cold — I am frozen." I am not aware whether people like this voice of the door; for myself I am very partial to it; and

when it sometimes happens that I hear it at St. Petersburg, it is associated at once with the pleasant country life. The little chamber rises to my mind's eye; supper is on the table; near the open window through which the May moon is shining, a nightingale warbles his melody, and the trees are rustling pleasantly in the night-wind. Ah! what a crowd of happy memories rush upon my mind.

The chairs of this old "ménage" were of wood, and massive as they were firmly made. They had high carved backs, unpainted and without varnish. They were not even stuffed, but resembled those thrones upon which archbishops seat themselves. In the corners of the room were small tables, and the mirror was set in a frame of carved leaves. The carpet was ornamented with birds that looked like flowers, and flowers which resembled birds. Such was the furniture of the room occupied by the master and mistress. The chamber of the servants was generally full of old and young women, clad in dresses of striped cotton. Pulcheria gave them sometimes trifles to sew, or fruit to clean, when their time was not otherwise engaged. Like a frugal housewife, she carried all the keys at her girdle, and kept a watchful eye upon the morals of her domestics; but notwithstanding all her vigilance, scarcely a month passed in which the shape of at least one of them did not increase visibly; and what was still more extraordinary, with the exception of a young gentleman who officiated as an errand-boy, there was not an unmarried man in or about the premises. The innocence of this youth was established beyond all reasonable doubt by the circumstance, that when he was not eating, he was generally asleep. Upon these grave occasions, Pulcheria solemnly reprimanded the guilty, warning her of what was about to happen, which the servant was probably as well aware of as her mistress.

Athanase Ivanovitch did not trouble himself much about business. When he went occasionally to inspect his workmen, or visit his tenants, he looked at them with a sort of curious attention rather than any active interest. The whole weight of the domestic administration fell upon Pulcheria. She was constantly occupied in opening and shutting the doors of the provision-chamber, in superintending the culi-

nary operations, and in sorting the fruits and vegetables. Her house resembled the laboratory of a chemist. There was a fire always burning under the garden apple-roaster; a tripod of fire supported a copper preserving-pan, where preserves, jellies, and pastilles of honey and sugar were in various states of progress. Under a tree you might see them distilling *eau-de-vie* from peach-stones, making noyau from cherries, and otherlike operations. At the end of the work the cook would be reduced to such a condition that he could scarcely move his tongue, and would conduct himself in so absurd a manner, that Pulcheria generally dismissed him to sleep off his tipsiness in the kitchen. There was cooked and collected such a quantity of these delicacies, that the store-rooms would have been filled to overflowing, had they not been eaten by the servants, who, when they had once succeeded in making good an entrance into the store-room, usually complained of a pain in the stomach for the rest of the day.

As it was impossible Pulcheria could enter into the details of the farm, the steward, who was in league with the starosta,* pillaged her without mercy. They were in the habit of cutting their master's wood, just as if it was their own. Upon one occasion Pulcheria expressed a desire to make a tour of inspection. The droschki was brought to the door, but its huge copper aprons made such a noise, that no sooner was the vehicle once in motion, than the strange sounds which proceeded from it might have been heard two versts off at the least. Pulcheria Ivanovna could not fail to perceive the destruction which had taken place, and the carrying away of the oaks which even in her youth she had remembered as a hundred years old.

"How is this, Nitchpor?" she said to the steward? "how is it these oaks have become so scarce. Take care of your horses—you may lose them too."

"Scarce, madam!" replied the steward; they have totally disappeared; a thunder-bolt has fallen upon them; the wolves have eaten them; in short, they have disappeared, madam—totally disappeared!"

Pulcheria Ivanovna was quite satis-

fied with the reply; but on her return home she issued strict orders that the guard about the Spanish cherry-trees and the winter-pears should be doubled. These worthy agents, the steward and the starosta, presently discovered that there was no longer any occasion to bring all their farm-produce to the storehouse of their lord. They therefore contented themselves with the half, and consummated their villany by selecting this moiety from what they were unable to sell at market. But notwithstanding this systematic pillage, and the terrible voracity of the servants—notwithstanding the presents they made to their relatives and followers—their thefts of household articles, the price of which was spent at the alehouse, and all their other misdeeds—the fertile land produced everything in such abundance and the good people had so few wants, that all these depredations made no apparent alteration in their happiness.

Athanase and Pulcheria, according to the custom of people of the olden time, were fond of good living. When day broke (for they always rose early), and the doors commenced their discordant music, they made their toilette, and took their coffee. After breakfast the old gentleman sallied forth into the portico, and held a conference with his steward—asked him about what was going on in the farm—made observations, and gave him such orders that you would have been surprised at his apparent knowledge of domestic economy, and a novice would probably have imagined it difficult to rob so shrewd a master. But his steward was a cunning old fox, accustomed to stand fire; he knew what he should answer, and what he should keep to himself. Athanase would then return to the apartment he had quitted, and say to his wife—

"My dearest Pulcheria Ivanovna, don't you think it is time to eat a little?"

"But, Athanase Ivanovitch, what would you have now? There is nothing ready but a few patés or some pickled mushrooms."

"Go for the mushrooms or the patés; it is a matter of indifference to me," Athanase would reply.

And immediately the table would be covered with the required delicacies.

* The "starosta" is a species of bailiff.

An hour before dinner Athanase would be still at his breakfast; he would take a sip of *eau-de-vie* from an ancient silver goblet, by way of washing down the mushrooms and the other trifles with which he had amused his palate. Dinner was served about one o'clock. Besides the entrées and the sauces, the table was covered with a number of small jars, hermetically sealed, in order that their appetising contents should not evaporate. At table, the conversation generally turned upon the serious employment on which they were engaged.

"It seems to me this soup is a little burned. What is your opinion, Pulcheria?"

"By no means, Athanase. Put a little more pepper in it, or a drop of this mushroom-sauce."

"So be it," Athanase would reply, flourishing his napkin—now we shall see the result."

When dinner was over, Athanase went to rest for an hour; but Pulcheria Ivanovna, fetching a pasty half-cut, would interrupt his repose—

"See, Athanase, if this pasty is not good!"

"You should not trust too much to its red colour, Pulcheria Ivanovna," her lord would reply, taking a great slice; "those which are red are very seldom worth much."

Meanwhile the pasty had disappeared. Afterwards Athanase Ivanovitch would eat a few pears, and then take a turn in the garden with his wife. Having finished their promenade, the good lady looked after her affairs; and her lord, seating himself on a corner of the balcony which overlooked the court, would amuse himself by watching the proceedings of his servants. Then, sending for Pulcheria Ivanovna, he would inquire—

"What have you got to eat, Pulcheria Ivanovna?"

"What, indeed," she would reply, "but a few cakes of gooseberries that I have kept on purpose for you, Athanase Ivanovitch."

"Go for the gooseberry-cakes," Athanase would reply.

"Perhaps you would like a little *kissel*.*"

"That would by no means be bad," replied Athanase.

The cakes and the "*kissel*" would soon make their entrance, and as speedily disappear. Before supper, Athanase had another little collation.

At half-past nine supper was served. Immediately afterwards they retired to rest, and the most profound silence pervaded the whole establishment. The bedroom of Pulcheria was so warm that few people could have endured it for any length of time. But Athanase Ivanovitch, in order to be warmer still, slept upon a Russian stove, the temperature of which was so high that he was frequently obliged to get up during the night and walk about. While indulging in this recreation it was his custom to utter little groans.

"What is the matter with you?" Pulcheria would inquire.

"God knows," he would answer; "I think I feel rather uneasy about the stomach."

"Perhaps you would like to eat something, Athanase Ivanovitch?"

"I do not know if it would be good for me; but what can be had?"

"A little warm milk, or some stewed pears."

"Ah, well! let us try."

A servant, more than half asleep, would then be despatched to the store-room, and Athanase, having disposed of some of these little delicacies, would say that he felt considerably easier. Occasionally when the weather was finer than usual, and the heat of the apartment consequently greater, Athanase would amuse himself by rallying his wife.

"Tell me, Pulcheria Ivanovna, suppose the house were to take fire, what do you suppose would become of us?"

"God would preserve us;" and the pious housewife made the sign of the cross.

"But, suppose the house were burned to the ground, what should we do for a lodging?"

"Why do you think of such things, Athanase? God would never permit such a catastrophe."

"But suppose it were actually to burn, what then?"

"Why, we could go into the kitchen, and you could occupy the housekeeper's room."

"But if the kitchen were to take fire also?"

* "*Kissel*" is a kind of jelly made of fruit.

"Heaven preserve us from such a calamity. The house and the kitchen to take fire together! Absurd! But even if they did, we could go and inhabit the storehouse until we had time to build a new house."

"But suppose the storehouse were to take fire also."

"God knows why you talk in such a fashion. I shall listen to you no longer. It is a sin to speak of such things, and heaven might, perhaps, punish us for such wicked thoughts."

And Athanase Ivanovitch, satisfied with having thus tormented his good wife, would turn himself comfortably to rest.

This charming couple were seen to most advantage when they received their visitors. On such occasions the entire aspect of the cottage underwent a change. They seemed to live but for their guests. The best of everything in the house was produced, and offered with a graceful *empressment* that was free from all affectation. The satisfaction they felt in overwhelming you with kindness was so sensibly expressed in their countenances that to refuse was almost impossible. No visitor was ever allowed to go away the day he arrived; it was absolutely necessary to spend at least one night at the cottage. "How could you think of setting out to travel such a distance at this late hour?" Pulcheria Ivanovna would say, on such occasions, although the visitor might not have more than three or four versts to go.

"Certainly," added Athanase Ivanovitch, "one cannot tell what might happen. You might be attacked by robbers, and the roads are in such bad order."

"Heaven preserve us from robbers!" Pulcheria would reply. "Why should you speak of such things at this late hour? It is not robbers that one has to fear, but the darkness of the night; and then your coachman, I know him well, he is so small and weak, and I am perfectly satisfied he has drunk more wine than is good for him; at this moment he is, most probably, fast asleep by the kitchen fire."

And so the visitor would have to remain. But an evening spent in the little warm room, the agreeable and friendly tone of the conversation, the appetizing odour of the plats which were preparing for supper; everything,

in short, amply repaid him for his complaisance.

I think I can see Athanase at this moment reclining in his easy-chair, as he listens with profound attention to the conversation of his guest; the old friendly smile is playing on his lips. The visitor, who has, perhaps, never left his country circle, indulges himself in political speculations, and relates, with a terrified and mysterious air, how the French and the English were secretly leagued to send the new Napoleon into Russia, and discerned the probable events of the war, which would certainly take place. Then Athanase, affecting not to look at his wife, would say—

"I should certainly take an active part in the campaign—I could do a little fighting still."

"Don't believe a word he says," Pulcheria would reply, addressing herself to the stranger. "How could he, such an old man, go to the war? The first soldier he met would kill him; yes, he would knock him on the head, and kill him at once."

"Nay," Athanase would reply, "it is I that would kill him."

"Only listen to what he says," Pulcheria would reply; "his pistols are covered with rust and laid up in the storeroom ages ago. Would you like to see them? They are a pretty sight, and whoever tried to use them would, probably, be disfigured for the rest of his life."

"What of that? I can purchase new arms; a cossack lance or a sabre will answer my purpose well enough."

"How ridiculous! He will talk about this new crochet for the next month," Pulcheria would reply, with a certain air of chagrin. "I know he is only in jest, but it is by no means agreeable to listen to such nonsense."

And Athanase, content with having thus rallied his wife, would smile pleasantly as he sat in his easy chair.

I would now present you with a picture of Pulcheria as she is entertaining a guest at breakfast. Taking in her hand a carafe, "There is *eau de vie*, made from menthe," she would say; "it is very good for a pain in the side; and here is some of another kind, famous for removing noises in the ears; and here is another still: it is distilled from peach-stones. Just try a drop; it has a wonderful fragrance." The good housewife would recommend each

of her liqueurs in turn as being possessed of some curative quality. Having stuffed the guest with such-like medicaments, she would lead him to a table covered with plates. "Here are mushrooms, with pepper and with cloves. I learned how to dress them from a Turkish lady, at the time when we had the Turkish prisoners. She was a very good woman, and you would never have perceived she was a heathen. She did everything like one of ourselves, only she abstained from meat, saying it was forbidden by their law."

Oh, you good, kind old friends! my story now approaches a very sad event which will disturb for ever the current of your tranquil lives in your pleasant retreat. It will seem extraordinary when we see what a trifling circumstance produced such an alteration.

By the strange disposition of sublunary events, causes, frequently almost imperceptible, lead to grave events, as vast enterprises not unfrequently terminate in results which are unimportant. A conqueror assembles all the forces of his empire, makes war for a succession of years, his generals cover themselves with glory, and the whole thing terminates, perhaps, in the acquisition of a scrap of ground where one could scarcely sow turnips. Again, on the contrary, two manufacturers of sausages quarrel about a trifle, and their dispute involves villages, cities, and whole states in conflagration. But let us leave these reflections, which are out of place here, and proceed with our narrative.

Pulcheria Ivanovna had a small grey cat, which spent the greater portion of its existence rolled up like a round ball at her feet; she loved to fondle and caress this animal, who became attached to its mistress after the fashion of its kind. One could scarcely say that the lady was very fond of this cat, but the habit of seeing it constantly had made this favourite almost a necessity of her existence. Athanase used frequently to rally her on the subject.

"What do you see in that ridiculous cat?" he would say. "What is it good for? A dog would be of some use—he might get us some game; but as for a cat —"

"Hold your tongue, Athanase, you are too fond of talking. A dog would not be a proper companion for me; he would break and spoil everything; but

my cat is a quiet creature, who never does any one any harm."

In short, dog or cat, it mattered little to Athanase Ivanovitch; all he wanted was a text for his marital discourses.

Behind the garden there lay a large wood, which the speculating steward had left untouched, because the sound of his hatchet could scarcely fail of reaching the ears of his mistress. This wood was full of old trunks of trees, covered with yellow moss, and it was inhabited by a tribe of savage cats, of gaunt and hungry aspect, which would prowl about the premises at nightfall, uttering the most savage and appalling cries. They lived but by plunder and robbery, and were, in short, extremely ill-conducted. Some of these gentry succeeded in seducing Pulcheria's poor little favourite, just as a troop of soldiers corrupt the morals of some innocent village beauty. When the disappearance of her feline companion became known, Pulcheria caused a diligent search to be set on foot. Three days passed, and the good lady, who mourned her friend, ended by forgetting its existence. But one morning, as she was returning from the kitchen garden, whither she had been to gather cucumbers for her lord, a plaintive "mew" fell sadly upon the good lady's ear. Without thought she pronounced the words "kis, kis," and forth from the brambles leaped the little grey cat, so thin and so metamorphosed, that she could scarcely have known it. Pulcheria Ivanovna continued to call it, but the cat remained at a little distance, eying its mistress without venturing to approach her, so savage had it become since its flight. The lady went on; her favourite followed her with doubtful steps, and at last, when it recognised its former haunt, made up its mind to enter the room. Pulcheria had some bread and milk brought, and watched the cat as it fed, which caused it visibly to increase in size. She then stretched out her hand to caress it, but the ungrateful creature, which, according to all appearance, had been demoralised by its recent associations, and entertained the opinion, that poverty with love, was more agreeable than comfort without it, leaped through the window, and was never seen again.

The natives of Little Russia are proverbially superstitious; Pulcheria was

not exempt from this national weakness: she mused and pondered deeply over the circumstance, and at length came to the conclusion, that it was a warning her latter end drew near. This feeling gained at last such an ascendancy over her that her spirits became quite depressed; and the ordinary pleasantries of Athanase were tried in vain. He would inquire why she had suddenly become so melancholy? but she made no reply; and at last, by constantly brooding over the idea, she began gradually to lose her strength as well as her appetite.

"What on earth is the matter with you, Pulcheria? you must be unwell."

"No," she would reply, with a mournful shake of her head; "I am not unwell, but a presentiment has overtaken me which I cannot get rid of, that my life is nearly over: I am an old woman now, Athanase, you know."

The lips of Athanase Ivanovitch were compressed in a moment with sadness; he tried to conquer the mournful pre-sage which constantly communicated itself to his own mind, and said with a smile—

"God knows what you will say next, Pulcheria; probably, in place of your usual beverage, you have taken some peach-water, which may have disagreed with you."

"No, Athanase, I have not taken any peach-water," replied Pulcheria; and Athanase felt a sudden twinge of remorse for having thus rallied his wife; he looked at her in silence, and a tear gathered in his eye.

"I would make one request of you, Athanase Ivanovitch," said she mournfully—"I entreat of you to perform it; if what I feel is about to take place should happen, let me be dressed in my grey robe with the little brown flowers; let me be buried near the old church, upon the little grassy mound, from whence we used to watch the sun set long ago."

"Do not talk such stuff, silly old woman," replied Athanase; "you will not die until it is God's will; but such words as you have just used frighten me."

"So be it, Athanase; but I am very old now. I have lived long enough; you are old, too; and before long we shall meet where nothing can separate us any more."

Athanase Ivanovitch began to cry like a child.

"Do not weep, Athanase; it is not right. There is only one thing which causes me any sorrow, and that is the thought that I do not know to whom I shall trust you—who will take care of you when I am gone away? You are like a little child; and it is necessary that those who serve you should love you also."

As she spoke these words a deep and tender expression of pity beamed from her face: no one could look on her and feel unmoved.

"Sister Ivadoka," she said, as the housekeeper, whom she had sent for, made her appearance, "when I shall be gone away from you, take care of your master; shield him as you would your own eyes, as if he were your own child. Take care that the dishes he likes best are always prepared for him, and that his linen and clothes are kept in good order; never let him out of your sight, Ivadoka: I shall pray for you in the other world, and God will recompense you. Do not forget what I have said to you, Ivadoka; you are already old, and you may not, perhaps, have many years to live; but if you do not take care of him, you will have no happiness in this world: I will pray that God may grant you a happy end."

Poor old woman! She thought, then, neither of the solemn moment which was indeed drawing near, nor of her own soul, nor of the awful future: she thought only of the poor companion of her earthly pilgrimage, whom she was so soon to leave behind, like a helpless orphan. She then proceeded to set her house in order, that Athanase should feel her absence as little as possible. The conviction that her end was approaching was so strong upon her, that in a few days more she took to her bed, and her appetite entirely failed. Athanase never for an instant quitted her pillow, and was sedulous in his attention.

Would you not like to eat something, my dear Pulcheria Ivanovna?" he was constantly saying, with a sort of dolorous disquiet.

But poor Pulcheria never answered him; at last, one day, after a long silence, she sighed faintly; her lips moved as if she wished to speak, and her last breath floated out into the summer air.

Athanase appeared overwhelmed by the blow. This death seemed to him so strange that he could not weep; he looked wistfully at the body, with his dim and weary eyes. It was laid, according to the custom of the country, upon a table. They dressed Pulcheria in the robe she had mentioned; they crossed her arms on her chest, and placed a taper between her fingers. He saw them perform these last offices with an air of utter insensibility: the little courtyard was filled with people, and many visitors came to the funeral. Long tables were spread out, covered with *koutia*,* with pasties, and bottles of *eau-de-vie*. The guests spoke, wept, and looked mournfully on the dead body; they talked of her good qualities, and then they looked at Athanase Ivanovitch. He went through the crowd like an idiot; at last the corpse was brought out, the procession was formed, and he accompanied it. The sun was shining; the priests carried their golden crosses, children wept in their mothers' arms; a funeral hymn was sung; they finished by placing the coffin beside the grave which had been prepared for its reception. Then Athanase Ivanovitch was asked to approach the body, and embrace it for the last time. He drew near, tears gathered in his eyes, but they were the tears of one who had ceased to feel. The bier went down; the priest, taking a shovel, threw down a little earth; the deacon and his two assistants began to sing the funeral hymn, the music of which, floating upwards, was lost among the clouds. Then the grave-diggers, seizing their spades, soon filled the grave with earth, and covered it over. At this moment Athanase Ivanovitch drew near; every one made room for him; he raised his eyes, looked about with a troubled glance, and said, "You have just buried someone; why?"

He stopped, and was unable to finish the sentence.

But when he had returned home, and saw the empty chamber, and the chair on which Pulcheria used to sit, vacant, he began to weep, and the tears flowed, flowed without ceasing. Five years rolled over since this event took place — what suffering will not that time subdue? I once knew a

man, in the flower of his life, full of the kindest and best qualities; he loved tenderly and devotedly; and before me — almost under my very eyes — the creature whom he loved so fondly, faded away and perished. I have never seen transports of grief or an agony of sorrow more intense than his. They watched him carefully, and removed every implement of destruction out of his reach; in fifteen days he seemed to have got over his sorrows, and talked quite pleasantly and rationally. They gave him his liberty, and the first use he made of it was to purchase a pistol. One morning, a report of firearms was heard, which alarmed the whole household; they entered his room, and found him stretched on the ground, with his skull apparently fractured by a bullet. A surgeon of eminence, who was in the house by the merest accident, thought he saw some signs of life; and to the great surprise of every one he succeeded in restoring the patient to consciousness, and ultimately to health. They redoubled their surveillance, and took away even the table knives. But soon afterwards he found another mode; he threw himself under the wheels of a carriage that was passing; his arms and feet were severely wounded, but he again recovered. Nearly a year afterwards I met him in a saloon, in the great world; he was seated at a table, and said gaily —

"Poor little wretch!"

And behind him, leaning against the back of his chair, was a young and beautiful girl, who played with the tassels of her dress.

About five years after the death of Pulcheria Ivanovna I found myself in the neighbourhood of the cottage, and I went to visit the old gentleman, with whom I had passed so many agreeable days. The house seemed twice as old. The cabins of the village appeared leaning to one side, like their inhabitants. The enclosure which formerly surrounded the courtyard was entirely destroyed, and I saw with my own eyes the cook cutting down the piles for fire-wood. I approached the portico. The same dogs were there, but they had grown blind and infirm, and they made an abortive attempt to wag their tails, which were stiff and matted.

* A cake composed of rice, sugar, and dried fruit, which is used for funeral ceremonies.

The old man came out to meet me. He recognised me in an instant, and accosted me with his usual smile. I followed him into the house. At first sight, everything appeared nearly in the same condition; but it was not long before I observed sensible traces of the absent. In a word, I felt that emotion which seizes us when we enter for the first time the home of a widowed man, whom we have known intimately under different circumstances. The table was no longer served with the same nicety. One of the knives which was placed on the table wanted a handle. The viands were less carefully prepared. I avoided speaking of anything which might recall painful associations. When we were seated at table a servant placed a napkin under the chin of Athanase Ivanovitch, who listened to my conversation with the same air of pleased attention; but it was evident by his questions that his thoughts were far away. His movements were uncertain, and not unfrequently he wandered in his discourse. It so happened that we had to wait a few minutes for a certain *entrée*. Athanase Ivanovitch observed the delay.

"Why," he said, "do they keep us waiting so long for the courses?"

But I saw through the door, which was half open, the boy who should have served us had fallen asleep, and was sitting quietly in that condition upon a bench outside.

"Here is the 'plat,'" said Athanase Ivanovitch, when certain little cakes, called "minichis," were brought in.

"Here is the 'plat,'" continued he, and I remarked that his voice began to tremble, and that tears were gathering in his faded eyes. He made an effort to restrain them, but nature at last got the upper hand, and he burst into tears; his hand fell upon the plate, the plate went to the ground; but he remained seated, and apparently indifferent. He endeavoured to collect himself, but the fountain of his tears was unloosed, and they flowed, as if feelings long pent up had found at this association their natural vent.

"Good heavens!" I thought, as I watched him, "five years of time, which stifle and destroy so many strong feelings, have not obliterated the memory of the past within the heart of this old man, who has passed the greater portion of his life seated in an easy chair, eating pears and dried fish,

and telling stories. Which has the strongest dominion over us, habit or passion? He endeavoured many times to pronounce the name of his dead wife, but in the middle of the word his countenance altered with a convulsive movement, and sobs, like those of a child, struck me to the heart. These were not the tears of an old man who bewails his sad position or his misfortunes, such as he might shed over a bottle of wine; they were tears which flowed spontaneously—the offering of a heart long since cold, and wounded by sorrow which was irremediable.

Athanase Ivanovitch did not live long after my visit. I received intelligence of his death; and what seemed strange, his last moments were not unlike those of his deceased wife. One day as he was walking in the garden, with his usual slow and measured step, utterly indifferent to every surrounding object, and without any fixed idea in his head, he fancied he heard some one pronounce his name, in a clear, distinct tone. He turned rapidly; no one was there. He looked carefully about, and saw nothing. The weather was fine, and the sun shone brilliantly. The old man reflected for an instant, his whole countenance lighted up, and he said—"It is Pulcheria Ivanovna who calls me."

It has happened, perhaps, to you, my dear reader, to hear a voice uttering your name. Our peasants explain the phenomenon by the hypothesis that it is some soul which languishes with desire of seeing again the person who is thus called, and that death invariably follows soon afterwards. I remember how in my youth the same thing happened often to myself. I heard some one pronounce my name distinctly behind me. It was a fine sunshiny day. Not a single leaf was stirring on the trees. The crickets had ceased their song. There was no living soul in the gardens—all was silent. But I am satisfied that the darkest and most stormy night which could overtake me in the thickest wood, would be less appalling than that solemn sound of a clear, calm, sunny day.

Athanase Ivanovitch became immediately possessed with the idea that the spirit of his wife had called him; and from that day, without any perceptible illness, his strength gradually wasted away.

"Let me be buried beside my wife," were his last words.

His wishes were religiously observed. His funeral was attended by nearly all the country people, and the poor regretted their kind and simple-minded benefactor. The house was now empty. The dishonest steward, with the "starosta," carried off between them all the clothes which the house-keeper had not had time to make away with. Then came, no one knew from whence, the heir, a distant relative, who held the rank of lieutenant in some regiment, the name of which I have forgotten. He soon saw that the establishment had fallen into complete disorganisation, and set himself vigorously to the work of reformation. He began by purchasing half-a-dozen fine English sickles, caused a number to be painted by each peasant on his door,

and in about six months he succeeded in effecting a complete revolution. The office of steward was entrusted to an elderly lieutenant, in an old faded uniform, who made a clean sweep of everything. The cabins, which were leaning to one side, fell into total ruin. The peasants took to drinking, and were tipsy all day. The proprietor himself, who in other respects lived on good terms with his neighbours, and drank punch in their company, came but seldom into the village, and although he frequented most of the fairs in the province, and accurately informed himself on the prices of such commodities as are only sold in wholesale, such as corn, and hemp, and honey, he seldom bought anything but some trifle which never exceeded the value of a rouble.

SIR ISAAC NEWTON.*

THERE is scarcely any subject which contains within itself so much interest, as the study of the lives of great men. We are all of us such complete puzzles to ourselves, when we come to investigate our own thoughts, our own powers, and our own springs and motives of action, that our attention is instantly arrested when those of others of our species are laid open to our observation. This is more especially the case, if the individual thus submitted to analysis and description be one of those who by his native genius and ability raised himself to great eminence above his fellows. Most of us, in our secret aspirations, have longed for this eminence, and not a few may have thought that had circumstances been favourable, we might perhaps have attained to some portion of it at least. We are, therefore, naturally anxious to know by what means others have reached it, to form some estimate of their powers, or their opportunities, whether to compare with our own, or to learn, in the abstract, of what their real superiority consisted.

Two errors are not unfrequently made with regard to heroes and great men, in whatever department of merit they may have excelled. The one is hero-worship, and the other is heroclasticism. One class of men are ready to fall down and worship at the feet of any man, and all men, who have acquired great fame, to envelope themselves in the sackcloth of veneration, and to cast upon their own heads the dust of abasement, utterly refusing to form any judgment on the objects of their adoration, and looking on it as a piece of impiety to think of passing an opinion on them, and to search into their characters, and question their actions, for the purpose of making that opinion a correct one. This is the method of the common herd of men, those who presume not to think for themselves, who tremble to express an idea which has not on it the stamp of custom, as much as if they were passing unauthorised coin on 'Change. They make up the mass of political parties and of religious sects; they are branded sheep, who consent and even rejoice to wear the initials of

* "Memoirs of the Life, Writings, and Discoveries of Sir Isaac Newton." By Sir David Brewster, K.H. Edinburgh: Constable and Co. 1855.

their master, and to be penned in folds under the care of their appointed shepherd, and guarded by their established watch-dog. Peace, and quiet, and fatness, and length of days be with them !

Another class of men there are, however, who have often *seceded* and *dissented* from the generality, rather on account of some crotchet, or eccentricity, or mental obliquity of vision, than because they ought not properly to belong to the masses. These men having perhaps discovered some human defect or infirmity in the heroes they formerly worshipped, instantly jump to the conclusion that they were no better than themselves, that their great fame and reputation was the result of accident, based upon falsehood, or founded upon fortune, and they set to work to depreciate and degrade, to detract from, or utterly to break to pieces, the image that has been raised amid the common acclamation of mankind. These are the hero-clasts — men sometimes not altogether useless in their generation, though often of little worth in themselves; they act in the intellectual world the part which storms, and tempests, and whirlwinds, and earthquakes, and other disturbing agencies, play in the physical one; they prevent stagnation, introduce sudden compensations for long-continued inaction, and though by no means agreeable, at any time, or to anybody, and often doing much injury and damage to their immediate vicinity, are yet beneficial in the long run in their results.

The philosopher and the man of sense and discretion will avoid the errors of both these classes. Bringing to the examination of the life of any great man all the love, and gratitude, and respect which he feels and knows to be due to the eminent benefactors and guides of our species, he will yet look upon him as a man, and not as a demigod. He will view him as one subject to the same passions and instincts, thinking many of the same thoughts, feeling many of the same sensations, and liable to many of the same infirmities, as the meanest and lowest of our race. Knowing, and making allowance for, this large share of common humanity, with all its weaknesses and all its imperfections, he will be able to form a truer, and therefore, often a more ex-

alted estimate of those peculiar powers and abilities, those particular faculties and special excellencies to which great men owe their eminence above the crowd.

This is more especially the case when the hero is one whose deeds are of a special, and we may say, a technical kind. No one can form an adequate original judgment of the strategy of a great general, but one who is, or might be, a great general himself. Admirable seamanship can only be appreciated by a seaman. A great scientific discoverer and investigator can only be thoroughly understood, mastered, and described by one who is himself endowed with great scientific powers and attainments.

There is, therefore, a peculiar fitness and propriety in Sir David Brewster becoming the biographer of Sir Isaac Newton. In one department of science, at least, that of optics, he is the worthy successor of his illustrious master, and there is no department in which he is not able to form, and entitled to express, an opinion, we may almost say, to pronounce a judgment, *ex cathedra*, upon what Newton did.

In compiling this life, Sir David has had great advantages, since new materials of many kinds have been placed in his hands, as he describes in his preface. He has made excellent use of them; and in reading his narrative we have been struck, among other things, by the impartiality he maintains throughout. He most religiously avoids the two errors we mentioned above, and neither exalts his hero into a demigod, nor allows his human failings and imperfections to dwarf in his eyes the colossal stature of his intellect, or detract from the nobility and native worth of his disposition.

We regret, however, that one slight stumbling-block meets us at the outset, which has elsewhere been remarked upon, and that is, the dedication to Prince Albert. His Royal Highness has merit enough of his own to enable him to dispense with adventitious praise and mere courtier-like compliment; and if Sir David's work really did stand in need of the protection of the Prince's name, it would be of very little advantage to it. Sir David seems himself to find his courtier's dress sit awkwardly upon him, for there is not in his two volumes any other such clumsily expressed passage as his dedica-

tion. It is hardly polite to offer to a Prince such a piece of slip-slop as "it is from the trenches of science alone that war can be successfully waged."

Passing by this little mistake, however, let us come to the life itself.

Isaac Newton was born on Christmas Day, 1642, in the manor-house of Woolsthorpe, near the village of Colsterthorpe, six miles south of Grantham. His father died before he was born, and he himself seems to have come prematurely into the world, and was scarcely expected to survive in it. The little manor* which belonged to his father had a rental of only £30 per annum, and his mother, whose name was Ayscough, had another little estate close by, of about £50 per annum. Before he was four years old, his mother was married again to the Rev. Barnabas Smith, rector of North Witham. At the age of twelve he went to the Free-School at Grantham, where he was at first very inattentive, and very low in the school, until having fought with and beaten a boy who stood above him in the class, he was induced to try whether he could not master him there also. His faculties, which had probably hitherto been pre-occupied with his own thoughts rather than dormant, thus once roused and set in action, he soon not only rose ahead of his particular opponent, but of all the rest of the school.

Mechanical inventions seem at this time to have been his principal taste. He made a working model of a wind-mill that was being erected in the neighbourhood. He also constructed a water-clock out of an old box, giving it a dial-plate, on which the index was turned by a piece of wood, that either "fell or rose by water dropping." A mechanical carriage having four wheels, which was moved by a handle or winch wrought by the person who sat in it, is also enumerated among his constructions. Sir David mentions it as a curious fact, that Leibnitz, the rival of Newton, laboured at similar inventions.

It appears that, not satisfied with his water-clock, he had constructed another time-measurer, by driving a number of pegs into the walls and roofs of the school buildings, so that their shadows marked the hours; and this was long known and used in the neighbourhood under the name of "Isaac's dial." He also carved two regular sun-dials on the walls of his own house at Woolsthorpe.

In addition to mechanical inventions, he cultivated the arts both of painting and poetry, his room being hung with pictures drawn by himself—some copied from prints and others from life. No authentic specimen of his verses, however, has come down to us.

During the seven years he spent at school at Grantham, he appears to have fallen in love with a Miss Storey, and had he had the means in early life, it is probable that he would afterwards have married her. He retained a great esteem for her in subsequent years, even after her second marriage, and assisted both her and her family in some pecuniary embarrassments.

In 1656 his stepfather, the Rev. B. Smith, died, and his mother returned to Woolsthorpe, bringing with her a half-brother and two half-sisters to Newton. He was then, at the age of fifteen, taken from school, and set to cultivate the farm, and sell the produce at the market. This employment did not at all suit his disposition, as may be supposed, and it was shortly decided, by the advice of his uncle, the Rev. W. Ayscough, that he should be prepared to enter the University of Cambridge. He returned, therefore, to school, where he remained till his nineteenth year. Some vision of his future fame seems to have passed before the eyes of his old schoolmaster, as we may gather from the following passage:—

"The day in which he quitted Grantham was one of much interest not only to himself but to his school-fellows and his venerable

* Sir David gives us a sketch of this house. It appears to be one of those quiet little country houses formerly occupied by the substantial yeomanry of England, men who farmed their own estates from generation to generation. These are mostly now absorbed into the ranks of mere farm-houses, and are occupied by yearly tenants. The class of small proprietors still lingers among the mountains of Cumberland, where they are known as "statesmen," and to some extent, perhaps, among the "dalesmen" of Yorkshire. In other parts of the country individuals, few and far between, are to be found, though we have heard of some who have no "title-deeds" to their little property, which has descended from father to son, from times anterior to the invention of such contrivances.

teacher. Mr. Conduit has recorded it as a tradition in Grantham, that on that day the good old man, with the pride of a father, placed his favourite pupil in the most conspicuous part of the school, and having, with tears in his eyes, made a speech in praise of his character and talents, held him up to the scholars as a proper object of their love and imitation. We have not heard that the schoolmaster of Grantham lived long enough to feel a just pride in the transcendent reputation of his pupil; but many of the youth to whom his affectionate counsel was addressed, may have had frequent opportunities of glorying in having been the school-fellows of Sir Isaac Newton."—Vol. I. p. 18.

He was admitted as a sub-sizar at Trinity College, Cambridge, on the 5th of June, 1661, and matriculated sizar on the 8th of July. We have little record of Newton's undergraduate life at Cambridge, but the following passage is an interesting one:—

"Before Newton left Woolsthorpe, his uncle had given him a copy of Sanderson's *Logic*, which he seems to have studied so thoroughly, that when he afterwards attended the lectures on that work, he found that he knew more of it than his tutor. Finding him so far advanced, his tutor intimated to him that he was about to read Kepler's *Optics* to some Gentleman Commoners, and that he might attend the Readings if he pleased. Newton immediately studied the book at home, and when his tutor gave him notice that his Lectures upon it were to commence, he was surprised to learn that it had been already mastered by his pupil.

"About the same time probably he bought a book on Judicial Astrology at Stourbridge fair, and in the course of perusing it he came to a figure of the Heavens, which he could not understand without a previous knowledge of trigonometry. He therefore purchased an English *Euclid*, with an index of all the problems at the end of it, and having turned to two or three which he thought likely to remove his difficulties, he found the truths which they enunciated so self-evident, that he expressed his astonishment that any person should have taken the trouble of writing a demonstration of them. He therefore threw aside *Euclid* 'as a trifling book,' and set himself to the study of Descartes' *Geometry*, where problems not so simple seem to have baffled his ingenuity. Even after reading a few pages, he got beyond his depth, and laid aside the work; and he is said to have resumed it again and again, alternately retreating and advancing, till he was master of the whole, without having received any assistance. The neglect which he had shown of the elementary truths of geometry he afterwards regarded

as a mistake in his mathematical studies; and on a future occasion he expressed to Dr. Pemberton his regret that 'he had applied himself to the works of Descartes, and other algebraic writers, before he had considered the *Elements* of Euclid with that attention which so excellent a writer deserved.'

"The study of Descartes' geometry seems to have inspired Newton with a love of the subject, and to have introduced him to the higher mathematics. In a small commonplace book, bearing on the 7th page the date of Jan. 1663-4, there are several articles on angular sections, and the squaring of curves and 'crooked lines that may be squared,' several calculations about musical notes;—geometrical propositions from Francis Vieta and Schooten;—annotations out of Wallis's *Arithmetic of Infinites*, together with observations on Refraction,—on the grinding of 'spherical optic glasses,'—on the errors of lenses, and the method of rectifying them, and on the extraction of all kinds of roots, particularly those 'in affected powers.'"—Vol. I. pp. 21-23.

Sir David gives us the following account of the well-known story of the falling of the apple:—

"It was doubtless in the same remarkable year 1666, or perhaps in the autumn of 1665, that Newton's mind was first directed to the subject of Gravity. He appears to have left Cambridge some time before the 8th of August, 1665, when the College was 'dismissed' on account of the Plague, and it was therefore in the autumn of that year, and not in that of 1666, that the apple is said to have fallen from the tree at Woolsthorpe, and suggested to Newton the idea of gravity. When sitting alone in the garden, and speculating on the power of gravity, it occurred to him that as the same power by which the apple fell to the ground, was not sensibly diminished at the greatest distance from the centre of the earth to which we can reach, neither at the summits of the loftiest spires, nor on the tops of the highest mountains, it might extend to the moon and retain her in her orbit, in the same manner as it bends into a curve a stone or a cannon ball, when projected in a straight line from the surface of the earth. If the moon was thus kept in her orbit by gravitation to the earth, or, in other words, its attraction, it was equally probable, he thought, that the planets were kept in their orbits by gravitating towards the sun. Kepler had discovered the great law of the planetary motions, that the squares of their periodic times were as the cubes of their distances from the sun, and hence Newton drew the important conclusion that the force of gravity or attraction, by which the planets were retained in their orbits, varied as the square of their distances from the sun. Knowing

the force of gravity at the earth's surface, he was, therefore, led to compare it with the force exhibited in the actual motion of the moon, in a circular orbit; but having assumed that the distance of the moon from the earth was equal to sixty of the earth's semidiameters, he found that the force by which the moon was drawn from its rectilinear path in a second of time was only 13.9 feet, whereas at the surface of the earth it was 16.1 in a second. This great discrepancy between his theory and what he then considered to be the fact, induced him to abandon the subject, and pursue other studies with which he had been previously occupied."—Vol. I. pp. 25–27.

On the disappearance of the plague, he returned to Cambridge, and was elected Fellow of Trinity on the 1st of October, 1667, taking his Master of Arts degree on the 16th of March, 1668. He was elected Lucasian Professor of Mathematics on the 29th of October, 1669. These are the most important external events of this period of Newton's life. The real life of Newton, however, was within. The events of greatest importance, of greatest interest, and greatest value to the world, were the thoughts, the reflections, and the discoveries of his mind, events the date of which he only could be conscious of, and which, in few instances, he would trouble himself to recollect or record.

The first great subject of investigation and discovery on which the mind of Newton employed itself, was the nature of light. It seems appropriate enough, that he who was to throw so vast and so steady a light upon the constitution of the universe, should first teach us what that light itself was, by the action of which upon our senses we could alone become conscious of the existence of the bodies of which the universe is composed. In our days, when the nature of light and colour is more or less familiar to us all, it is difficult even in imagination to throw ourselves back into the condition of mind of even the profoundest philosophers of former times, to whom this matter was unknown. It is only by reading, and attempting to understand the laboured and complicated dissertations of former philosophers, that we are able to form an adequate appreciation of the clearness, and truth, and beauty of Newton's explanations. All previous authors, except Isaac Vassius, and he only by guess,

supposed colour not to be innate in light, but produced by the action of the bodies which reflect or refract it; whereas Newton proved that "the modification of light from which colours take their origin is innate in light itself, and arises neither from reflection nor refraction, nor from the qualities or any other conditions of bodies whatever, and that it cannot be destroyed or in any way changed by them."

Sir David Brewster twice mentions Stourbridge Fair in connexion with Newton. In the first instance, a book bought there set him to study trigonometry, and, in the second, a prism there procured induced him to experiment on light, and thus commence his discoveries in optics. To a Cambridge man of the present day, there is something remarkably whimsical in these associations, for though it was doubtless formerly a great commercial fair, its present reputation is of rather a dubious kind. It would sound rather odd to a Dublin man to be told that some of the profounder studies of the Fellows of our own Trinity College took their origin from any investigation, made in consequence of a visit to Donnybrook:—

"After our author had purchased his glass prism at Stourbridge Fair, he made use of it in the following manner. Having made a hole in his window-shutter, and darkened the room, he admitted a ray of the sun's light, which after refraction at the two surfaces of the prism, exhibited on the opposite wall what is called the *Solar* or *Prismatic Spectrum*. This spectrum was an elongated image of the sun about *five* times as long as it was broad, and consisted of *seven* different colours, *Red, Orange, Yellow, Green, Blue, Indigo, and Violet*. 'It was at first,' says Newton, 'a very pleasing divertisement to view the vivid and intense colours produced thereby;' but this pleasure was immediately succeeded by surprise at various phenomena which were inconsistent with the received laws of refraction. The 'extravagant disproportion between the length of the spectrum and its breadth,' excited him to a more than ordinary curiosity of examining from whence it might proceed. He could scarcely think that the various thickness of the glass, or the termination with shadow or darkness could have any influence on light to produce such an effect; yet he thought it not amiss first to examine these circumstances, and he therefore tried what would happen by transmitting light through parts of the glass of different thickness, or through holes in the window of different sizes, or by setting the

prism without, so that the light might pass through it and be refracted before it was terminated by the hole; but he found none of these circumstances material. The fashion of the colours was in all these cases the same.

"Newton then suspected that by some unevenness of the glass, or other accidental irregularity, the colours might be thus dilated. In order to try this he took another prism, and placed it in such a manner that the light passing through them both might be refracted contrariwise, and thus returned into the path from which the first prism had diverted it, for by this means he thought that the regular effects of the first prism would be destroyed by the second prism, and the irregular ones more augmented by the multiplicity of refractions. The result was, that the light which by the first prism was diffused into an oblong form was reduced by the second prism into a circular one with as much regularity as when it did not pass through them, so that whatever was the cause of the length of the image it did not arise from any irregularity in the prism."—Vol. I. pp. 39–41.

After trying many experiments, he at length arrived at the grand conclusion, that the greater length of the spectrum was caused by the fact, that light was not homogeneous, but that *white light* consisted of *many variously-coloured rays of different refrangibility*, the red rays being least bent out of their straight course in passing through the prism, while the violet were most bent, or refracted, the intermediate colours taking their places, according to their intermediate degrees of flexure.

Such is a simple account of those remarkable experiments and observations which have been fruitful in results up to the present day, and the whole benefit of which we have, in all probability, not yet received.

They led directly to the construction of reflecting telescopes, of which one, constructed by Newton, is now in possession of the Royal Society, and they led, after an interval of eighty or ninety years, to the improvement of refracting telescopes, by the perseverance of Mr. Dollond.

The small reflecting telescope of Newton was followed, after an interval of fifty years, by the larger ones of Mr. Hadley, the first of which was six feet long, and magnified 200 times.

These again were succeeded, in another half century, by those of Sir William Herschel, the largest and most celebrated of which was forty feet long

and five wide. After the lapse of yet another fifty years, Ireland has had the honour of still further perfecting these instruments, through the labours of her noble son, Lord Rosse, who has since worthily occupied Newton's chair as President of the Royal Society of London. Sir David gives woodcuts and descriptions of the magnificent instrument at Parsonstown, which has a speculum six feet in diameter, having an area of surface more than double that of Herschel's, and a focal distance, and consequently a tube, of fifty feet in length.

We have no space to follow Sir David through the history of Newton's subsequent experiments and discoveries in light and colours, and the objections to his theory, and attacks which were made upon him, in consequence of their publication. The controversies in which Newton thus found himself involved were eminently distasteful to him. So much was this the case, that he had at one time resolved never to publish anything new again; and this was one reason, probably, why he allowed his mathematical discoveries on the subject of "fluxions" to lie by him for twenty or thirty years, without any formal publication. If so, the precaution eminently defeated its intended end, as this retention was productive of one of the bitterest contests, in which he was compelled to engage in after life, with his great but disingenuous rival, Leibnitz.

In his letters, about this time, we meet with the following passages:—

"I intend to be no farther solicitous about matters of philosophy; and therefore I hope you will not take it ill if you never find me doing anything more in that kind; or rather that you will favour me in my determination, by preventing, so far as you can conveniently, any objections, or other philosophical letters, that may concern me."

"I was so persecuted with discussions arising out of my theory of light, that I blamed my own imprudence for parting with so substantial a blessing as my quiet, to run after a shadow."

"I see I have made myself a slave to philosophy; but if I get free of Mr. Linus's business, I will resolutely bid adieu to it eternally, excepting what I do for my private satisfaction, or leave to come out after me; for I see a man must resolve to put out nothing new, or become a slave to defend it."

Controversy is in itself painful enough, unless scrupulously divested

of all feeling of personal enmity, and of all desire for individual superiority. He who, in matters of science, fights solely for victory, should be left to beat the air, and tire himself with his own efforts. He who makes an attack, with the desire of wounding, or injuring, or annoying any man, should be repressed by the common voice of society as a common nuisance—without much regard to the good or bad foundation on which his attack is based. Such men, however acute in intellect, are generally small and contracted in moral and social views, and mean and petty in disposition. Still, controversy between principals, however annoying to one or other of the parties, is sometimes inevitable. Were it confined to the principals, however, it would probably die out in almost all cases, if it did not issue in amicable relations. But when controversy becomes public, it almost invariably happens that one or both of the disputants is surrounded by a number of men, greatly inferior to either, who join as partisans in the battle. This pack of yelping puppies create excitement by their clamour, and heat by their busy motion. They carry tales, distortions, misrepresentations, and magnifications of the truth, or pure, unadulterated lies and inventions, rumours and reports made current by their endorsement, to the ears of the principal parties engaged, until each is led to believe the other a scoundrel, only deserving of bad treatment.

Traces of this action can be detected throughout the controversies in which Newton became so reluctantly engaged, although we would be far from designating, by the terms just used, many of the partisans of Newton and his opponents. Still no man's judgment or fairness is to be trusted when once he becomes a partisan; and it is one of the most evil effects of controversy, that the best and most genial natures are apt to become corrupted and embittered, the most honest and impartial minds warped and biassed, by its action.

It was in consequence of his reflecting telescope that Newton became known to the Royal Society, and was elected a fellow of that body on January 11, 1672. He soon afterwards communicated to them his optical discoveries.

Sir David Brewster takes advantage

of his finding among Newton's papers a curious "Scheme for establishing the Royal Society," to bring forward his own views on a very interesting subject.

This scheme proposes that there should be five committees, each consisting of two or three *paid* members, who shall be obliged to attend each of the meetings. He would have these committees to consist of members skilled in—

1. Arithmetic, Algebra, Geometry, Mechanics, &c.

2. Philosophy relating to the Heavens, the Atmosphere, and the Surface of the Earth, viz.—Optics, Astronomy, Geography, Navigation, and Meteorology.

3. Philosophy relating to Animals.

4. Philosophy relating to Vegetables.

5. Mineralogy, Chemistry, &c., and the Causes of Subterraneous Caves, Rocks, Shells, Waters, Petrifications, Exhalations, Damps, Heats, Fires, and Earthquakes, and the Rising and Falling of Mountains and Islands; in fact, what we should now call Geology.

To these committees he would refer all books, letters, &c., on their several subjects, and would have vacancies in these paid fellowships filled up by election from the main body.

On this subject, Sir David has the following passage:—

"It is very evident, from this interesting document, that Newton was desirous of converting the Royal Society into an institution like that of the Academy of Sciences in Paris; but we have not been able to learn that he ever communicated this plan either to the Society itself, or to any of its members. During the last twenty years, and long before we could have known the views of so competent a judge, we have cherished the same desire, and embraced every opportunity of pressing it upon the notice of the public. Several years ago we communicated Sir Isaac Newton's scheme to Sir Robert Peel, and it was so far carried into effect by the establishment of the *Museum of Practical Geology*, which is neither more nor less than an enlargement of the *Mineralogical, Geological, and Chemical* sections of an Academy of Sciences, or a national Institute. The services of all the members of this important body are of course at the entire disposal of the state, though its members are frequently employed in other duties than those which strictly belong to their office. If mineralogy, geology, and chemistry, therefore, have obtained a national establishment

for their improvement and extension,—astronomy, mechanics, natural history, medicine, and literature, and the arts, are entitled to the same protection.”—Vol. I. p. 104.

We cannot, of course, say what considerations may have swayed the mind of Sir Robert Peel in the establishment of the Institution referred to in London, and the kindred Institution in Dublin. We have, however, always been led to suppose that the idea of these Museums originated in the mind of the late Sir Henry De la Beche; that when he commenced, in the first instance, almost entirely on his own resources, the geological survey of Cornwall and Devon, with a view to its being ultimately continued by the Government over the whole kingdom, the Museum of Economical Geology, as it was then called, arose from the necessity for having some place in which to store, exhibit, and arrange the specimens collected, together with models of mining machinery and other practical matters. This idea grew and increased, until it has been expanded into its present size, which we by no means look upon as anything like its full growth. Upon the principle that a Museum, without lectures explanatory of the objects contained in it, is a mere curiosity-shop, educational arrangements have followed as a necessary and logical consequence of the foundation of the two Museums in London and Dublin, and will, we conclude, follow that which is to be established shortly in Edinburgh, that education having a special technical direction, limited by the nature of the contents of the Museum in each case.

We do not by any means agree with Sir David Brewster in looking on these Institutions as the enlargements of any section of an Academy of Sciences or National Institute, or as containing the germs for the development of such a notion. Based on a great survey of the mineral resources and the geological structure of the United Kingdom, which has both theoretical and practical results of high importance for its object, these Institutions will be the store-houses and the record-offices of this survey, and the places where those results, and everything connected with, and of kin to, them may be preserved and arranged, and explained, and expounded, long after the survey itself shall have been brought to a conclusion.

We come now to the history of the discovery of the universality of the attraction of gravitation, and the explanation of the motions of the whole of the heavenly bodies by one general simple law. What we have said before as regards the nature of light, is applicable here too. We who have been familiar from our childhood with the idea of gravitation, can hardly realise to ourselves the mental state of men who were destitute of it. In order fully to understand the majesty of Newton's simple theory, we should be familiar with the complicated hypotheses not only of the cycle and epicycle of the Ptolemaic system, but of the vortices of Descartes, with which all men's heads were bewildered till Newton's time, and many of them even beyond it.

The idea of gravity first occurred to Newton in 1665; it had been kept in abeyance during his optical investigations, and it was not till the years 1685 and 1686 that, urged by several friends, among whom Halley must be especially mentioned, he composed and gave to the world the "*Philosophiæ Naturalis Principia Mathematica*." The whole of the history of the publication of the "*Principia*," as given by Sir David, is very interesting. All men of science, and especially all those who claim England for their birth-place, must ever feel an interest in knowing the minutest particular about this the loftiest effort of the human mind; that of which it has been well said—

"*Nec fas est propius mortali attingere divos.*"

It would occupy, however, too much of our space to give even the brief abstract of the contents of this work that Sir David lays before us; the reader will find it in his first volume, pages 319–330. We will just quote the following passage, by which it is introduced:—

"Such is a brief notice of the composition and printing of the first and second editions of a work which will be memorable not only in the annals of one science, or of one country, but which will form an epoch in the history of the world, and will ever be regarded as the brightest page in the records of human reason,—a work, may we not add, which would be read with delight in every planet of our system,—in every system of the universe. What a glorious privilege was it to have been the author of the *Principia*!

There was but one earth upon whose form and tides and movements the philosopher could exercise his genius,—one moon, whose perturbations and inequalities and actions he could study,—one sun, whose controlling forces and apparent motions he could calculate and determine,—one system of planets, whose mutual disturbances could tax his highest reason,—one system of comets, whose eccentric paths he could explore and rectify,—and one universe of stars, to whose binary and multiple combinations he could extend the law of terrestrial gravity. To have been the chosen sage summoned to the study of that earth, these systems, and that universe,—the favoured lawgiver to worlds unnumbered, the high-priest in the temple of boundless space,—was a privilege that could be granted but to one member of the human family;—and to have executed the task was an achievement which in its magnitude can be measured only by the infinite in space, and in the duration of its triumphs by the infinite in time. That Sage—that Lawgiver—that High-priest was Newton.”—Vol. I. pp. 318, 319.

Ever since the publication of the “Principia,” astronomers and philosophers have been engaged in extending and amplifying the rules there laid down. One very remarkable instance of the application of Newton’s laws has happened in our own time. Newton demonstrated that *every particle of matter in the universe is attracted by, or gravitates to, every other particle of matter, with a force directly proportional to their quantities of matter, and inversely to the squares of their distances.*

It follows that all the planets, as they move around the sun, are acted upon by the sun and by each other, and that, as their mutual places and distances are for ever varying, each one is pulled a little out of its mean path, now on this side and now on that, according as *the puller* varies its position. Inasmuch as the quantities of matter, however, contained in each do not vary, and inasmuch as this pulling or disturbing action always ultimately compensates itself by exerting at one time as much force in one direction as it did at another in the opposite, the stability of the whole system is perfectly secured. Moreover, by observing and measuring the amount of this “perturbation,” as it is called, exerted by any two bodies on each other, as for instance Jupiter and Saturn, and knowing their size and their distance, we are able to weigh

them one against another, and estimate the amount of matter contained in them. Now, since the discovery by Herschel of the planet Uranus, it was found, by continued observation, that after allowing for the effect which Saturn and the rest of the heavenly bodies must exert on his motions, there still remained over and above a certain amount of irregularity in this orbit, such as could only be accounted for on the supposition of yet another planet outside of Uranus exerting a certain amount of “pulling” or attractive influence upon him.

Two young astronomers, Adams of Cambridge, and Leverrier of Paris, at the same time undertook, unknown to each other, the investigation of this problem, and they not only proved that there must be such an external planet, but, by calculating the amount and direction of its attractive influence, they pointed out the exact spot in the heavens, within a single degree, where it would be found. Even astronomers royal were not prepared for this, and *nine* months were allowed to pass away before Airey and Challis gave themselves the trouble to look for it in England, and eight months were equally allowed to elapse on the continent. No sooner, however, had the telescopes of Professor Challis at Cambridge, and M. Galle at Berlin, been pointed to the spot indicated, than they saw the new planet as a star of the eighth magnitude, in the exact place that had been predicted equally by Adams and Leverrier.

It was in October, 1845, that Adams had completed his task; in November of the same year Leverrier laid his memoir before the Academy of Sciences at Paris. It was in August, 1846, that the star was seen. Sir David says:—

“The honour of having made this discovery belongs equally to Adams and Leverrier. It is the greatest intellectual achievement in the annals of astronomy, and the noblest triumph of the Newtonian Philosophy. To detect a planet by the eye, or to track it to its place by the mind, are acts as incommensurable as those of muscular and intellectual power. Recumbent on his easy chair, the practical astronomer has but to look through the cleft in his revolving cupola, in order to trace the pilgrim star in its course; or by the application of magnifying power, to expand its tiny disc, and thus transfer it from among its sidereal com-

panions to the planetary domains. The physical astronomer, on the contrary, has no such auxiliaries: he calculates at noon, when the stars disappear under a meridian sun: he computes at midnight, when clouds and darkness shroud the heavens; and from within that cerebral dome, which has no opening heavenward, and no instrument but the Eye of Reason, he sees in the disturbing agencies of an unseen planet, upon a planet by him equally unseen, the existence of the disturbing agent, and from the nature and amount of its action, he computes its magnitude and indicates its place. If man has ever been permitted to see otherwise than by the eye, it is when the clairvoyance of reason, piercing through screens of epidermis and walls of bone, grasps amid the abstractions of number and of quantity, those sublime realities which have eluded the keenest touch, and evaded the sharpest eye."—Vol. I. pp. 369, 370.

The next phase in Newton's life was his controversy with Leibnitz as regards the invention of the Differential Calculus. There can be little doubt that, as Leibnitz was capable of the independent invention of this calculus, so he did arrive at it independently. It is certain that Newton's Fluxions (the same thing in another form) were his own. Leibnitz's case, however, is unfortunately stained by the dishonesty and disingenuity of his proceedings, and by his treachery to his friend Bernoulli, who told lies for his sake. It is a painful passage in the lives of great men, and had its evil effect even on the calm and dispassionate mind of Newton.

Passing over this passage in his life, we meet in Sir David's pages with some curious and interesting accounts of his mode of existence at Cambridge.

The letters of his amanuensis, Dr. Humphrey Newton, are very amusing. We give an extract from one of them:—

"In the last year of King Charles II., Sir Isaac was pleased, through the mediation of Mr. Walker (then schoolmaster at Grantham), to send for me up to Cambridge, of whom I had the opportunity, as well as honour, to wait of for about five years. In such time he wrote his *Principia Mathematica*, which stupendous work, by his order, I copied out before it went to the press. After the printing, Sir Isaac was pleased to send me with several of them in presents to some of the heads of Colleges, and others of his acquaintance, some of which (particularly Dr. Babington of Trinity) said that they might study seven years before they understood any thing of it. His carriage then

was very meek, sedate, and humble, never seemingly angry, of profound thought, his countenance mild, pleasant, and comely. I cannot say I ever saw him laugh but once, which was at that passage which Dr. Stukely mentioned in his letter to your honour, which put me in mind of the Ephesian philosopher, who laughed only once in his lifetime, to see an ass eating thistles when plenty of grass was by. He always kept close to his studies, very rarely went a visiting, and had as few visitors, excepting two or three persons, Mr. Ellis, Mr. Laughton of Trinity, and Mr. Vigan, a chemist, in whose company he took much delight and pleasure at an evening when he came to wait upon him. I never knew him to take any recreation or pastime either in riding out to take the air, walking, bowling, or any other exercise whatever, thinking all hours lost that was not spent in his studies, to which he kept so close that he seldom left his chamber except at term time, when he read in the schools as being Lucasianus Professor, where so few went to hear him, and fewer that understood him, that oftentimes he did in a manner, for want of hearers, read to the walls. Foreigners he received with a great deal of freedom, candour, and respect. When invited to a treat, which was very seldom, he used to return it very handsomely, and with much satisfaction to himself. So intent, so serious upon his studies, that he ate very sparingly, nay, oftentimes he has forgot to eat at all, so that, going into his chamber, I have found his mess untouched, of which, when I have reminded him, he would reply,—'Have I!' and then making to the table, would eat a bit or two standing, for I cannot say I ever saw him sit at table by himself. At some seldom entertainments, the Masters of Colleges were chiefly his guests. He very rarely went to bed till *two* or *three* of the clock, sometimes not till *five* or *six*, lying about *four* or *five* hours, especially at spring and fall of the leaf, at which times he used to employ about six weeks in his laboratory, the fire scarcely going out either night or day, he sitting up one night and I another, till he had finished his chemical experiments, in the performances of which he was the most accurate, strict, exact. What his aim might be I was not able to penetrate into, but his pains, his diligence at these set times made me think he aimed at something beyond the reach of human art and industry. I cannot say I ever saw him drink either wine, ale, or beer, excepting at meals, and then but very sparingly. He very rarely went to dine in the hall, except on some public days, and then if he has not been minded, would go very carelessly, with shoes down at heels, stockings untied, surplice on, and his head scarcely combed."—Vol. II., pp. 91-94.

In 1687, in the contention between James II. and the University, he was

one of those who nobly resisted the attempted encroachments of the King, and was elected afterwards by the University a member of the Convention Parliament, which settled the terms of the constitution in accordance with which William III. ascended the throne.

Subsequently to this he was occupied with the Lunar theory, which brings us in contact with another controversy, that has been revived in our own day by the friends of Newton and Flamsteed, and can hardly be said to be even yet set at rest. With this we shall not meddle, since it would occupy too much space to give a full explanation of it. Newton may in this, as in other instances, have been more "touchy" than there was exactly occasion for, while it is obvious that Flamsteed's disposition was of the kind best described as "cantankerous." Of their scientific merits there can be no question—the one was the quarryman or stone-mason, the other the architect.

In 1696, through the influence of his young friend, Charles Montague, afterwards Earl of Halifax, he was made Warden, and, in 1699, Master of the Mint. In November, 1703, he was elected President of the Royal Society, and in April, 1705, on the occasion of Queen Anne visiting Cambridge, he received the far less considerable honour of knighthood.

In the meantime he appears, when at the age of sixty, to have had some thoughts of marriage, and to have made proposals to Lady Norris, a lady whose husband had been Resident-Fellow of Trinity, when Newton was Lucasian Professor, and afterwards made a baronet and ambassador at Delhi to the Great Mogul. The letter to Lady Norris is certainly a very curious one, and just the kind of precise and argumentative love-letter one would have imagined Newton likely to write. He endeavours to reduce her remaining a widow longer than she could help to an *argumentum ad absurdum*, and then to propose himself, by way of a hypothesis, sufficient to satisfy the conditions of the case, or at all events sufficient to reason logically upon:—

"It is in the handwriting of Mr. Conduitt, who, doubtless, intended to publish it, and is entitled, in the same hand, 'Copy of a Letter to Lady Norris, by ———,' while on the back is written in another hand, 'A Letter

from Sir I. N. to ———.' It has no date, but, as we shall presently see, it must have been written in 1703 or 1704:—

"MADAM,—Your ladyship's great grief at the loss of Sir William, shews that if he had returned safe home, your ladyship could have been glad to have lived still with a husband, and therefore your aversion at present from marrying again can proceed from nothing else than the memory of him whom you have lost. To be always thinking on the dead, is to live a melancholy life among sepulchres, and how much grief is an enemy to your health is very manifest by the sickness it brought when you received the first news of your widowhood. And can your ladyship resolve to spend the rest of your days in grief and sickness? Can you resolve to wear a widow's habit perpetually,—a habit which is less acceptable to company, a habit which will be always putting you in mind of your lost husband, and thereby promote your grief and indisposition till you leave it off. The proper remedy for all these mischiefs is a new husband, and whether your ladyship should admit of a proper remedy for such maladies, is a question which I hope will not need much time to consider of. Whether your ladyship should go constantly in the melancholy dress of a widow, or flourish once more among the ladies; whether you should spend the rest of your days cheerfully or in sadness, in health or in sickness, are questions which need not much consideration to decide them. Besides that your ladyship will be better able to live according to your quality by the assistance of a husband than upon your own estate alone; and therefore since your ladyship likes the person proposed, I doubt not but in a little time to have notice of your ladyship's inclinations to marry, at least that you will give him leave to discourse with you about it.

"I am, Madam, your ladyship's most humble, and most obedient servant."

—Vol. II., pp. 211, 212.

There is yet one side of Newton's mind which we must not wholly neglect, and that is the theological side:—

"If," says Sir D. Brewster, "Sir Isaac Newton had not been distinguished as a mathematician and a natural philosopher, he would have enjoyed a high reputation as a theologian. The occupation of his time, however, with those profound studies for which his genius was so peculiarly adapted, prevented him from preparing for the press the theological works which he had begun at a very early period of life, and to which he devoted much of his time, even when he mixed with the world, and was occupied with the affairs of the Mint."

These theological writings are very remarkable. Among them we may

class, perhaps, his "Chronology," as well as his "Observations upon the Prophecies of Daniel and the Apocalypse of St. John." The most interesting, however, is his "Historical Account of Two Notable Corruptions of Scripture," in which he shows that the texts, 1 John, v. 7, "For there are three that bear record in heaven, *the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost*, and these three are one;" and 1 Timothy, iii. 16, "Great is the mystery of godliness, *God* manifest in the flesh," are both gross and unwarrantable corruptions, which ought long ago to have been removed from our Bibles. In the first, the words "the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost" were mere marginal interpretations of Jerome, which the Latins transferred into the text, though they are not in any of the ancient Greek manuscripts or other versions. Luther omitted them from his Bible, in which he is supported by such men as Erasmus, Grotius, Clarke, and Bentley. In the other text the word "God" ought to be "which," the Greek word signifying the latter, being easily altered into the Greek contraction which stands for the former. It was in the sixth century that this alteration took place in the Greek manuscripts, and it does not appear in either the Ethiopic, the Syrian, or the Latin versions to this day:—

"Sir Isaac thus sums up his arguments:—
'The difference between the Greek and the ancient version puts it past dispute that either the Greeks have corrupted their MSS., or the Latins, Syrians, and Ethiopians their versions; and it is more reasonable to lay the fault upon the Greeks than upon the other three, for these considerations:—It was easier for one nation to do it than for three to conspire,—it was easier to change a letter or two in the Greek than six words in the Latin. In the Greek the sense is obscure,—in the versions clear. It was agreeable to the interest of the Greeks to make the change, but against the interest of other nations to do it, and men are never false to their own interest. The Greek reading was unknown in the times of the Arian controversy, but that of the versions was then in use both among Greeks and Latins. Some Greek MSS. render the Greek reading dubious, but those of the versions, hitherto collated, agree. There are no signs of corruption in the versions, hitherto discovered, but in the Greek we have showed you particularly when, on what occasion, and by whom the text was corrupted.'

"The view taken of this text by Sir Isaac
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has been defended by Dr. Clarke, Whiston, Semler, Griesbach, Wetstein, and others. In our own day it has been controverted, with much ability and learning, in an elaborate dissertation by Dr. Henderson, who has not justified its retention as a portion of revealed truth."—Vol. II., pp. 335, 336.

In addition, Newton left the following MSS., evidently intended for publication—

"Paradoxical Questions concerning Athanasius."

"A History of the Creed."

"A Church History," complete.

Many "Divinity Tracts."

It was doubtless necessary to the convictions of Newton that the texts mentioned above should be set completely beyond a doubt one way or other, since, though a deeply religious and pious Christian, there can be no doubt that Newton, like his friend Locke, was not an orthodox believer in the Trinity, and that it was for that reason that he always resisted the importunity of his friends to take holy orders.

In addition to his other scientific pursuits, Newton was also a diligent and enthusiastic student of chemistry, as far as it was known as a science in his time, and was at some periods of his life constantly occupied in his laboratory.

It was in 1722, when now in his eightieth year, that the first symptoms of mortal disease began to undermine the hitherto vigorous frame of Sir Isaac Newton. Gout and stone begun now to trouble him, and of the latter disease he died on Monday, the 20th of March, 1727, in his eighty-fifth year.

Sir David gives us the following interesting particulars respecting him:—

"In his personal appearance, Sir Isaac Newton was not above the middle size, and in the latter part of his life was inclined to be corpulent. According to Mr. Conduitt, 'he had a very lively and piercing eye, a comely and gracious aspect, with a fine head of hair as white as silver, without any baldness, and when his peruke was off was a venerable sight.' Bishop Atterbury asserts, on the other hand, that the lively and piercing eye did not belong to Sir Isaac during the last twenty years of his life. 'Indeed,' says he, 'in the whole air of his face and make there was nothing of that penetrating sagacity which appears in his compositions. He had something rather languid in his look and manner which did not raise any great expectation in those who did not know him.' This opinion of Bishop Atterbury is con-

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firmed by an observation of Mr. Thomas Hearne, who says, 'that Sir Isaac was a man of no very promising aspect. He was a short well-set man. He was full of thought, and spoke very little in company, so that his conversation was not agreeable. When he rode in his coach one arm would be out of his coach on one side, and the other on the other.' Sir Isaac never wore spectacles, and never 'lost more than one tooth to the day of his death.' . . . The social character of Sir Isaac Newton was such as might have been expected from his intellectual attainments. He was modest, candid, and affable, and without any of the eccentricities of genius, sulking himself to every company, and speaking of himself and others in such a manner that he was never even suspected of vanity. 'But this,' says Dr. Pemberton, 'I immediately discovered in him, which at once both surprised and charmed me. Neither his extreme great age, nor his universal reputation, had rendered him stiff in opinion, or in any degree elated. Of this I had occasion to have almost daily experience. The remarks I continually sent him by letters on the *Principia* were received with the utmost goodness. These were so far from being anyways displeasing to him, that on the contrary they occasioned him to speak many kind things of me to my friends, and to honour me with a public testimony of his good opinion.'—Vol. II., pp. 413-414, 406-407.

Of his intellect Sir David thus speaks:—

"The peculiar character of his genius, and the method which he pursued in his inquiries, can be gathered only from the study of his works, and from the history of his individual labours. Were we to judge of the qualities of his mind from the early age at which he made his principal discoveries, and from the rapidity of their succession, we should be led to ascribe to him that quickness of penetration, and that exuberance of invention, which is more characteristic of poetical than of philosophical genius. But we must recollect that Newton was placed in the most favourable circumstances for the development of his powers. The flower of his youth, and the vigour of his manhood, were entirely devoted to science. No injudicious guardian controlled his ruling passion, and no ungenial studies or professional toils interrupted the continuity of his pursuits. His discoveries were therefore the fruit of persevering and unbroken study; and he himself declared, that whatever service he had done to the public was not owing to any extraordinary

sagacity, but solely to industry and patient thought.

"Initiated early into the abstractions of geometry, he was deeply imbued with her cautious spirit. And if his acquisitions were not made with the rapidity of intuition, they were at least firmly secured; and the grasp which he took of his subject was proportional to the mental labour which it had exhausted. Overlooking what was trivial, and separating what was extraneous, he bore down with instinctive sagacity on the prominences of his subject, and having thus grappled with its difficulties, he never failed to entrench himself in its strongholds.

"To the highest powers of invention Newton added, what so seldom accompanies them, the talent of simplifying and communicating his profoundest speculations. In the economy of her distributions, nature is seldom thus lavish of her intellectual gifts. The inspired genius which creates is rarely conferred along with the matured judgment which combines, and yet without the exertion of both, the fabric of human wisdom could never have been reared."—Vol. ii., pp. 399, 400.

We have not endeavoured to give anything like a complete abstract of Sir David Brewster's book. We would rather lead the reader to refer to it himself for his own perusal. It is full of interesting and valuable matter, since not only does it contain the best account hitherto given of the life of Sir Isaac Newton, but each of the great subjects in which he made discoveries is popularly explained, and its history brought down almost to the present day.

Were we disposed to be critical, we might take exception to occasional faults of style, especially to certain ambitious passages, in which, though the matter is good, there is a certain effort and straining after effect too plainly visible. There are also some needless repetitions of the same matter introduced at one time in its proper chronological order, and at another because of its connexion with other parts of the same subject. Repetitions, however, are better than omissions, and in the life of such a man as Newton we care little for minor faults in the manner of relation, so that we have all the ascertainable facts completely stated, and their nature and connexion adequately pointed out.

A GLIMPSE OF OLD ENGLISH DIPLOMACY.

MR. REEVE, the learned reviser of a new and recently published edition of Bulstrode Whitelocke's "*Journal of the Swedish Embassy in the Years 1653-54*," remarks upon the close amity between Sweden and this country, of which that mission formed the basis, that "though the power of Britain has increased in that interval, and the power of Sweden has declined, many of the same considerations and inducements exist in equal or in greater force, at this moment, to lead the statesmen of England to give their best support to the Crown of Sweden, and to desire that Sweden should regain that ascendancy in the Baltic which she so gloriously acquired and exercised in the seventeenth century." The soundness of this opinion will, we believe, be generally admitted; and we do not doubt that a glimpse of Cromwell's first exploit, in the character of a high contracting party, will be, just now, especially interesting to our readers, as recalling to their recollection the position and policy of Sweden, such as they were two hundred years since, and such as it is not impossible they may again be before the present troubles of Europe shall be composed. There are, indeed, few epochs in history to which Englishmen—whatever may be their private sentiments with respect to the divine right of governing, or of overturning governments—commonly look back with so much of pride and pleasure as those first years of the latter half of the seventeenth century, when, to use the eloquent words of Mr. Macaulay, "after half a century, during which England had been scarcely of more weight in European politics than Venice or Saxony, at once she became the most formidable power in the world, dictated terms of peace to the United Provinces, avenged the common injuries of Christendom on the pirates of Barbary, vanquished the Spaniards by land and sea, seized one of the finest West India Islands, and acquired on the Flemish coast a fortress which consoled the national pride for the loss of Calais. She was supreme on the ocean. She was the head of the Protestant interest. All the reformed churches scattered over Roman Ca-

tholic kingdoms acknowledged Cromwell as their guardian. The Huguenots of Languedoc, the shepherds who, in the hamlets of the Alps, professed a Protestantism older than that of Augsburg, were secured from oppression by the mere terror of that great name. The Pope himself was forced to preach humanity and moderation to Popish princes. For a voice which seldom threatened in vain had declared, that unless favour were shown to the people of God, the English guns should be heard in the Castle of St. Angelo. In truth, there was nothing which Cromwell had, for his own sake and that of his family, so much reason to desire, as a general religious war in Europe. In such a war he must have been the captain of the Protestant armies. The heart of England would have been with him." Deeply impressed with these convictions, as Cromwell certainly was, it was natural that he should turn with friendly intent to that nation whose illustrious king had, twenty years earlier, laid down his commission as champion of the Protestant faith, and his life, upon the bloody field of Lützen. The regular course of his personal ambition must seem to have led him to claim successorship to Gustavus Adolphus; and in no way could he, at that period, have advanced his claim more effectually than by cultivating a close alliance with Sweden, which that great soldier had raised into the position of a bulwark of Protestant Europe. In this policy, Cromwell was encouraged by the general feeling of the English nation, and by a romantic admiration for his own character, very freely expressed by Queen Christina. "The business (he said, in one of his conversations respecting the embassy) is of exceeding great importance to the Commonwealth, as any can be; that it is: and there is no prince or state in Christendom with whom there is any probability for us to have a friendship, but only the Queen of Sweden. She hath sent several times to us, but we have returned no embassy to her, only a letter by a young gentleman. She expects an ambassador from us; and if we should not send a man of emi-

nency to her, she would think herself slighted by us: and she is a lady of great honour, and stands much upon ceremonies." At that time, it is to be remembered, Christina was in the full enjoyment of the power and *prestige* bequeathed to her by her renowned father, whose territorial conquests from Russia, Poland, and Denmark, were recorded in her style and titles of Queen of the Swedes, Goths, and Vandals; Great Prince of Finland, Duke of Esthonia, Carelia, Bremen, Veherden, Stettin, Pomerland, Casubia and Vandalia, Prince of Rugia, and Lady of Ingria and of Wismar. A glance at the map will show what has become of all these fair principalities and lordships; but they were then held with no feeble hand by that able and brave, though eccentric and unsteady, princess, and guarded by the wisdom of one of the truest and sagest servants monarch ever trusted in—the illustrious Chancellor Axel Oxenstiern. An alliance, offensive and defensive, with Sweden was then, truly, a worthy object of English diplomacy. Cromwell thought so; and he selected for his representative a man peculiarly fitted for the office, who fortunately recorded the minutest details of his own opinions and acts, and of those of others, so far as he could ascertain them, in the course of his mission. Upon the product of this labour, in the "*Journal of the Swedish Embassy*," we shall draw freely, and yet leave untouched a mine of curious and, to the political student, highly useful information.

Bulstrode Whitelocke, one of Cromwell's Commissioners of the Great Seal and his Ambassador Extraordinary to the Court of Sweden, may probably be set down as a member of the class known in those days as "waiters upon Providence." Bred a lawyer, he had served as a soldier and in several civil employments, carrying with him throughout many of the habits and feelings engendered by those various pursuits, curiously tempered by their contrasts, and by the circumstances of his birth and education as a gentleman, and his strong and manifestly sincere religious views. "He never led, but followed (says Lord Clarendon) and was rather carried away by the torrent than swam with the stream;" and his third wife draws his character with a still more graphic pen, when she tells him in a dialogue

recorded by himself, that "though serviceable in some things, he was yet not thorough-paced." He had a profound faith in the British constitution; although, when occasion required subtlety in reconciling the letter to the spirit, his conscience was "lawyer-like, and of the common fashion." He was brave and punctilious; but yet a thorough old soldier, when his business was to procure intelligence or supplies. And finally, he was a man of honour and good breeding, ready to maintain with his sword the precedence of the Commonwealth of England at a court ceremony, and proud of being taken out by Queen Christina to dance the brawls, in that he thus satisfied her majesty that he was a gentleman, and bred a gentleman, and that the Hollanders were lying fellows to report that there were none but mechanics of the Parliament party. Still, he stoutly resisted all temptations to desecrate the Lord's Day with worldly business, or the ball of pleasure, and testified against "that wicked custom of cup-health pledging" so nobly, as to set the soul of one Jonathan Pickes, a savory member of a congregation in London, "and many more, a-praising God on his behalf." It was, no doubt, the possession of these various and somewhat opposite qualities and virtues that recommended Whitelocke to Cromwell as his representative in this "very honourable business;" and Oliver was manifestly sincere when he urged him to undertake it "as the fittest man in the nation for this service. We know your abilities (continued the General), having long conversed with you; we know you have languages, and have travelled, and understand the interest of Christendom; and I have known you in the army to endure hardships, and to be healthful and strong, and of mettle, discretion, and parts most fit for this employment. You are so indeed; really no man is so fit for it as you are. We know you to be a gentleman of a good family, related to persons of honour; and your present office of Commissioner of the Seal will make you more acceptable to her. I do earnestly desire you to undertake it, wherein you will do an act of great merit, and advantage to the Commonwealth, as great as any member of it can perform; and which will be as well accepted by them." The service was one beset with dangers. The only two persons who had been charged with high diplomatic

missions from the Commonwealth had been murdered—Dr. Dorislaus at the Hague, by a party of the king's friends, in 1649; and Roger Ascham at Madrid, in the succeeding year. It was also supposed by Whitelocke's wife, and some of his friends, that the proposed embassy was designed as an honourable banishment: "he [the General] means no good to you, but would be rid of you," was the argument of Mrs. Whitelocke, who, with abundance of tears, implored him to think of the irreparable loss his death would be to her, and their "twelve children, and a thirteenth coming—most of them unable to help themselves." On his own part, Whitelocke was not free from a feeling that it was unsafe to commit himself to the existing regime in so open and decided a manner as the undertaking of an embassy. His habitual caution "objected that the authority under whose commission he was to act in this great business, was not justifiable by the law of God, or of this nation, and he the more liable to punishment if a change should come." This case of conscience was, however, settled as before the nation, by the subtlety of his legal friends, who proved the existence and authority of a government *de facto*, and as before God, by the text, "Let every soul be subject to the higher powers." "As to matter of prudence, he was said to be so far engaged already with the Parliament party, that he could not go back; that if any change should be made with force, it would be safer to be from among them than in the midst of them; if it were made upon terms, he, though absent, should be comprised in them." The argument was summed up in a discourse with William Cooke, an ancient, sober, discreet, and faithful servant to Whitelocke and his father, above fifty years, which is so characteristic of the times, and so illustrative of the state of affairs, that we must direct our readers' attention towards it by a short extract:—

"COOKE—If you be sent over sea, I pray God bless you, and send you well home again.

"WHITELOCKE—There will be some danger of coming well home again.

"CO.—Why, sir, many honest gentlemen before now have been sent over seas, and yet have returned well home again; and so I hope will you.

"WH.—But this is a journey of more danger than ordinary.

"CO.—Sir, you have been in great danger ere now, and God has kept you; and so, I hope, He will still.

"WH.—I perceive you are not so much against my going as others are.

"CO.—I see no cause to be much against it, that's the truth on't; because I hope it may be for the good of you and yours, which I wish with all my heart, and ever did.

"WH.—But do you not think it would be more for our good for me to stay at home?

"CO.—That you know best; but this I think, that if by going abroad you may gain a good advantage to your state, and by staying at home you will only spend of it, then it will be more for your good to go abroad than to stay at home. But these things are above me.

"WH.—You speak reason, William.

"CO.—I pray God keep you out of dangers if you go, or if you stay; there will be dangers everywhere.

"WH.—But more apparent in this journey.

"CO.—I cannot tell that; for I have heard that our great man, I mean my lord general, would have you to go; and if it be so, and yet you will stay at home, I doubt there may be as much danger for you to stay as to go.

"WH.—It is true, the General would have me go; but I am not bound to obey him in all things.

"CO.—I am deceived if he will not be obeyed in what he hath a mind to.

"WH.—I am not under his command; what can he do to me?

"CO.—What can he do? What can he not do? Do not we all see he does what he list? We poor countrymen are forced to obey him to our cost; and if he have a mind to punish us or you, it's an old proverb, that it is an easy thing to find a staff to beat a dog; and I would not have you to anger him, lest you bring danger and trouble too upon you and your family and state; that's the truth on't.

"WH.—I fully agree with you in this."

And so Whitelocke determined, as it was manifest from the first serious moving of the matter that he would, to undertake a "very honourable business," wherein he might be instrumental to promote the Protestant interest, and to do service to good people both at home and abroad. Whether or not he should be able to accomplish that design was fully discussed upon the Lord's Day, September 11, 1653, the discussion being deemed a fitting sabbatical work. It was objected:—

"That the people of these parts, whither he was to go, differ wholly from our persuasion in matters of religion; and though

they are Protestants after the doctrine of Luther, yet they are not so easily to be reconciled to those of other tenets, nor to be brought to join with them; and they have a sharp averseness to the opinions of Calvin, and look upon us as most favouring them, and more than those of their great author, Luther.

"On the other part it was said, that though the Swedish and German professors are generally Lutherans, yet they are Protestants, and agree with us in fundamentals, and against the Roman Church.

"That the Queen of Sweden, but chiefly her father, and many of his great men yet living, have testified much affection to the Protestant cause, and are forward to promote it; that such a person as Whitelocke, being with them upon the place, and discoursing with them about these matters, wherein he is able to give them so much satisfaction, and such as they have not had an opportunity so fully to receive before; and the example of Whitelocke and his company, to work upon them to a greater liking of our ways and profession, accompanied with such practice, would gain a better acceptance with them than any they have formerly given to those from whom at present they do differ; and will much persuade towards a firm amity and union with this Commonwealth.

"That there is no other nation in Christendom from whom the Swedes can rationally expect such a friendship and union, but only England, especially in matters of religion, and for strength against the Popish party, who love not them nor us.

"The Protestant princes of Germany are not at this day so considerable, nor so free of differences and jealousies among themselves and against the Crown of Sweden, nor so secure of nearer enemies, as to be much assistance to the Swedes, who will hardly be reconciled and united to the Danes, to join with them against the Papists. The French Protestants are overpowered at home, the Switzers are too far off, the Netherlands too much in league with the Danes, and in love with trade; so that the English only are the people with whom the Swedes may hope for a fair amity and unity for the Protestant interest against the common enemy thereof, the Popish party."

In this brief sketch of European politics, two centuries old, it needs but to change a few names to bring before the mind a lively presentment of the form and feature of the present time. The despotic party of that day was called Popish—it is now called Russian. Security against oppression was then associated in men's minds with an ecclesiastical, as it is now with a civil constitution; and, as is well worthy of remark, the religious patriot

was as zealous to thrust his freedom down all other men's throats, at point of pike, as the revolutionary propagandist of our own time is to reduce the world under the heavy yoke of his churchless, and kingless, and lawless liberty. Anabaptists and Fifth Monarchy men roused the fears of the German princes then, as Socialists and Red Republicans rouse them now, while the sharp averseness existing in the seventeenth century between the Calvinist and Lutheran professors, notwithstanding their agreement in fundamentals, and against the Roman Church, is represented in the nineteenth by the repulsion that keeps asunder democrats and constitutionalists, and dividing the camp of freedom, exposes it an easy prey to the common enemy. Although the Swede and the Dane must clearly see the doom that impends over both, they will hardly be reconciled and united to join against the Russians. The Prussian and Austrian people are overpowered by their kings and armies at home, the Switzers are still too far off, the Netherlands still too much in league with the Czar, and in love with trade; so that in truth it behoves the Swedes at this very day to desire a firm amity and union with England for the independence of Europe against the common enemy thereof—the Russian party—unless they be content to submit passively to an erasure of the glorious name of Sweden from the list of nations.

No sooner had Whitelocke signified to Cromwell his assent to the proposal made to him, than the matter was brought before the Parliament in a report from the council, which was agreed to *nemine contradicente*, but not without some little grumbling on the part of "one of the members, who had an opinion of himself to be more godly than others, and who did object that they knew not whether Whitelocke were a godly man or not; as though he might be otherwise qualified, yet, if he were not a godly man, it was not fit to send him ambassador." The next object of care was to prepare for the embassy, which was done (despite of some higgling by the council) in such a manner as plainly to show the importance attached by Cromwell to the impression as to the grandeur and power of England, and as to the aristocratic character of its rulers, to produce which upon the mind of Europe

was manifestly a main part of his design in forwarding the mission. Whitelocke, who zealously seconded the General's intent, became immediately "Lord Ambassador," and sat with the Committee of Council, covered, discoursing with them touching coaches, liveries, clothes for himself, table-linen, hangings, household stuff, and bedding, the provision and allowances for which were the subject of more apparent anxiety than the preparation of the envoy's commission, which was referred to the Committee for Foreign Affairs. The retinue finally approved of was a noble following, numbering about one hundred persons. It included two chaplains, a physician, steward, receiver and chief secretary, gentleman of the horse, clerk of the stable, first and second sewers, apothecary, twelve "gentlemen admitted to his table," among whom were the ambassador's two sons. These gentlemen had of their servants about twenty-five, and all their lacqueys in Whitelocke's livery. There were, besides three gentlemen of the ambassador's bedchamber, a barber, messenger, two gentlemen "chiefly for music," a purveyor, four troopers, gentlemen servitors at Whitelocke's table, with a host of pages, lacqueys, trumpets, cooks, butlers, coachmen, postilions, grooms, and laundresses. When all was ready, Cromwell sent one of his gentlemen to Whitelocke with a farewell present—a sword and a pair of spurs richly inlaid with gold, of a noble work and fashion. He also received a noble present from Mr. Bushell, an ingenious gentleman who had been a servant to the Lord Chancellor Bacon, being a curious rich cabinet of green velvet, with silver lace; in it were two dozen of the most rare and best distilled spirits of hot waters, after the direction of his lord; and every glass had its screws, and cover of Welsh silver, chiefly found out by himself. Finally, the good old English character of the transaction was vindicated by a public dinner at Grocers' Hall, whereat the ambassador met the Lord-General Cromwell, the generals at sea, and many of the land and sea officers—the company being three hundred in number. Before dinner, Mr. Peters prayed and expounded a place of Scripture, and a psalm was sung, after which Mr. Lagerfeldt, the Swedish resident, being set by Cromwell at the board's end, and Whitelocke on the right hand

bench uppermost, we are bound to believe that a very jovial evening was commenced, and *non obstante* Mr. Peters, the wicked custom of cup-health drinking seems to have been to some extent indulged in. "There were three very long tables full in the hall; those at each table severally, and with ceremony, first drank to Cromwell, then to Lagerfeldt, and they afterwards, severally, drank to each table; then all the tables together drank to Whitelocke, wishing him a good voyage, and their respects to the Queen of Sweden."

The Phoenix and Elizabeth frigates were appointed to convey the ambassador and his suite, special instructions being issued to their commanders under the hands of Blake and Monk. A vast deal of praying and expounding of places in Scripture then took place, both in private and in the chapel at Whitehall. Leave was taken of brethren in the Court of Chancery, of gentlemen at the bar, and of the officers. The commission, credentials, and public instructions were formally delivered to Whitelocke at the table of the House of Commons. He received his private instructions in two papers from the Council; and upon the 30th of October, being the Lord's day, dined privately with Cromwell at the Cockpit, where they two talked above an hour together. Amongst the topics discussed at this *tête-à-tête* was the subject of one of the papers of private instructions, in which the ambassador was directed to sound the Queen of Sweden as to her willingness to join with England in "gaining the Sound, and against the Dutch and Danes," respecting which Cromwell declared "no business can be of greater consequence to us and our trade, wherein the Dutch will endeavour to overreach us; and it were good to prevent them and the Danes, and first to serve our own interest." The second private paper contained an order which would have seemed strange a year or two since, before the rapid course of events forced us to supply the armouries of manufacturing England from the forges of Belgium. In it the ambassador was commissioned to buy 550 pieces of brass or copper ordnance to carry bullets from twelve to thirty-six pounds weight. Had this fact been thought of when we set out to fight the Russians with a train of nine and eighteen-pounders, believing all the while that

our mechanical appliances for war were unrivalled in the world, England might have been spared some loss and a great deal of ridicule. The reminiscence would have been still more instructive and to the point, if it had included an observation made by Whitelocke in the arsenal of Stockholm, where he saw two pieces taken from the Muscovites, each of them weighing 18,000 pounds, and carrying a bullet of ninety-six pounds; also a great mortar-piece, of brass, of a fathom and three fingers in diameter at the mouth of it. But we were too much occupied in boasting of our thirteen-inch shells and ninety-five hundred-weight guns, to allow of our looking back to old stories either of war or diplomacy.

On the 3rd of November, 1653, Whitelocke tore himself from his wife and ten of his children, amidst a great outpouring of their tears and lamentations; the sorrow of parting being somewhat enlivened by the splendour of his embarkation.

"At the Tower wharf, multitudes of people crowding about him, he enters the barge of ten oars. When he put off from shore, the Tower saluted him with eleven pieces of ordnance. As he passed by the ships of war in the river, they gave him the like respect of their great guns; so did the fort at the Hope. He went directly to the Phoenix frigate, riding in that road, whose captain, Foster, received him with as much honour as he could express; his pennons all hung out, his waste clothes to the cabin door, and he fired twenty-one guns for his welcome. From thence he visited the Elizabeth frigate, whose captain, Minnes, welcomed him with his guns, and all ensigns of respect, as Foster did; and in his return to Gravesend, the mariners of the Elizabeth gave a great shout, and were answered by those of the Phoenix, to testify their being pleased with the ambassador's being on board of them, and with the voyage. In his way the men-of-war saluted him with their guns, and particularly and unexpectedly a Holland frigate, which lately brought over their ambassador, and now wore her white flag. Though both Commonwealths were now in actual war, yet she saluted Whitelocke with three guns as he passed by her."

The voyage to Gottenburg was tedious and stormy; but we must not pause over the amusing record of its incidents. The discomforts of the sea were deeply felt by some of the company, who "solemnly repented that they had left good colleges, and kind mothers and friends, full and whole-

some diet, and safety on firm land, to come to stinking water, salt and bad meat boiled in it, such as they could not eat; from good beds and warm chambers, to cold, close cabins, and to be dashed all over with water; for security on shore, to be lost in the deep sea." Nevertheless, the evil hour passed away, and, between preaching and drolling, the hearts of those luxurious slaves were kept from utterly sinking. When the chaplains were prostrated with sea-sickness, one Percall, a kind of master's mate, prayed before Whitelocke and his company, and preached very well and honestly; while Whitelocke himself lost no opportunity of encouraging his followers, and persuading them to put their confidence in Him who could still the raging of the seas. He was much on the decks, drolling and discoursing with the officers and mariners, "especially by affording them now and then a douse in the neck, or a kick, in jest, seeing them play, and then giving them some of his own tobacco, wine, and strong waters, as there was occasion, which demeanours please these kind of people." At length the port of Gottenburg was gained; and the Swedish court being then at Upsala, the ambassador, after a short rest, proceeded thither. The journey occupied twenty days, and was not finished until the 20th of December, although a land transport corps of one hundred saddle-horses, and as many wagons, drawn by horses or oxen, and driven by women, was provided by the Swedish authorities for his service.

From the moment of his landing, the first thought of Whitelocke was to assert and sustain the honour of England by a magnificent hospitality, and by the most rigid exaction of the compliments and ceremonies customarily paid to the ambassadors of kings of the highest rank; and in this course he followed on consistently to the last. Scarcely had he set foot on shore, when he gave a taste of his quality to one Martin Thysen, a Dutchman, and Vice-admiral in the Swedish service, who, being "roundly answered by Whitelocke," when, "falling into discourse, he magnified the actions and successes of the Dutch, and undervalued the English," was much displeased, and took advantage of every opportunity that offered to raise questions calculated to embarrass the ambassador. Thanks to

the activity of the naval commanders in his suite, an occasion of this kind was soon offered; for scarcely was the convoy placed in safety, when the Elizabeth took a Dutch prize, and brought her into Gottenburg; and Captain Welch, a bold fighting seaman, who commanded a stout private man-of-war, with a crew of eighty men of his own temper, proceeded to do a little business on his own account. Against these proceedings the Vice-admiral, bringing with him the magistrates of the town, expostulated angrily; but finding that Whitelocke was not to be vapoured or threatened into a conformity to their desires, they soon fell into a way of more respect and civility. My Lord then consented to receive a petition from the Dutch skipper, praying for the release of his ship; and his sly design being thereby to try if the Dutchman would acknowledge the Commonwealth of England in his person, he was with difficulty induced to be satisfied with the phraseology of a document, intituled "*Nobilissime et Excellentissime Domine, my Lord Whitelocke, patrone devenerande.*" He did, however, suffer his dignity to be appeased; and in the end, gave orders for the restoration of the poor fisherman's boat. The land-shere, or chief magistrate of the town, he astounded by visiting him in state, with about fifty of his gentlemen walking bare before him, some of the first rank following close after him, his pages and lacqueys after them, and with their swords by their sides. Martin Thysen he subdued by a splendid dinner, with abundance of sack and claret, where they made it dark before they rose from table, the company then taking their leaves with many thanks and compliments. Throughout the entire period of the mission the same line of conduct was pursued, Whitelocke being, upon all occasions, ready to fight or drink — though he would pledge no healths — for the honour of his General and the Commonwealth. The grand object of the embassy was manifestly to impress upon the public mind of Europe a high notion of the prosperity, power, generosity, and especially of the gentility of England, and of her ruler and leading men; and the means adopted were well suited to the end desired to be obtained. The first audience of the ambassador at court was truly a splendid affair. It took place at two o'clock

in the afternoon, dinner being hastened because of it.

"At his going out, Whitelocke was in this equipage: At his gate stood his porter in a gown of grey cloth, laced with gards of blue velvet between edges of gold and silver lace, two in a seam; his long staff, with a silver head, in his hand. The liveries of his coachmen and postilions were buff doublets, laced with the same lace; the sleeves of their doublets thick and round laced; their breeches and cloaks of grey cloth, with the like laces. His twelve lacqueys, proper men, had their liveries of the same with the coachmen; and the wings of their coats very thick laced with the like laces. The liveries of his four pages were blue satin doublets and grey cloth trunk-breeches laced with the same lace very thick; the coats up to the cape, and lined with blue plush; their stockings long, of blue silk. His two trumpets in the like liveries. The gentlemen-attendants, officers, and servants of his house were handsomely accoutred, and every man with his sword by his side. The gentlemen of the first rank were nobly and richly habited, who spared for no cost, in honour to their country and to their friend; and their persons, and most of the others, were such as graced their habiliments. His secretary, for the credit of his master, had put himself into a rich habit. Whitelocke was plain, but extraordinarily rich in his habit, though without any gold or silver lace or embroidery. His suit was of black English cloth, of an exceedingly fine sort; the cloak lined with the same cloth, and that and the suit set with very fair rich diamond buttons; his hat-band of diamonds answerable; and all of the value of £1,000."

Thus arrayed, the chief persons of the cortege were conveyed to Court in the Queen's coaches; and Whitelocke, passing across the great court of the Castle through a line formed by one hundred musketeers, was received at the foot of the stairs by Count Gabriel Oxenstiern, nephew to the great Chancellor, with his marshal's staff of silver in his hand. This civil and well-fashioned gentleman having complimented Whitelocke in French, they went up two pair of stone stairs in this order:—

"First the gentlemen and officers of the Queen, bareheaded; after them, Whitelocke's gentlemen-attendants and of his bedchamber, with the inferior officers of his house; then followed his gentlemen of the first rank; after them his two sons; then the master of the ceremonies; after him the two senators; then the Hof-Marshal; after him Whitelocke, whom his secretary and chaplains followed; and then his pages, lac-

queys, and other liverymen. The Queen's lacqueys carried torches; and when they had mounted many stairs, they came into a large hall, many people being in the way; from thence into a great chamber, where Prince Adolphe, brother to the Prince-heritier of the Crown, then Grand Master or High Steward of Sweden, met Whitelocke; and it was observed that he had not done that honour to any ambassador before. After many compliments and ceremonies, they passed on, Whitelocke upon the right hand of the Prince, who conducted him to another chamber, where stood a guard of the Queen's partisans in livery coats, richly embroidered with gold. In the next room beyond that, which was large and fair, was the Queen herself. The room was richly hung with cloth of arras; in the midst of it great candlesticks full of wax-lights, besides a great number of torches. He perceived the Queen sitting at the upper end of the room, upon her chair of state, of crimson velvet, with a canopy of the same over it. Some ladies stood behind the Queen, and a very great number of lords, officers, and gentlemen of the Court filled the room. Upon the foot-carpet, and near the Queen, stood the senators and other great officers, all uncovered; and none but persons of quality were admitted into that chamber. Whitelocke's gentlemen were all let in, and a lane made by them for him to pass through to the Queen. As soon as he came within this room, he put off his hat, and then the Queen put off her cap, after the fashion of men, and came two or three steps forward upon the foot-carpet. This, and her being covered, and rising from her seat, caused Whitelocke to know her to be the Queen, which otherwise had not been easy to be discerned, her habit being of plain grey stuff; her petticoat reached to the ground; over that a jacket, such as men wear, of the same stuff, reaching to her knees. On her left side, tied with crimson ribbon, she wore the jewel of the order of Amaranta; her cuffs ruffled *à la mode*; no gorget or band, but a black scarf about her neck, tied before with a black ribbon, as soldiers or mariners sometimes used to wear. Her hair was braided, and hung loose upon her head. She wore a black velvet cap, lined with sable, and turned up after the fashion of the country, which she used to put off and on as men do their hats."

A speech was made by Whitelocke in French, and answered by the Queen in Swedish, both being uncovered at the time of speaking, and Whitelocke carefully putting on his hat whenever, in the course of the ceremonies, her Majesty assumed her cap. The point of the speech was a tender of the friendship of the Commonwealth of England, and an offer not only to renew and preserve inviolably that

amity and good correspondence which had hitherto been between the two nations, but further to enter into a more strict alliance and union for the good of both, such as the affairs of Christendom, and especially with the neighbouring princes and states, laid obligations upon them to entertain. All this was spoken out boldly, without diplomatic blind or artifice, and in the face of the world; for a public reception of an envoy at the Court of Sweden, in that day, was a matter of European notoriety. And the same manly—we regret that with the Vienna conferences fresh in our minds we cannot say the same English—tone characterised the negotiations that followed, whether these were carried on with the Queen herself, or more formally with Oxenstiern. Throughout, Whitelocke held steadily in view the general object of the establishment of an offensive and defensive league between the two nations, with a particular article guaranteeing the freedom of trade and navigation to the two confederates in the European seas, and especially in the Sound, and mutually pledging them to a defence of the same against all disturbers who would interrupt it, and force it to their own will and the common injury. Throughout, Christina and her Chancellor met these demands fairly yet cautiously. Both parties stated freely what they desired to have, and what they would not consent to: where the necessity for an appeal to the sword was foreseen and thought justifiable, the willingness to make the appeal was simply affirmed, and where prudence seemed to prescribe peaceful counsels, the dislike to engage in an opposite course was frankly acknowledged. Thus:—

"What do you judge (asked the Queen) the best means to procure free navigation through the Sound?"

"WHITELOCKE—I know no other means but force; the King of Denmark denying it."

"QUEEN—That is the way indeed; but what shall then be done with the castles upon the Sound, and the King of Denmark's land there?"

"WIL.—If it shall please God to give a blessing to the design, the castles must either be razed, or they and the islands put into good hands, such as both may trust."

"QU.—That is to the purpose."

So indeed it was; and, perhaps, our readers may discover a practical ap-

plication of the argument that would be no less to the purpose in our own times. Again, when the sagacious Chancellor propounded the doctrine of "free ships, free goods," and when the Queen suggested that the proposed freedom of navigation should be extended to America, Whitelocke used no circumlocution in peremptorily declaring that he would consent to neither:—

"Why (asked Oxenstiern) may not our merchants, being your friends, and friends to your enemies, carry any goods to either of you, without being, as we are, taken and endamaged.

"Our enemies (replied Whitelocke) though perhaps seeming friends to you, yet will not suffer your ships, nor any other, to bring us any goods, imperiously forbidden by them; and it is but equal, if not necessary, that we do the like."

To the Queen's proposition, which, in fact, included in it a nullification of the famous Navigation Acts, Whitelocke simply said he could not consent. The precedent, we may suppose, was known to Lord John Russell; had its simplicity influenced his diplomatic practice upon a recent occasion, the character of that distinguished statesman might still have remained a valuable possession to his country.

It is not within our present plan either to review "Whitelocke's Journal," or to discuss the special merits of the diplomatic transaction of which it supplies a valuable record. Our object, in truth, is no other than to give our readers a glimpse of Old English diplomacy, as it was conducted under the guidance of the powerful hand of Cromwell; and another instance or two of Whitelocke's spirit will show how competent service seldom fails a strong-willed master. We have seen my lord putting on and off his hat in the royal presence whenever the honour of England required or permitted these rites. He was not less exact in reciprocating acts of munificence with the Queen, presenting her with costly gifts, and entertaining her and her court with princely splendour. On May day Her Majesty honoured him with her company, when he treated her, as his mistress, after the English fashion, with some little collation:—

"Their meat was such fowl as could be gotten, dressed after the English fashion,

and with English sauces, creams, puddings, custards, tarts, tansies, English apples, *bon chrétien* pears, cheese, butter, neat's tongues, potted venison, and sweetmeats brought out of England, as his sack and claret also was. His beer was also brewed, and his bread made by his own servants in his house, after the English manner; and the Queen and her company seemed highly pleased with this treatment. Some of her company said she did eat and drink more at it than she used to do in three or four days at her own table. The entertainment (he continues) was as full and noble as the place would afford and as Whitelocke could make it, and so well ordered and contrived, that the Queen said she had never seen any like it. She was pleased so far to play the good housewife as to inquire how the butter could be so fresh and sweet, and yet brought out of England. Whitelocke, from his cooks, satisfied her Majesty's inquiry, that they put the salt butter into milk, where it lay all night, and the next day it would eat fresh and sweet as this did, and any butter new made; and commended her Majesty's good housewifery, who to express her contentment in this collation, was full of pleasantness and gaiety of spirit, both in supper-time and afterwards. Among other frolics, she commanded Whitelocke to teach her ladies the English salutation, which, after some pretty defences, their lips obeyed, and Whitelocke's most readily."

Upon this auspicious occasion the ambassador was all amiability and humble courtesy towards his illustrious guest; but the case was different when, in his visits to the court, any question arose touching his personal or national dignity. Thus, when the Danish ambassador claimed precedence at a masque, by virtue of his being the representative of an anointed king, whereas Whitelocke's master was but the Protector—a new name, and not *sacré*—my lord plainly intimated that he would assert his claim *vi et armis*. He represented the nations of England, Scotland, and Ireland; and though they were under a constable, he would not suffer any diminution of their honour by his person to please any whatsoever:—

"But (pleaded the master of the ceremonies) when you come into the room and find the Danish Ambassador set, you cannot help it, though he have the upper place.

"WHITELOCKE—I shall endeavour to help it, rather than sit below the Danish Ambassador.

"MAST. CER.—I presume you will not use force in the Queen's presence.

WH.—Master, it is impossible for me, if it were in the presence of all the queens and

kings in Christendom, to forbear to use any means to hinder the dishonour of my nation in my person."

It was thus made evident that Whitelocke would not scruple to prove (as he told the Archbishop of Upsala, when questioned as to his exercise of ecclesiastical patronage, as Keeper of the Great Seal) that he carried his orders by his side, and the point was forthwith yielded. He went to Court to the masque, where he did not find the Dane, but learned that the Queen highly commended him for his resolution, and said that he was a stout and faithful servant to the Protector, and to his nation, and that she should love him the better for it. Upon another occasion, when the High Admiral stepped betwixt the Queen and Whitelocke, at an audience, he was by Whitelocke put aside, and Whitelocke stood next to the Queen on her right hand, her Majesty remarking that "he did well to make them know themselves and him the better."

To his fellow-ministers and to the great men of the court Whitelocke's hospitality was profuse, and it seems to have met but a poor return, as he was but once invited to a private Swedish dinner during his residence. It is true this entertainment was a remarkable one, the host being Count Eric Oxenstiern, and the list of guests comprising the renowned Chancellor himself, and some of the most distinguished officials of the kingdom. All honour was done upon this occasion to the Ambassador: they had excellent Rhenish wine and indifferent good sack and claret; but he was not asked to pledge a single toast, and as a special respect to him pipes and tobacco were set upon the table with the dessert, when he and two or three more of the company partook of the fragrant Indian weed.

The object of Whitelocke's mission was successfully accomplished. By the alliance with Sweden, and the peace simultaneously ratified with Holland, to the successful conclusion of which the impression made upon the Swedish court no doubt materially contributed, the foreign policy of Cromwell was placed upon a firm basis. In the same year (1654) he concluded a treaty with Denmark, whereby the question of the navigation of the Sound was settled by definite regulations; and as the Dutch treaty in-

cluded the Swiss Protestant cantons, the Hanse towns, and some of the Protestant states of North Germany, a grand league in defence of freedom of opinion was established. Had the confederacy then formed been held together and guided, in subsequent generations, by a fitting successor to Cromwell, the difficulty of the present time would in all probability have been nipped in the bud. That it was even then germinating, is shown by several incidents told in Whitelocke's journal, and by his mention of conversations with Oxenstiern touching Muscovia, Poland, and the North generally, the substance of which, it is to be regretted, he does not record. A comparison between the wisdom of the minister and friend of the great Gustavus with that of the plenipotentiaries of the Vienna conference, in reference to the same points, would have been truly interesting. During Whitelocke's stay at Upsala, a curious foreshadowing of the wolf-and-lamb quarrel of our own day was exhibited in the arrival of an embassy from the great Duke of Muscovia, to acquaint her Majesty that the Great Duke had begun a war with the King of Poland, because in a letter of his to the Great Duke he had omitted one of his titles, and "because a certain Governor of a province in Poland, in a writing, had placed the name of the father of the Great Duke before the name of the present Great Duke; which was so great an indignity, that for the same the now Great Duke demanded of the King of Poland to have the head of that Governor sent to him, and that not being done was another ground of the begun war." The Menschikoff of 1653 was "a tall, big man, with a large, rude black beard, pale countenance, and ill demeanour. His habit was a long robe of purple cloth, laced with a small gold lace, the livery of his master. On his right hand was a companion in the same livery, and much like the envoy in feature and behaviour; he carried on high the Great Duke's letters, set in a frame of wood, with a covering of crimson sarsenet over them. On the left hand of the envoy was his interpreter. After his uncouth reverences made, he spoke to the Queen in his own language. The greatest part of his harangue in the beginning might be understood to be setting out his master's titles. In the midst of his speech he was quite out, but after a little pause recovered him-

self again with the assistance of a paper. When he had done, one of the Queen's servants interpreted in Swedish what was said; then one of the Queen's secretaries answered in Swedish to what the envoy had spoken, and that was interpreted to him in his own language by his own interpreter. After this the envoy cast himself flat upon his face on the floor, and seemed to kiss it; then rising up again, he went and kissed the Queen's hand, holding his own hands behind him. In the same order his fellow demeaned himself, and presented to the Queen his master's letters. The Queen gave the letter to Whitelocke to look on it: it was sealed with an eagle."

It is pretty evident that this formal communication of the dealings of the Czar with the "sick man" of that day was designed to serve the purpose of intimidating Sweden. It nowise essentially differed in character from the more explicit intimation given by the Czar Alexander to Sir Hamilton Seymour, that he would not permit a pistol to be fired in the cause of Turkey; while the insolent rudeness of Prince Menschikoff to the Turkish ministers was scarcely exceeded by the message of his prototype to the Court of Upsala, that the first appointment for his audience must be changed, as notice of it not having been given to him till about ten o'clock in the morning, he was already drunk, and could not attend. It is equally manifest, from the manner in which Christina received the Russian ambassador — so different from that in which she welcomed Cromwell's envoy — that she entertained a supreme contempt for her barbarous neighbour and his representative. She did not condescend to reply to the latter with her own lips, and she absolutely refused to express an opinion as to the cause of quarrel with Poland. Whitelocke seems to have despised Muscovia quite as profoundly as the Queen. The political storm then apprehended did not appear to threaten from the North. In that particular the lapse of two centuries has made a change, and it is such as ought to strengthen, in a high degree, the political affinity between Sweden and England. It is true, the magnanimity and valour of Gustavus Adolphus,

and the wisdom and fidelity of Oxenstiern, are now but precious memories of the past; and the strong will and dauntless national policy of Cromwell are with us little more; but an equal love of freedom, and an equal veneration for their ancient constitutional modes of enjoying it, do, we trust, still form strong bonds between the two nations, and it is plainly the interest of both to draw them closer. The case demands in its treatment no diplomatic refinements. It could be dealt with satisfactorily by any two plain men who could read and comprehend the short dialogues between Oxenstiern and Whitelocke, recorded by the latter. Nor need Lord Clarendon tax his ingenuity to indite instructions for the English plenipotentiary: here they are, ready to his hand, as they were delivered to Bulstrode Whitelocke at Whitehall two hundred years ago:—

"If you shall find, upon a general deliberation with the Queen concerning the ground and the importance thereof to both States, that she is sensible of the oppressions and restraints which is put upon trade here, and that she is inclinable to join with the Parliament for removing the same, you are to let her know that the Parliament is willing to send into those seas, in fit and convenient time, a fleet so considerable that may be able, through God's blessing, to defend itself against the contrary party. And therefore are desirous to know what assistance Sweden will contribute for the countenance and carrying on of the undertaking, so just in itself, and so advantageous to both nations."

The contrary party was then Holland and Denmark; it is now Russia, and mayhap Prussia. The cause of war was then nominally commercial restraint; it is now political aggression. Corrections in the phraseology of the instruction may be made accordingly; the frank offer of an alliance offensive and defensive needs no alteration. It may stand as it passed from under the hand of Walter Strickland, on the 28th of October, 1653; and, thus put, it will indeed be strange if it be not accepted by Sweden as readily as it then was. Without the conclusion of such a league, the sacrifices of the war will have been made in vain.

TENNYSON'S MAUD.*

SOME five years or so have passed since Alfred Tennyson gave to the world a poem of any considerable length. The laurel crown was then upon the brows of a dying poet. Then, too, the world was at rest; and we heard throughout the broad British lands but the thunder of the factory hammers, and the shuttle whirring in its flight to and fro, and the dull beat of the steam-loom. Peace was urging on her holy mission—accomplishing her great work of making men as gods in wisdom and in power; and Industry and Commerce were rearing up their temples and palaces. These five years have passed away, and wrought their changes upon man, and man's world, and man's work. Wordsworth lies in his honoured grave at Grasmere, reposing "beneath the green turf, under the sycamores and yews of a country churchyard, and by the side of a beautiful stream, amid the mountains which he loved;" and Tennyson wears worthily the poetic crown, the meekest successor to the old tuneful sage of Rydall; and the mightiest war, in its present effects as well as in its future results, that the world has ever witnessed, is raging from the Baltic to the Black Sea, costing us and our allies every day that the sun rises a quarter of a million pounds sterling, and a thousand human lives, bringing, as the ghastly satellites of its march, to use the words of Tennyson, in his glorious poem of "The Princess"—

"The desecrated shrine, the trampled year,
The smouldering homestead, and the household flower,
Torn from the lintel—all the common wrong;"

"For there in the ghastly pit long since a body was found,
His who had given me life—O father! O God! was it well?—
Mangled, and flatten'd, and crush'd, and dinted into the ground:
There yet lies the rock that fell with him when he fell.

"Did he fling himself down? who knows? for a great speculation had fail'd,
And ever he mutter'd and madden'd, and ever wann'd with despair,
And out he walk'd when the wind like a broken worldling wail'd,
And the flying gold of the ruin'd woodlands drove thro' the air."

Then, too, his "mother, who was so gentle and good, dies," and his heri-

and the very spirit of war that has fevered the blood of so many young hearts, has somehow stirred the spirit of our laureate himself, and so he gives the world a poem which, though not of war, is yet full of such thoughts as war-like times not unnaturally wake up in a poetic temperament.

"Maud," the principal poem in the volume before us, is one which, though it might make the reputation of a new poet, will not, we are disposed to think, add anything to the fame of the laureate—of the author of "Locksley Hall and the Talking Oak," and above all, of "The Princess." As a whole, it is incomplete and unsatisfying: taken in detached pieces, it has passages of power and of beauty—fire, vigour, tenderness, and passion—that are not surpassed in anything that has come from his pen. And like all of Tennyson's, save his very lightest ballads, there is a deep reflective undercurrent of philosophy that demands more than one thoughtful perusal, and a fine poetic richness that is given out the more one deals with the verse, as odour is expressed from flowers the more one handles them.

The reader collects readily enough, from the somewhat abrupt and discontinuous sections into which the poem is broken, what is the plot of the story. A youth, the hero of a tale of which he is himself the narrator, is an orphan; his father has failed in his speculations, and met a terrible death, accidental, or more probably, as is darkly hinted, suicidal—

tage passes away, and is purchased by an old hard money-getting man, who

* "Maude, and Other Poems." By Alfred Tennyson, D.C.L., Poet Laureate. London: Moxon. 1855.

becomes "lord of the broad estate and the Hall;" while the young orphan retires to an humbler home, where, in solitude and bitterness, he nourishes the discontent of his heart, and grows misanthropic and somewhat savage in spirit:—

"Living alone in an empty house,
Here half hid in the gleaming wood,
Where I hear the dead at midday moan,
And the shrieking rush of the wainscot mouse,
And my own sad name in corners cried,
When the shiver of dancing leaves is thrown
About its echoing chambers wide,
Till a morbid hate and horror have grown
Of a world in which I have hardly mixt,
And a morbid eating lichen fixt
On a heart half turn'd to stone."

The musings of the lad are just what may be expected from a nature at once passionate, sensitive, and morbid: he is dissatisfied with everything about him, and arraigns the social condition of the age with great fierceness and splenetic vehemence. These thoughts are expressed by the poet in a measure which it strikes us is designedly hurried and tumultuous, and not unfrequently inharmonious and broken; indeed, at times, even the language is coarse, and something worse than coarse, but still not the less true to nature, or the less vigorous or effective. Here is one of those caustic soliloquies in which, with a bitter and mocking skill, the heart of society is laid bare, and the evil workings of man's nature exhibited with a scornful power:—

"Why do they prate of the blessings of Peace? we have made them a curse,
Pickpockets, each hand lusting for all that is not its own;
And lust of gain, in the spirit of Cain, is it better or worse
Than the heart of the citizen hissing in war on his own hearthstone?"

"But these are the days of advance, the works of the men of mind,
When who but a fool would have faith in a tradesman's ware or his word?
Is it peace or war? Civil war, as I think, and that of a kind
The viler, as underhand, not openly bearing the sword."

"Sooner or later I too may passively take the print
Of the golden age — why not? I have neither hope nor trust;
May make my heart as a millstone, set my face as a flint,
Cheat and be cheated, and die: who knows? we are ashes and dust."

"Peace sitting under her olive, and slurring the days gone by,
When the poor are hovell'd and hustled together, each sex, like swine,
When only the ledger lives, and when only not all men lie;
Peace in her vineyard — yes! — but a company forges the wine."

"And the vitriol madness flushes up in the ruffian's head,
Till the filthy by-lane rings to the yell of the trampled wife,
While chalk and alum and plaster are sold to the poor for bread,
And the spirit of murder works in the very means of life."

"And Sleep must lie down arm'd, for the villainous centre-bits
Grind on the wakeful ear in the hush of the moonless nights,
While another is cheating the sick of a few last gasps, as he sits
To pestle a poison'd poison behind his crimson lights."

"When a Mammonite mother kills her babe for a burial fee,
And Timour-Mammon grins on a pile of children's bones,
Is it peace or war? better, war! loud war by land and by sea,
War with a thousand battles, and shaking a hundred thrones."

"For I trust if an enemy's fleet came yonder round by the hill,
And the rushing battle-bolt sang from the three-decker out of the foam,
That the smoothfaced snubnosed rogue would leap from his counter and till,
And strike, if he could, were it but with his cheating yardwand, home."

Whether this view is overcharged or not, we shall not here stop to inquire. We believe ourselves it is so; but if

there be exaggeration, it is such as conduces to poetic effect, and is, at all events, in accordance with the mood of

the hero of the poem, whose eye is too jaundiced to see things in a true or a kindly light. And there is another thought to increase the diseased state of the young man's mind, crossing his vision and marring his peace. Maud, the daughter of the old millionaire, who buys the Hall—she who was the beloved of his mother, the playmate of his childhood, the delight of the village—who promised in her

childhood to be so fair, is now reported to be singularly beautiful. The subject is too painful to one of his fallen fortunes, and the boy is both jealous and angry, and shows his spirit and temper somewhat unamiably, and seeks to set his heart at rest by railing at the sex in the old, time-sanctioned and approved fashion, and in phraseology, it must be confessed, neither very reverent nor very ornate:—

“What is she now? My dreams are bad. She may bring me a curse.
No, there is fatter game on the moor, she will let me alone.
Thanks, for the fiend best knows whether woman or man be the worse.
I will bury myself in my books, and the devil may pipe to his own.”

With all respect for the laureate, we are somewhat disposed to think that there is not much poetry in such a passage as this which we have just quoted. The sentiments may be very natural and vigorously expressed—perhaps, indeed, somewhat too vigorously; but that will not make the expression of them poetical. The muse of poetry must not range with too free a foot through all the common highways of life. She is not like the sun, that shines on the mean and the base things of the world, as well as on the beautiful and the noble. There are thoughts and things that are commonplace, and vulgar, and offensive in their essence, and they will not cease to be commonplace, and vulgar, and offensive, though they be exhibited in metre or in rhyme. Nay, they become the more so, because the sense of the beautiful and the ornate, which is ever present with the muse, is outraged; and thus one will not tolerate in poetry that coarseness which, in prose, is sometimes an element of vigour. There is no man living who is better able to dispense with this affectation—for we look upon it as nothing more than an affectation—than Alfred Tennyson. There is no man who should more thoroughly despise the singularity of a rude style or a hobbling line, than he who has given the world such treasures of fine thoughts in the most exquisite mode of expression, and the most perfect forms of melody. We make this protest at the outset, on the very first occasion that has offered itself in our ex-

amination of “Maud,” as there are more passages than one in the poem which are disfigured, in our judgment, by this same fault, and calculated to detract from the value of the whole composition, as well as injure the fame of the author. Let this pass, however; it may be that Tennyson has advisedly used a phraseology and style thus harsh and unpoetical—for such we hold it to be—to heighten, by contrast, the effects of other portions of the poem, as musicians introduce discords in the midst of their finest harmonies. Certainly we find these poetic discords always followed by melodies such as the hand of Tennyson alone can ring out from the lyre. Thus, after this rude, and fierce, and vulgar outbreak of passion, the young man sees Maud, and he feels that she is thoroughly beautiful, and the potency of that beauty comes upon his heart with a dulcifying influence, and breaks down, little by little, the hard icy crust in which he has in vain encased it; and these gradual changes are indicated with great skill, and with delicate, unostentatious touches, by the poet. At first, the youth only admits that she is perfectly beautiful—“dead perfection, no more;” but the spell of that beauty is upon him, and dispels his spleen, and his pride, and his bitterness; and again and again every feature haunts him. All this transition of feeling is thus beautifully suggested in the soliloquy of the lover:—

“Cold and clear-cut face, why come you so cruelly meek,
Breaking a slumber in which all spleenful folly was drown'd,
Pale with the golden beam of an eyelash dead on the cheek,
Passionless, pale, cold face, star-sweet on a gloom profound;

Womanlike, taking revenge too deep for a transient wrong
 Done but in thought to your beauty, and ever as pale as before
 Growing and fading and growing upon me without a sound,
 Luminous, gemlike, ghostlike, deathlike, half the night long
 Growing and fading and growing, till I could bear it no more,
 But arose, and all by myself in my own dark garden ground,
 Listening now to the tide in its broad-flung shipwrecking roar,
 Now to the scream of a madden'd beach dragg'd down by the wave,
 Walk'd in a wintry wind by a ghastly glimmer, and found
 The shining daffodil dead, and Orion low in his grave."

He meets Maud abroad with her
 brother as she rides by the moor, and
 he fancies that

"The fire of a foolish pride flashed o'er her beautiful
 face;"

and so he contrasts her wealth with his
 own poor condition, and his pride leads
 him to philosophise, and form such re-
 solutions as lovers do, and he deter-
 mines to flee from the cruel madness of
 love. This phase of feeling is followed
 by another, the true exposition of
 which we are not quite sure that we
 have discovered. "A voice by the ce-
 dar-tree" sings to him a passionate
 ballad—

" . . . Of men that in battle array,
 Ready in heart and ready in hand,
 March with banner and bugle and fife
 To the death, for their native land."

This voice seems an allegory—the spi-
 rit of war breathing into his soul. Be
 it what it may, it is full of delicious
 cadences—wild and beautiful, and just
 what Tennyson delights to throw off—
 contrasting strongly in the structure of
 its versification, as well as in its tone
 of feeling, from all that has preceded
 it. Indeed it is quite evident that the
 poet has designed by a change in the
 whole style of his verse, to exhibit and
 illustrate a corresponding change in
 the heart and feeling of the lover—for
 lover now he is. The strong, rugged,
 nervous force of the long lines gives
 place to very sweet and tender mea-
 sures of varying length, which, how-
 ever careless they may appear in their
 rhythm, are nevertheless managed with
 great skill; and from this out, through
 the progress of the poem and to its
 end, we recognise these peculiar modes
 of thought and expression, which are
 such distinctive characteristics of Ten-
 nyson, as to have received his own
 name as designating a style. Thus
 we have the next casual meeting of the
 lovers described in true Tennysonian
 fashion:—

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"Whom but Maud should I meet
 Last night, when the sunset burn'd
 On the blossom'd gable-ends
 At the head of the village street,
 Whom but Maud should I meet?
 And she touch'd my hand with a smile so
 sweet
 She made me divine amends
 For a courtesy not return'd."

"And thus a delicate spark
 Of glowing and growing light
 Thro' the livelong hours of the dark
 Kept itself warm in the heart of my dreams,
 Ready to burst in a colour'd flame;
 Till at last when the morning came
 In a cloud, it faded, and seems
 But an ashen-gray delight."

And then come two other casual en-
 counters, which are told with such
 simple pathos, yet such picturesque
 vividness, that we cannot resist the
 pleasure of quoting them entire. Here
 is the first:—

"She came to the village church,
 And sat by a pillar alone;
 An angel watching an urn
 Wept over her, carved in stone;
 And once, but once, she lifted her eyes,
 And suddenly, sweetly, strangely blush'd
 To find they were met by my own;
 And suddenly, sweetly, my heart beat
 stronger
 And thicker, until I heard no longer
 The snowy-banded, dilettante,
 Delicate-handed priest intone;
 And thought, is it pride, and mused and
 sigh'd
 'No surely, now it cannot be pride.'"

This is very exquisite word-painting.
 One has the whole picture before the
 eye, as if wrought by the artist's pen-
 cil; and something more than the eye
 can take in from form or colour—the
 subtleheart-emotions of love. The other
 picture is as briefly sketched, but not
 less perfect:—

"I was walking a mile,
 More than a mile from the shore,
 The sun look'd out with a smile
 Betwixt the cloud and the moor,"

2 A

And riding at set of day
Over the dark moor land,
Rapidly riding far away,
She waved to me with her hand.
There were two at her side,
Something flash'd in the sun,
Down by the hill I saw them ride,
In a moment they were gone:
Like a sudden spark
Struck vainly in the night,
And back returns the dark
With no more hope of light."

The two that are at the side of Maud are her brother, "a jewelled mass of millinery," an "oiled and curled Assyrian Bull," and a suitor in the shape of a new-made lord, who has found out his jewel. The youth is sick at heart, jealous, and splenetic, and so he deals out harsh personalities against both, and declaims against the aristocrat in the staple invective with which jealous and splenetic men assail wealth and power. However, he meets Maud in the wood, and kisses her hand, and she takes the kiss sedately, whereby he finds that his love is returned; and so he sings, in the fulness of his heart, a jubilant song, which is full of such charming fancies that we cannot resist quoting it:—

"Birds in the high Hall-garden
When twilight was falling,
Maud, Maud, Maud, Maud,
They were crying and calling.

"Where was Maud? in our wood;
And I, who else, was with her,
Gathering woodland lilies,
Myriads blow together.

"Birds in our woods sang
Ringing thro' the vallies,
Maud is here, here, here
In among the lilies.

"I kiss'd her slender hand,
She took the kiss sedately;
Maud is not seventeen,
But she is tall and stately.

"I to cry out on pride
Who have won her favour!
O Maud were sure of Heaven
If lowliness could save her.

"I know the way she went
Home with her maiden posy,
For her feet have touch'd the meadows,
And left the daisies rosy.

"Birds in the high Hall-garden
Were crying and calling to her,
Where is Maud, Maud, Maud,
One is come to woo her,

"Look, a horse at the door,
And little King Charles is snarling,
Go back, my lord, across the moor,
You are not her darling."

Then he leads home his love, having arranged to meet her on the morrow night in her own rose-garden, where her brother, the squire, is giving a grand political dinner. The thoughts of the young man, as he waits her arrival in the garden, are given in a succession of charming verses, in which the passionate fervour of manly love are tempered and chastened with a sense of the pure; they are at once voluptuous and delicate—such as are some of the fine songs of Shelley. We will quote one or two of these verses:—

"I said to the rose, 'The brief night goes
In babble, and revel, and wine.
O young lord-lover, what sighs are those,
For one that will never be thine?
But mine, but mine,' so I sware to the rose,
'For ever and ever, mine.'

"And the soul of the rose went into my blood,
As the music clash'd in the hall;
And long by the garden lake I stood,
For I heard your rivulet fall
From the lake to the meadow, and on to
the wood,
Our wood, that is dearer than all.

"The slender acacia would not shake
One long milk-bloom on the tree;
The white lake-blossom fell into the lake,
As the pimpernel dozed on the lea;
But the rose was awake all night for your
sake,
Knowing your promise to me;
The lilies and roses were all awake—
They sigh'd for the dawn and thee.

"Queen rose of the rosebud garden of girls,
Come hither, the dances are done,
In gloss of satin and glimmer of pearls,
Queen lily and rose in one;
Shine out, little head, sunning over with
curls,
To the flowers, and be their sun.

"There has fallen a splendid tear
From the passion-flower at the gate.
She is coming, my dove, my dear—
She is coming, my life, my fate;
The red rose cries, 'She is near, she is
near;
And the white rose weeps, 'She is late;'
The larkspur listens, 'I hear, I hear;'
And the lily whispers, 'I wait.'"

Maud's brother surprises the lovers;
he is of course in a rage, gives the

young man the lie, and strikes him, in the presence of the babe-faced lord. A duel follows, and

"Front to front in an hour we stood,
And a million horrible bellowing echoes broke
From the red-ribb'd hollow behind the wood,
And thunder'd up into heaven the Christless
code,
That must have life for a blow."

The brother is slain, and his murderer flies to France, where he becomes a prey to remorse, and sorrow, and love; and visions of his lost Maud and her slain brother are ever haunting his brain and his heart by day and by night, in the solitude and in "the hubbub of the market," till at length he is driven well-nigh mad. We follow this course of feeling in the snatches of strange, wild thoughts through which

the mind of the unhappy lover is from time to time displayed, as some deep stream is shown in a dark night through the flashings of lightning. From some of these ravings we learn that Maud, too, dies:—

"She is standing here at my head;
Not beautiful now, not even kind:
He may take her now; for she never speaks
her mind,
But is ever the one thing silent here.
She is not of us, as I divine;
She comes from another stiller world of the
dead,
Still, not fairer than mine."

At length the young man is restored to his right mind, and he seeks in war a new aim and a higher object than love, guided to that object by her whom he loved. We shall give the concluding section of the poem:—

"My life has crept so long on a broken wing
Thro' cells of madness, haunts of horror and fear,
That I come to be grateful at last for a little thing:
My mood is changed, for it fell at a time of year
When the face of night is fair on the dewy downs,
And the shining daffodil dies, and the Charioteer
And starry Gemini hang like glorious crowns
Over Orion's grave low down in the west,
That like a silent lightning under the stars
She seem'd to divide in a dream from a band of the blest,
And spoke of a hope for the world in the coming wars—
'And in that hope, dear soul, let trouble have rest,
Knowing I tarry for thee,' and pointed to Mars
As he glow'd like a ruddy shield on the Lion's breast.

"And it was but a dream, yet it yielded a dear delight
To have look'd, tho' but in a dream, upon eyes so fair,
That had been in a weary world my one thing bright;
And it was but a dream, yet it lighten'd my despair
When I thought that a war would arise in defence of the right,
That an iron tyranny now should bend or cease,
The glory of manhood stand on his ancient height,
Nor Britain's one sole God be the millionaire:
No more shall commerce be all in all, and Peace
Pipe on her pastoral hillock a languid note,
And watch her harvest ripen, her herd increase,
Nor the cannon-bullet rust on a slothful shore,
And the cobweb woven across the cannon's throat,
Shall shake its threaded tears in the wind no more.

"And as months ran on and rumour of battle grew,
'It is time, it is time, O passionate heart,' said I
(For I cleaved to a cause that I felt to be pure and true),
'It is time, O passionate heart and morbid eye,
That old hysterical mock-disease should die.'
And I stood on a giant deck and mix'd my breath
With a loyal people shouting a battle cry,
Till I saw the dreary phantom arise and fly
Far into the North, and battle, and seas of death.

"Let it go or stay, so I wake to the higher aims
Of a land that has lost for a little her lust of gold,
And love of a peace that was full of wrongs and shames,
Horrible, hateful, monstrous, not to be told;

And hail once more to the banner of battle unroll'd !
 Tho' many a light shall darken, and many shall weep
 For those that are crush'd in the clash of jarring claims,
 Yet God's just doom shall be wreak'd on a giant liar ;
 And many a darkness into the light shall leap,
 And shine in the sudden making of splendid names,
 And noble thought be freer under the sun,
 And the heart of a people beat with one desire ;
 For the long, long canker of peace is over and done.
 And now by the side of the Black and the Baltic deep,
 And deathful-grinning mouths of the fortress, flames
 The blood-red blossom of war with a heart of fire."

Such is Tennyson's "*Maud*"—in some sort a romance of love, but with a deeper meaning and object. It is a vehicle for something more than sweet erotic thoughts and gentle heart emotions: it is a medium by which the poet seeks to send throughout the world his thoughts upon one of those great and perplexing social problems—War. He would teach us that Peace has its evils, its temptations for man; that it brings the lust of gain, making the spirit sordid; soiling the purity of the soul; teaching men to lie and cheat; cankering the heart, making the body effeminate, and filling society with internal strife and hatred, with "the spirit of Cain," which is worse than open warfare. He would teach us, too, that war, like the tempest in the hands of God, is not a minister of unalloyed evil; that it purifies the moral atmosphere, while it devastates; that if its cause be holy, it brings its own sanctification; that it energises, exalts, ennobles, by giving occasion for the exercise and display of the manlier virtues—courage, and endurance, and self-reliance, and generosity. How far this philosophy is right, this is scarcely the place to discuss. Undoubtedly in the dispensations of God we see little provision, as the world is now constituted, for the total cessation of warfare; nor can we look for such a consummation till the time arrive, if it ever shall, when the voice of Reason shall be heard above that of passion and self-interest, and Right, by her intrinsic excellence, shall dominate over Might. And so it is that our peace-preachers all begin at the wrong end; they must first reform the human heart; they must do what Tennyson, in his caustic sarcasm against them, bids them to do:—

"Put down the passions that make earth
 hell !
 Down with ambition, avarice, pride,

Jealousy, down ! cut off from the mind
 The bitter springs of anger and fear ;
 Down, too, down at your own fireside,
 With the evil tongue and the evil ear,
 For each is at war with mankind."

When they shall have done all this, or the half of this, they shall have the human mind in a very fit state to receive the seeds of their peace philosophy; but till this reform is worked out, "the broad-brimm'd hawker of holy things" will preach in vain. They that will cheat, and plunder, and do violence, in the small things of the world, will do so in the greater. There is no restraint in the one case but the sword of the civil power, in the other but the sword of war.

Still we are not prepared to yield a full assent to the philosophy enunciated in this poem. If Peace have its vices and its evils, they are those which grow rather out of the frailty and feebleness of humanity, than from anything positively detrimental in a state of quiet. Neither can we believe that the rust which the mind contracts is to be washed out by blood. The best that can be said is, that the all-adjusting wisdom of God has decreed that War shall bring its compensating blessings, as Peace is not exempt from its qualifying evils—that each, like the waves of the in-flowing ocean, move forward on their destined course, though they often seem to recede from it.

But it is not the philosophy of "*Maud*" that we mean to discuss, but its poetic merits, from which we have somehow been seduced for a moment. As a poem we must rank it decidedly below "*The Princess*." It has not the same continuity and sustained power; on the contrary, it is broken and abrupt, reminding us of a beautiful landscape seen upon the face of some agitated lake—diffracted and shattered—making us feel how lovely it would be if all the fractured parts were united on a

calm surface into one continuous picture. The merit, too, of the parts is various both in power and in versification. We do not think the rhymed hexameters are very effective. They appear to us to be forced and exotic, and do not readily acclimatise to the atmosphere of English poetry. Besides, as we have already observed, the rhythm is sometimes rough, if it is not actually imperfect, and the sentiment is unpoetic and commonplace, if it be not something worse than that—actually vulgar. These faults we would not tolerate in one of inferior abilities to Tennyson — shall we receive them with complacency or condonation, because, in the caprice of an affluent and prodigal genius, he turns from richer food to feed on husks? From these we turn with delight to those portions in which, when he “comes to himself,” he displays his incomparable gifts of pathos, and fancy, and melody, with unabated power, and feel that the Laureate is still as vigorous and as poetic as he was when we first listened to the charm of his song.

Besides the tale of “*Maud*,” the volume now under our consideration contains three or four smaller poems, all, we believe with one exception, now for the first time published. “*The Brook*” is one of those sweet idyls of rural life which Tennyson sings with such incomparable sweetness. It has much of the simplicity of “*Dora*,” though not equal to it in pathos. Through the tale is interwoven at intervals the song of the Brook, the parts of which we will collect, so as to present it altogether:—

“ I come from haunts of coot and hern,
I make a sudden sally,
And sparkle out among the fern,
To bicker down a valley.

“ By thirty hills I hurry down,
Or slip between the ridges,
By twenty thorps, a little town,
And half a hundred bridges.

“ Till last by Philip’s farm I flow,
To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on for ever.

“ I chatter over stony ways,
In little sharps and trebles;
I bubble into eddying bays—
I babble on the pebbles.

“ With many a curve my banks I fret
By many a field and fallow;
And many a fairy foreland set
With willow-weed and mallow.

“ I chatter, chatter, as I flow
To join the brimming river;
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on for ever.

“ I wind about, and in and out,
With here a blossom sailing;
And here and there a lusty trout,
And here and there a grayling;

“ And here and there a foamy flake
Upon me, as I travel
With many a silvery waterbreak
Above the golden gravel.

“ And draw them all along, and flow
To join the brimming river;
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on for ever.

“ I steal by lawns and grassy plots,
I slide by hazel covers;
I move the sweet forget-me-nots
That grow for happy lovers.

“ I slip, I slide, I gloom, I glance,
Among my skimming swallows;
I make the netted sunbeam dance
Against my sandy shallows.

“ I murmur under moon and stars
In brambly wildernesses;
I linger by my shingly bars—
I loiter round my cresses.

“ And out again I curve and flow
To join the brimming river;
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on for ever.”

It would be difficult to find anything sweeter than these lines. Their flow and cadence is perfect music—reminding us of the charming tuneful song in “*The Miller’s Daughter*,” which one can never read without a feeling of melody flooding the heart, as sunlight floods the sky in summer.

We shall not say much in the way of criticism of the “*Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington*.” It would come too late, seeing that the poem has been now some years before the public. This much, however, we may observe in passing, that it is not altogether worthy of the high fame of the dead, or of the living — the great Duke, or the great poet. It is not

devoid of solemnity, and a certain massive grandeur, but it is not great enough for the occasion—neither great enough in its passion, or its power, and has somewhat of the coldness and constraint of a piece written to order. Still it is a fine composition; and when we speak of its shortcomings, it is only in relation to the large abilities and genius of its author.

But there is another piece, the last in the volume, which has all the life, and vigour, and dash of something thrown hot from the heart—a lyric worthy of the great feat of self-sacrificing gallantry which it records. Who can read these verses without emotion:—

"THE CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE.

"Half a league, half a league,
Half a league onward,
All in the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.
'Charge,' was the captain's cry;
Their's not to reason why,
Their's not to make reply,
Their's but to do and die,
Into the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.

"Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon in front of them
Volley'd and thunder'd;
Storm'd at with shot and shell,
Boldly they rode and well;
Into the jaws of Death,
Into the mouth of Hell,
Rode the six hundred.

"Flash'd all their sabres bare,
Flash'd all at once in air,
Sabring the gunners there,
Charging an army, while
All the world wonder'd:
Plunged in the battery-smoke
Fiercely the line they broke;
Strong was the sabre-stroke:
Making an army reel
Shaken and sunder'd
Then they rode back, but not,
Not the six hundred.

"Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon behind them
Volley'd and thunder'd;
Storm'd at with shot and shell,
They that had struck so well
Rode thro' the jaws of Death,
Half a league back again,
Up from the mouth of Hell,
All that was left of them,
Left of six hundred.

"Honour the brave and bold!
Long shall the tale be told,
Yea, when our babes are old—
How they rode onward."

This is something that men will commit to memory, and that our children's children will chant like "Hohenlinden," or the "Battle of Lake Regillus"—something that hurries the blood and makes the breath come fast as we read it.

As we observed in the outset of our observations, this volume does nothing to advance the reputation of its author. It is very true that an advance in literary fame is not an easy achievement for one who has attained to so high an elevation. Still he is one of those favoured spirits to whom it is given to bear the great spiritual banner with its heaven-seeking motto "Excelsior," and we bear not willingly to see him stationary; less than stationary, however, he is not; so far as "Maud" is an evidence of his power, there is no retrogression as yet in the laureate. May that day be long distant—may it never reach him. Rather let us hope that his course may be like that of his illustrious predecessor, gaining with long added years increase of intellectual power, ripening in all the sweet philosophy of song more melodious, more meditative every day; till, at last, full of years and of glory, he shall pass away like those bright lights of a summer night that leave a trail of glory behind them when they disappear from the sky.

BRICTRIC OF BRISTOL.

A CHRONICLE IN RHYME.

FYTTE I.

The gallant Lord Brictric, son and heir
 Of Algar, had wealth I ween to spare ;
 In Cornwall and Somerset, Dorset and Devon,
 Where the tall spire of Sarum points nobly to heaven,
 He had vast possessions, and numberless bands
 Of vassals did homage on those wide lands :
 The Honour of Gloucester, with all its manors,
 Was his—and when his shield and banners
 Flared in the front of the battle high,
 There were thousands behind them to conquer or die.

At the castle of Bristow kept Brictric his state,
 Where life was a nightly festival ;
 Troops of retainers thronged every gate,
 And prelates and peers in high revelry sate
 With the noble thane in his stately hall.
 Egad, how the tables were wont to groan !
 How the earls and bishops were wont to laugh !
 While wines, the coolest that ever were known,
 From cumbrous tankards they used to quaff.
 You may talk as you will about aldermen's dinners,
 And the *gourmand* habits of rubicund mayors,
 But Saxon thanes were the hungriest sinners,
 As every orthodox annal declares ;
 Nor ever shall Bristol rejoice in sublime
 Celebrations like those in Lord Brictric's time.

And yet is this noble old city of ours
 A city of famous good cheer, by the powers !
 And tale after tale, on its records engraven,
 Prove well that its burghers were fond of a feed
 Since burst on its pathway the fast-flowing Avon,
 Away to the sea, like a thirst-driven steed—
 Since the City of Chasms first sternly arose,
 Defying the stoutest and best of her foes,

Vespasian lived in the jolliest way,
 With boar-hunts and otter-hunts every day ;
 And the whole Third Legion every night
 Sat down to a supper with great delight.
 There were oysters caught on the coasts of Wales,
 And salmon prime from the Severn sea,
 Drovers of fat oxen from Isca's vales,
 And game from the waving woods of Leigh.
 And after the *Cæna Deorum* was over,
 And every warrior was full to the brim,
 (While the neophyte heroes began to discover
 The gaslights were burning uncommonly dim),
 They drank Vespasian's health in wine,
 Of the very best Chian, with nine times nine.

And since that time, and its classical fun,
 How many a Bristol Whittington,*
 Of portly rotundity, solid estate,
 Unparalleled appetite, wonderful weight,
 Whom seals municipal nobly befitted,
 Who never his prandial duties omitted,
 Has rolled himself in his easy chair,
 And gazed on the spread that before him lay,
 On the rosy decanters, and *entremets* rare,
 With the look of a man who has nothing to pay—
 At those feasts which the turtle learnt to rue,
 At that glorious old tavern, the Montague!

But not the invasion
 Of brave old Vespasian
 On the muttons and beeves of these well-supplied regions,
 To fatten his legions—
 That drama of eating and drinking, whose latter act
 Was wine to the tune of Niagara's cataract—
 Nor the merriest Montague jollification,
 That ever enraptured the corporation—
 Was anything like the nightly meals
 Which Brictric patronised every day;
 Why they eat many miles of Salisbury eels,
 And drank an Atlantic of giddy Tokay.

Brictric of Bristow, Algar's son,
 Was a noble fellow, never a finer,
 A lover of jollity, frolic, and fun,
 And a ladies' man as well as a diner.
 From troubadour poets he learned how to rhyme
 His sweet billets-doux and most musical sonnets,
 Where he told the dear charmers their looks were sublime,
 And lauded their petticoats, eyelids, and bonnets.
 He could sing like a seraph or opera star;
 Was a capital fist at the Spanish guitar;
 Could improvise verses to Lucy and Fanny;
 Danced with just the perfection of Don Giovanni;
 Talked theology better than cleric or layman;
 Fenced like a thorough disciple of Hamon;
 Wrote receipts for odontos, and hair-dyes, and hashes;
 Wore charming moustaches;
 Drove tandem divinely, without many crashes,
 And patronised Moses;
 The historian supposes
 His existence was matter of metempsychosis;
 That he puffed and placarded, annoying the bilious,
 Under the firm of "Moyses et Filius."

Of course, such being his qualifications,
 Young Bric had a hundred ladies die for him,
 And so very prodigious a number apply for him,
 He was really done up with their pretty flirtations:
 Dowagers ugly
 Exhibited smugly
 Their warm little estates, fit for dwelling in snugly;
 Antiquate spinsters
 Gazed at the minsters

* This honourable title belongs, as of right, to Sir John Kerle Habersfield, six times Mayor of the ancient city.

Wistfully, wishing for chimes matrimonial ;
 Mammas strategetic
 Had visions poetic
 That their daughters were lodged in his chambers baronial ;
 Blue-stockings admired him, and managed to say so,
 In hexameter verse from Ovidius Naso ;
 Beauties of eighteen,
 Quite tired of waiting,
 Blushed and looked shy, as he asked them to walk a
 Minuet with him, or galope, or polka ;
 Ladies of wit (is there anything horrider ?)
 Tortured poor Bric with their elegant raillery ;
 He was way-layed by beauty in every corridor,
 And loneliness chased him through terrace and gallery.
 But our hero was bent upon travel, and so
 From Bristol to Folkstone one morning he drove,
 Determined in search of adventure to go,
 And carry through Europe the warfare of love.
 At Folkstone embarked in the Comet or Star,
 Mounted the paddle-box, lit a cigar,
 And getting poetical rather, was trying
 To recollect something some rhymers had said,
 While columns of smoke to the leeward were flying,
 And away in the west yachts and fishing-boats lying,
 And the song of the seas to the breezes replying,
 And the clouds floating merrily high overhead.
 The glad shore of France lay in shadow afar,
 Through the cloud-rifts came glimmering night's earliest star ;
 The track of the ship seemed a path of delight ;
 The moon rose in radiance surpassingly bright ;—
 What wonder, with beauty below and above,
 That Brictric was dreaming, and dreaming of love ?

Did he dream of that eye of celestial blue
 That soon was to tease him with visions of joy ?
 Did he dream of those rich lips, whose ruddiest hue
 Became brighter for him ?—I believe you, my boy.
 And soon—to skip passport and custom-house pother,
 Hotel-bills, post-horses, and various other
 Little items of travelling—Brictric arrived
 In the County of Baldwin, who asked him to stay,
 And at Standees no doubt had been happily wived,
 But the Destinies hit on a different way
 To wind up his oddities, madnesses, schisms,
 And eccentric adventurous bachelorisms.

Oh, a beauty, indeed, was the Lady Mathilde,
 Full of hauteur and loveliness, stern and self-willed,
 With the richest of voices, the brightest of eyes,
 More radiant, more lustrous, than Sicily's skies ;
 So Dian passed peerless the forests between,
 In the terror of beauty—too queenly for love ;
 So here, enthroned in imperial mien,
 Beamed splendours that shook the stern bosom of Jove :
 This child of an earl, who stood equal with kings,
 Disdained the swift beat of young Love's happy wings.
 His arrows were harmless,
 His sly missiles charmless,
 Mathildis passed on with an exquisite scorn,
 While her wooers retreated,
 Dismayed and defeated,
 Like timorous stars from the glances of Morn.

But Brictric the dauntless,
 Whose fame is not chantless,
 Produced a sensation in Baldwin's old palace ;
 And Mathildis the scornful
 Awoke the next morn full
 Of visions that Love had suggested in malice :
 Before she had time for exclaiming "How is it?"
 The mischievous god had made use of his visit,
 And managed by sinister
 Means to administer
 The least taste in life of his venomous chalice.
 And though she concealed it awhile from herself,
 And tried as of old to seem proud and imperious,
 She was utterly swayed by the petulant elf—
 A slave to that royalty, divinely mysterious.

And Brictric another flirtation plunged into
 (He didn't reflect it was really a sin to),
 And wrote her gay verses in Tuscan and Flemish,
 Provençal and French, without lameness or blemish.
 At hawking and hunting he rode by her side
 To whisper sweet tales in her pearl-laden ear ;
 While Mathildis the beautiful simpered and sighed,
 As varied the tones of the *preux chevalier*.
 He flattered her fancy with castles in Spain—
 Sang *rondeaux* and madrigals, choice and melodious,
 And quoted from Amadis, Arthur, Gawain,
 Read then very much, though we now think them odious.
 He toyed with her ringlets in sunshiny glades,
 And kissed her in secret in moonlit arcades :
 In short, he made love ; and as love always made is
 In much the same way, we'll leave that to the ladies.

And thus very silently Eros went on,
 Till one morning at breakfast-time Brictric was gone !
 Papa cried "*Parbleu !*"
 An odd freak of his, too—
 "Of course there's a letter or something, *sacrebleu !*"
 There *was* one most truly—a *mignonne* affair—
 Pink paper, rose-fragrant, the sealing-wax rare ;
 The seal no heraldic baronial crudity,
 But fair Aphrodite, in sweet simi-nudity.
 'Tis opened—Mathildis is beautiful now,
 Proud anger is throned on the eloquent brow ;
 The blue eye is flashing—the ruby lip curled—
 No verse-valediction,
 No pretty love-fiction,
 No daguerreotype sparkling in sapphire and opal,
 Cut by outlandish jewellers in Constantinople—
 A "P. P. C." CARD—NOTHING ELSE IN THE WORLD !

BYTTE II.

Across the sea from Normandy Duke William's army came,
 They landed on these English shores—they fought for wealth and fame ;
 For Godwin's gallant son had claimed to rule these mighty realms,
 And gathering thunders dimm'd the sky, stout swords and plumèd helms.
 Behold ! the Norman archers come—hark ! to the battle-cry—
 Hark ! to the tramp of countless feet as the fierce host sweeps by !
 And noble Harold courts the fray, who no defeat may know :
 Hurrah ! hurrah for England !—down with the Norman foe !

Grey twilight upon Epiton breaks dimly o'er the leas—
 The open dawn on Epiton two glorious armies sees: [sword ;
 Rides through the ranks the Norman Chief, and waves the insulting
 Stout Harold on the English side defies the hostile horde.
 "Ho! gallant men of merry Kent—up to the coming fray!
 Ho! yeomen of the Sussex wolds, yours be the joy to-day,
 I lead you to the field of fight—I, whom of old ye know."
 Hurrah! hurrah for Harold!—down with the Norman foe!

The armies close with many a shout, the hurtling arrows fly,
 And Normans and stout Englishmen rush to the conflict by.
 See! William with his mighty blade hews down the Saxon host;
 See! Harold with his brethren twain makes void the Norman boast.
 Hark to the crash of axe and sword—how corse is heaped on corse,
 And wildly o'er the trampled field dash scattering troops of horse;
 And shouts of madness rend the air, and strong shafts fly like snow.
 Hurrah! hurrah for England!—down with the Norman foe!

The blood flows to the saddle girths, and rages still the fight:
 The Normans waver—hear ye not King Harold's shout of might?
 "Down with the cravens! Englishmen, to glory follow me!
 And drive them from our thrallless shores into the sounding sea.
 Beat back the Bastard and his host, of France the vassal crew—
 Let not a single man escape, as ye are brave and true."
 On went they in the maddening track of conquest—blenched not one:
 Alas! alas for England!—King Harold's death is done.

One flying arrow turned the fate of that unworthy day,
 And there was grief in Epiton, and ended was the fray.
 They raised an abbey where he fell, they wrote his blazon high,
 Where Harold the unconquered lay, his waving standard by:
 And William and his Queen Mathilde to royal London came,
 And kingly honours did they add to his triumphant name:
 Yet chant the monks in Epiton, for aye, from sun to sun,
 "Alas! alas for England!—King Harold's death is done."

And the haughty Mathilde,
 The stern and self-willed,
 Had married for power, and now was a queen:
 And queenly indeed was that arrogant eye,
 So brilliant, yet cold, did its quick glances fly;
 And regal indeed were her voice and her mien.
 Emilie Montmorenci and Mary O'Connor,
 Her two maids of honor,
 Used to wonder what ailed her, and frequently strove
 To find out the mystery,
 And forestall this history;
 Inexperienced creatures! they dreamt not of love:
 For though Miss Montmorenci
 Had many a fancy—
 And she of Hibernia, the beautiful Mary,
 As bright as a fairy,
 Had long lost her heart, being rather unwary,
 Yet their bosoms with passion had never been filled,
 As when Brictric of Bristow was loved by Mathilde.

When friends who have loved in the season of youth
 Know the chill of estrangement, how darkly apart
 Each stands in his solitude, even though ruth
 And sorrow are felt in the depths of the heart.
 Having read *Christabel*,
 You all know full well

How Roland and Leoline quarrelled of yore :
 Each in loneliness stood,
 While life's headlong flood
 Between them rushed on, to be brothers no more ;
 And if man thus remain, how more bitter 'twill prove
 When woman's warm spirit has quarrelled with Love.

So the love of Mathilde was turned into hate,
 And long in her heart was the troubled debate,
 How Brictric might make a severe expiation
 For his mode of concluding that Flemish flirtation.
 She contemplated tortures of every kind—
 Racks, thumbscrews, tight boots, and hot irons and pincers—
 Only fearing her spouse might perchance be behind
 To sanction the use of those charming convincers :
 Had Mathilde been Queen Regent, poor Bric very soon
 Would have wished an exchange with the man in the moon :
 For the ladies, when they
 Can get their own way,
 And obtain a revenge on their *ci-devant* lovers,
 Are barbarous quite,
 In the way they requite,
 For their ancient attentions those unlucky rovers ;
 And if any young gentleman, reading this story,
 Has broken off courtship that seemed *con amore*,
 Let him emigrate—anywhere—Berlin—Bencoolen—
 Ere he has to pay scot for his amorous fooling.

Who has not passed on with the animate tide
 Which chokes up the beautiful vale of Cheapside ?
 Which from morning till even resounds with the fusses
 Of perilous safety-cabs, populous 'busses ;
 Where cads are all raving the people to flurry—
 " Bank," " Blackwall," " Whitechapel," " Charing-cross," " Surrey ;"
 Where, except you have marvellous quickness of vision,
 You'll be shattered to atoms by constant collision ;
 Your hat will be jammed into shapeless grotesqueness,
 Your coat will be fractured to queer picturesqueness ;
 You'll arrive at your dwelling with hardly a rag on,
 Anatomised perhaps by a wandering wagon.

'Twas there one day
 In a cabriolet
 Young Bric was driving a lady gay
 (Who it was I would willingly tell you, but cant—
 Perhaps 'twas his cousin, or sister, or aunt),
 And the Queen, driving that way to purchase some pearls,
 Was caught by his curls
 (Much admired by the girls),
 And a glance of revenge at the flatterers hurls ;
 Forgetting her errand, and homeward returning,
 Her wild heart for vengeance unceasingly yearning,
 Without let or stay,
 She soon made her way
 To where strode the Conqueror, taking a walk on
 The banks of the river, with greyhound and falcon.

The Queen, out of breath
 (So history saith),
 Implored him to put her dear Brictric to death ;
 And to furnish occasion,
 With some hesitation,

Half told him the tale of her little flirtation :
 "Humph!" said Will, with a puff,
 "There's reason enough,
 Though it's little I care for your amorous stuff;
 But you know, dear, I've dealt such a number of whacks on
 The unlucky back of the innocent Saxon,
 That really ——"

"Now do!
 My dear William, if you
 Have any regard for your darling Mathilde."

"But would not," he said, "your desire be fulfilled,
 If I just lock him up—take away all his lands,
 And leave the estates and the key in your hands?
 I think the idea's exceedingly good:
 Will that please you?"
 The bright-eyed Mathilde thought it would.

And now, shall I tell how the unlucky Bric
 In the midst of his love-making, wine-drinking prime,
 Was thrown into Winchester Castle, to pick
 Oakum for ever—a match against time?
 How, while he in the dungeon grew pallid and lean,
 The rents of his lands were received by the Queen?
 How his misery was heightened by many a vision
 Of the charmers he knew in those days most elysian,
 When the surface of gay life he cut such a dash on,
 And was hailed, like Count D'Orsay, the leader of fashion?
 How he oft execrated
 The levity fated,
 Which inducing flirtation, had utterly chilled his
 Prospects of fun, by that breach with Mathildis?
 How he intimate got with some sociable spiders,
 Who, save himself, were the only insiders,
 And told them his griefs o'er and o'er confidentially,
 Although they could scarcely console him essentially?
 How he raved at each blackguard
 Who, while he grew haggard,
 Was beating his copses and fishing his rivers—
 The rascally sinners
 Who, giving good dinners,
 Gathered together all their friends and his too
 At his castles of Gloucester, and Sarum, and Bristow,
 Who, ignoring poor Bric, toasted only the givers?—
 No: it passes description—we'll pass it all by—
 As did Mathildis—and left him to die.

MORTIMER COLLINS.

CURRAN'S SKETCHES OF THE IRISH BAR.

WHEN the late Mr. Campbell undertook the editorship of "Colburn's New Monthly Magazine," he succeeded in persuading Mr. Curran, who had been lately called to the Irish bar, and whose life of his father had given him high literary distinction, to contribute to the Magazine occasional papers on subjects connected with Ireland.

In a wish to comply with Mr. Campbell's request originated a series of papers, entitled "Sketches of the Irish Bar," which acquired immediate popularity, and gave a very high character to the publication in which they appeared. Professional occupation soon interfered with Mr. Curran's power of regularly continuing the series, and his friend Mr. Sheil wrote and published in the same magazine several sketches drawn up on pretty much the same plan with those written by Curran. It was natural that readers should suppose all to have been by the same writer;—the same tone of politics prevailed throughout;—a slender thread of fiction, often forgotten or disregarded by the writers, connected the several papers into what would seem to be a series. An Englishman visiting Ireland, is supposed to attend every now and then the law courts in Dublin or in the provinces, and to record the impressions made on him by the leading counsel in the cases he listens to. We believe that both writers occasionally make use of this convenient mask. Such peculiarities of character as distinguish the various classes of society in Ireland are introduced with great skill. The crowds that throng the courts in Dublin form a part of the picture, without which all the rest would be imperfect. Perhaps Dublin presents more of this class of excitable idlers than any other city in the world. A clever volume of essays, originally published in the "Examiner," in the year 1818,* describes the barristers at that time engaged in successful practice in the courts of Westminster, and gives an account in many respects calculated to

gratify and amuse, if not to instruct, its readers by its exhibitions. But in no respect whatever is it to be compared with the "Sketches of the Irish Bar." We have the men—the practising barristers—not inaccurately nor injudiciously portrayed; but there is a total absence of the interest which in the volumes before us is never absent, and which arises from the perfect picturing of every surrounding circumstance—you always have scenic, often even stage effect. Lockhart's descriptions of Scottish advocates in his "Peter's Letters," and Lord Cockburn's, in his "Life of Jeffrey," make some approach to this power, which both the Irish writers possess in nearly equal degree. It is probable that the contrasts between barbarism and civilisation which Ireland still presents—and presented yet more obtrusively at the time these sketches were written, now more than thirty years ago—have created this distinction between the volumes before us and those to which we have referred. In England the barrister is, or seeks to be, the mere logician. He is in a land where, if his audience are swayed by prejudices—and in no country are there prejudices more unreasonable and more ineradicable—he must assume their existence as a thing equally indisputable with the fact, that the grass is green, and that the rose is red. The movements of his argument are within a limited circle—his eloquence is necessarily confined within a meagre and wretched dialect, where any effort to disturb habitual associations would be resented in the same spirit in which those who forgot everything else in Burke used to remember a false quantity in his pronunciation of a Latin sentence. We believe that then and now in Ireland legal principles were as perfectly known, and that adjudications were as just in Ireland as in England; while in Ireland one great advantage existed—the Irish barrister avoided, as far as he at all could, what Bushe calls, "the absurd mystery of the style."

* "Criticisms upon the Bar," &c. By "Amicus Curie." London: 1819.

In the "Sketches of the Irish Bar"—we now speak of Mr. Sheil's as well as Mr. Curran's sketches—the characters of some eighteen or twenty practising barristers are given. Of these there is no one of whom there do not remain recorded law arguments; and what is remarkable in all and each is, that the style is always so perfectly lucid and intelligible, so little veiled in the language of technicalities, that a judgment of Plunket's, for instance, or a law-argument of Saurin's, is as perfectly intelligible to any educated man, who reads it with fair application of his mind, as if it were a speech in parliament, or a *leader* in the *Times*. In actual reasoning, we should not think of making a higher claim for the Irish barrister than for his Scottish or English brother; but we think it undeniable, that in the power of exposition he is greatly superior. He does not disdain to render himself intelligible to those who have not been educated in technical language; and he seems, at least, to refer to higher principles of general truth than the English expositor of the laws; while, in common with the Englishman, he has a language which is much more manageable than the dialect consecrated to Scottish law. But the discussion is one which we will not now pursue. This book is more interesting than either the Scottish or English books, with which it is most naturally to be compared. And it is, after all, little matter whether this arises from the author of the book being a cleverer fellow than the authors of the books we have mentioned, or from his having the good fortune of having a better subject. Both causes have, we think, contributed to the effect.

An American publisher has reprinted "The Sketches of the Irish Bar" so carelessly, as even to preserve the most obvious misprints of the original publication—so ignorantly as to ascribe the papers all to the same person. This mistake might have been pardoned, but not so as to the next, for there was such an absence of good faith in the transaction that, as we learn from the editor of Sheil's "Sketches Legal and Political," he has had the assurance to pretend, in his preface, that "his compilation was undertaken with the approbation and authority of Mr. Sheil himself."

This circumstance rendered it desirable to have the papers reprinted, and made it necessary that in every reprint their several papers should be assigned to the respective authors, as the partnership of Mr. Curran and Mr. Sheil, in what was in no true sense a connected work, was but an apparent one. It is probable that neither author saw the productions of the other till their appearance in the Magazine. In a former number of this journal some account has been given of "Sheil's Sketches," by a fellow-labourer of ours. In this we shall confine our observations to Mr. Curran's, referring to Mr. Sheil's only when they are, in some way, illustrative of matters brought before us in the book which is the proper subject of our notice.

The general interests of truth would alone render it fitting that the kind of mystery connected with any publication in which an author's name is concealed, should, when the motives for such concealment have passed away, be perfectly removed, so as to leave no doubt whatever on the subject. In the case of joint authorship, there may occasionally be a difficulty arising from the authors themselves being unable to distinguish their respective parts. Here no such difficulty exists, and here there is a peculiar necessity almost for the separation of the writings of Mr. Curran and Mr. Sheil. In the original conformation of Mr. Sheil's mind, and that of his friend, are very strong points of difference. With a mind exceedingly fertile in every description of illustration; with a quickness of wit which often, very often, reminds us of what is recorded of his father; with imagery rapidly presenting itself and finding instant expression in words of singular felicity, there is throughout Curran's writings great sobriety of thought, continual reference to elementary principles of government and of society, as though it had been the subject with him of habitual thought and study, and not, as it too often appears in the works of his coadjutor, as if a proposition of Montesquieu or Locke was snatched up at the moment for some mere party purpose. Actual distrust, indeed, is often created, of what the essayist most wishes to press upon his readers, by his representing some poor sophism as if it were not alone his own inference, in which he might be, without offence to any one, either wrong or

right; but something claiming kindred, not with the passions of the moment in which it originates, but with the great body of general and admitted truth; or if doubtful, only doubted by persons denying the authority of the great names which he calls as his vouchers. In Sheil, too, there are not unfrequently stinging sarcasms which not only were calculated to inflict severe wounds on the objects of his satire, but what was infinitely worse, to call into active life the malignant passions both of those whom he amused and those whom he attacked. Sheil's articles, in short, are too like association speeches. There can be no doubt that his political position, struggling at the time for emancipation, made much of this very natural, and perhaps, therefore, very excusable; but from our own feelings we can judge those of others, and we own that we still feel pain and grief at the insults such men as Moore and Sheil have, to the great injury of their reputation and of the permanent effect of their works, indulged in against every one whom it answered a temporary purpose to abuse.

We have no doubt that in such cases as we allude to, such men as Moore and Sheil are, in reality, but indulging a lively imagination, and are engaged in what to them are as really works of fiction, and, therefore, as subject to their own caprices of the hour, as their "Selims," and "Evadne." The offence is not in the feelings which they experience, but in those they are likely to excite. In Mr. Curran's "Sketches,"* there is not one single word with which any one can reasonably quarrel; there is not one single proposition which, whether you agree with it or not—and we often do not agree with him—you must not admit to be fairly stated. It is really a curious fact, considering the state of Ireland at the time when these "Sketches" were written, to observe that, republished after an interval of thirty years, there is not in his part of the work one word to alter or omit, though everywhere strong political opinions are firmly and manfully expressed, with no other reserve but what arises from the ordinary suggestions of gentlemanly feeling.

The papers reprinted in the volumes

before us were first published in the years 1822, 1823 and 1824. When it was determined by Mr. Colburn to reprint them, Mr. Curran availed himself of the opportunity afforded by the publication to make some additions to what had been originally published. We believe that what appeared in the Magazine is preserved unchanged; but there is prefixed a memoir of the late Chief Baron Woulfe, written within the present year, and a record of some conversations with Chief Justice Bushe, noted down in 1826.

In our account of the book, the easiest course is to follow the author's arrangement in the present publication. In the sketches written in 1823, with the persons who are the subjects of his portraiture each day brought before his eye and before his mind, written also in a period of great political excitement, the style is more vivid than in the picture of Woulfe. To ourselves, who cannot throw our mind back into those days of old contests, even in imagination, and to whom the strange passages of Irish history which occurred in our day are, in truth, a forgotten dream, greater pleasure has been afforded by this sketch of Woulfe, drawn up fifteen years after his death, than by the papers describing the living actors of Mr. Curran's earlier sketches. It is written in a calmer tone, and with great beauty brings out, one by one, as they rise up to recollection, the distinguishing peculiarities of a friend—lost too early, and who, but for this memoir, would have soon passed away from the memory of all but a few, and died without his fame.

Woulfe was born in 1786, received his earlier education at Stonyhurst, graduated in the University of Dublin, and was called to the Irish bar in 1814.

Mr. Curran's acquaintance with him commenced in 1813, when both were fellow-students at the Middle Temple.

"I cannot," says Mr. Curran, "refrain from stating with, I hope, excusable pride, that our acquaintanceship was no sooner formed, than he not so much selected, as seized upon me as his friend, and that the cordial grasp, once given, was never relaxed, until his hold upon all things in this life was gone from him for ever.

* "Sketches of the Irish Bar, with Essays Literary and Political." By W. H. Curran, Esq. London. 1855.

"When I became acquainted with Woulfe in London, I found him standing very high in the opinion and predictions of his associates there, among the most intimate of whom I may name the late Mr. Sheil, the late William Wallace, afterwards the writer of the continuation of Sir James Mackintosh's History of England, the present Judge Ball, and Mr. Thomas Wyse, now the British Minister at Athens. All the qualities which were, in after life, to recommend him to a wider circle, were already conspicuously developed—his social, joyous temperament, his freedom from all selfishness, his hatred of baseness, his admiration of worth, his kindly, circumspect regard for the feelings of others, his perfect candour, and, among his mental attributes, his sound and manly tastes, and, most of all, the high order of his reasoning powers."—pp. 5, 6.

Curran and Woulfe were so much together, that but few letters passed between them. It may be said, too, that men whose minds are fully engaged have little time for letter-writing. In *Sheil's Life*, lately published, his biographer tells us that he wrote none but absolutely necessary business letters. One or two letters of Woulfe's, however, remain among his friend's papers. Of these, one, written from Innsbruck in 1815, is here published; from that letter we extract a characteristic sentence:—

"The towns in Italy have a much more civilised aspect than those of France; they all possess footpaths; the shops are as rich, and the houses better. The climate is certainly very delicious, but there is not so much delight in it as travellers tell us. This I am certain of, that the sensation of comfort, which can only exist in a cold climate, more than counterbalances the most luxurious relaxation of the Italian air. You cannot conceive how I enjoyed the first piercing night on the Tyrolean Alps, when I found myself wrapped up between two featherbeds; and if the animal enjoyment of both these sensations is equal, ours possesses this political advantage over theirs, that, being only possessed by those persons who are in easy circumstances, it engenders industry; whereas theirs, being within the reach of everybody, begets indolence. In truth, labour is incompatible with the enjoyment of it. Not so with ours—it is not only acquired by labour, but may be enjoyed in the very act of labour."—pp. 10, 11.

It is only when one thinks of abridging such a narrative as this, that one feels how beautifully and how gracefully it is written. It can only be read in the book itself. Woulfe's health

was from the first uncertain. There was no inability to bear bodily or mental fatigue; there was delicacy of frame, freedom and elasticity of movement. This our author has to state before he states the infirmity of constitution which made him, through the greater part of his life, subject to disease in one form or other. How is this to be stated?—in what way best brought before the mind? How would Goldsmith—how would Scott have exhibited it? In such things the hand of the artist appears. Read now the passage that follows:—

"In his frame there was no apparent delicacy; it was slight, but all his movements free and healthy: and so of his countenance; though the features were rather thin and sharp, the expression was usually animated, often joyous, occasionally grave and thoughtful, but never depressed. As I write, I remember that, about this period, a small party of his friends (he not being present) amused themselves by going through some of the leading varieties of the canine species, and discovering a fanciful resemblance between each of them and some member of the bar. Matches for the bull-dog, and spaniel, and cur, were easily found. There was more discussion in finding the fittest representatives of the lurcher and poodle, and so on; but when the greyhound was named, and Shiel on the instant cried out 'Woulfe,' the likeness of the kind they were searching for, even to something curious in the details, was at once admitted. In both there was the tall and slender frame—the keen eye, the pleasing elongated face; both were so calm and gentle when at rest, both so quick and bounding when excited."—pp. 12, 13.

Can any description be happier? It brings Woulfe perfectly before our eyes—before *our* eyes, who were long familiar with him; but we have no doubt that to entire strangers it will have the same effect. In artistic power, the passage is equal to Goethe.

In the year 1817, the rupture of a blood-vessel in the lungs gave Woulfe serious alarm. The apprehended danger, however, was greater than the event justified, and his professional studies and pursuits were not interrupted. In 1819 he published a remarkable pamphlet on the Catholic question. The pamphlet was admired by Bushe and by Plunket. Lord Grenville, to whom it was sent by Plunket, pronounced it to be, "in his opinion, the ablest piece of political writing that had appeared since the days of Burke."

Woulfe's pamphlet we have never seen, but the extracts here given justify Lord Grenville's praise. The character acquired for him by the pamphlet aided him in his after career; but is said by Mr. Curran to have been likely to have done him some disservice with the attorneys. Any occupation unconnected with the immediate studies of his profession leads the shrewd attorney to distrust the competency for the business of his profession of a barrister supposed to know anything else, or to think of anything else. It would appear that Woulfe sometimes contributed to periodical publications. An article, in which he reviewed Godwin on "Population," in Campbell's Magazine, is mentioned; and he wrote an essay, which was entitled, "Amendment of the Laws of Real Property in England," which he proposed printing either in a separate volume, or in a series of essays in the *New Monthly*. It was not felt to have the popular interest which would render the latter mode of publication a prudent speculation for the proprietor of the Magazine. Mr. Curran expresses his agreement with this decision. We suspect that it was a mistake in the conduct of that publication, that topics really engaging the public mind were avoided. We have not a doubt that such papers as Woulfe would have produced on such subjects would have greatly aided the circulation of any publication in which they appeared. It is a mistake to think that each reader of any of this class of publications reads each article in it. Secure on each subject the best writers, wherever that is possible, and this renders almost certain an increased circulation. Assume real information on any subject to be given, and you have secured purchasers for the work in which it appears. Interruptions of one kind or other interfered with his getting this essay out as a book, till other works appeared which dealt with the subject so much in the way he proposed, as to make him give up the project.

Plunket, about two years after the date of Woulfe's pamphlet, became attorney-general, and made Woulfe prosecuting counsel on the Munster circuit, which increased his annual income by a sum between £700 and £1,000 a-year. His progress was, after this, one of uninterrupted success in any way to distinguish

one year from another, except the variations of his health, till his death, in 1840.

Woulfe made a few speeches on political subjects in the Catholic Association, and at aggregate meetings. We should be glad they had been preserved. How far these or his speeches in Parliament influenced the bodies to which they were addressed, we are unable to say. When at the bar, his appeals to juries were often very successful.

Mr. Curran mentions Woulfe's having given up the assistant-barristership of the county of Galway, which was worth £900 a-year. His health was declining. He held, with the barristership, another office—that of crown-prosecutor—giving an income of the same amount. His health he found unequal to the duties of both, and he retained that which interfered least with his ordinary chances of professional employment. He, perhaps, also remembered, when he made the choice, that the office which he continued to keep was not incompatible with his holding a seat in Parliament, which was an object which he probably then contemplated. He soon afterwards became member for the borough of Cashel. In 1836 he was solicitor-general for Ireland, and in the next year attorney. In 1838 he became chief baron.

In a memoir of Chief Justice Bushe, in the eighteenth volume of this Journal, it is stated, apparently on good authority, that when, on the death of Chief Baron Joy, the right to fill the office left vacant devolved on Woulfe—the Attorney-General—he urged on the Government the fitness of appointing Baron Pennefather, proposing to resign his own claims, and take the office of puisne baron, which Baron Pennefather's promotion would leave vacant; and that it was only on finding it impossible to effect this arrangement that he accepted the place of Chief Baron. This fact, so highly to Woulfe's honour, is not stated in Curran's memoir. For Woulfe it would have been fortunate had it been accomplished; for the duties of Chief Baron—then considerably greater than at present—were soon found too much for his health; and at the time of his death, within two years of his promotion, he was occupied in making an arrangement for his retirement.

We do not know whether any formal life of Chief Justice Bushe has been written; but it was impossible that, of a great man so long before the public, there should not be many incidental notices. In Mr. Wills's "*Lives of Illustrious Irishmen*," his character is sketched by a faithful and friendly hand. The same writer has published a little essay on "*The Evidences of Christianity*" by the late Chief Justice Bushe—an essay of very remarkable power and beauty.* In the eighteenth volume of this Journal there is a sketch of Bushe's life and fortunes, written while he was still Chief Justice, and in which are several extracts from his speeches while yet at the bar. In Finlay's "*Miscellanies*" we have him described while still Solicitor-General. Lord Brougham has preserved a record of his conversations when he visited London to be examined before some Parliamentary Committee or Royal Commission. In Sheil's "*Legal and Political Sketches*," one of the best and most brilliant chapters is devoted to Bushe; and in Mr. Curran's life of Wallace† will be found his estimate of some of the peculiar characteristics of Bushe's mind. We refer to all and each of these, satisfied that many of our readers will look at the books, and thank us for the references. But we must for ourselves say, that the little book published by Mr. Wills, which we mention in the hope of bringing it before some of our readers to whom it may be new, and the record of Bushe's conversations with Mr. Curran here preserved, have given us what we believe to be a truer picture of Bushe than any or all the rest.

His narrative of these conversations is thus introduced by our author:—

"Upon one occasion of my life, I had not a single opportunity, but opportunities continued for several days, of appreciating the late Chief Justice Bushe's captivating powers as a *tête-à-tête* companion.

"Just after the close of the summer circuits of the year 1826, I went, by invitation, to stay for some time with him at his old ancestral place of residence, Kilmurry, in the county of Kilkenny. He was, according to his annual custom, passing his long vacation

there, surrounded by a numerous family circle. I had the good luck to be the only stranger, and thus came to be at his side, and to have him all to myself, for many hours daily. At first he used to retire after breakfast to finish off some judgments that he was to deliver in his court in the ensuing term; but this occupation lasted for only four or five days, and then he felt himself to be (as he said) in the delicious state of being perfectly *solutus curis* for the remainder of the vacation. Every day at one o'clock a pair of horses were brought to his hall door for us. From the heat of the weather (it was 'the hot summer of 1826') we always moved along merely at a walking pace; secure, however, from the same state of the weather, against any annoyance from sudden showers. We seldom returned to Kilmurry before five o'clock. Then came dinner, and at no long interval tea; and the moment tea was over, the Chief Justice rose, and proposed to me a stroll with him through the grounds. We had no occasion to keep to the gravel walks; the grass was as dry as the carpets we had left; and accordingly his habit was to push on at once for the fields, and plunging into them, and crossing, and recrossing them, to prolong the stroll often till the approach of midnight.

"On the second or third evening of my visit, the conversation turned on Boswell's '*Life of Johnson*,' which, by the way, the Chief Justice said, 'was to him the most delightful of books, first, because he found everything in it so charming in itself; and next, because he no sooner finished it, than he forgot it all, and so could return to it, *toties quoties*, and be sure to find it all as charming as before, and almost as new.'—pp. 77, 78.

The conversation led our author to try how far he could enact the part of committing to paper the conversations of the two or three preceding days. They were jotted down in pencil, without the slightest thought of publication:—

"In thus giving publicity to these fragments of Charles Kendal Bushe's familiar conversation, I should be doing a grievous injustice to the memory of that accomplished man, if I were to intimate that, in themselves, they can convey any but the faintest idea of what that conversation was. They may lead his surviving intimates to recognise him, but they never can enable a stranger to him to know him. Even if I could offer a literal transcript of every word that fell from him, how much would still be

* "*A Summary View of the Evidences of Christianity, in a Letter from the late Chief Justice Bushe.*" 1845.

† "*Sketches*," &c. Vol. i., p. 341.

wanting! His imposing figure and deportment, his graceful, persuasive gestures, his manly, pliant features, so easily seduced from their habitual dignity by a love of gentlemanly fun, his fine, sonorous voice, his genial laughter; such were some, though not all, of the ingredients in that combination, which made Bushe the most fascinating of companions; and supposing all these to be accurately imagined, there would still remain to be described that one more attribute, which, without exaggeration, might be termed the marvellous opulence of his mind for the purposes of conversation. I had often met him in society before my visit to Kilmurry, but it was only there that, from being daily alone with him for many hours, I was enabled to be a witness to the extent of his resources in this way, and his facility in using them. In those conversations (to which my contributions were naturally very scanty, and seldom anything more than the asking of questions), he never allowed any but the most momentary pauses to intervene; but passing on from topic to topic, as they came to him, unsought for, in rapid succession, he would go on for hours conversing away, unimpeded by any obstructions, for he made no efforts to produce effect, and seemingly as if he were only carelessly obeying some hidden law of his nature, which had taken all the trouble off his hands. It was in this profusion of materials, and in the power of pouring them out for hours without cessation or fatigue, that the Chief Justice appeared to me to be so peculiar, and, in his own time and country, unrivalled. It was that ever-running 'stream of mind,' such as Johnson had found, and so much prized in the conversation of Edmund Burke."—pp. 78, 79.

We transcribe as much as we can make room for of these conversations:—

"Kilmurry, August 6, 1826.

"CONVERSATIONS WITH THE CHIEF JUSTICE.

"GRATTAN.—"He loved old trees, and used to say, 'Never cut down a tree for fashion-sake. The tree has its roots in the earth, which the fashion has not.'"

"A favourite old tree stood near the house at Tinnehinch. A friend of Grattan's, thinking it obstructed the view, recommended to him to cut it down. 'Why so?' said Grattan. 'Because it stands in the way of the house!'—GRATTAN. 'You mistake, it is the house that stands in the way of it, and if either must come down, let it be the house.'"

"Grattan said, the most healthy exercise for elderly persons was 'indolent movement in the open air.'"

"He deplored the Union, and chiefly from the difficulties it threw in the way of a set-

tlement of the Catholic Question. 'The Constitution in Ireland was never considered as essentially Protestant. Irish prejudices would not have been shocked at seeing Catholic gentlemen in the House of Commons, Catholic Bishops in the Peers, or even at seeing two established religions. But the Union has done some good. It has purified the administration of justice by leading to the appointment of a better class of judges, and by putting them more under the control of the English press.' He frequently resorted to the influence of public opinion as expressed through the press, and called it 'that useful rod, suspended over the heads of men in authority.'"

"He thought that no public speech of Plunket had done justice to his powers; not even the speech of 1813. He also said that, with the exception of the speech for Hamilton Rowan, there was no sufficient record of my father's powers. He had often heard him in petty cases superior to anything else recorded of him."

"The day after Lord Kinnaird came to Ireland, he dined at Plunket's. The Chief-Baron was there. The conversation turned on Lord Castlereagh. Several of the company questioned his sincerity on the Catholic Question. Plunket undertook his defence with much animation; and having stated the several efforts he had made in favour of Emancipation, concluded by saying, 'that, upon that subject, he had latterly made a great deal of character for himself.' 'He has (said the Chief Baron, in his dry way), and, depend upon it, he'll lose no time in spending it all like a gentleman.' Lord Kinnaird was delighted with the sarcasm, and said to me in a whisper, 'if I am to hear nothing but that, I am rewarded for coming to Ireland.'"

"Your father's memory was surprising. I once casually observed to him, that I thought it a common error to suppose that men did not know their own characters. Twenty years after, he said to me, 'I quite agree with you in an observation I remember to have heard you make. The truth is, every man knows his real character; but as he has come by his knowledge of it confidentially, he makes it a point of honour not to admit the fact—even to himself.'"

"He was speaking to me about my life of my father, when, in explanation of my having become his biographer, I told him that three or four days after his death, Woulfe, who was then in London, called upon me to apprise me that some of the Irish connected with the press there, were already going about among the publishers, and proposing to write his life; that their sole object was the money to be made by the speculation,

and that not one of them was competent to produce anything that would be creditable to my father's memory; that Woulfe urged upon me to undertake the office myself, and at once to announce my intention, so as to prevent any publisher from encouraging the speculation in question, and that after talking over the matter with Woulfe, I came to the determination of acting on his advice. When I had finished, the Chief Justice suddenly pulled up his horse, turned in his saddle towards me, and, for the moment, rising in tones and gestures above his ordinary manner, said, with some emotion, 'You were quite right. It was your duty to bestride his remains, and protect them from the vultures.'

"He said he discovered some time ago, to his amazement, that the Chief Baron writes poetry, and good poetry."

"The Chief Justice related to me the particulars of his meeting with the King at Slane Castle:—

"Saurin and I went down together, and arrived barely in time to dress for dinner. I had never been seen by the King, but once at the levee. On going down stairs, I met him coming up. The rencontre was most embarrassing, for I imagined that he would not recognise me; but I was at once relieved. He said, 'Bushe, I believe you don't know the ways of this house,' and taking me under the arm, conducted me to the drawing-room. In one moment, I was as much at my ease as if I had been his daily companion.

"I sat opposite to him at dinner. The first words he addressed to me were these (Lady Conyngham, who sat next him, had been whispering something in his ear)—'Bushe, you never would guess what Lady Conyngham has been saying to me. She has been repeating a passage from one of your speeches against the Union.' He saw that I started, and was rather at a loss for what to say, and instantly changed the subject by recommending me to try a particular French dish, from which he had been just helped. 'This (said he) I can recommend as the perfection of cookery. My cousin, the Duke of Gloucester, often produces it for his guests, but always fails in it. It is the same with all his dishes. He has a remarkable talent for giving bad dinners.'

"The King soon after returned to the Union. 'My early opinion was (said he, addressing Saurin) that your and the Solicitor-General's opposition to the measure was well founded, and since I have seen this glorious people, and the effects produced by it, that opinion is confirmed; but (he added, as if correcting himself) I am sure you will agree with me in considering that, now the measure is carried, you would both feel it your duty to resist any attempt to repeal it

with as much zeal as you originally opposed it. But you all committed a great mistake. Instead of direct opposition, you should have made terms, as the Scotch did, and you could have got good terms.' He then summed up some of the principal stipulations of the Scotch Union (he had history at his fingers' ends). Saurin said (a very odd remark, as it struck me, to come from him), 'and the Scotch further stipulated for the establishment of their national religion.' 'You are quite right,' said the King; 'they secured that point also; but—no, no,' he added, hastily checking himself, 'you must pay no attention to what I have just said. It would not be right to have it supposed that I entertain an opinion, from which inferences might be drawn that would afterwards lead to disappointment.'

"In the evening, despatches arrived from England, containing an account of the tumultuous proceedings at the Queen's funeral. The King expressed, without the slightest reserve, his dissatisfaction at the want of energy shown by the Government on the occasion, and contrasted with it the firmness of his father during the riots of 1780. He detailed the particulars of the late king's conduct upon that occasion, who, he said, expressly sent for him to be a witness of it, for the regulation of his own conduct upon any similar emergency. He concluded by suddenly saying, in an altered and broken voice, 'I shall never again see such a man as my father.'

"The King spoke of the run of luck that he had lately had—'his getting round the Land's End just a few minutes before the wind changed, and his consequent arrival at Holyhead two days before the other vessels—his landing in Ireland on his birthday, which had been the wish of his heart—and finally, his glorious reception by the people.' Among the lucky incidents, he suppressed the news of the Queen's death.

"The King's accent had the slightest intermixture of the foreign.

"He has been known to say, 'I wish those Catholics were damned or emancipated.'"

"A difference of political sentiment dissolved the intimacy that had for many years subsisted between Curran and Yelverton. Curran thought him a corrupt politician, and expressed his opinion with great severity, before Yelverton had derived any benefit from his desertion of his former principles. 'But after all,' said a friend to Curran, 'you see that he has got nothing for himself or his family.' 'Oh! that only shows that a man, though a keen sportsman, may be a very bad shot.'"

"The Chief Justice's opinions on Catholic affairs are much stronger on the popular side than I had imagined. He thinks Woulfe's

pamphlet by far the best that he ever read upon the Catholic Question. It contains views (he says) that struck him as quite original."

"Grattan was firmly persuaded, from the internal evidence of the style, that Burke was the author of *Junius*. Among other instances, he used to insist upon it that no living man but Burke could have written that passage in one of the letters to the Duke of Grafton, 'You have now fairly travelled through every sign in the political zodiac, from the Scorpion, in which you stung Lord Chatham, to the hopes of a Virgin in the house of Bloomsbury.'"—pp. 80-94.

With the single exception of Grattan, Bushe, who had lived through the periods of Ireland before and after the Union, is the person with respect to whom all persons will be most anxious to learn whatever they can.

Of the parts of this publication which are reprints from Campbell's Magazine, one of the most remarkable is the sketch of Lord Plunket. In it our author takes occasion to advert "to an accusation frequently made," and which, he says, many persons gave credence to at the time these sketches were written. At Emmet's trial, the case for the Crown was stated by O'Grady (afterwards Lord Guillemore). Emmet entered into no defence, and did not even cross-examine the witnesses for the prosecution. His counsel made no speech. Under these circumstances, it was urged for him that the Crown had no right to a speech in reply. Plunket insisted on the right, and the Court decided with him. Plunket's speech was described as unreasonably harsh towards Emmet; and, to give colour to this assertion, a passage was interpolated in the report of Emmet's address to the Court, in which the dying enthusiast was made to pronounce a bitter invective against "the viper that his father had nurtured in his bosom."

Plunket instituted legal proceedings against a London journalist in vindication of his character, and obtained a verdict. He also, in another case, applied for a criminal information against a Dublin bookseller, who published the same libellous statement, and filed an affidavit denying every material fact in the allegation. Mr. Curran tells us that, at the trial, there was not one word uttered by Emmet bearing the remotest allusion to the charge.

In what way the speech alleged to be Emmet's was manufactured, or by whom, we do not know; but within these few days curiosity led us to look at one of the little books called "*Lives of Emmet*," to see whether the traders in such ware continued to print the passage. It would appear that they do not; but a strange sentence occurs, in which Lord Norbury is spoken of as "a serpent wallowing in blood." A gentleman who was present at the trial assures us that nothing of the kind was said.

Mr. Curran's Irish Bar sketches are six in number — Plunket, O'Connell, Goold, North, Wallace, Doherty. The two first names belong to the general history of the empire; and of both, it is probable, as no such perfect picture of either elsewhere exists, that Mr. Curran's portraits will be those which the future narrator of the story of the times in which they lived will be glad to adopt. Of what Plunket has spoken accurate records will remain to justify Curran's estimate of his powers. Of O'Connell it is scarce possible that something shall not be preserved; yet he flung himself away, we almost think too generously, on objects in their nature temporary. We have always felt O'Connell to be infinitely above the miserable local politics in which he appeared to us unworthily entangled; and the great question of his life it seems to us not only might, but would have been sooner and more happily determined, were it not for the interruption he was mainly instrumental in creating. But a great, a good, and a generous man we believe him to have been; and of all these qualities ample proofs are given in Curran's volumes. At the time Curran's sketch was published, he could only have been heard of in England as a factious, turbulent tribune of the people. That he was a great lawyer was to them a fact first communicated by Curran. The sketch of Doherty does not satisfy us; but, in truth, it was not until after the year in which that article appeared that Doherty's power appeared in anything of full development. North's is a kindly notice of a remarkable man; but with him Curran's relations of thought appear to have been what Charles Lamb would have called those of imperfect sympathy. Wallace is a sketch well worth careful perusal.

It is that of a vigorous-minded, self-educated man, who forced his way to the foremost ranks of a jealous and exclusive profession, and whom nothing but his having to drudge out life in a province could have prevented from obtaining high distinction.

We have reserved until after we had noticed the other sketches, that of Serjeant Goold. This pleases us the best of all. It is wholly unsusceptible of abridgment, and no extracts could give any adequate notion of it. It must have greatly delighted and essentially served Goold. In a tone of cheerful badinage, every little peculiarity of manner is brought out—everything that can awaken a playful feeling in the reader's mind—while no one good quality of a man who had in him much of good is omitted. Goold had, it would seem, dashed through a good deal of money, and was almost, if not altogether, a ruined man to all appearance, when he first applied himself diligently to the labours of his profession. There is an amusing allusion to some apocryphal adventures of his in the German courts. Doubtful hints, in which we hear of a "palatine princess—jealous husbands—babbling maids of honour." When Burke's "Reflections on the French Revolution" appeared, Goold published a pamphlet in vindication of Burke. This brought a kindly letter from Burke, and an invitation to Beaconsfield. Lord Fitzwilliam was at Beaconsfield, and on his way to Ireland. Goold was too late to catch the Viceroy, and some reasonable hopes which he had of promotion were disappointed, and he had to work hard, depending alone on such support as the public—that is, as the attorneys—were disposed to give. Goold's talents and powers of being of service were of that unmistakeable kind which attorneys are quick-eyed to perceive.

From this sketch we must give a sentence:—

"Serjeant Goold's practice has been, and still is, principally in the *nisi prius* courts. I have not much to say of his distinctive qualities as a lawyer. He is evidently quite at home in all the points that come into daily question, and he puts them forward boldly and promptly. Here indeed, as elsewhere, he affects a little too much of omniscience; but unquestionable it is, that he knows a great deal. There is not, I appre-

hend, a single member of his profession less liable to be taken by surprise upon any unexpected point of evidence, or practice, or pleading, the three great departments of our law to which his attention has been chiefly directed. But there is no want of originality in his appearance and manner. His person is below the middle size, and, notwithstanding the wear and tear of sixty years, continues compact, elastic, and airy. His face, though he sometimes gives a desponding hint that it is not what it was, still attests the credibility of his German adventures. The features are small and regular, and keen without being angular. His manner is all his own. His quick blue eye is in perpetual motion. It does not look upon an object: it pounces upon it. So of the other external signs of character.

"His body, like his mind, moves at double-quick time. He darts into court to argue a question of costs with the precipitation of a man rushing to save a beloved child from the flames. This is not trick in him, for, among the collateral arts of attracting notice at the Irish Bar is that of scouring with breathless speed from court to court, upsetting attorneys' clerks, making panting apologies, with similar manifestations of the counsel's inability to keep pace with the importunate calls of his multitudinous clients. Serjeant Goold stands too high, and is, I am certain, too proud to think of resorting to these locomotive devices. His impetuosity is pure temperament. In the despatch of business, more especially in the chorus-scenes, where half-a-dozen learned throats are at once clamouring for precedence, he acquits himself with a physical energy that puts him almost upon a par in this respect with that great 'lord of misrule'—O'Connell himself. He is to the full as restless, confident, and vociferative, but he is not equally indomitable; and I have some doubts whether, with all his bustle and vehemence, he ever ascends to the true sublime of tumult, which inspires his learned and unemancipated friend. The latter, who is in himself an ambulatory riot, dashes into a legal affray with the spirit of a bludgeoned hero of a fair, determined to knock down every friend or foe he meets 'for the honour of old Ireland.' He has the secret glory, too, of displaying his athletic capabilities before an audience, by many of whom he knows that he is feared and hated."—pp. 196–198.

The second volume of Mr. Curran's work contains a good many essays on subjects of general literature. Of those we think the most interesting are his reviews of Monsieur Musset Pathay's "*Histoire de la vie et des ouvrages de J. J. Rousseau*," and of the "*Napoleon Memoirs*." The fol-

lowing remarks on Rousseau's character, and the circumstances by which it was formed, strike us as important and original:—

"The effects that Rousseau produced, and the extravagances, both of thought and conduct, into which he plunged—that is, his genius and his inconsistencies are—it has always struck us, to be traced to one or two obvious singularities in his condition, which have not been sufficiently observed upon, either by his present historian, or by any of the preceding writers, whether friends or foes, who have laboured to explain, or to expose the character of this extraordinary man. The most striking of these peculiarities was the utter want of coincidence between his theoretic maxims, and his temperament and habits. His education was irregular and vicious. In his infancy he was turned adrift upon the world, with no other guides than the passions of his age, and the licentious examples that surrounded him. For many years he continued a vagabond and an adventurer, sometimes so needy as to pass the night without house or food—inevitably contracting the vices of each successive mode of life upon which he chanced to be flung, but ever, as he has stated it himself, finding consolation, under the severest privations, in the ideal anticipations of a sensual imagination. Before his twentieth year, he had been successively 'apprenti greffier, graveur, laquais, valet-de-chambre, séminariste, interprète, d'un archimandrite, secrétaire du cadastre, maître de musique.'" (i. p. 41.) At that age he found a resting-place; but, as if it were fated that his morals were to be benefitted by no change of fortune, the residence of his protectress became the scene where the last remnant of virtuous restraint, that had survived his wanderings, was to be sacrificed to her example, and deliberate invitation.

"Such was the commencement and consummation of Rousseau's moral education; and it is little to be wondered at, if, in the result, he became, to every practical purpose, irretrievably enervated by the corrupt manners and habits amidst which his youth was passed. But his intellectual character was not so quickly decided. The growth of his faculties, it appears, was unusually slow; up to the age of thirty-nine his talents were unknown to his friends, and almost to himself. He had previously, it is true, obscure intimations of his strength from visitations of ambitious reverie—the inquietude of genius was about him; but up to the very moment of the explosion of his mind, neither Rousseau himself, nor any who had known him, ever anticipated the career that was before him. At last he became an author, being now on the verge of forty. By this time his experience of life, in all its forms, had been great. He had been an acute, though a

silent observer of the varied scenes he had witnessed. He had, for the last ten years, been initiated in the mysteries of Parisian society, then at its most profligate period; and his quick and comprehensive understanding had seized the complicated system of vices, in all their disastrous consequences, with which it teemed. He saw that system, and, with the help of his imagination, in all its deformity. But Rousseau's aversion to the disorders that he afterwards signalled himself in denouncing, had this singularity, that it appears, in the first instance, to have been almost entirely an intellectual repugnance. Perhaps to assert that it was not a moral sentiment, may seem either a perversion of language, or at best a pedantic distinction; but when we remember the history and the habits, both previous and subsequent, of the man, it appears clearly to have belonged rather to that class of moral sentiments, which result from the conclusions of a vigorous understanding (or more correctly speaking, perhaps, may be called those conclusions themselves), than to the instinctive movements of an habitually virtuous mind. Thus by the time that Rousseau's philosophical opinions were formed, his personal morals were gone; and it was his fate to commence his public career, inveterately attached, by taste and temperament, to many of the licentious indulgences, against which he vehemently, and, we do think, very sincerely inveighed. This view, we imagine, will go pretty far towards explaining several of the singularities in his works, and his life."—pp. 121-126.

There are also some personal reminiscences of Barry the painter, whom our author, then a mere boy, had met a little before his death. The notice is, in many respects, interesting, and in one is important, as correcting the notion of Barry's having died in the extreme destitution that had been supposed. At the period of his death an annuity had been purchased for him; "and this recognition of his claims cheered his latter days. He determined on removing to a house sufficiently spacious for the execution of a series of epic paintings that he had long been meditating." In this dream Death found him.

Of Barry's strange mode of life accounts have been before given. The most remarkable till the present was one of a visit by Mr. Southey. Curran when he was taken to see the great Barry was a mere boy; and with the word "great" had associated ideas of dignity and opulence. What was his surprise when he came upon

the actual den in which the old magician lived.

"The area was bestrewn with skeletons of cats and dogs, marrow-bones, waste-paper, fragments of boys' hoops, and other playthings, and with the many kinds of missiles, which the pious brats of the neighbourhood had hurled against the unhallowed premises. A dead cat lay upon the projecting stone of the parlour window, immediately under a sort of appeal to the public, or a proclamation setting forth, that a dark conspiracy existed for the wicked purpose of molesting the writer, and injuring his reputation, and concluding with an offer of some pounds as a reward to any one who should give such information as might lead to the detection and conviction of the offenders. This was in Barry's hand-writing, and occupied the place of one pane of glass. The rest of the framework was covered with what I had once imagined to be necromantic devices—some of his own etchings, but turned upside down, of his great paintings at the Adelphi. Young as I was, I was not insensible to the moral of the scene. I was ignorant at the time whether what I saw had been wantonly provoked, or whether it was cruel and capricious vengeance for non-conformity to popular observances; but whichever might be the case, the spectacle before me engraved upon my inexperienced mind an important truth, which I have subsequently had too many occasions to apply, that genius, however rare, without temper and conduct, is one of the most disastrous privileges, to which man in his mistaken ambition can aspire.

"While I was unconsciously laying in these materials for after-reflection, my friends gave a second and louder knock. It was answered by almost as loud a growl from the second-floor window. We looked up, and beheld a head thrust out, surmounted by a hunting-cap, and wearing in front a set of coarse and angry features, while a voice, intensely Irish, in some hasty phrases made up of cursing and questioning, demanded our names and business. Before my companions had time to answer, they were recognised. In went the head and hunting-cap and surly visage; in a few seconds the door was opened, and I was introduced to the celebrated Barry. I well remember his dress and person, and can recall, almost without an effort, the minutest details of this, and of my subsequent interviews with him. The hunting-cap was still on, but on a nearer view, I perceived that the velvet covering had been removed—nothing but the bare and unseemly skeleton remained. He wore a loose, thread-bare, claret-coloured great-coat, that reached to his heels, black waistcoat, black *et-ceteras*, grey worsted stockings, coarse unpolished shoes with leathern thongs, no neckcloth, but, like Jean-

Jaques Rousseau, whom he resembled in many other less enviable particulars, he seemed to have a taste for fine linen. His shirt was not only perfectly clean, but equally genteel in point of texture, with even a touch of dandyism in the elaborate plaiting of the frills. On the whole, his costume gave the idea of extreme negligence without uncleanness.

"His person was below the middle size, sturdy and ungraceful. You could see at once that he had never practised bowing to the world. His face was striking. An Englishman would call it an Irish, an Irishman a Munster face; but Barry's had a character independent of national or provincial peculiarities. It had vulgar features, but no vulgar expression. It was rugged, austere, and passion-beaten; but the passions traced there were those of aspiring thought, and unconquerable energy, asserting itself to the last, and sullenly exulting in its resources. Of this latter feeling, however, no symptoms broke out on the present occasion. His two visitors were old friends, heartily attached to his fame; and neither of them had ever handled a brush. He greeted them with Irish vehemence and good-humour, and in the genuine intonations of his native province. His friends smiled at his attire. He observed it, and joined in the laugh. 'It was,' he said, 'his ordinary working-dress, except the cap, which he lately adopted to act as a shade for his eyes when he engraved at night.' They told him, they had come to see the recent specimens of his art, and particularly his Pandora. He answered, that they should see that, and everything else in the house. We proceeded to the staircase, when Barry, suddenly recollecting himself, turned back and double-locked the street-door. The necessity of this precaution seemed to bring a momentary gloom into his looks, but it passed away, and he mounted cheerfully before us. He opened the door of the back-room on the first-floor, and entered first to clear away the cobwebs before us. The place was full of engravings, sketches, and casts, confusedly heaped together, and clotted with damp and dust. The latter he every now and then removed by a vigorous slap with the skirt of his coat. There were some engravings there that he valued highly. I forget the subjects, but I perfectly recollect the ardour, and the occasional delicacy and tenderness of manner, with which he explained their beauties. He apologised for the disorder around him, which arose, he said, from want of space, for he could trust nothing in the front-room. The observation introduced the subject of the molestation of his premises. He spoke without much emotion of his mischievous neighbours, and detailed his fruitless efforts to counteract their schemes of annoyance, pretty much as a man would recount his defensive operations against rats, or any other domestic nuisance. In the course of the conversa-

tion, he explained the cause of the solitude in which he lived. While going over the plates executed by himself, he pointed out one or two that he had detected his last maid-servant in the act of purloining. He hinted that she must have been corrupted by the enemies of his fame; at all events, he expelled her forthwith, and never after admitted another within his doors. Some specimens of art lay in his bed-chamber—the back-room on the second-floor. He took us

up there, but I forbear a minute description. For the honour of genius, I would forget the miserable truckle upon which a man, whose powers were venerated by Edmund Burke, lay down to forget his privations and his pride.”—pp. 171–176.

We wish that we had room for further extracts from these very pleasing and instructive volumes, but we have exceeded our space.

ALBERICO PORRO; A TALE OF THE MILANESE REVOLUTION OF 1848.—PART III.

BY AN OFFICER OF THE SARDINIAN SERVICE.

CHAPTER XII.—THE MEETING.

“No man who was not born in Italy, in Poland, or in any country fallen to the same depth of misery and degradation, can form an idea of the bitterness the subjection of one’s country bears with it. It deadens a man’s heart to all other political considerations—it blinds him to all the real failings and shortcomings of his countrymen. He insists that no fair play is allowed them; that all their vices and crimes should be ascribed to their oppressors; no mild or conciliatory measure can assuage his resentment.”—*Italy in 1848.*

It was a cold winter night in the month of December of the year 1847. During the whole of the day a heavy fall of snow had covered the streets of Milan with a sheet of white, but towards evening a shower of rain had succeeded, and swept almost entirely away the vestiges of Winter’s pall. The change, however, was still worse, for the streets were in various parts almost covered with water, and a heavy northerly wind sent the rain dashing in the face of any foolhardy person who ventured forth to meet the inclemency of the weather.

On this night, as if indifferent to the state of the atmosphere, were seen two persons issuing from the Palazzo Borroméo, closely enveloped in large mantles, and pursuing their course towards a long line of small, intricate streets, which leads in the direction of the Castle. What expedition they were on might be difficult to conjecture, but that it was of no pleasant import could be easily seen from the way in which they carefully looked around them, as if fearful of being recognised or followed, perhaps, by some of the many spies in the Austrian police service. After pursuing their path through an interminable number of narrow streets, they at length paused, and carefully gazed around. Not a human being appeared in sight; and satisfied with their scrutiny, they

turned down a narrow court, and cautiously knocked at the door of an old and seemingly dilapidated building, which one would have thought was uninhabited. The knock was a peculiar one, and notwithstanding the advanced hour, it being then past one in the morning, it received immediate attention, for the door opened, and a voice spoke in utter darkness, demanding who was there.

“A friend to justice,” responded one of the two persons.

“In what manner?”

“In seeking redress from Hope itself.”

“Enter, Signor Porro; I recognise your voice well; there is no danger in admitting you, even without the usual formula.”

“Ah! is that you, Borgazzi; I am glad of it. Let us in immediately, for the weather is frightful, although all the better to conceal our meeting.”

“Follow me, signor, but be careful how you descend the stairs. A light you are aware might betray our movements to eyes that are better blinded.”

The man who spoke was Girolamo Borgazzi, a noble and warm-hearted person, inspector of the Monza railroad. He was afterwards mortally wounded by a bullet at the Milan outbreak, and died, deservedly lamented by his friends. His last words were a prayer for his country’s success.

"You need not fear, Borgazzi, I know the locality perhaps better than yourself; and the Baron Pinaldi, my companion, who you seem not to recognise, has also some acquaintance with the mysteries of the place."

"I beg the Signor Barrone's pardon; but we had better descend to the Concordia."

"Proceed, Borgazzi, we will follow you."

Feeling their way down a long flight of stairs, they reached a kind of empty vault. Here they halted for a few moments, whilst Borgazzi proceeded to strike a light from a small tinder-box and candle he carried in his pocket. The instant he had succeeded in doing so, he approached a corner of the vault and removed a small stone. A piece of iron presented itself to the view, which, on being turned several times, a part of the wall opened, leaving a sufficient space for Porro, the Baron, and Borgazzi to enter and descend a small spiral staircase. In a few moments the three persons had descended in safety to a small and narrow passage, which on pursuing for about two hundred yards seemingly terminated. Searching for a few moments, Borgazzi applied his mouth to a small hole in the wall, and whistled three times in a peculiar manner. A noise was then heard as if some individual was endeavouring to remove a heavy piece of masonry, and then a part of the wall opened and disclosed to the sight another narrow passage, terminating in a large vault lighted with torches.

"Mio caro amico," exclaimed a young man who had seemingly effected for them an entrance, "what a pleasure to see you. I have been waiting with impatience for this hour past, Porro, to greet your entrance into our new masonic assemblage of political brotherhood. Ah! Baron, is that you, and in good company, too, for a wonder? Come in, come in, and let me close up our den for fear the fox might scent it."

"Bevilacqua, when will your mad tongue cease to rattle? I thought mine was bad enough once, but yours is decidedly a combination of all the evils," uttered Porro in reply.

"So much the better, for it will protect me from my enemies, without need of other defence. But come, your friends are waiting for you."

He who now led forward the new arrived was the Marquis Bevilacqua, a young man of a high and illustrious family of Brescia. He was killed the same day he joined his regiment, the Royal Piedmont, at Sona, on the 27th April, 1848.

Proceeding down the passage, they entered a large vault, where were assembled some twenty or thirty persons, nearly all of them members of high and illustrious families. The entrance of Porro was warmly greeted by the persons present, as also that of his friend Pinaldi. The scene was a curious one. Many were standing, while others had formed rude seats for themselves from heavy and uncouth pieces of stone, lying around in different parts of the vault. The air was damp, cold, and nauseous; and an attempt had been made to dispel the noxious vapours by kindling a fire, which, in concert with some three or four torches, had, to a great extent, filled the vault, large though it was, with smoke. The persons assembled there had evidently been discussing some subject of importance, which the entrance of Porro and the others had momentarily stopped, for the Count Pompeo Litta was addressing some observations to the others.

"Signori, I am glad my noble friends the Signor Porro and the Baron Pinaldi have joined our meeting to aid us with their counsel. The opinion I advanced but a short time ago, I still retain, even more strongly than I did previously. We should not move or stir without some strong guarantee that we shall be supported by a power, Italian if possible, in the struggle we are thinking of making. Look over the difficulties of the task; pause well and consider them, and you will soon become converts to my opinion. The inertness of the Italian people; their long habits of ease; the want of arms and of able leaders, all present a mass of barriers most difficult to overcome. On the other hand, a strong and powerful army, commanded by a marshal who won his present position by wading through many a field of carnage, supplied with all the necessary materials of war,—these are among the many facts you have to contend with. It is, therefore, absolutely necessary to insure, in any degree, a successful result from our arduous undertaking, that we should be well assured of some ex-

ternal aid, otherwise our undertaking will become but a second Carbonari."

"Noble friends!" exclaimed the Baron Pinaldi, as the Count Pompeo Litta ceased to speak, "there is no one in this assemblage who has perhaps thought more on the condition of poor Italy than I have myself. Although I have spoken little on the subject, yet from circumstances which have transpired in the bosom of my family, there have been feelings raised impossible to crush, that have made my thoughts turn constantly on the subjection of my country to the iron yoke of the rude stranger. What those circumstances were it is unnecessary for me to mention; let it suffice for you to know, since they have occurred I have marked with constant care every sign, every breath of the times, to see if no opportunity offered to free our native land from the hateful yoke which crushed the very beauty and impulse of life itself. The opportunity long sought, and eagerly watched for, has at length dawned upon Italy. The death of the late pontiff, and

the occupation of the chair by Mastai-Ferretti, the vanity which has induced him to become the leader of a popular reform, the excitement such a novel spectacle has occasioned throughout the entire continent, the constitutional grant accorded to Piedmont by her King, the sympathy shown to Italy by the English government, the unanimity of feeling reigning through our country—all present a mass of circumstances most favourable to our purpose. It is our duty to seize upon them, and turn these open manifestations of feeling to the advantage of our country and of our kind. My noble friend, the Count Pompeo Litta, has, with great discrimination, pointed out to you the many dangers you have to meet before you can attain your glorious end, and has told you, before you venture further in the enterprise, it will be necessary to seek some foreign aid. I concur with him in his opinion. The foreign aid you desire you will readily meet with in the ambassador or agent of the British government,* who now is assisting by

* "As regards the conduct of England in the recent affairs in Italy, we are not to believe that it is fully exposed in the official documents delivered to Parliament, nor that her proceedings have been confined to the interchange of diplomatic notes."—*Military Events in Italy*. The author of this tale can readily prove the truth of this statement, for even money was advanced to a considerable extent on the part of an emissary of the English government, in the first origin of the revolution, to assist in its success. The withdrawal of English assistance, soon afterwards, and the breaking of every sacred promise, deserves to be exposed; for as yet no justification has been attempted for the cruel part enacted, in buoying up the hopes of the leaders of the revolution to expect material assistance, and then to abandon them and their country to the brutal outrages of a triumphant foe. The denial made in the House of Commons, by the Minister of Foreign Affairs, should only be taken for what it is worth, as a convenient mode of escaping censure at the time being, when the attention of the public mind was entirely engrossed with the affairs of the continent. Lord Palmerston asserted, on the 21st of July, 1849, "The political independence and liberties of Europe are bound up, in my opinion, with the maintenance and integrity of Austria as a great European power; and, therefore, anything which tends by direct or even remote contingency to weaken and to cripple Austria, but still more to reduce her from her position of a first-rate power to that of a secondary state, must be a great calamity to Europe, and one which every Englishman ought to deprecate, and to try to prevent." If such was the *real* opinion of Lord Palmerston in 1849, why, I should wish to ask his lordship, was not that opinion conceived sooner, before he permitted his agent to pledge himself that the assistance of the British government would be accorded to the Lombard revolution? Why should that agent—and, no doubt, he had good authority—declare not merely privately, but even in presence of hundreds, that the sympathy of the British government and people was in favour of Italian independence? How was that independence to be accomplished without the expulsion of the Austrian from Italy, is more than I can imagine, when it is principally by the armies of the House of Hapsburg that the slavery of my native land continues. The public should bear in mind the declaration made by Lord Palmerston on the same day—"It should be known and well understood to every people on the face of the earth that we are not disposed to submit to *wrong*, and that the maintenance of peace on our part is subject to the indispensable condition that all countries shall respect our *honour* and our *dignity*." Where is the honour of the British people, when it allows the most sacred treaties to be broken, to which itself was a party, without uttering a single protest?—where its *dignity*, when before its eyes are enacted butcheries and infamies, disgraceful to humanity and civil-

isa.

his counsel the efforts of reform. He has assured a friend of mine present, whatever aid the British government can extend to us, will be readily given, as long as the government of England is not openly compromised. Assistance, too, and of a most important kind, and one more congenial to Italian feelings, lies even nearer to the Lombard territory. The King of Sardinia, whose sympathies in Italian independence has often before been evinced, even now is casting an eager and longing glance towards the march of events; and, in my opinion, it would need but a bold determination on our part to fulfil the duty we owe to our manhood, and the glorious recollections of past days, to insure an effective assistance from his army. Signori, I have given you my opinion, not idly

or thoughtlessly, but maturely considered."

When the Baron Pinaldi ceased to speak, a whispering conversation ensued for some time among the persons assembled there; and then a gentleman rose, and proposed a deputation should be appointed, selected from their number, to wait upon Carlo Alberto, in order to solicit his countenance and assistance. The motion was put and unanimously carried, and Signor Porro and the Baron Pinaldi were selected for the purpose. Thus was formed the second conspiracy—the noblest of the Lombard nobility, casting aside ancient feuds and prejudices, had become united heart and soul as one, in life and in death—the Pioneers of Happiness, the Herculeses of Freedom!

CHAPTER XIII.

THE DEPUTATION.

"*L'Italia farà da sé.*"—*Proclamation of Carlo Alberto.*

ON the left bank of the river Po, in a wide and beautiful plain between the hills of Monferrato and the Cottian Alps, rises Turin, the capital of Sardinia. Its clean streets, its magnificent buildings, its beautiful environs, decked with a thousand charms, render it a city of which the heart of every Italian may well feel proud. But when the Sardinian contemplates it, and reflects that there alone, and in its tributary territories, he can raise his voice freely and boldly, to denounce the vices and crimes of the tyrant rulers of his native land, how far greater becomes his pride, and how earnestly he thanks his God that from those fields spread, from year to year, the seed of life and thought, pouring their way onwards like a mighty river, inundating the minds of thousands, and tens of thousands, with the love of true freedom. In its confines still lingers the parting spirit of a Brutus, and from thence, and thence alone, will arise the renovating power of avenging justice!

In the regal and magnificent palace of the King of Sardinia, a few days after the scene we have described in the last chapter, was seated in a room, at about eleven in the morning, a person of some fifty-five years of age. His countenance was a bold and pleas-

ing one, full of expression; his hair almost white; his form apparently powerful, tall, and well made. Before him, on a table, was laid a number of books and maps, and a portfolio containing a quantity of letters and papers, one of which he was busily employed in reading. The person was no other than Carlo Alberto, King of Sardinia.

Carlo Alberto ascended the throne on the 27th of April, 1831, and was born in the year 1798. His career had been one of the utmost difficulty, and was throughout teeming with extraordinary incidents. When heir presumptive to the throne, he associated himself to some extent with the revolutionary faction of the Carbonari, who unfurled the tri-coloured flag in different parts of Italy. For this he drew upon his head the enmity of Austria, who, throughout his whole reign, had more or less shown that the recollection of his revolutionary tendencies still rankled within her heart. A short time after he was serving as a volunteer in the expedition of the Duke d'Angouleme to Spain, and displayed at various times, especially at Trocadero, considerable courage, coolness, and skill. Recalled to Sardinia, he ascended the throne upon the death of Carlo Felice, and devoted himself

until the opening of our tale, with considerable assiduity, to the improvements of his kingdom. He seemed, however, always to look with an eye of jealousy upon the sinister influence Austria exerted, as if by right, over all the states of Italy, and which she attempted even within the boundaries of his own territory. The tortuous system of policy pursued by the Metternich cabinet, the open professions of friendship made by Austria for his person, whilst at the same time she was adopting secret and underhand means to lessen the influence of Sardinia throughout the Italian states, were sufficient to arouse the pride of the King, and to make him view with distrust the hollow tokens of Austrian disinterestedness.

Years rolled on, and the aggressive views of Austria upon Sardinia became more manifest. In 1846, an impost duty of five francs was imposed upon Piedmontese wines entering Lombardy; and this act was sufficient to paralyse the commerce of several of the Sardinian provinces. Differences of other kinds soon after arose, which widened still farther the breach; and the discovery of a treaty between the Emperor of Austria, the Dukes of Parma, Placentia, and Modena, made it manifest that it was necessary for Sardinia to look to her own safety. Exiles from every part of Italy crowded the streets of Turin, and were openly received with a hearty welcome. All foreboded that the storm of words would soon be exchanged for the battle-field of actual warfare.

For some time anterior to this period there had been gradually forming in Italy a strong and powerful party, led by the genius of a Gioberti, a D'Azeglio, a Balbo. Their objects, publicly stated by their writings, and even by the admission of Metternich, was to form Italy into a "confederation of states, subject to the direction of a central supreme power." They seemed to be deeply convinced that the only hope of ever raising Italy from her state of degradation lay in the endeavour to unite the democratic and constitutional monarchical form of government into one. Thus, instead of exciting the enmity of Europe, and arraying against them a powerful influence, they would be able, by adopting a conciliatory course of policy, to draw into their views, and to

the adoption of their principles, the statesmen and advocates of moderate reform. That their opinions were just, ably conceived, and well suited for Italy, time has fully proved, and even by the admission of their bitterest foe, Mazzini, who declared Italy was not ripe for a Republican government.

At the end of the year 1847, the moderate party had drawn over to their views the Pontiff, with the Kings of Sardinia, Naples, and the Grand Duke of Tuscany; and everything seemed to foretell the ultimate triumph of their yet peaceful movement. However successful such a league might prove amongst themselves, it was utterly hopeless to expect Austria could ever be induced to join the Confederation. The whole policy, whereby she governed her heterogeneous territories, was entirely at variance with the adoption of constitutional government, and her whole efforts were bent to crush the hopes of the Liberals. A conspiracy broke out at Rome, formed by Cardinal Lambruschini, a tool of the Austrian Cabinet, followed by an open attack on her part, upon some frivolous pretence, upon Ferrara. Everywhere her emissaries spread themselves, endeavouring to excite insurrections against the constituted authorities, and thereby to terrify the Pontiff and the other crowned heads, who had joined the Confederation, against proceeding further in their march towards reform. Her efforts were partially successful, yet not sufficient to stifle a movement no power, however gigantic, could possibly crush. The *thought* had been planted in the mind; it required the *grave* to annihilate its immensity! Nor can the efforts of any despotic government be able to crush eventually a people determined to be free. The fear of absolutism may float triumphant to-day; to-morrow it lies prostrated before the spirit of Intellectuality, whose guide is Justice, Immortality its hope!

To return to our narrative. After having perused the various papers before him, the King carefully laid them aside; and touching a small bell that lay on the table before him, a gentleman in attendance made his appearance. "Who waits without?" exclaimed the King.

"The Marquis Pasalacqua, in company with two gentlemen, sire, requests an audience of your Majesty."

"Admit them; I expected their attendance."

"So the hour has come at last," muttered Carlo Alberto, as the gentleman-in-waiting withdrew. "The dream of my youth—nourished in boyhood, and cherished in manhood, concealed carefully in the recesses of my heart—is near its realisation. Yet—strange uncertainty of purpose—the hour is come, and instead of my mind boldly leaping forward to hail its arrival, it shrinks at its approach, as if some terrible mystery hung over its fate. Can it be the presentiment of evil, the inscrutable hand which at times warns us of danger? No, I cannot, I will not believe it; rather let me think this unknown vagueness of purpose is but a feeling of terror at the daring step I am about to take—the leap before which expands at every instant the vision I contemplate, in rarer and more glorious colours. But here comes the deputation—to-day received in secret—a few months hence, its object loudly proclaimed."

"Gentlemen," continued the King, as he rose from his seat, while the Marquis Pasalacqua, the Baron Pinaldi, and Alberico Porro entered the room, "it is with pleasure I greet your appearance. I have read over carefully the various documents you handed me at the last interview, and have thought deeply over the proposals of the Lombard nobility. That my heart sympathises fully with your sufferings and wrongs, my actions must have proved to you before now, and especially of late. I have used my influence with every crowned head in Italy, to induce them to respond to the cry heard on all sides, by granting those reforms so essential to the well-being of every people. From each government I have received more or less encouragement to proceed in the course I have thought proper to adopt, with the exception of Austria, who

has sternly refused to listen to any measures which might tend to alleviate your evils. It is easy, therefore, to perceive, from the impulse given to the cause of reform by the holy Pontiff,—by the agitation which prevails through all classes of society—by the continued acts of petty cruelty enacted by the servants of the Imperial House of Hapsburg,—that at no distant period a revolution will become inevitable. Be therefore assured, gentlemen, that if I perceive, at any period hereafter, the slightest opening where the arms of Sardinia may be of use in furthering your efforts to ameliorate your condition—so deeply do I sympathise with you—I will not hesitate to give my countenance openly to your movement. Further I cannot promise."

"Deeply will your Majesty deserve the gratitude of every true Italian," said the Baron Pinaldi, "by the course your Majesty has so generously promised to pursue. The organisation of the Lombard nobility is fast proceeding; the union of the middle classes and the people will soon be accomplished; and joined with the powerful aid of your kingdom, sire, the liberty of Lombardy, and perhaps that of the whole of Italy, will be achieved. May God grant the Italian race sufficient wisdom and spirit to show, on a future day, how deeply they feel the noble and kingly pledge of your Majesty, which, when known, will raise around your throne, sire, the hearts of all Italy."

"Gentlemen, my earnest hope is, *L'Italia farà da sè*. The future glitters with golden promises; on the energy and union of the Lombards depends their realisation."

After conversing a short time longer with the King, whose destiny from that hour was marked out, rich with the ancient spirit of heroic chivalry, the deputation took their leave, with hopes elated, and trembling with a joy long a stranger to their hearts.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE MORNING OF THE 18TH OF MARCH.

"The boldness with which the national party reared its head in Milan itself, the head-quarters of a numerous Austrian army, would seem to have rested on a deeper foundation. . . . It would appear to indicate an anticipation, founded on a secret concert and intelligence, of that explosion which some two months later occurred in every important quarter of the Austrian empire, and on an assurance that the aid of Charles Albert would be extended to the Milanese nobility, upon the contingency so expected."—*Military Events in Italy*.

BRIGHTLY over the face of nature arose the sun on the capital of north-

ern Italy, on the morning of the 18th of March, 1848. For several days

previous the general excitement reigning throughout society, from the highest to the lowest circle, had been extreme; and in every public assembly, garden, and coffee-house, the political course of events were openly canvassed, and the conduct of the Austrian Government denounced in the strongest terms. Not even the infamous enactment of the *guidiccio statario*, which authorised the authorities to arrest, try, and shoot any suspected party in the short space of two hours, was sufficient to prevent hundreds from freely giving loose to their opinions, and to the detestation in which they held their rulers. These decided manifestations of popular will, so unheard of, and carefully reported to Government by their secret agents and spies, were sufficient to create alarm in the minds of the different members which constituted it, and following out the cowardly example set them in France, by the flight of the Citizen King, Louis Philippe, who dared not confront the brave people whose generous confidence and trust he had basely betrayed, several of them openly took fear for their guide, and fled in terror from the scenes of their crimes. The governor Spucer was the first to set the example, and his was soon followed by the minister Figuelmont, who had so courageously boasted but a short time previously, "He held in his hands an *infallible* means of making the good Milanese forget their idol, Pius IX., and their wishes for national independence;" but which, like all coward boasts, turned out to be but the vaunt of a feeble and imbecile mind, incapable of standing by what it asserted. On the day previous the news had reached Milan of an insurrection having broken out at Vienna, and the intelligence spread with lightning rapidity through every part of the city. But a few hours after, the Viceroy of Lombardy, terrified at the ominous aspect of affairs, fled in haste towards Vienna, carrying with him every article of value, even to his moveables; and this but tended to add fuel to the fire of popular excitement and discontent which already reigned around on every side. Such is gene-

rally the dictate of the conscience of those who learn to govern a people, not by their love but by their fears, a coward's flight, with the deserved execration of every pure, honest, generous, and noble mind. Conscience! what a true judge art thou, and how virtuous would not mankind be if they hearkened but to thy silent yet unerring voice, one of the most precious gifts ever bestowed by a beneficent Providence to guide the soul to the Fountain of Life!

It was a Saturday* morning which dawned over the northern city of the German Cæsars, the Cisalpine of modern republican hope. In death-like silence broke the hour on scenes which soon were to be filled with the forms of thousands of human beings, not animated with the common feelings which stir the human mind to encounter the daily business of life, but with those exhibiting the darker and fiercer passions of nature—ferocity, cruelty, and hatred—revenge, despair, and patriotism! Over the calmness of the scene shone joyously forth the rays of the sun, dying with hues of purple and gold the thick clouds floating over the blue firmament of heaven, as if indicative of the approach of the storm, which was to reign not merely in its own sphere, but also in the hearts of the people, over whose head they floated through immensity. Slowly passed along the hand of time, and then a few stragglers were seen quietly calling at various houses, and breaking by the echo of their footsteps the silence of the streets. Gradually the number of passengers increased, but seemingly, as if by some preconcerted plan, the principal part of the wayfarers directed their steps towards the Piazza de' Mercanti, the Duomo, and other places, where conspicuously were posted large placards, by order of Government. The excited looks and manners of the people, after perusing the contents of the poster, told how much their welfare and interest was concerned in the proclamation, and of what importance they deemed it. The announcement was signed by the Conte O'Donnell, and proclaimed by order of the Emperor

* I have noticed with some surprise the mistake made by two or three authors, in attributing the outbreak of the Revolution at Milan to have occurred on a Sunday, and not on a Saturday. It took place, most certainly, on Saturday, the 18th day of March.

of Austria, the abolition of the censorship of the press, and the promise of the convocation of the States of the kingdom, both German and Slavonic, on the 3rd of July next, at farthest.* Beneath the placard appeared another, on which was painted the national emblem of Italy, the tricoloured flag, and under the words were written—"Italians! let your answer be to your Emperor, 'No compromise. A Nationality of our own!' To arrive at this there is but one course, to arms! to arms!"

The promises contained in the proclamation, which time has shown was but an invention to allay the popular excitement, and thus gain time for new specious pretences,† had, even if they contained truth, arrived too late. It was not merely a more open acknowledgment of law which was required, with its more equitable administration—the Lombards desired an Italian dynasty of their own. Thirty-two years of suffering and oppression had taught them the bitter lesson of experience—the little reliance there could be placed in the faith of an Austro-German absolutism. The hour for slight and gradual improvements to keep pace with the steady march of human progression and thought, had long passed away, never to be recalled; for the hopes held out, yet never realised; the promises given, yet always broken; the wearying, yet sickening sensation of long years of prayer and abject entreaties, unheeded, unnoticed—all had conspired to render useless any concessions whatsoever; promises were disbelieved, atonements accepted as a sure sign of weakness; threats but awoke a louder expression of dissatisfaction; in short, the hour of retribution had come! Terrible, yet how beautiful is that hour, when a people,

weighed down by the sense of a thousand acts of injustice, rise up spontaneously, prince and peasant mingling indiscriminately together as brothers, to claim the unalienable rights of man, sanctified by the voice of prophecy and the Spirit of God—pale and mute in their stern features, offering their breasts a walled phalanx to the foes' bayonet, their lives a willing sacrifice at the eternal altar of judgment!

At a house in the Corsie dé Servi, at an early hour in the morning, in a spacious room, was seen Porro, and around him collected a number of the members of some of the most influential and most ancient nobility of Italy—the Count Martina, the agent of the King of Sardinia; the Count Hasati; the two chiefs of the Borroméo family; Vrambilla, Visconte, Velgiojoso, Trivuszi, Litta, Pasalacqua, and a number of others, whose ardent love of country and contempt of danger, which they soon after exhibited, has endeared them to their countrymen, and enriched the page of history with the example of a patriotism as lofty and as pure as was ever beheld. On the countenance of each person present was seen depicted the strong marks of mental excitement, the nervous twitching of the hands, the face pale and stern in its expression, the body, moving and restless in its motions, all proclaiming that *the hour had come!* The hour long dreamt of, long thought of, long wished for had come—come at length to crush the galling serfdom of years of agony, of torture, of slavery!—the hour had come to triumph or to die! On their unity and courage, ay, even on their very despair, depended the liberty of their country; the victory of mind over ignorance, of virtue over vice, of justice and honesty over infamy and cruelty!

* The proclamation was as follows:—"The President of H. I. M. Government thinks it his duty to publish the following news, contained in a telegraphic despatch, dated Vienna, 13th instant, which arrived the same day at Chilli, and at Milan yesterday evening:—

"H. M. the Emperor has determined to abolish the censureship, and to publish, without delay, a law on the press, as well as to convoke the States of the Kingdom, both German and Slavonic, and also the Central Congregations of the Lombarda Venetian Kingdom. The meeting will be held on the 3rd of next July at latest.

"CONTE O'DONNELL, Vice-President.

"Milan, 18th March, 1848."

† That the promises made in the proclamation issued by the Conte O'Donnell were never intended to be realised, the author is positive of, for he has seen a letter, in the possession of a friend of his, and written by a Minister of the Austrian Crown, avowing, at the time the proclamation was published, that it was only a *barefaced cheat to deceive the Milanese people, for the purpose of keeping them quiet.*

The hour had come—come like a glorious beam of sunshine—to bid them to cast aside their sloth, luxury, and pleasures; to nerve their arms, to rouse their every energy to the coming struggle, and never to cease their activity until Europe, the world at large, beheld the tri-coloured flag, the emblem of their nationality, floating in peace, protected by their arms, from the walls of every city in Italy! Yes, the hour of retribution had come! the hour of action had arrived!

The Count Pompeo Litta, one amongst the number of those assembled there, rose from his seat, and, unfolding a paper he held in his hands, exclaimed—

“Nobles and friends!—According to the agreement we made on the last occasion we met together, we are once more assembled, I trust in spirit and in unity, to carry out the noble object of creating a nationality of our own. That the difficulties to arrive at this end are great, the obstacles many, I need not conceal from you; but circumstances of a most favourable aspect seem to favour our bold and hazardous undertaking. The secret committee formed by your consent, and of which I have the honour of being secretary, has entrusted me with the document I hold in my hand, to communicate to you its contents. They are as follows:—

“*The Directions of the Committee of the Lombardo Consulta to the Members of the Society:*

“The mission entrusted to our hands has been satisfactorily completed. From every part hope smiles upon the efforts we have all jointly made. The majesty of Piedmont has formed the alliance on the terms understood, and has entered into a solemn engagement. The Pontiff has accorded to us his blessing on our enterprise. These facts are entrusted to the honour of the members of the Lombarda Consulta to hold as sacred trusts, divulged only to inspire them with confidence in the success of their mission. The committee has also been assured of immediate assistance from various quarters, directly the manifestations have become openly demonstrated, and have fixed the eighteenth day March of this year as the signal agreed on. The different duties in directing the signals

have already been made, and the members of the Consulta are entreated not to lose time, so valuable in its consequences, in responding to the call, involving their honour and eternal welfare.

“Signed by the

“Chairman . . . HOPE. □

“Secretary . . . DUTY. ≡*†

“Gentlemen, from the document I have read to you, you will perceive the hopes of our members in attaining their most holy end is far from being so difficult of realisation, when we have the positive assurance, if we rise this day to vindicate our rights, to claim what we have been robbed of, within four or five days hence the brave army of Sardinia will enter Milan, to assist our cause of justice and of patriotism, and to witness our triumph. May God in his mercy *will it to be so*. This moment, whilst I am speaking, the work of independence has already commenced; for not until last night was I informed by a friend present, a member of our Consulta, but whose name I cannot divulge, of the existence of a society, whose ramifications have spread with an extraordinary rapidity throughout the whole of Italy, and whose objects are similar to our own—the independence of country—and whose members are at the present hour hurrying from every part to join the work of justice, which they have determined shall commence this day. On the certainty of this fact, the committee of the Lombarda Consulta, not without due caution, determined to aid in the holy effort, conjointly with the members of the society I have named. But another most important fact I must not omit to communicate to you, which is—amongst the members of the society, of which my friend is president, there are no less than some four hundred who are at the present time in the Austrian service, and who, the instant we rise, will immediately desert the ranks of slavery and of shame to join those of freedom and virtue.† That you will receive them as brothers I cannot doubt, who, for a time, have forgotten the duty they owe their country only to awaken from

* The document I have translated nearly literally from the original MS.

† “That the Italian regiments were, in many instances, falling away from Austria, could be no secret to Charles Albert. The particular agency by which these extensive defections were prepared and accomplished has never been made known.”—*Military Events in Italy*.

their dream, dictated by an honourable sense of feeling, to fly to combat with their brothers in the battle of national independence. The importance of this fact, joined with others communicated to you by your committee, must tend to inspire you not merely with hope, but with the certainty of success. At noon, therefore, this day, I call upon you, each and all, by the solemn pledges you have entered into—by your hopes of in future enjoying the real liberties appertaining to man—by the sacred duties you owe to country, to home, to family, and religion, to meet at the Broletto,* there to enter upon the commencement and end of the glorious consummation of liberty to Italy. The Viceroy, the Governor, and other members of the Austrian

Government, have already fled—fled without a shot being fired. Their flight is the signal for your rise—the token of the certainty of your triumph. Let your motto be the same as used in the days of Peter the Hermit, when it spread from mouth to mouth, and echoed through every part of Europe, calling forth an enthusiasm bordering on frenzy—‘It is the will of God!—it is the will of God!’”

Loud applause followed the speech of the Count Pompeo Litta, and the soul-inspiring cry of “It is the will of God!” resounded in the room. The hour had come, the die was cast: in that startling cry echoed the feelings long controlled, but now impossible to be subdued—Retribution!—Justice!—Freedom!

CHAPTER XV.

THE STRUGGLE FOR FREEDOM.

“They never fail who die
In a great cause; the block may soak their gore,
Their heads may sodden in the sun, their limbs
Be strung to city gates and castle walls—
But still their spirit walks abroad. Though years
Elate, and others share as dark a doom,
They but augment the deep and sweeping thoughts
Which overpower all others, and conduct
The world at last to freedom.”—BYRON.

THROUGH the streets of Milan pour a countless multitude of people, the greatest part of whom directed their steps towards the Town Hall of Milan. Gloriously grand and noble was the spectacle they offered—one sole feeling, one sole hope, one sole thought animating their hearts—the love of country. In them was awake once more the ancient spirit of nationality, starting again from the grave of centuries, the bound of years forgotten in the spell animating each arm, each heart—heaven-born Liberty. Lovely is that feeling when sincerely felt, for there neither ambition places its gory hand, nor passion, with any of its sinful sensations, but all is pure, bright, and true in its golden rays of love. Brother unites with brother, class with class, animosities, prejudices, all forgotten alike—the spirit of true Christianity claiming them as her children, worthy of the intellectuality of mind. Unarmed as they were, still their thoughts were freely given loose to,

and from voice to voice was echoed the cries of “Long live the independence of Italy!” “Down with the police!” “Away with the Tedeschi!” In a mass of confusion along the streets pour that wild multitude, till they arrive before the municipal palace. Here they were met by the Podesta of Milan, the Count Hasati, and the various municipal authorities, who placing themselves at their head, moved onward towards the palace of the Governor, the Count Spucer. As they approached their destination, the two Austrian soldiers who stood guarding the large entrance-door of the palace took alarm, and long accustomed to act upon their own authority to insult the people with impunity, at once fired upon the crowd advancing towards them. For a moment the people paused, and then rushed upon their minds the bitter memories of a thousand injuries, and loud broke from their lips the cry of “Death to the Tedeschi!” And on-

* The Broletto, a building appropriated to the Municipal Council.

ward, like a mighty stream, poured the multitude, strong in their might, in the justness of their cause, and in an instant the two soldiers fell dead before the fifty arms that struck them to the ground—the first offering at the shrine of Justice! The first blood was shed—the first charm broken—the spell of fear of long years crushed. Before them stood Hope, beckoning with her inspired hand towards freedom!—behind chains, slavery, torture, and death! Could they pause? No! a thousand times no! And onward they rush, and in a few moments more the entire guard of the palace was disarmed, and stood helpless before the infuriate multitude. Death they deserved; but still that maddened crowd, even in the first triumph of the moment, burning with the oppression of long years, respected the helpless state of their prisoners, and remembering that blood but sullied their holy cause, they paused in their path of revenge, and spared the lives of the Germans! Noble revenge! true spirit of liberty! that in the hour of power spares the hand that injures! Still their task was but commenced, and they must wring from the hands of their oppressors what was refused to their prayers and entreaties. Up again resounded through the air the cry of “Arms and a civic guard!” and in the absence of the other Austrian authorities the Vice-President, the Conte O'Donnell, tremblingly signed the decrees authorising the police to surrender their arms, and the municipality to form a civic guard.* With loud shouts of “Viva la libertà!” the crowd, still headed by the municipal authorities, retraced their steps towards the Broletto. In an instant more, and from the highest summit of the building suddenly floated in the breeze, like a glorious ray of light, the long lost and cherished banner, the national tri-coloured flag of Italy. Could the feelings of a suppressed race be any

longer contained, when again, after many a year, waved on high the dear emblem of their nationality? No, it is only those who have ever felt the galling feeling of slavery, the spectacle of child, wife, and sister existing and living merely at the arbitrary will of a fearful power—to-morrow perhaps the lash torturing their delicate limbs, the iron chain covering their arms, the rude grip of the soldier insulting their virtue—who can imagine the wild joy of exultation that fills the heart at the very sight of a tattered flag that promises them a release from scenes disgraceful to humanity, to civilisation, and religion. And with eyes wet with tears, and with frantic expressions of joy, was again and again that banner of freedom greeted by the Milanese. The poor exile, torn from his home, wandering in the land of strangers, feeling no warm heart beating responsive to his own, and capable of understanding the various sensations which momentarily govern his heart, never recalls the memory of that moment without a feeling of burning and proud joy. He will yet live to see again the day when once more that flag, that flag of love, will float triumphantly in the van of battle, and never rest till it covers and for ever the blood-stained banner of the House of Hapsburg!

But hark! what is that sound that suddenly booms in the distance, like the vibration of thunder? It is the signal gun of the Castle, calling twenty thousand troops to arms, and fired by the order of Marshal Radetzky. It acted like a spark of fire on the people, and instantly, awake to the danger of the moment, uprose high and clear the cry of “To arms! to arms!” and the multitude crowded to the narrow streets which intersect the Broletto from the Castle. Then was beheld one of those curious and strange spectacles, marking the energy, the spirit, and determination of a people. Like a light of inspiration, every one seemed

* The decrees signed by the Conte O'Donnell were as follows:—

“The Vice-President, seeing the necessity of maintaining order, authorises the municipality to arm the civic guard.

“CONTE O'DONNELL.”

“The guard of the police will give up their arms to the municipality immediately.

“CONTE O'DONNELL.”

“The direction of the police is abandoned, and the security of the city is confided to the municipality.

“CONTE O'DONNELL.”

to understand the work he had to accomplish. The stones and pavement in the streets were instantly, as if by magic, torn from their foundation, and carried into the houses on either side of the streets. Large pieces of furniture, beds, pianofortes, chairs, tables, and fifty other miscellaneous articles, were thrown from the houses, and barricade after barricade sprung up with the rapidity of lightning. Women, and even children, assisted in the work of preparing to resist the foe. Noble matrons, wives, sisters, daughters, mingled in the thickest of the crowd, exhorting the men to remember they were slaves. "Work!" exclaimed a lady of the highest rank to one who paused to take breath, "work if you are worthy of manhood!" "Do not forget your brother in prison!" uttered a delicate young girl to another; "remember how joyful will be your meeting!" Little children of seven and eight years of age assisted to carry the stones into the houses, while quantities of boiling water were prepared to be cast upon the heads of their assailants. Such was the glorious animation inspiring the hearts of all, and making every infant a hero—what will not slaves do, to burst the bondage that chains them to mother earth—the godlike spirit, the heroism of the true soul!

Before the large space of ground facing the Castle of Milan, a large, imposing body of Austrian troops formed in serried columns. Confident in their numbers, and despising the weakness of a people they had long been accustomed to look upon as devoid of courage and unity, they moved forward to the attack with the certainty of an easy victory. Little did they imagine that even a coward becomes a hero when driven and goaded to desperation by the exercise of a tyranny passing the bounds of human comprehension—brutality, hatred, its passion; virtue, liberty, its bitterest foes. The sword of Justice was drawn—its glittering rays waved on high—the children of her choice, stern, pale, and with throbbing hearts, awaited the Austrian, calling upon Heaven to aid their battle of righteous retribution—to witness with what truth and sincerity their hearts beat with the love of country and independence. Yes; that cry, that earnest prayer of heart, embodying the eternal rights of hu-

manity, was heard; soon to echo through Europe, startling the despots of the world with its wild shout of long-suppressed joy—its bold determination to be free. Can the soul be enslaved? Never! It wings its flight to paradise—Eternity, its glorious own!

Loud through the air pealed forth the shrill sound of the trumpets, and onward advanced the Austrians to the attack. The first barricades are soon reached; and then commenced the deadly strife—the strife on which depended the hopes of an entire people. The first obstacles are soon removed; but the further the Austrians advance, the more earnest becomes the combat, the courage of the Milanese rising with each new triumph of their foe. Fight on, fight on, brave hearts! it is better to die as men than to live on as slaves. See how those delicate females aid you in the struggle—those females so dear to your heart;—the mother, the sister, the wife, cheering you on by their presence, dauntless in the midst of every danger. Unarmed as you are, still see how those terrible stones, those large masses of pavement, carry death and destruction in the ranks of your foes, often crushing to death both man and horse. Fight on! yes, fight on! fight for your liberties, for your manhood, for the dearest ties that make life sweet and dear to man, for the bold independence that courage itself can ever earn. Does not Justice stand by your side—does not heaven smile upon your efforts? Yes; your cause is one worthy of the brightest efforts of heroism; and without the means of insuring victory, nobly are you doing your duty. On, on again to the attack; throw stone upon stone on the enemy; pour the boiling water upon their heads—you may yet triumph in your despair. Hark to those frightful screams, to the shouts of command, the groans of the dying! and then see your brave countryman, Martina, who, in his last moments of life, still echoes the only wish of his heart, "Long live the independence of Italy." The enemy has paused; your desperation has startled him. But again he advances, no longer as formerly, in heavy columns, but now in long lines on either side of the streets, protecting himself as well as he can by the numerous balconies that project from your houses. Again

the fire of musketry is heard ; the bells pealing loud the call to arms ; and the steady discipline of the enemy must prevail. Every inch of ground dispute as becomes your manhood ; for Europe, the world at large, stands a spectator of your acts. Recall from the grave the ancient spirit of your forefathers, and let it nerve your arms with the courage of the tigress defending her young. Alas ! the enemy still gains ground, and you are driven from street to street. Great God ! look down and aid in their weakness those poor victims of oppression and torture !

The combat had now continued nearly four hours, and the Austrian foe had only gained, after a fearful loss of life, the approach to the Town Hall of Milan. Here the battle became more desperate than ever, as the Broletto was defended by a small band of the noblest families in Lombardy. In vain did the enemy make effort after effort to force the massive gates ; they were driven back each time with terrible loss of life. Cheering each

other on by word and by act, the Milanese displayed a courage truly heroic. No danger seemed too great to encounter ; no obstacle too difficult to overcome. At length the enemy succeeded in planting a petard opposite the great gate, and in a moment more the gate was driven in, and the Austrians were pouring into the building. Hand to hand, the oppressor and the oppressed met in desperate fight—no quarter asked, no quarter given. Vain the efforts of the Milanese ; fruitless that hopeless struggle ! An armed foe, with overpowering numbers, has gained the day ; and the Broletto is in the hands of the Austrians. That dear standard, reared but a few hours ago—the glorious pledge of your nationality—disappears from the spot where it but a few moments ago floated so triumphantly ; and night comes, as if in mourning, to weep with you, Milanese, for the mournful end of that glorious struggle so happily begun. Weep, yes, weep ; the foe is triumphant, and on your heads seems gathering the vengeance of tomorrow.

ANTIQUE GLIMPSES.

GREY-faced Spirit, let us sit,
 Sit and muse an hour with thee ;
 While before our visioned eyes
 Something of the past may rise,
 Rise, and live again, and flit,
 As through a sphere of alchemy.

Come, thou jocund firstling, come
 Mounted on thy milky goat.
 Dusky form, with Indian brow,
 We can hear thy piping now,
 Cheerful as the cricket's hum,
 Adown the sunny silence float.

Beside thy path a ruddy shape
 Chants snatches of old song divine ;
 While slyest lights around his hair
 Are sliding, as in thickets there,
 With head thrown back upon a vine,
 He lips the purple drooping grape.

And who art thou, and who art thou,
 With ringlet-hidden eyes demure ?
 We know thee, too, thou rosy, coy,
 Low-lisping, lithe Italian Boy :
 No marvel that thy beauties' lure
 Should draw the nymphs to kiss thy brow.

Who follows next? The wingèd Girl
Who loved thee, roving by thy side,
In balsam breathings through the may
Of many a lonely amber day;
When she would wreath thy locks, and hide
Her blushes in some golden curl.

Come, Naiad, draped in woven weeds,
And dripping lilies of the stream—
Sweet image! o'er thy wat'ry cheek
The sunshine plays in touches meek;
And slanting o'er the level meads,
Crowns thy cold forehead with its beam.

Hark! from yon temple near the shore,
Piled high with many a marble shaft,
There comes a rush of wings, and lo!
A shape mercurial, white as snow,
Winks at the towns he hurries o'er,
From close-capp'd brow of wit and craft.

See where the autumn river's drift
Curves slowly round the fields of corn;
Its red-faced god, with rushes crown'd,
Sits by the windless bank, embrowned
With fallen leaves, and seems to lift,
And faintly blow his wreathed horn.

But who is this that seems to pass
Like music from the noon-white sky?
What form of beauty, grace, and bloom,
Toward yonder bower of myrtle gloom
Comes floating o'er the sun-warm grass,
In soft Olympian majesty?

Ah, who could miss thy name, though screened
In golden clouds thou movest thus;
With blossomed mouth, and breath of musk,
And eyes as sweet as summer dusk;
And breast with tremulous azure veined,
Like vase of white convolvulus?

Oft in yon sunset's banquet space
The radiant ranks of deity
Feel their immortal pulses throng
With lovesome tumult, when thy song
Fountains the stillness, and that face
Looks earthward o'er the splendrous sea.

But, while we muse, the wint'ry god,
Who moves the winds and floods the springs,
With sadden'd face, grey as the thaw,
And beard of icicle and snow,
Above the distant lonely road,
Sails silently on wat'ry wings.

And on yon desolate summit curled
In cloud, above the wave and blast,
Deject in dreams of lost command,
A group of old Forms, solemn and grand,
Look mournfully across the world,
Ere melting nightward in the vast.

T. I.

ODES OF ANACREON.

ODE LII.

ON THE WINE PRESS.

THE young men are piling in osier baskets
 The fruits of the ripened vine ;
 The village maidens stand by them laughing,
 Their glorious black eyes shine ;
 As they tread out the juice of the golden grape,
 And the wine-vat fills to the brim,
 How merrily floats on the autumn wind
 The sound of the Bacchic hymn.

The old man drains from the beechen goblet
 The juice as it bubbles to light ;
 Then dances along the sunny meadows,
 And shakes his hairs snow white.
 Hurrah ! old man, for the golden grape,
 And the spirit that swells within ;
 And crown thy head with the freshest flowers,
 Though scant thy locks and thin.

The young man filled with its fire, surprises
 A beautiful village maid,
 Asleep on a bed of lilies and roses
 In yonder leafy glade :
 And he blesses the juice of the golden grape,
 And Semele's smiling son,
 For the beautiful maid, who had oft refused,
 In that moonlight hour was won.

ODE LXV.

ON GOLD AND WINE.

WHEN gold, like some deceitful slave,
 With feet, wind-wingèd, flies,
 Think'st thou I weep, or idly rave,
 Or toil for new supplies ?
 No, no ; my heart with sunshine swells,
 My lute proclaims my joy ;
 My festal flower, my wine-cup, tells
 My scorn of such a toy.

My soul relieved from thoughts of gold,
 Gives to the wind its care ;
 I revel as in days of old,
 And chant some sweet soft air.
 But in my elysian moments, lo !
 The slave returns with store
 Of rich old wine, whose purple glow
 Tempts me from song once more.

Avaunt bright tempter !—quit my bow'r :
My lute, the songs I sing,
Give me more joy in one short hour
Than *thou* couldst ever bring.
Well do I know thy poisonous arts—
Thy schemes in smilings drest—
Away ! betrayer of young hearts,
Nor blight the minstrel's rest.

Love once was tempted by thy spell,
It cankered all his days ;
It breathed into his golden shell,
And marred his finest lays.
Hence—herd with cold and faithless men,
Who welcome thee with glee ;
My lute, my bower, yon lonely glen,
Are more than wealth to me.

THE SESSION OF 1854-5.

IN our opening number for the present year, we noticed the abortive first act with which the session of Parliament, recently brought to a close, was inauspiciously begun. It remains now to sum up the results of the subsequent performances, with the same view which then influenced us, of endeavouring to extract instruction for the future from the blunders or crimes of the past. Of the opinions we expressed in January, respecting the policy of the late Coalition Government and the proceedings of Parliament under its guidance, we have to retract no item. The events that have since followed prove that the extraordinary measure of convening the Legislature twelve days before Christmas originated, as we then surmised, in a sudden impulse of fear, produced by the development of official ignorance, incapacity, and presumption, into the enormous peril to which the army was exposed in the Crimea. Time has also shown, that from the two legislative acts which the fertility of the ministerial mind was then able to put forth, scarcely any results have as yet been derived. The isles were frightened from their propriety by the calling of an extraordinary session to pass the Militia-volunteering and the Foreign Enlistment Bills, in December, 1854 ; and now, in August, 1855, there are two or three regiments of militia serving outside the United Kingdom under the provi-

sions of the Act ; and not one foreign mercenary has yet joined the army at the seat of war. The Government as a body, had, in truth, no definite policy ; and we now know that many of its individual members were Russian at heart, and had no other object in view but to bring the war in which they had themselves involved the country to as speedy a close as possible, and with as scant an amount of damage to the enemy, either in strength or reputation, as circumstances would permit. The proposition to recruit the army with foreigners, made in such hot haste after the calamitous triumphs of Inkermann and Balaklava, was, perhaps, acceded to by some of the ministers in stupid respect for the precedents of the late war ; but its necessary and obvious tendency was to encourage the enemy, by informing him that our resources were exhausted, and to dishearten the nation by proclaiming an authoritative opinion that it could place no safe reliance upon its own strength and spirit. It is humiliating to be obliged to confess that little doubt can now remain that this tendency was perceived by Mr. Gladstone and his associates, and that it was calculated upon as an efficient means for furthering their designs. The most important operations of the second part of the session were, indeed, exposures of the feeble treason of those half-measure plotters, and their

coincident removal from the position they were unfortunately suffered to occupy too long, to their own indelible disgrace, and to the serious injury of the national interests.

The Session of 1854-5 has been described as one of debates and incidents rather than of legislative work; yet the actual business done was by no means either small in amount or unimportant in character. In the financial department, an income-tax of sixteenpence in the pound, increased duties on spirits and tea, an addition of sixteen millions to the funded debt, an issue of seven millions of Exchequer bills and bonds, to be added to twenty-three millions previously afloat, loans to Sardinia and Turkey (which will be subsidies), to the amount together of seven millions, are, doubtless, monuments of Parliamentary activity at once impressive and durable, although their construction occupied little time, and, except in one notable instance, they were brought to completion without the slightest difficulty or hindrance. In all, 129 bills received the Royal assent since the 12th of December last; and of these, 108 were introduced by ministers, and 21 by private members. The numerical addition to the statutes thus made is somewhat greater than was accomplished last year, when altogether 123 bills passed into law. With the smallness of the quantity of legislative work done we, in truth, see no reason to find fault, and its quality would, in all probability, not have been better, had more important subjects been handled in the faltering and uncertain spirit of the season. As it was, some small legal reforms were effected; a weak struggle to prevent London from being smothered in its own exuviae was begun by the passing of the "Metropolis Local Management Act;" the principle of limited liability in trading partnerships was established in a measure so narrowly framed as to frustrate its practical application; and by the Newspaper Stamp-duties' Act the Herculean task was achieved (accidentally, it is true) of convincing a knot of Manchester demagogues of their own folly. These, and the partial repeal of the restrictive Beer Act, are the main feats in law-making which distinguish the session; and they are not of such a character as to induce us to regret much that there were not more of the kind, or that mightier en-

terprises were not undertaken by those who performed them. The Limited Liability Act will, perhaps, bring some disrepute upon its principle by the clumsiness of the machinery with which its working is encumbered; but the principle has been conceded, and the commercial spirit of the country is too influential to permit of its remaining unapplied. The theory that it is better to allow the small capitalist to employ his savings in trade than to force him to hoard, being now admitted, a way will, no doubt, be found to open money-stockings, and to employ unprofitable bank-balances, without exposing the owners to the risk of utter ruin in speculations in which they may see good reason to make an adventure, although their regular avocations should prevent them from taking an active part in their conduct. Of the Newspaper Stamp Act, the best we can say is, that it will probably be productive of no permanent public mischief. It has lessened the revenue by some two or three hundred thousand pounds yearly, and it has not produced that extension of newspaper circulation which its advocates promised. The cheap press that started into a mushroom existence under its influence has even already almost entirely perished; and if some inconvenience and loss have been entailed upon established journals, and some useless labour imposed upon the Post Office by the change, some good has been done by the exposure made of the presumption and ignorance of the Manchester demagogues, and, it is to be hoped also, by the enlightenment as to the extent to which those individuals represent public opinion, which has been afforded to the Government. Stunned by the bellowing of Messrs. Gibson, Cobden, and Bright, the ministers surrendered the newspaper stamp-duties, as they supposed, to popular clamour. On the other hand, in total ignorance of the state of public opinion, they provoked the Hyde-Park insurrection by shutting their ears to sounds of popular discontent but too audible to everyone outside of the circle of professional politicians, yet only heard there when their violence was so great as to cause that panic in which the novel and absurd limitation of the ancient English right of beer-drinking was partially removed with the unseemly haste of great fear.

Every attempt to make men religious or moral by penal laws has been, and ever will be, futile; and the Beer Act being such an attempt, it was manifestly right to desist from an enterprise which never should have been begun. Yet it is impossible to deny that the manner in which the false step was retraced was injurious to the dignity of Parliament, and damaging to the character of representative institutions. The obnoxious statute was virtually abrogated in a *cour plénière* of the mob; it was merely its formal repeal that was timidly and reluctantly registered by the Legislature. The precedent of a successful invasion of the principles of our mixed constitution was thus set, and will, doubtless, be hailed with pleasure by the Red Republicans of the day; while we may imagine the manes of the ultra-Democrats of the first American Congress to be soothed by the surrender of one of the most ancient aristocratic forms of the English legislature, by which the late session was also rendered remarkable. There is little intrinsic importance in the naked fact, that henceforward messages may be carried between the Houses of Lords and Commons by their respective clerks, instead of, as of old, by Judges, Masters in Chancery, or the Queen's Ancient Sergeant, in the one case, and by Members of the Lower House in the other: but it is curious and racy of the time, that the change should have been made without opposition, and almost without remark, from the English to the American practice, when, some sixty years since, the latter was introduced in preference to the former, only after lengthened discussion, and in the face of much opposition, among the eminent men who inaugurated the constitution of the great Republic.

Into an enumeration of the failures of the late session it would be bootless to enter, even did our limited time and space permit of our doing so. We shall, therefore, proceed at once to a brief consideration of the events that give its peculiar character to this portion of our constitutional history, and that have so much deranged the relations of parties and public men, as to render it difficult to foresee the nature of combinations and arrangements that are, nevertheless, to all appearance, immediately impending. When Parliament adjourned for the Christmas recess, on the 23rd of December,

the rickety condition of the Coalition Government was obvious to every eye; and the general expectation that the resumption of business on the 23rd of January would be the signal for its disruption, was strengthened in every mind by the proof of the hopeless incapacity of its principal members, which each day's report of the sufferings of the army in the Crimea brought, in the interval, to England. It was, therefore, no more than an expression of the common opinion of the nation to which Mr. Roebuck gave utterance on the first night of the second meeting of the House of Commons, when he put upon the books his notice of motion for "a select committee to inquire into the condition of the army before Sebastopol, and into the conduct of those departments of the Government whose duty it has been to minister to the wants of that army." Two days after this step was taken, the House and the country were surprised by an intimation being made by the Secretary of the Treasury that Lord John Russell had resigned his office of President of the Council; and upon the succeeding evening Lord John himself stated, in explanation of his retirement, that he found it impossible to join in opposing the proposed inquiry which (he could not, he said, deny) was demanded by existing evils, and by the fact that effectual means had not been taken to remedy them. His own share in the faults of the past he attempted to lighten by showing that he had remonstrated upon the state of affairs with Lord Aberdeen more than two months before; that he had then demanded that the Duke of Newcastle should be superseded in his post of Minister of War by Lord Palmerston, as the only man available whose experience and inherent vigour of mind fitted him to guide the great operations in hand with authority and success. Lord John cast out an anchor a-head in the shape of a declaration of very bellicose sentiments on his own part, and he exhibited the shortness of his political vision by pledging his opinion that, if a safe and honourable peace could not be rendered possible by Russian concessions, Austria would bring her 500,000 men into the field in aid of the allies. It was at once apparent to the whole world, that the ex-President of the Council saw the danger that impended over his colleagues, and that

he had determined, at once, to secure himself from the storm, and to make preparations for putting out, on his own account, into the troubled waters which their destruction should leave open. His design was seen through, and so universally despised, that when Lord Aberdeen resigned a few days afterwards, upon the defeat of the ministry on Mr. Roebuck's motion, Lord John Russell found himself in a state of complete isolation. No one would join with a man who had deserted his comrades under the very fire of an enemy; and when, amid the uncertainties of the ministerial interregnum that followed, he was applied to by the Queen to form a government, he could not obtain the assistance of a single friend or follower.

The appointment of the Committee of Inquiry was resisted by the ministers, and by a small section of the press in their interest, upon the grounds that it would be virtually a transfer of the executive power into the hands of the House of Commons; that it would weaken the discipline of the army; and that, by the disclosures it might lead to, it would impair the cordiality of our alliance with France. It produced none of these effects, being, in truth, so conducted as to be made a mere farce and blind, in so far as its ostensible purpose was concerned. Persons who could have given important testimony were not called upon; the examinations were carried on in the loosest and most desultory manner, and yet were stopped short in every case in which they seemed likely to elicit disclosures that might be damaging to the higher officials; and in the end, the enormous mass of evidence accumulated was nothing more than a muddled dilution of the statements of the newspaper correspondents, the truth of which no one doubted and it was impossible to refute. Nevertheless, the motion of Mr. Roebuck did good service to the country, and the resistance offered to it by the ministers showed in a remarkable manner the thick ignorance of public opinion which blinded the majority of the members of the Coalition. Nor were their eyes more than partially opened by that extraordinary majority of 305 to 148, which drove them in a body from office. The operation did not prevent the Peelites from courting another humili-

liation, when, making the rescinding of the resolution for the appointment of the committee a condition of their remaining in the revived cabinet, they found themselves obliged to secede, and they did so with the full accord of the entire body of the people. In the course of a close observation of public events, now not of the shortest, we remember no vote of the House of Commons more entirely in unison with the general feeling than that which drove Lord Aberdeen from office; and certainly no retirement of a statesman from the public service was ever more universally satisfactory than that of Messrs. Gladstone, and Sidney Herbert, and Sir James Graham. To every man who went into society of any class, public or private, or who spoke for five minutes with a casual acquaintance at the corner of a street, it was known, that among civilians, soldiers, farmers, artisans, men and women, rich and poor, the common sentiment had been, for many months distrust in those men's honesty and patriotism; the common desire, a wish for their removal from the confidential service of the Crown. Yet, strange to say, it was not until their own presumption forced the conclusion upon the mind of Lord Palmerston, that he, their colleague, discovered that their co-operation was not necessary to the formation of an administration—stranger still, that the leader of the Opposition, Lord Derby, did not even sooner know, that to urge a stern and relentless war upon them and their policy was the only course by which it was possible for him to conciliate popular support sufficient to warrant his acceptance of office. To our mind nothing has ever appeared more remarkable than the general ignorance of what is passing around, and most concerns them, in which our public men are commonly enveloped. Wrapped in the fog and smoke of London, their mental vision seems incapable of perceiving any object but as it looms through that dense mist, which often converts pigmies into giants, or shows some harmless or contemptible reptile in the likeness of a formidable monster. Many instances in point might be adduced; but we doubt if we could cite one more striking than the illusion under the influence of which Lord Derby frustrated what we must suppose to be his own ambition, and scat-

tered his party, by requesting Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Sidney Herbert to accept seats in a cabinet of his formation. Had he no friend at hand to tell him what was said in any drawing-room, or at any dinner-table, outside the charmed circle of placemen, actual or possible—no secretary or barber from whom he could hear the gossip of a club or pot-house? Were his own ears stopped, that he heard no murmur of the general voice? We must imagine that he was thus isolated from the common world, before we can approach to a comprehension of the possibility of a man of his acuteness committing so obvious a mistake as that to which we have referred. The mistake, however, he did fall into, and thus brought to a short ending “those abortive negotiations which (to use the language of the *Times*) made known, in so signal a manner, the weakness and incompetency of the Opposition in the eyes of its own chosen leader.” From that moment Lord Palmerston became, if not the master of the situation, at all events the sole occupant of it. Yet, upon his mind, also, the cloud of ignorance seems still to have lain heavily, obscuring all that was passing around. Before the lucky insolence of the Peelites had relieved him of the opprobrium of their companionship, he had rehabilitated the sham of the Vienna conferences, by commissioning Lord John Russell to take part in them as minister plenipotentiary, for the special purpose of considering Austrian proposals of peace. No sooner had he got rid of his peace-at-any-price colleagues, and begun to rise proportionately in the public estimation, than he promulgated a sort of confession of faith in the pending negotiation, by placing his peace-plenipotentiary in his cabinet, and entrusting him with the seals of the Colonial Office. Yet, all this time the whole country thought and said (as they had thought and said for many months), that the road to peace lay through Sebastopol, and that the way of Vienna could lead only to more extended and more disastrous war. By acting upon that opinion, the people had broken up the Aberdeen ministry, and it was by virtue of its influence that Lord Palmerston became First Lord of the Treasury; yet he appears to have had no clear perception of the strength of the popular feeling, or he

was, perhaps, confounded by the noise and fury of the Manchester clique; for upon no other hypothesis can we explain his persistence in a policy which had already produced such calamitous results, and which was in opposition to every known inclination of his mind. Fortunately for the honour of England this error was counter-vailed by the presumptuous confidence in the vanity and folly of the English and French diplomatists entertained by the Russian Court. The offer to accept a paper guarantee for the limitation of the naval power of Russia in the Black Sea, accompanied though it was by a special *salvo* for the honour of the Czar, and by a concession of the *status quo* in regard to territorial arrangements, was refused. Lord Palmerston got another chance: and Lord John Russell, in his extreme anxiety to make a good stroke, again over-reached himself. When the proposal for a paper limitation of the Russian fleet failed, the Austrian minister, probably with a view to procrastinate, rather than with any hope of its acceptance, proposed “a system of counterpoise”—that the allies should be formally permitted by the Czar to maintain ships in a certain numerical proportion to his own in the Black Sea, which they now sweep from shore to shore, without asking his leave, and upon whose waters a Russian cock-boat dare not venture. Such an arrangement would have been a chronic war, yet Lord John Russell strongly urged its acceptance upon the Cabinet. The light of public opinion was, however, beginning to break through the clouds that darkened the vision of Lord Palmerston, and the new proposal was sternly and peremptorily rejected in a dispatch bearing Lord Clarendon’s name, in which the bubble of the Austrian treaty of offence and defence, of the 2nd of December, was burst, and the British Government declared that “they would prefer the continuation of war to a peace that would not be honourable, nor likely to last.” This despatch was dated upon the 8th of May, Lord John Russell having returned to London in the end of April, and occupied the interval in advocating his views by personal communications with his colleagues. Of all these proceedings not a particle was made known to the nation; but a good deal of suspicion having been excited by the sudden dismissal of the French minister, M.

Drouyn de l'Huys, from the cabinet of the Emperor, our own plenipotentiary, frightened by his fate, again came to the resolution to provide against danger by casting out a stream-anchor in the shape of a loud announcement that his voice was still for war. On the 24th of May, Mr. Disraeli moved a resolution in the House of Commons, expressing "dissatisfaction with the ambiguous language, and uncertain conduct of her Majesty's Government in reference to the great question of peace or war;" and thereupon Lord John Russell got up in his place, and having solemnly denounced the ambition of Russia, declared, "in the words of a high authority, that if she objected to reduce her navy, it would be a proof she intended aggression." She had not merely objected, but contemptuously refused to make any such reduction, to this very lord; and, but a short three weeks before, he had urged his colleagues to admit her objection, to abandon their demand for limitation, and adopting the "principle of counterpoise," to conclude a peace which they pronounced would "not be honourable nor likely to last." But of this latter feature in the case the public, as we have said, then knew nothing, and all ambiguity being purged out of the language of her Majesty's Government by the ex-Plenipotentiary's lucid explanations, Mr. Roebuck and some other members were converted, and the vote of censure was negatived by a majority of 100 in a large house. Out of doors also the tide of opinion turned and began to set strongly in favour of LITTLE JOHN RUSSELL who, with all his tricks, was re-discovered to be a true Englishman at heart. But, a sad marplot is that outspoken press of ours! Upon this occasion, its mischievous activity carried to the ear of Count Buol words spoken in the strictest confidence to the English people, and forthwith there issued from Vienna a circular in which the whole tale we have briefed above was narrated to the world with the cruelest candour. Short-sighted Count Buol! who could not see that his noble friend spoke only for the ear of John Bull, and in a strictly parliamentary sense, when he talked of those servants of German princes among whom "the Russian court distributes rewards, orders, distinctions, and by whom, in some cases, the receipt of money to pay debts will be accepted, and has been

liberally given to them to corrupt the independence and undermine the vital strength of Germany." Thin-skinned Count Buol! who, yielding to the impulse of passion, cast down, in a moment, his chance of getting another order, and perhaps another bribe, by the services of that same friend in hoodwinking and betraying the British nation. The fatal circular did its work, and Lord John Russell stood convicted out of his own mouth of having paltered with the honour and safety of his country at Vienna, and of having deliberately deceived Parliament and people at home. The result was his expulsion from office for the second time within six months. Upon this occasion, Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton performed the part before sustained by Mr. Roebuck. On the 10th of July, Sir Edward gave notice that on the earliest opportunity that might present itself, he should move a resolution to the effect, "that the conduct of the minister charged with the negotiations at Vienna, and his continuance in office as a responsible adviser of the Crown, have shaken the confidence which the country should place in those to whom the administration of public affairs is intrusted." On the 16th of July this motion was ripe for hearing, but the accused man did not await his condemnation. A number of subordinate members of the Government, being less ignorant of the state of public opinion than their chiefs, had intimated that their support could not be counted upon in the approaching conflict, and Lord John Russell, signalling the occasion by a pathetic lament over the instability of fortune and the fragility of party friendships, resigned. The motion for a vote of censure was then withdrawn; and a few days afterwards (July 19) another indictment, preferred by Mr. Roebuck against the Aberdeen Government, including such of the present ministers as were members of it, and founded upon the Report of the Sebastopol Inquiry Committee, was set aside on the "previous question," by a majority of 107.

Lord Palmerston had now baffled his open opponents, and he had also gained a still greater advantage by getting rid of seeming friends, but real and most dangerous rivals. He stood not, indeed, as the minister chosen by the nation to guide it through a perilous crisis, but as the only man whom a succession of storms and accidents

had left at the helm. The confidence felt in his nationality of spirit and hatred of despotism, at the beginning of the session, had been much abated. He was no longer reckoned upon as the statesman who was the minister, not of Austria, nor of Prussia, nor of Russia, but of England. Men are judged of by their companionships; and he had consorted, with too much apparent harmony, with Gladstone, and Herbert, and Graham, and Russell, to escape damage in his political reputation. He was indebted to the folly of the leaders of the Opposition for another chance of retrieving his position. On the 29th of July, Mr. Disraeli and Mr. Walpole joined with Messrs. Gladstone, Cardwell, Cobden, Ricardo, and Co., in opposing a resolution authorising the Crown to guarantee the Turkish loan; and the House being surprised into a division, the ministers were only saved from defeat by a bare majority of three. The result of a different decision would have been the nullification of a convention concluded with France, and virtually a declaration by the Parliament of England that they no longer sanctioned the Western alliance. It was fortunately prevented by the prudence of some Conservative members, among whom we feel satisfaction in being able to specify the representatives of our own city and the honourable and learned member for Youghal. This ill-timed enterprise, undertaken in the very recklessness of party spirit, and in utter ignorance of the state of public opinion, gave a new impulse to the popular feeling. Another small section of party politicians was included among the objects of the popular indignation against philo-Russianism, and Lord Palmerston was again brought out into prominence as the champion of England, and the representative of her determination stoutly to fight her way to an honourable and permanent peace. Enjoying the advantage of the prevalence of that sentiment throughout the country, and strengthening it by his latest words, the minister closed the session on the 14th of August, proroguing Parliament to the 23rd of October. Whether or not he shall then meet it under favourable auspices, must depend upon the course of circumstances, upon the conduct of other public men, but most of all upon his own firmness and fidelity to the

national cause. He has risen to his present elevation upon the blunders and faults of others; he can scarcely be cast down from it except by blunders or faults of his own. A plain course is before him, and the simplest policy will guide him safely to the goal. The common sense of the nation has, in fact, now determined that but one division of parties shall exist. The mass of the people, without distinction between Conservative and Liberal, Whig and Tory, farmer and manufacturer, English, Irish, and Scotch, stand for England and an honourable peace. On the opposite side is a small gang of partisans, bound together by no common sympathies disunited from old allies in the popular ranks by the anti-national sentiment, which is the single bond of their new association. Lord Palmerston has but to stand with the united nation openly and honestly, and no party leader now apparent will be preferred to him.

Meanwhile, the time has arrived when it is necessary for those Whigs, Radicals, and Conservatives, who have been following their respective Wills-o'-the-wisp during the past session, to examine their position, and to take thought lest, upon the opening of a new one, they should find themselves pledged by a name to the support of views which they must condemn, and, what to some of them may perhaps seem worse, bound to an unpopular and sinking cause. To the two former classes it is, perhaps, little necessary to offer this caution: your small Whig is a wary animal; and there is no great danger that any of the species will run himself to death, following Lord John Russell in a course which manifestly does not lead towards the treasury benches. Of the Radicals we may say, with more respect, that in reference to the great question of the day they have already very generally manfully discharged themselves from any allegiance they might have been supposed to owe to their crazy leaders. Many of the Conservatives, however, do seem to us to require to be warned of the prudence of examining the colours of the banners under which they have been fighting. We have carefully looked into the speeches and motions of the regular Opposition in both Houses of Parliament for a definite pledge to an active prosecution of the war, with a view to the hu-

miliation of Russia and the substantial curtailment of her power of aggression, and we confess we have found none. We have seen Mr. Disraeli joining with Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Cobden in a truly Russian opposition to the Turkish loan; and the language of the Conservative leader's chief party-manifesto of the session was as ambiguous as any words it proposed to censure. Nay, we have heard and believe, that at a party-meeting, at which the terms of that motion were considered, a right honourable gentleman, formerly a colleague of Mr. Disraeli's, objected to it as going too far; and recommended that a paraphrase of Mr. Milner Gibson's amendment, censuring the Government for not concluding peace with Russia on the Vienna terms, should be proposed, as the Derbyite counter-proposition, in its stead.

There are many Conservative followers who know that this is true, and further, that upon the same occasion, a noble earl, the representative of a dukedom, and known as a staunch partisan, adopted the right hon. gentleman's sentiments, and declared his participation in his views. Surely, then, it is time the body of the party should inquire whither it is following the head. It would be awkward to find oneself in a conclave of the Peace Congress at Manchester, or in a Puseyite combination-room at Oxford, when the desired end of our journey lies in a direction very different. The question of, where are we going, and in what company, certainly deserves consideration; and we hope the hasty summary we have given of some remarkable events of the session may be found to aid in its solution. The most extraordinary pe-

culiarity of the times is, in truth, the absolute ignorance of what is thought and said by those around them, in which our public men seem to be plunged. Had Lord Aberdeen known the estimation in which his policy was held throughout the land, we cannot think that, as a statesman, he would have persevered in it; or that, as a man of honour, he would have continued to occupy a position in which he was the object of general distrust. Had the chivalrous Lord Derby had any conception of the contempt in which the Russian members of the Coalition cabinet were held by the nation, would he have insulted his followers, and damaged his own character, by soliciting their help? Gladstone, Graham, and Herbert could not have been aware of the extent to which they were seen through, or they would scarcely have abandoned positions of great advantage for the furtherance of their designs, to which we trust they will never be permitted to return. Lord Palmerston did not know how perilously he tempted his own fate when he soiled himself by associating John Russell in his administration. The subordinate Conservatives moved in a palpable obscure when they separated themselves from the country by their votes upon the Turkish loan. Scarcely less strange is the quietude in which the people beheld this ignorance and its effects; and yet such calmness and forbearance have been ever the habit of this nation, in seasons of great peril. To try, or to count upon, their long-suffering, ever so small a shade too much, would be a more fatal blunder than any that has yet been committed in this tragedy of errors.

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THE PLAN OF THE WAR.

"THE gunner to his linstock" is a maxim approved by the common sense of mankind; and the English branch of the family has, we venture to assert, acted in strict accordance with it, in connexion with the great conflict in which the country is engaged, even somewhat beyond the extremest limits prudence would have prescribed. The gunner has been left in quiet possession of his linstock until he has shown, in many instances, that he scarcely knew the difference between the breech and the muzzle of his gun, and too often until all could see that his fire did more damage to himself and his comrades than to the enemy. The public only abandoned their veneration for the proverb when the horrible details of the sufferings of the troops during the last winter showed that there was no choice between a quiet submission to the total destruction of the army, by disease and starvation, or a violent interference with the professional routine of the commissariat, medical, and transport departments. The intervention has been so far successful. Abundance reigns in the camp; the hospitals are well provided; the corps healthy and numerically strong; the communications regular and sufficient. All this ought to have been effected by the action of the ordinary machinery of the naval and military services. It should never have been necessary to take the linstock out of the hands of the gunner; and as both parliament and people fully recognised the general obligation of the maxim, intervention was carried no further than was absolutely necessary to bring about an amendment in what is absurdly considered the civil branch of our military administration. Extreme

reserve was still maintained in respect to the political and strategic plan of the war; and if at any time Lord Ellenborough indulged in strictures upon the tactics of the campaign, or Lord Shaftesbury ventured to hint at the political wisdom of securing the support of the natural enemies of Russia in a European league against her aggressive despotism, the public sympathy with such views was at once checked, by a suggestion that these were matters of high State policy, or of professional nicety, which ought not to be discussed in a popular assembly, and which were above the comprehension of the uninitiated. The appeal was never made in vain; and it is to the credit of the national prudence that the people have as yet refrained from an open expression of the dissatisfaction felt in every quarter at the mode in which our military operations have been conducted, as well as from a public rehearsal of discussions upon the plan of the war, which form the staple of conversation in every society, great and small, throughout the kingdom. Nevertheless, every maxim has a limit to its application: to leave the linstock quietly in the hands of a man who calls himself a gunner, but whose ignorance of his art is manifest to every eye, and is attested by long-continued failure, would be to strain proverbial philosophy to a use it was never designed to fulfil. Where would the army now be, had the delicacy which so long prevented the public interference still respected the mysteries of the commissariat branch of the Treasury, and of the medical and transport boards? And since one or two armies have unquestionably been rescued from annihilation by profane meddling with the

proper linstocks of Sir C. Trevelyan and of Dr. Andrew Smith, and of the junior lord who was the transport board, it scarcely seems unreasonable, at the present moment, when a first act has, as it were, been closed by the events of last month, to inquire, with a view to the future, whether the plan of the war has been such as should have warranted expectations of more important results, or whether it might not be wise to reconstruct it with a view to existing circumstances, and to the promotion of a clear understanding, at home and throughout Europe, of the objects it is designed to attain. For ourselves, we find a justification in freely stating our views now, in the circumstance of their harmony with those we entertained and expressed fourteen months since,* the general correctness of which has been established by subsequent events.

It would be an idle waste of time to employ it in a critical examination of the earlier military movements of the Allies, from the first entrance of the fleets into the Euxine to the descent upon Varna. They were guided by no strategic principles, for no war was then contemplated by the Western Governments. The absence of any hostile design has indeed been urged by our own ministers as an excuse for the grave defects of arrangement which, when the feint was turned into a reality, occasioned the disastrous results of the winter campaign of 1854-5. A parade of arms was all that was intended, they said; and thinking a demonstration would bring the Czar to reason, they provided no commissariat, no hospital or wagon trains, no reserve, no plan of a campaign. These facts were, doubtless, as well known in St. Petersburg as in London; and, accordingly, the demonstration assumed, in the eyes of the Czar, the appearance of what it really was—an empty sham. His own operations had, indeed, been, at the outset, somewhat analogous in their character—designed to intimidate, rather than undertaken with a serious conviction that they would lead to the reality of war. The practical-joking of nations as of individuals, however, seldom fails to end in downright blows; and so it was in regard to both Eastern and Western de-

monstrations. When Prince Gortschakoff crossed the Pruth, in the spring of 1853, with a force of 70,000 men, his movements showed plainly enough, to a military eye, that he apprehended no resistance. In the face of Omar Pasha, at the head of 90,000 regular and 30,000 irregular troops, the Russian General scattered his army in weak detachments over the whole river frontier of Wallachia, from Kalafat to Galatz, fixing his own quarters at Bucharest, with an easy indifference which plainly bespoke the contempt he entertained for the Turkish power. The heavy blow struck at Sinope showed, it is true, that the Russian demonstration was no mere firing over the heads of a mob, but an energetic attempt to frighten the intended victim from a fruitless resistance; and it was played to in the most effectual manner by the counter-demonstration of the Allies. The French and English fleets rode quietly at anchor in Besika Bay; while the ambassadors of the two nations professed their willingness to order the respective admirals to pursue and chastise the Russians, if only one of them would consent to lead the way. Whatever may have been the motive of this policy of the Western Powers, its obvious and natural effect was to impress the Czar with the idea that an exaggerated estimate of his own strength was entertained by England and France, and that he consequently ran but little risk in resolutely prosecuting his designs. That impression was greatly strengthened, when, upon the declaration of war, Gallipoli was selected as the basis of operations; and the selection was known to have been made upon the recommendation of English and French engineers of high rank, and as the result of their examination of the condition and prospects of the Turkish army on the Danube. Sir John Burgoyne and Colonel Ardent reported unfavourably upon these points, and under the apprehension, encouraged by them, that the Russians would find little difficulty in the way of their advance to the Balkan, it was determined to provide for the defence of the Turkish capital, by disembarking the Allied armies at Gallipoli, and constructing a fortified line in front of Constantinople. This was

* DUBLIN UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE for July, 1854.

at once to invite the Russian commanders to a vigorous prosecution of their operations on the Danube, and to declare to the Turks that, in the opinion of the military authorities most trusted by their Allies, their further resistance to the overwhelming power of the enemy was vain and hopeless. The dominant idea of the Western statesmen was, that they were sitting down to a losing game, and there is no hiding such an idea from the adversary it encourages, or the friend it disheartens.

Throughout the Emperor Napoleon's instructions to Marshal St. Arnaud,* the probability of a forced retreat seems ever-present to the mind of the writer:—

"The peninsula of Gallipoli (he says) is adopted as the principal point of disembarkation, because it must be, as a strategical point, the basis of our operations . . . whence we may, with facility, either advance or re-embark. . . . If, perchance, after having advanced towards the Balkans, you should be constrained to beat a retreat, it would be much more advantageous to regain the coast of Gallipoli than that of Constantinople; for the Russians would never venture to advance from Adrianople upon Constantinople, leaving 60,000 good troops on their right."

At that time, it is to be recollected, the seat of the war was on the banks of the Danube; two lines of fortresses lay untouched between the enemy's position and the passes of the Balkan; and the events of the autumn and winter campaigns had been favourable to Omar Pasha. The experience of the campaigns of 1828-9 was also altogether at variance with the views of MM. Burgoyne and Ardent, which seem to us (and we but concur in opinion with perhaps the highest military authority of these days) to have been, upon strategic principles, manifestly erroneous.

"Varna (says General Klapka, in his lucid '*Historico-critical Sketch of the War in the East*') would have offered all the conditions attributed to Gallipoli. There the army, on landing, would have been equally sheltered from the enemy's attacks, the fortress, at the outbreak of the war, having been put into an excellent state of defence; there also provisioning would have been easy; and there, too, if compelled, the army

would have found shelter behind the walls of the fortress; and in case of failure, on board the fleet. Whereas the position of the army at Gallipoli had, for one thing, the great disadvantage of being too distant to exercise any influence over the warlike events on the Danube; while at Varna the Allies would have come into direct communication with Omar Pasha, and by their appearance alone, have produced a considerable moral effect upon the Turkish army.

"At the time of the disembarkation of the allied troops, no great perspicacity was any longer required to discern the object as well as the bearing of the Russian operations on the Danube. The latter had already recalled their left wing from Lower Wallachia, and thus abandoned that line of operations—the road to Sophia—which would have served them both to evade the Turkish defences on the Danube and the Balkan, and to penetrate into the interior of the Ottoman Empire. Moreover, for an advance by way of Sophia, the co-operation of the Serbians and Bulgarians would be necessary; from that they were, however, cut off, owing to weighty reasons touching Austria. The bulk of their army was thus concentrated opposite the Turkish centre; and here, if they were determined to push forward, they must needs have previously besieged the strongly-garrisoned fortress of Silistria, and subsequently encountered the Turkish army, already inured to war, in the fortified camp at Shumla. Omar Pasha expressed his determination not to hazard a battle in open field before the arrival of the Allies, but, on the other hand, to take good care to oppose the most strenuous resistance to an advance of the Russians, both along the Danube and in the passes of the Balkan. At this juncture no misgivings could have been felt as to the possibility of the Russians forcing the Balkan, and still less of their strength to descend upon Constantinople."

Nor can it be fairly alleged that this is wisdom after the event, for the opinion of military men at the time was loudly echoed through the public press, and was unanimous in tracing, in the demonstration at Gallipoli, not the indications of a plan of a campaign, but a fixed intention to maintain peace at all hazards. Such we know to have been the opinion of many officers of rank engaged in the expedition; and the design has since been, as we have already said, openly avowed by members of the Aberdeen ministry, in plea of excuse for the shortcomings of their management of the war when it did actually supervene. The course of

* Dated April 12, 1854; published in the *Moniteur* of April 11, 1855.

events did not, however, suffer the Allies to maintain the neutral position they had assumed for any long period. The Russian answer to the declaration of war by France and England was an order to Prince Gortschakoff to cross the Danube, and to attack the Turks in Bulgaria; and the order was promptly executed by the occupation of the Dobrudscha in the end of March, and by the commencement of the siege of Silistria on the 17th of the ensuing month. In the interval the tide of war had turned against the Turks. The Russian army in the Principalities had been raised, by reinforcements, to 120,000 men, and Omar Pasha had fallen back before them, removing his head-quarters from Rustschuk to Shumla, the centre of the second line of defence between the Danube and the slopes of the Balkans.

"At this critical juncture (says General Klapka) the Wallachians again made an offer to insurrectionise their land in the rear of the Russians. Such a rising, assisted by the Turkish corps in Lesser Wallachia, would, beyond doubt, have been of paramount advantage to the defences of the Danube. But diplomacy again counterbalanced the advice of energetic men, by its subserviency towards Austria, who denounced such a movement as revolutionary, and highly detrimental to the conservative interests of Europe. The offer was, therefore, not only rejected, but the infatuation carried so far as to order the Wallachian militia, who had deserted from the Russians to the Turkish camp, to be disarmed and sent back to their homes, which was tantamount to a death-warrant, for on returning to their villages they generally fell victims to Russian courts-martial."

If this statement be correct, an imputation somewhat graver than that of the want of a definite plan is chargeable against the diplomatic advisers and managers of the allied Governments, and it is certainly supported by the incomprehensible delay of the armies at Gallipoli, occupied in reviews and military shows, while the gallant struggle at Silistria was becoming every day more exciting, and the danger of its noble defenders from hour to hour more and more imminent. At length the impatience and growing indignation of the people of England and France became too strong for the diplomatists. It was thought necessary to do something in order to obviate an explosion of popular feel-

ing, and, accordingly, about the middle of June, an advance of the allied armies to Varna was determined upon and partially executed. This movement, it is now apparent, was adopted in accordance with the instructions of the Emperor Napoleon, to which we have already referred, which pointed out an occupation of Varna as one of three plans of operations, to the choice among which he limited the discretion of his generals. It was carried out in the feeblest and most imperfect manner; and while the armies lingered on the coast, waiting, it was said, for the means of transport to advance to the succour of Silistria, the siege was raised by the Russians on the 21st of June. The reason for this retreat at the moment when the besieged were reduced to the last extremity was, doubtless, the apprehension entertained by the Russians of the immediate advance of the Allies upon their left, while their right flank was threatened by 30,000 Turks, who had crossed the Danube at Kalafat and were marching upon Bucharest. They did not, we may presume, reckon upon a chance of being secured from the attack of an Anglo-French army of 50,000 men, encamped within a few miles of their position, by its want of the means of transport. Omar Pasha, strongly reinforced, was preparing to march upon them from Shumla; and under this combination of hostile circumstances, it would have been madness to have awaited an attack, with the Danube in their rear, and the certainty before them of a desperate resistance from the garrison, had they determined upon hastening the assault. For strategical reasons, therefore, as they subsequently stated, the Russians not only raised the siege of Silistria but evacuated the Principalities; while a treaty was hastily concluded between Austria and Turkey, by which the former power was permitted to occupy Moldavia and Wallachia, and thus interpose an effectual barrier between the belligerents.

In the whole of the blundering in diplomacy and war that has pervaded the transactions of the last two years, no greater mistake, if mistake it was, was committed than the conclusion of this convention of the 14th of June, 1854. By the admission of the Austrians into the Principalities, a new complication was introduced into the

Eastern question, the difficulty of which was then visible enough to lookers on, although it is only now that statesmen are beginning to consider how they are to get rid of that host of armed mediators, and the consideration is already found to be fraught with perplexity. During the fifteen months of the Austrian occupation, the Russians, protected upon their flank, have been able to employ their strength in that marvellous defence of Sebastopol which has cost the Allies so dear, while they were enabled, at small cost or hazard, to retain their position on the lower Danube, and with it a complete control over the navigation of that river. Omar Pasha was a second time held back, at the moment when the fortune of war was turning in his favour, and the army he had so ably trained and handled was scattered and disorganised. The Western armies, numbering 54,000 men, were, by the same stroke of a pen, consigned, in the full freshness of their strength and vigour, to an inaction which soon became more fatal than actual collision in the field. For more than two months fever and cholera ravaged the camps of the *Valley of Death*, the monotony of which was only diversified by a deadly *reconnaissance* into the Dobrudscha, where the French perished like flies without seeing an enemy. At length the public indignation at home began again to show itself in a formidable shape; the troops looking upon themselves as doomed to destruction, became uneasy, and it was discovered, in the words of the *Moniteur*, that "neither military honour nor political interest" longer permitted inactivity. The opportunity for striking a blow at the Russians, during their retreat from Silistria, had been lost, and the Austro-Turkish convention had, in fact, closed the campaign upon the Danube:—

"Let us say it at once (said the *Moniteur*, in the number we have already cited); without the consent of Austria, our army was forbidden, under penalty of the most dreadful catastrophe, to advance on the Danube. . . . To make a campaign beyond the Danube and on the Pruth possible, we repeat it, the co-operation of Austria was necessary."

This was unquestionably true, after the Russians had regained their basis in Bessarabia, and the Austrians, acting upon the Convention of June 14,

had pushed in between the belligerents in the Principalities, and restricted the field of hostile operations to the short line of the Lower Danube separating the Dobrudscha from the Russian province. It became necessary, therefore, at last, to fix upon a plan for the campaign to fill up the remainder of the autumn of 1854, and two of those laid down by the French Emperor remained to choose from. These were, "to seize upon the Crimea; or to land at Odessa, or any other point of the Russian coast of the Black Sea;" and the first was decided upon by the commanders. The wisdom of this decision has been impugned by Sir Howard Douglas and General Klapka, the only military critics of any note who have expressed an opinion respecting it. Without presuming to dispute the authority of these eminent officers, we would, however, venture to suggest, that at the time when the expedition to the Crimea was determined upon, it was absolutely necessary, for the moral and physical safety of the army, to undertake some military operation; and we doubt much if Klapka's counterproposition of a short campaign in Caucasia and Georgia, combined with preparations for offensive operations on the Danube in the spring of the present year, would have been found free from perils and difficulties similar to those which the plan actually adopted entailed upon the armies. The invasion of the Crimea was unquestionably a bold, perhaps a rash, measure; but to us it seems that the mode in which it was undertaken is a fitter subject for stricture than the undertaking itself. Upon this topic General Klapka affords some curious information, the probable authenticity of which would seem to be supported by known facts. The plan of the expedition was, he says, drawn up at the Tuilleries, and sanctioned both by England and Austria: by the former, to flatter the vanity of the Emperor, and, in case of failure, to throw the whole of the responsibility upon him; by the latter, with the view of removing the war from the borders of Hungary and Transylvania, and of leaving Austria master of the situation in the Principalities:—

"Lord Raglan," he proceeds, "appears by no means to have approved of the scheme. He reported to his Government on the in-

possibility of obtaining any satisfactory information, and that he considered the occupation of Perekop as an introductory step to operations neither advisable nor practicable. This much is certain, that on the very day of departure for the Crimea, he knew as little of the peninsula as at the time when he despatched the above-mentioned report to London."

At a council of war convened at Varna in the beginning of August, the details of the undertaking were discussed, and—

"It was now incumbent on Lord Raglan, who held discretionary power from his Government, to state his conviction as to the difficulties which, in his opinion, still stood in the way of the undertaking; in which he would have been supported by Prince Napoleon, as well as by the Duke of Cambridge, and also by the admirals of both France and England. But a few imperious remarks from St. Arnaud, calculated to work a change of opinion in the Council, were sufficient to dissipate Lord Raglan's scruples, who, besides, being pressed by the young officers of his staff, gave his full consent to the French plan of operations."

Here were the *timides avis* subsequently referred to in so pointed a manner by the Imperial designer of the enterprise. They were again, it would seem, urged upon better information and more specific reasons than could have influenced the English general:—

"At the end of August, some time after the issue of the French marshal's proclamation [warning the enemy, in choice fustian, to provide for his defence], a second council of war was held at Varna. As the expedition had been fixed, as well as the dispositions sketched out, and the troops acquainted with their task, it is difficult to come to a conclusion as to the real purport of a second deliberation on the matter. Amongst the members of this council of war was Ferhat Pasha, who formerly, under his real name of Baron Stein, served as an Austrian engineer officer; and later, in the Hungarian army, attained the rank of general, and who, from his acquaintance with the Crimea, was invited to take part in the deliberations. Ferhat Pasha pointed out all the dangers of the expedition, and suggested that, as the season was so far advanced, the Allies had better give up the proposed scheme, at any rate for the year, and employ about two-thirds of their troops in an attack upon Trans-Caucasia, leaving the rest as a reserve in Roumelia on the Danube. Having so lately returned from the seat of war in Asia,

Ferhat Pasha spoke decidedly as to the state of affairs there, and guaranteed the conquest of Grusia and Mingrelia in the course of two months; also the rising of the mountaineers, and the expulsion of the Russians from all the territory lying between the Euxine and the Caspian Sea, south of the Caucasus. He concluded by suggesting that the campaign in the Crimea should, after due preparations, and with larger forces, be undertaken next spring, commencing at Kertch and Kaffa, and supported by the army of Asia. St. Arnaud at first seemed to concur in these suggestions; but referring to the proclamation already issued, he declared that it was now too late to make any alterations. Thus the second council of war turned out to be a mere farce. All the English officers present were apparently caught with the plan of taking Sebastopol, and became the most zealous supporters of St. Arnaud's opinion."

Why the latter part of Ferhat Pasha's advice should not have been adopted, seems now the more incomprehensible, in that the revelations of the *Moniteur* show it to have been in accordance with the advice of the Emperor, which pointed to Kaffa as the most eligible spot for landing:—

"First, its bay is vast and safe; it would hold all the vessels of the squadron, and the vessels with provisions for the troops. Secondly, once established on that point, it might be made a real basis for operations. In thus occupying the eastern point of the Crimea, all the reinforcements coming by the sea of Azoff and the Caucasus could be cut off. A gradual advance could be made towards the centre of the country, taking advantage of all its resources. Simpheropol, the strategic centre of the peninsula, would be occupied. An advance would then be made on Sebastopol, and, probably, a great battle fought on that road. If lost, a retreat in good order on Kaffa, and nothing is compromised; if gained, to besiege Sebastopol, to invest it completely, and its surrender would follow, as a matter of course, in a short interval."

That this advice was sound, has been proved by the result of the operations in the sea of Azoff during the present summer. Unfortunately it was neglected, and the expedition was entered upon as a mere foray, unregulated by strategic plan of any kind, and without adequate preparation. The enterprise could not be called a *coup de main*, for the whole world was advertised of what was to be done a month before its execution was attempted. On the other hand, a first

disembarkation upon an enemy's coast in the middle of September, without wagons, stores, or provisions, was not, in a military sense, the opening of a regular campaign. No information was obtained as to the strength and position of the Russian forces; and the simple precaution of cutting off the enemy's supplies of men, material, and provisions, by taking possession of the sea of Azoff, was disregarded, without even the unsoldierlike excuse of ignorance or inadvertence. In this way, upon the 14th and 15th of September, the allied army, consisting of 27,000 English, 25,000 French, and 8,000 Turks, was thrown upon shore at Old Fort—our troops without tents or baggage—and as many as escaped the horrors of a night of incessant rain, in which some 1,500 English were put *hors de combat*, wandered on along the coast towards Sebastopol.

It is not our intention to offer any comment upon the much criticised tactics of the battle of the Alma. It was won by the strength and spirit of the troops under very unfavourable circumstances of position and preparation, and a chance was thus given to the generals to redeem their character for strategic ability, of which, however, they did not avail themselves. After two days of deliberation, the army advanced on the 23rd of September, the third day after the battle, and there is every reason to believe that they might then have attempted an assault upon Sebastopol with a good promise of success. They were aware that Prince Menschikoff, with the remains of the army they had defeated at the Alma, had moved inland, and circumstances warranted them in surmising, what is now known, that the garrison of the place was so much weakened as to render it improbable they could resist a bold attack by troops inspired by victory, and impressed with the necessity of providing for winter quarters. That advantage should have been taken of the surprise into which the enemy was thrown was the general opinion of the army, and it was shared in and expressed by the late gallant and lamented Sir George Cathcart:—

“But instead of this (says Klapka) they took to protracted reconnoitering, in this case overdoing what had been utterly disregarded on the Alma, where a more accurate

reconnaissance would have assisted them in a better arrangement of the plan of battle. Here, on the contrary, protracted reconnoiterings led to perpetual indecision and preparation, and finally, to a formal siege, which had never entered the calculation of the Allies in the original plan of the expedition. One daring and rapid blow, even at a heavy sacrifice, might still in the present state of affairs have led to a favourable issue, and if the Allies had not had determination enough at once to have recourse to such an extreme expedient, they ought immediately to have returned to their vessels. Pelissier, the present French Commander-in-chief, would, in all probability, have been the very man for such a contingency. Both Canrobert and Lord Raglan were wanting in energy; they thought such an act of daring did not tally with their conscience and the responsibility devolving upon them. How incomparably more victims has the winter campaign cost the Allies, than a bold assault under the protection of some easily-constructed batteries at the end of September!”

In justice to Lord Raglan's memory, it is right to mention that the cautious policy was supported by the opinions and promises of the professional engineers, whose self-sufficient pedantry was nevertheless the laughing-stock of the army. It was a common joke that those gentlemen would not suffer the troops to go into the place until such preparation could be made by the garrison as would afford them a decent opportunity of exhibiting the value of their art; and we have good authority for stating, that Sir John Burgoyne pledged himself, without affectation of mystery, to take the town, without giving the soldiers any work to do, in eight days. Every one knows how those promises have turned out, and at what a lamentable cost that display of engineering skill was made. When the idea of a *coup de main* was abandoned, and the Allies had, by their celebrated flank march, secured a basis leaning upon the sea at Balaklava and Kamiesch, the position of the army soon became very critical. It was shortly discovered, by the experience of the 17th of October, that no decisive issue was to be expected from a bombardment. The flank march of Prince Menschikoff had proved to be a most successful manœuvre; he had received large reinforcements from the army of the Danube, whose work was done by the Austrian occupation of the Principalities, and he was towards the end of October in a condition to

threaten the besiegers from the rear. The results were, the affair of Balaklava, on the 25th of that month, and the battle of Inkermann on the 5th of November, upon both of which occasions the Allies were saved from the consequences of unskilful generalship by the heroism of their troops. It was nevertheless but an escape, for by the movement upon Balaklava the Russians had obtained command of the main line of communication between the English camp and the sea, and had securely established their own position on the left bank of the Tchernaya, within an hour's march of the English head-quarters. From thenceforward there was no longer any thought of a plan of campaign among the allied commanders—a dogged determination to stay and fight was their only remaining idea; and we venture again to differ from General Klapka in thinking it was the best determination at which they could have arrived. After the 5th of November but two other courses were open to them—one, which was proposed at a council of war held the next day, being to take advantage of the disheartening effect of the battle upon the enemy, and to attempt immediately a general storm; the other to retire at once to their ships. Neither of these measures would, we believe, have been successful. Lord Raglan was right in opposing the adoption of the first as hopeless in the weakened condition of his army; and the second could scarcely have been completely accomplished at that season of the year, and with the available means of transport. Neither were the Russians so much weakened as to give reasonable ground to expect that the attempt would not invite another, and possibly, an overwhelming attack. The certainty of disgrace would, therefore, not have been balanced by a fair chance of safety in retreat.

During the whole of the winter there was a suspension of operations at the seat of war, and the attention of the Governments was occupied by exertions for the reinforcement of the army and the improvement of its administration. No larger plan seems to have been thought of, either by minister or general, and towards the end of March the engineers again set themselves to a formal prosecution of their design of taking one side of Sebastopol by sap and mine, while the

other half of it, including its citadel, should remain uninvested and free for unrestricted egress and ingress to the garrison, and a large relieving army advantageously posted without. In that Sisyphean labour the whole spring was wasted, and it was only in the beginning of May it seems to have occurred to some one that it would be a good thing to make an attempt to interrupt the continual conveyance of stores and reinforcements into the town. The idea was probably suggested by a fortunate reminiscence of the Emperor's instructions, or of Ferhat Pacha's counsel, and accordingly a fleet of screw-steamers, having on board a force of 12,000 bayonets, with artillery, and a small body of cavalry, quitted the ports of Balaklava and Kamiesch, and steamed in the direction of the Sea of Azoff. On the morning of the 5th May, a portion of the fleet was already within sight of their destination, when an express-steamer, bearing despatches to Admiral Bruat, hove in sight, and having run alongside the admiral's ship, it was discovered that her errand was to countermand the expedition. We have not as yet any information as to the cause of this remarkable act of folly, but it was immediately followed by the retirement of General Canrobert from the position of Commander-in-Chief, his unfitness for which he had demonstrated from the outset. On the 24th of May the enterprise was resumed, and was then carried out with complete success. Kertch and Yenikale were taken, and the latter was occupied; a large quantity of stores and provisions, and a fleet of transports, engaged in their conveyance to the Crimea from the various ports of the Sea of Azoff, were destroyed; and Anapa, the last fortress held by the Russians in the Black Sea, was abandoned by its garrison. It was a truly fortunate inspiration that led to this operation, but it must not be forgotten that it was the solitary feat of strategy performed during a campaign of eleven months. A post of observation had indeed been maintained at Eupatoria from the period of the landing of the Allies, and some 30,000 Turks, under the command of Omar Pasha had been moved thither from the Danube during the winter; but they had performed no service whatsoever, beyond entrenching themselves, and oc-

cupying a small corps of Russian cavalry in watching their movements. No reconnaissance or diversion was attempted, and although the despatches of Lord Raglan constantly reported the passage of long trains of wagons carrying stores into the town, in the open day, and within sight of his lines, this is perhaps the only siege upon record in which no attempt of any kind was made to cut off or impede a single convoy. The nature of the country, doubtless, renders such operations difficult and hazardous; but the fact that no officer was thereby provoked to try that mode of relieving the dullness of a camp life, is, we think, singular in the history of war. Nor does it seem to us less surprising, that the race of active officers, who in the old Peninsular war made it a matter of sport to purvey information for the generals, seems to have had no successors in the Crimea. The small stock of information as to the condition of the enemy, which Lord Raglan had when he sailed from Varna, was supplied to him by the minister at home; and it does not appear that he ever increased it by a single item. *Surtout, point de zele*, was Talleyrand's warning to a young diplomatist, and the maxim seems to have been appreciated by old and young soldiers during this tedious campaign. They went to the wars to fire guns and dig trenches, and they performed those duties honestly and bravely; but a thought that anything more was comprehended in the military art does not seem to have crossed the minds of the generals or their staff, and of course there was but small encouragement given to the development among the subordinate officers of such sporting propensities as those to which we have alluded. Nay, the disposition to communicate intelligence seems to have been positively discouraged at head-quarters, if we may judge from the manner in which Lord Lucan's message, carried by his son and aide-de-camp, on the 24th of October, was dealt with by the Quartermaster-general. The neglect of that communication was unquestionably the remote cause of the fatal occurrences of the succeeding day, yet the mention of it by Lord Lucan, in his own defence, attracted no public or official attention, and the officer referred to was but a few days since specially invested with the deco-

ration of the Bath. A similar disinclination to hear troublesome news from Sir De Lacy Evans left the heights of Inkermann unprotected ten days later, and gave occasion for the largest portion of the loss sustained in the bloody surprise of the 5th of November. But we need not multiply instances to prove what every reflecting officer in the expedition will be prepared to admit. Nor do we advert to the subject with any desire to hurt individual feelings, or to open up old sores, but in all sincerity, with a view to the future conduct of the war. We are perfectly convinced that it would not be difficult to bring the army of the Crimea into a condition equal to that of the Duke of Wellington's, with which he could "go anywhere, and do anything;" but for the attainment of that consummation something more will be required in the general than amiable manners, or the most antique personal heroism. He must have formed a plan of the war, and a conception in his own mind of its scope and objects; and he must also be able to impress upon the mind of every officer and man in the army that such is the fact—that he has a definite end in view as the general object of his operations; that it is worthy of pursuit amid all difficulties and misadventures; and that his inventive genius fits him to cope with or elude these. Such a commander, we venture to say, would never want agents, able and willing, to provide him with information, to assist him in devising expedients in emergencies, or to do his bidding unhesitatingly and faithfully. His troops would scarcely suffer such hardships as those which pressed down our army last winter; nor would their operations have been a mere duel of artillery, undistinguished by a single skilful manœuvre.

The events of the three months that followed the expedition to the sea of Azoff, were not of a nature in any way calculated to alter our estimate of the general management of the campaign. The siege works were continued with the unflinching perseverance displayed throughout; the calamitous failure of the 18th of June showed a defect in the power of combination and design, even within the narrow scope of that operation; the battle of the Tchernaya was a surprise similar to that of Inkermann, though happily less complete.

These last two affairs further displayed a want of readiness to seize unexpected advantages, the full possession of which, it must be acknowledged, is the consummation of a perfect military character. In the assault of the 18th of June, General Eyre converted a demonstration into a real attack, and drove the enemy from an important position, which he occupied, four companies of the Royal Irish Regiment being actually in possession of the suburb for seventeen hours. This achievement, however, not being comprised in the scheme of the assault, the General was not supported, and was forced to withdraw. Considering the heavy losses inflicted upon the Russians by our gallant Allies at the Tchernaya, it seems difficult to comprehend why the enemy should have been allowed to draw off his broken columns without even an attempt being made to convert his repulse into a defeat. It would appear as if but one idea could find room in the minds of the commanders, and was not to be set aside for a moment to make way for a new scheme, however promising. At all events, the merit of tenacity of purpose must be accorded to the besiegers, and, under all the circumstances, a great merit it must be considered. It was rewarded on the 8th and 9th of last month, by the attainment of the object held in view, through every difficulty and discouragement, for an entire year. By the capture of the city, arsenal and suburb of Sebastopol, the first act of the Crimean expedition was brought to a close, and that manifestly without any scheme for the development of the plot having been formed in the minds of the managers. From the beginning, each scene led to that which followed by a concatenation of events for the most part of a character very different from that intended to be impressed upon them. A tedious prologue of diplomacy, meant to introduce peace, was followed by a military promenade to the East. The entrenchment at Gallipoli, designed for a demonstration of the weakness of the Ottoman nation and an ostentatious show of protecting it, led to the advance to Varna, to witness a triumph of Turkish patriotism and military spirit. The underplot of the Convention of the 14th of June, supposed to be craftily adapted to the establishment of Austria in the position of a peacemaker, in all probabi-

lity prevented the striking of a blow upon the retreating Russians which might have terminated the war; while, by penning up the Allies in the deadly camp of Devno, it actually forced them to undertake the expedition to the Crimea. There, as we have seen, event led to event, unguided by design, until the act was closed by a most important success, finally purchased by a sacrifice of ten thousand men, the risking of which, in the corresponding month of last year, would, in all human probability, have led to a like result, and spared the prodigious losses of the intervening twelvemonth. The formation of a comprehensive plan, political and strategical, is now scarcely avoidable, and we shall presently revert to its consideration. In the meantime, a slight glance at the conduct of affairs in the other seats of this multiform war, will be sufficient to show that they afford no more satisfactory indications of a ruling design than the operations we have been reviewing.

In the East, the whole interest has long since centered in the struggle at Sebastopol, but slightly diversified by the ancillary operations in the sea of Azoff. Omar Pasha's army, reduced to inactivity by the Austrian occupation of the Principalities, has been dispersed, and its fragments, located at Eupatoria, Yenikale, and before Sebastopol, have contributed little or no active assistance to the common cause. In Asia, the war opened with so much promise by the surprise of the Russian fort of St. Nicholas, in October, 1853, soon sank into insignificance, and was almost entirely suspended during the year that elapsed between July, 1854, and the same month of the present year. Neglected by the Western Allies, and mismanaged by the Government, the Turkish army dwindled away under the incompetent and corrupt administration of its officers, without any important blow being struck upon either side. Recently, however, the resumption of active hostilities in the neighbourhood of Kars and Erzeroum, has attracted attention to that quarter, and it is to be hoped that the vulnerability of the enemy on his Trans-Caucasian frontier will receive due consideration in the formation of a general plan for the future conduct of this great struggle. The abandonment of Anapa and Sujuk Kaleh finished the demolition of the Russian power on the Caucasian

shore of the Euxine. There, in fact, Russia never could pretend to any other than a hostile possession, while the recent date of her acquisition of Georgia and the other Trans-Caucasian provinces—the contest with Persia and Turkey for their possession continuing up to the year 1829—is such as to weaken much her moral and material hold of those guarantees of her ambition. The complete subjection of the Black Sea to the power of the Allies, leaves a Russian army operating south of the Caucasus dependent for its communications upon the military roads of the Caucasus and the uncertain navigation of the Caspian Sea, neither of which, we conceive, would suffice for its support against a serious attack of the Allies directed to a repression of Russia within her southern mountain boundary. To keep her there should be the object of subsequent arrangements.

Of the two campaigns in the Baltic, we have only to say, adverting to a former expression* of our opinion of the possibilities of the case, that as much seems to us to have been accomplished as could reasonably have been expected, and somewhat more than we should *a priori* have counselled. A blockade of the Russian coast of that sea offers the advantages of materially damaging the commerce of the enemy and diminishing his means of carrying on war, and, at the same time, of effecting a diversion of his military force; and these, we believe, were to a considerable extent obtained during the campaigns of the past and present summers. In the destruction of Bomarsund, if our naval reputation was little advanced by the over prudence which brought so large a force to the accomplishment of so small a deed, still it is probable that the germ of much future mischief was thereby stopped in its growth. Of the bombardment of Sweaborg we confess we are not inclined to form so favourable an opinion. It was an inconsequential and useless operation, not calculated to enhance the general estimation of the daring qualities of our seamen; while its results in the exposure of the bad quality of the ordnance employed, and the deficiency of its supply, cannot but lower the character of our administration in the eyes of the world. Had it, indeed,

been possible to take or to destroy that ancient Swedish fortress, the moral effect of the blow might have been incalculably great. As it was, the enthusiasm of the Swedes was raised to a high pitch by the sound of our guns, only to be lowered again by a reaction of disappointment at its small signification, which will throw another obstacle in the way of their so far overcoming their fear of the giant of the North, as to permit of their adhesion to an active league against his aggressive tyranny. Finally, in the lamentable exposure made by Admiral Napier of his own want of self-respect, and of Sir James Graham's duplicity and self-seeking, there is but too much evidence that the Baltic campaigns were, like those in the East, affairs of haphazard. The expedition was instituted by the minister to stop the grumbling of the people: it was undertaken by the commander with a consciousness that the means placed at his disposal were insufficient for any real work. All that Sir James saw in a fleet of 44 sail and 2,000 guns was, the material for a *coup d'état*: he would have knocked ships, guns, and crews against the rocks of Sweaborg, without a thought for their safety, when the national exultation at the Tartar story of the fall of Sebastopol startled him from his dream of peace-patching. Sir Charles saw in the same mighty armament only a *command*; to obtain which he perilled his personal honour, by boasting of an intent to perform exploits which he was conscious he had not the means to accomplish. Neither one nor the other seem to have understood that the obligation in which they bound themselves to the country, in undertaking the management and direction of that costly fleet, was to use its power with the single view of forcing Russia into submission. No one had conceived a comprehensive plan for distressing the enemy, in the working of which each of the various operations should play its appointed part. The cause of this going to war without counting the cost, was manifestly the faith placed by the Aberdeen ministry in the success of their negotiations. They did not believe in the existence of war, even when Bomarsund had been bombarded: after Alma and Inkermann, they talked of sparing the military honour of Rus-

* DUBLIN UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE, for July, 1854.

sia; and of respecting her territory, when one of her most valued provinces had been formally taken possession of by the outpouring of torrents of the best blood of France and England. The time for these absurdities has passed away, and a period has arrived when the object of the war must be defined, and a plan for attaining it laid down.

The convention between England, France, and the Porte, signed on the 13th of March, 1854, bound the Western Powers to "assist the Sultan in repelling the attack which has been made by his Majesty the Emperor of all the Russias on the territory of the Sublime Porte—an attack by which the integrity of the Ottoman Empire and the independence of the Sultan's throne are endangered." The assistance was to be in addition to that already given by the "ordering of strong detachments of their naval forces to repair to Constantinople, to afford to the territory and the flag of the Sublime Ottoman Porte such protection as the circumstances should admit of." It was to extend to "the protection of the Ottoman territory in Europe and Asia against the attack of Russia," and with that view their majesties engaged to "send land troops to any such point or points of the Ottoman territory as shall appear suitable." It is plain that the stipulations of this convention have been long since fulfilled, and their limits overpassed. When the Russians withdrew behind the Pruth, in July, 1854, they abandoned the attack they had made upon the territory of the Sublime Porte, and neither in Europe nor Asia did a single Russian soldier remain to insult the Ottoman flag. The ostensible object of the war was then at an end; and had the Czar been content to pocket a very slight affront, peace would have been concluded, and her Majesty the Queen and his Majesty the Emperor would have been bound by their treaty, subsequently ratified in the terms of the convention, to "immediately take measures to withdraw their military and naval forces," and to deliver up the fortresses and positions in the Ottoman territory occupied by them, "in the space of forty days." The articles of that treaty have become obsolete: a new and distinct war was, in fact, declared and commenced when the allied armies landed in the Crimea, and the object of hostilities then ceased to be limited

to the defence of the integrity of the Ottoman Empire. What is it at the present moment? The simple answer is — **THE HUMILIATION AND CRIPPLING OF RUSSIA.** This is the only intelligible interpretation of the much-abused phrase, a safe and honourable peace, and it is the meaning attached to it by the English and French nations. That gigantic autocracy has grown too great for the freedom and civilisation of Europe, to which it is antagonistic; and the common sense of the western people has discovered and resolved to redress the evil. How is the great defensive work to be conducted? To reply satisfactorily to this question would be to frame a plan of the war: to sketch a slight outline of our view of what that ought to be, is, however, the utmost we can at present attempt.

When Peter the Great succeeded to the throne of Russia in 1689, she had no seaport but Archangel on the White Sea, while her western frontier did not extend beyond Smolensko. During the century and a-half that followed, her territorial dominion was extended, at the expense of neighbouring nations, to the Black Sea and the River Araxes on the south, to the Baltic on the north-west, and so far into central Europe, that her boundaries are now within one hundred and eighty miles of Berlin and Vienna. Cronstadt, St. Petersburg, Helsingfors, Sweaborg, and Revel, stand upon Swedish soil. So late as 1809, the whole of Finland belonged to Sweden: it was not until 1812 that the frontier of Russia was advanced to the Pruth, and that she obtained possession of Bessarabia and the mouths of the Danube. Since 1800, she acquired Georgia, and with it a footing south of the Caucasus; and it was only in 1828-9 that she wrested from Persia and Turkey the provinces of Erivan and Nakshivan in Armenia, Anapa, Poti, and the ports on the eastern shores of the Euxine, from which her garrisons have recently fled. "Assuredly (said Bonaparte to Las Casas), in such a situation, I should arrive at Calais by fixed stages, and be the arbiter of Europe." As the encroachments of Russia have been chiefly made in the three directions we have indicated, so the plan of an active resistance to her aggression is naturally divided into operations upon her north-western, western, and southern frontiers.

We have already intimated our opinion that, under present circumstances, the operations of the Allies on the North-west line should be, in a great measure, limited to a blockade of the Russian coast, the impounding of her fleet, and the obstruction of her commerce. Whether it may become possible to give a more active character to hostilities in that quarter, depends upon the resolution that may be taken by the Northern nations, over which France and England can exercise no direct control. It is clearly the interest of Sweden to join in any attempt likely to be successful for the reduction of the power of Russia: national hatred, the remembrance of past injuries, and the desire to regain her plundered provinces, would add warmth to her co-operation in a movement suggested by the most prudent precaution against future danger. And Sweden has a regular army of enlisted soldiers and *indelta* (or military tenure force) amounting to 50,000 troops of all arms; with a local militia of about 100,000 men. Her fleet comprises in its list 250 gun-boats, admirably fitted for use in the shallow waters of the Baltic; and in 1840 the force available to man it was estimated at 24,000 as good seamen as any in the world. But Sweden has too much at stake to forego her neutrality until the sincerity and determination of the Allies shall be so fully proved as to leave no risk of her being deserted in the future struggle, and exposed single-handed to the vengeance of her powerful neighbour. With the aid of the Swedes, joined in a strict alliance of offence and defence, it would be no longer an impossibility for the Allies to land in the Baltic provinces, and to reduce Revel, Riga, Sweaborg, and even Cronstadt and St. Petersburg. But should prudence interfere to forbid operations of such extent, the adhesion of Sweden to the Western Powers would provide a permanent frontier against Russia, from which her slightest movement on the Baltic might be watched, and effectual restraint promptly applied when required. To Sweden the immediate gain, by union in a policy thus limited, would be the pledge (of inestimable value to a free nation) of security against foreign interference; while in the future would loom the probability of Finland, Livonia, and Courland being encouraged, by the reverses of Russia and the prospect of support at

hand, to assert their ancient independence, and re-establish their former connexions. Then might follow a resuscitation of Poland, and its erection into a permanent barrier between Russia and Central Europe—if, indeed, the germs of national life still exist in that much-injured people. To call Poland into galvanic existence, does not seem to us to be within the province of the Western nations, nor to consist with their interests. It is in the power of the German people alone to work that miracle; and by no other policy can Central Europe be secured from the tide of Russian despotism, as it rolls westward. That the German courts are less disposed to take part in such a work, than to join with the Czar in a new Holy Alliance, cannot now be a matter of doubt to the firmest believers in the policy of the Aberdeen cabinet; and there is, consequently, at present, but little room to hope that any active opposition will be offered to Russia in her Western attack upon civilisation. The situation is, nevertheless, complicated by the grave blunder which permitted the occupation of the Principalities by Austria; and should it be thought advisable to renew hostilities upon the Danube, she will be forced to declare upon which side she stands. For her the one course or the other is almost equally fraught with danger. If she were to break with the Allies, her dominion in Italy would not be worth a week's purchase. If she take a direct part in humiliating Russia, where will be her protection against a revolt in her Slavonic and Magyar provinces, for turning which to use Russian craft has already provided, by the invention and propagation of the idea of a Pan-Slavic federation? Nor has the Convention of June 14th had a less perplexing operation upon the Allies. An attempt on their part to drive Austria from her neutral position, if made before they have demonstrated their power and will to cripple Russia, would almost certainly end in her assumption of a hostile attitude in the Principalities, which would seriously embarrass their general operations. Holding these considerations in view, it would seem that little advantage is likely to accrue from a renewal of the Danubian campaign; although much annoyance might be given to the enemy, and a most useful diversion effected, by naval operations along the coast,

from the mouth of the Danube to Odessa. That this object should not long since have engaged the attention of the admirals, as a means of diverting the tedium of their long inactivity, is indeed one of the strangest features of the war.

Let us now return to the operations on the southern frontier of Russia, where alone they have assumed an aggressive character. We confess we venture to differ in opinion from some highly competent military critics, in thinking the invasion of the Crimea defensible upon strategic and political grounds, although we admit the details of the undertaking justify no more favourable commentary than that conveyed in Sir George Brown's explanation—that they were based upon no plan, and carried out in ignorance of the locality of the enterprise.* At all events, circumstances have decided the general question, and the Crimean campaign must now be prosecuted to a successful termination, or defeat and disgrace be courted by the Western Powers. Recent events leave little room for doubt, that the Russians may be driven out of the Peninsula, if the superior force of the Allies be used with vigour and promptitude; and that we should be able to keep it, with our complete command of the sea, we cannot bring ourselves to question. For the operations along the coast, which we have already suggested, and for observation of the Isthmus of Perekop, and of the shores of the Sea of Azoff, a large supply of gun-boats, of a light draught of water, would now be invaluable. If well worked, they would render the subjection of the Crimea a matter of certainty: their co-operation would facilitate the undertaking, even in the short remnant of the present season, of an extension of the southern attack, which we cannot indicate in fewer or more intelligible terms than those of M. Klapka, with whose views we so far concur:—

“By their successes in the Sea of Azoff and the eastern coast of the Black Sea, where the Russians have evacuated Anapa and retreated to the Kuban, the Allies have it still in their power, spite of their former oversights, to give an extremely favourable turn

to affairs in those parts. Their first consideration should, therefore, be the establishment of several *places d'armes*, the organisation of a numerous corps of Circassians, and the union of the mountaineers against Russia. This accomplished, an advance against the Kuban should follow; and when the Russian forces were repulsed behind the Don, their military road across the Caucasus should be menaced. Simultaneously with operations on the Kuban, and along the coast of the Sea of Azoff, a corps, assisted by the Turkish forces at Sakum Kale and Redout Kale, should attempt the occupation of the Rion valley; and if successful, execute a march upon Teflis conjointly with the main army of the Turks, which would put an end to the Russian rule in the Caucasus.”

Were this point once obtained, with the Crimea in the hands of the Allies, we conceive the objects of the war would be gained. Russia would be humiliated and crippled, and her contemplated promenades to Constantinople and to Hindostan (*via* the Caspian Sea and Persian Gulf) would be effectually interrupted. If Georgia was restored to independence, civil and political; Circassia supported by assistance in arms and ammunition; free traffic established in the eastern ports of the Euxine and the Sea of Azoff; the Crimea put in safe keeping; and the mouth of the Danube opened, the interests of civilisation would be secured from Russian aggression in the East. A firm Swedish alliance would provide equal security in the North-West; and Germany would be placed in all the better condition to constitute herself, if she pleased, the champion of the liberty of Central Europe. With so much accomplished by themselves, the Allies would do well to allow Austria and Prussia to consider that matter at their leisure. A difficulty might indeed arise in getting the former power out of the Danubian Principalities, but we are not inclined to fear that it would prove very formidable. There would also be some trouble in arranging a government for Wallachia and Moldavia, and in settling for the keeping of the Crimea; points into a consideration of which it is not now in our power to enter. It is not impossible that they might prove to be the beginning of another end.

* Speech at Elgin, in *Times* of September 14, 1855.

THE FORTUNES OF GLENCORE.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE GREAT MAN'S ARRIVAL.

"Not come, Craggs!" said Harcourt, as, late on the Saturday evening, the Corporal stepped on shore, after crossing the Lough.

"No, sir, no sign of him. I sent a boy away to the top of 'the Devil's Mother,' where you have a view of the road for eight miles, but there was nothing to be seen."

"You left orders at the post-office to have a boat in readiness if he arrived?"

"Yes, Colonel," said he, with a military salute; and Harcourt now turned moodily towards the Castle.

Glencore had scarcely ever been a very cheery residence, but latterly it had become far gloomier than before. Since the night of Lord Glencore's sudden illness, there had grown up a degree of constraint between them, which, to a man of Harcourt's disposition, was positive torture. They seldom met, save at dinner, and then their reserve was painfully evident.

The boy, too, in unconscious imitation of his father, grew more and more distant; and poor Harcourt saw himself in that position, of all others the most intolerable—the unwilling guest of an unwilling host.

"Come or not come," muttered he to himself, "I'll bear this no longer. There is, besides, no reason why I should bear it. I'm of no use to the poor fellow; he does not want—he never sees me. If anything, my presence is irksome to him; so that, happen what will, I'll start to-morrow, or next day at farthest."

He was one of those men to whom deliberation on any subject was no small labour; but who, once that they have come to a decision, feel as if they had acquitted a debt, and need give themselves no further trouble in the matter. In the enjoyment of this newly-purchased immunity he entered the room, where Glencore sat impatiently awaiting him.

"Another disappointment!" said the Viscount, anxiously.

"Yes; Craggs has just returned, and says there's no sign of a carriage for miles on the Oughterard road."

"I ought to have known it," said the other, in a voice of guttural sternness. "He was ever the same; an appointment with him was an engagement meant only to be binding on those who expected him."

"Who can say what may have detained him. He was in London on business—public business, too; and even if he had left town, how many chance delays there are in travelling."

"I have said every one of these things over to myself, Harcourt; but they don't satisfy me. This is a habit with Upton. I've seen him do the same with his Colonel, when he was a subaltern; I've heard of his arriving late to a court dinner, and only smiling at the dismay of the horrified courtiers."

"Egad," said Harcourt, bluntly, "I don't see the advantage of the practice. One is so certain of doing fifty things in this daily life to annoy one's friends, through mere inadvertence or forgetfulness, that I think it is but sorry fun to incur their ill-will by *malice prepense*."

"That is precisely why he does it."

"Come, come, Glencore; old Rixson was right when he said—'Heaven help the man whose merits are canvassed while they wait dinner for him.' I'll order up the soup, for if we wait any longer we'll discover Upton to be the most worthless vagabond that ever walked."

"I know his qualities, good and bad," said Glencore, rising and pacing the room with slow, uncertain steps; "few men know him better. None need tell me of his abilities; none need instruct me as to his faults. What others do by accident, he does by design. He started in life by examining how much the world would bear from him; he has gone on, profiting by the experience, and improving on the practice."

"Well, if I don't mistake me much, he'll soon appear to plead his own cause. I hear oars coming speedily in this direction."

And so saying, Harcourt hurried away to resolve his doubts at once. As he reached the little jetty, over which a large signal-fire threw a strong red light, he perceived that he was correct, and was just in time to grasp Upton's hand as he stepped on shore.

"How picturesque all this, Harcourt," said he, in his soft, low voice; "a leaf out of 'Rob Roy.' Well, am I not the mirror of punctuality, eh?"

"We looked for you yesterday, and Glencore has been so impatient."

"Of course he has; it is the vice of your men who do nothing. How is he? Does he dine with us? Fritz, take care those leather pillows are properly aired, and see that my bath is ready by ten o'clock. Give me your arm, Harcourt; what a blessing it is to be such a strong fellow."

"So it is, by Jove; I am always thankful for it. And you—how do you get on? You look well."

"Do I?" said he, faintly, and pushing back his hair with an almost fineladylike affectation. "I'm glad you say so. It always rallies me a little to hear I'm better. You had my letter about the fish?"

"Ay, and I'll give you such a treat."

"No, no, my dear Harcourt; a fried mackerel, a whiting and a few crumbs of bread—nothing more."

"If you insist, it shall be so; but I promise you I'll not be of your mess, that's all. This is a glorious spot for turbot—and such oysters!"

"Oysters are forbidden me, and don't let me have the torture of temptation. What a charming place this seems to be—very wild, very rugged."

"Wild—rugged! I should think it is," muttered Harcourt.

"This pathway, though, does not bespeak much care. I wish our friend yonder would hold his lantern a little lower. How I envy you the kind of life you lead here—so tranquil, so removed from all bores. By the way, you get the newspapers tolerably regularly?"

"Yes, every day."

"That's all right. If there be a luxury left to any man after the age of forty, it is to be let alone. It's the best thing I know of. What a terri-

ble bit of road! They might have made a pathway."

"Come, don't grow fainthearted. Here we are; this is Glencore."

"Wait a moment. Just let him raise that lantern. Really this is very striking—a very striking scene altogether. The doorway excellent, and that little watch-tower, with its lone starlight, a perfect picture."

"You'll have time enough to admire all this; and we are keeping poor Glencore waiting," said Harcourt, impatiently.

"Very true; so we are."

"Glencore's son, Upton," said Harcourt, presenting the boy, who stood, half pride, half bashfulness, in the porch.

"My dear boy, you see one of your father's oldest friends in the world," said Upton, throwing one arm on the boy's shoulder, apparently caressing, but as much to aid himself in ascending the stair. "I'm charmed with your old Schloss here, my dear," said he, as they moved along. "Modern architects cannot attain the massive simplicity of these structures. They have a kind of confectionary style, with false ornament and inappropriate decoration, that bears about the same relation to the original that a suit of Drury-lane tinfoil does to a coat of Milanese mail armour. This gallery is in excellent taste."

And as he spoke, the door in front of him opened, and the pale, sorrow-struck, and sickly figure of Glencore stood before him. Upton, with all his self-command, could scarcely repress an exclamation at the sight of one whom he had seen last in all the pride of youth and great personal powers; while Glencore, with the instinctive acuteness of his morbid temperament, as quickly saw the impression he had produced, and said, with a deep sigh—

"Ay, Horace—a sad wreck."

"Not so, my dear fellow," said the other, taking the thin, cold hand within both his own; "as seaworthy as ever, after a little dry-docking and refitting. It is only a craft like that yonder," and he pointed to Harcourt, "that can keep the sea in all weathers, and never care for the carpenter. You and I are of another build."

"And you—how are you?" asked Glencore, relieved to turn attention away from himself, while he drew his arm within the other's.

"The same poor ailing mortal you always knew me," said Upton, languidly; "doomed to a life of uncongenial labour, condemned to climates totally unsuited to me, I drag along existence, only astonished at the trouble I take to live, knowing pretty well as I do what life is worth."

"'Jolly companions every one!' By Jove!" said Harcourt; "for a pair of fellows who were born on the sunny side of the road, I must say you are marvellous instances of gratitude."

"That excellent hippopotamus," said Upton, "has no thought for any calamity if it does not derange his digestion! How glad I am to see the soup! Now, Glencore, you shall witness no invalid's appetite."

As the dinner proceeded, the tone of conversation grew gradually lighter and pleasanter. Upton had only to permit his powers to take their free course to be agreeable, and now talked away on whatever came uppermost, with a charming union of reflectiveness with repartee. If a very rigid purist might take exception to occasional Gallicisms in expression, and a constant leaning to French modes of thought, none could fail to be delighted with the graceful ease with which he wandered from theme to theme, adorning each with some trait of that originality which was his chief characteristic. Harcourt was pleased without well knowing how or why, while to Glencore it brought back the memory of the days of happy intercourse with the world, and all the brilliant hours of that polished circle in which he had lived. To the pleasure, then, which his powers conferred, there succeeded an impression of deep melancholy, so deep as to attract the notice of Harcourt, who hastily asked—

"If he felt ill?"

"Not worse," said he, faintly, "but weak — weary; and I know Upton will forgive me if I say, good night."

"What a wreck indeed!" exclaimed Upton, as Glencore left the room with his son. "I'd not have known him!"

"And yet until the last half hour I have not seen him so well for weeks past."

"I'm afraid something you said about Alicia Villars affected him," said Harcourt.

"My dear Harcourt, how young you are in all these things," said Upton, as he lighted his cigarette. "A poor heart-

stricken fellow, like Glencore, no more cares for what *you* would think a painful allusion, than an old weather-beaten sailor would for a breezy morning on the Downs at Brighton. His own sorrows lie too deeply moored to be disturbed by the light winds that ruffle the surface. And to think that all this is a woman's doing! Isn't that what's passing in your mind, eh, most gallant Colonel?"

"By Jove, and so it was! They were the very words I was on the point of uttering," said Harcourt, half nettled at the ease with which the other read him.

"And of course you understand the source of the sorrow?"

"I'm not quite so sure of that," said Harcourt, more and more piqued at the tone of bantering superiority with which the other spoke.

"Yes, you do, Harcourt; I know you better than you know yourself. Your thoughts were these: Here's a fellow with a title, a good name, good looks, and a fine fortune, going out of the world of a broken heart, and all for a woman!"

"You knew her," said Harcourt, anxious to divert the discussion from himself.

"Intimately. Ninetta del la Torre was the belle of Florence—what am I saying, of all Italy—when Glencore met her about fifteen years ago. The Palazzo della Torre was the best house in Florence. The old prince, her grandfather—her father was killed in the Russian campaign—was spending the last remnant of an immense fortune in every species of extravagance. Entertainments that surpassed those of the Pitti Palace in splendour, fêtes that cost fabulous sums, banquets voluptuous as those of ancient Rome, were things of weekly occurrence. Of course every foreigner, with any pretension to the distinction, sought to be presented there, and we English happened just at that moment to stand tolerably high in Italian estimation. I am speaking of some fifteen or twenty years back, before we sent out that swarm of domestic economists, who, under the somewhat erroneous notion of foreign cheapness, by a system of incessant higgles and bargains, cutting down every one's demand to the measure of their own pockets, and by making the word Englishman a synonym for all that is mean, shabby,

and contemptible. The English of that day were of another class; and assuredly their characteristics, as regards munificence and high dealing, must have been strongly impressed upon the minds of foreigners, seeing how their successors, very different people, have contrived to trade upon the mere memory of these qualities ever since."

"Which all means, that, my lord, stood cheating better than those who came after him," said Harcourt, bluntly.

"He did so; and precisely for that very reason he conveyed the notion of a people who do not place money in the first rank of all their speculations, and who aspire to no luxury that they have not a just right to enjoy. But to come back to Glencore. He soon became a favoured guest at the Palazzo della Torre. His rank, name, and station, combined with very remarkable personal qualities, obtained for him a high place in the old Prince's favour, and Ninetta deigned to accord him a little more notice than she bestowed on any one else. I have, in the course of my career, had occasion to obtain a near view of royal personages and their habits, and I can say with certainty, that never in any station, no matter how exalted, have I seen as haughty a spirit as in that girl. To the pride of her birth, rank, and splendid mode of life, were added the consciousness of her surpassing beauty, and the graceful charm of a manner quite unequalled. She was incomparably superior to all around her, and, strangely enough, she did not offend by the bold assertion of this superiority. It seemed her due, and no more. Nor was it the assumption of mere flattered beauty. Her house was the resort of persons of the very highest station, and in the midst of them—some even of royal blood—she exacted all the deference and all the homage that she required from others."

"And they accorded it?" asked Harcourt, half contemptuously.

"They did; and so had you also if you had been in their place! Believe me, most gallant Colonel, there is a wide difference between the empty pretension of mere vanity and the daring assumption of conscious power. This girl saw the influence she wielded. As she moved amongst us she beheld the homage, not always willing, that

awaited her. She felt that she had but to distinguish any one man there, and he became for the time as illustrious as though touched by the sword or ennobled by the star of his sovereign. The courtier-like attitude of men, in the presence of a very beautiful woman, is a spectacle full of interest. In the homage vouchsafed to mere rank there enters always a sense of humiliation, and in the observances of respect men tender to royalty, the idea of vassalage presents itself most prominently; whereas in the other case, the chivalrous devotion is not alloyed by this meaner servitude, and men never lift their heads more haughtily than after they have bowed them in lowly deference to loveliness."

A thick, short snort from Harcourt here startled the speaker, who, inspired by the sounds of his own voice and the flowing periods he uttered, had fallen into one of those paroxysms of loquacity which now and then befel him. That his audience should have thought him tiresome or prosy, would, indeed, have seemed to him something strange; but that his hearer should have gone off asleep, was almost incredible.

"It is quite true," said Upton to himself; "he snores 'like a warrior taking his rest.' What wonderful gifts some fellows are endowed with! and to enjoy life, there is none of them all like dullness. Can you show me to my room?" said he, as Craggs answered his ring at the bell.

The Corporal bowed an assent.

"The Colonel usually retires early, I suppose?" said Upton.

"Yes, sir; at ten to a minute."

"Ah! it is one—nearly half-past one—now, I perceive," said he, looking at his watch. "That accounts for his drowsiness," muttered he between his teeth. "Curious vegetables are these old campaigners. Wish him good night for me when he awakes, will you?"

And so saying, he proceeded on his way, with all that lassitude and exhaustion which it was his custom to throw into every act which demanded the slightest exertion.

"Any more stairs to mount, Mr. Craggs?" said he, with a bland but sickly smile.

"Yes, sir; two flights more."

"Oh, dear! couldn't you have disposed of me on the lower floor?—I don't care where or how, but some-

thing that requires no climbing. It matters little, however, for I'm only here for a day."

"We could fit up a small room, sir, off the library."

"Do so, then. A most humane thought; for if I *should* remain another night. Not at it yet?" cried he peevishly, at the aspect of an almost perpendicular stair before him.

"This is the last flight, sir; and you'll have a splendid view for your trouble, sir, when you awake in the morning."

"There is no view ever repaid the toil of an ascent, Mr. Craggs, whether it be to an attic or the Righi. Would you kindly tell my servant, Mr. Schö-

fer, where to find me, and let him fetch the pillows, and put a little rosemary in a glass of water in the room—it corrects the odour of the night-lamp. And I should like my coffee early—say at seven, though I don't wish to be disturbed afterwards. Thank you, Mr. Craggs—Good night. Oh! one thing more. You have a doctor here. Would you just mention to him that I should like to see him to-morrow about nine, or half-past? Good night—good night."

And with a smile, worthy of bestowal upon a court beauty, and a gentle inclination of the head, the very ideal of gracefulness, Sir Horace dismissed Mr. Craggs, and closed the door.

CHAPTER IX.

A MEDICAL VISIT.

Mr. Schöfer moved through the dimly-lighted chamber with all the cat-like stealthiness of an accomplished valet, arranging the various articles of his master's wardrobe, and giving, so far as he was able, the semblance of an accustomed spot to this new and strange locality. Already, indeed, it was very unlike what it had been during Harcourt's occupation. Guns, whips, fishing-tackle, dog-leashes, and landing-nets, had all disappeared, as well as uncouth specimens of costume for boating or the chase; and in their place were displayed all the accessories of an elaborate toilet, laid out with a degree of pomp and ostentation somewhat in contrast to the place. A richly-embroidered dressing-gown lay on the back of a chair, before which stood a pair of velvet slippers worked in gold. On the table in front of these, a whole regiment of bottles, of varied shape and colour, were ranged, the contents being curious essences and delicate odours, every one of which entered into some peculiar stage of that elaborate process Sir Horace Upton went through, each morning of his life, as a preparation for the toils of the day.

Adjoining the bed stood a smaller table, covered with various medicaments, tinctures, essences, infusions, and extracts, whose subtle qualities he was well skilled in, and but for whose timely assistance he would not have believed himself capable of surviving

throughout the day. Beside these was a bulky file of prescriptions, the learned documents of doctors of every country of Europe, all of whom had enjoyed their little sunshine of favour, and all of whom had ended by "mistaking his case." These had now been placed in readiness, for the approaching consultation with "Glencore's doctor;" and Mr. Schöfer still glided noiselessly from place to place, preparing for that event.

"I'm not asleep, Fritz," said a weak, plaintive voice from the bed. "Let me have my aconite—eighteen drops; a full dose to-day, for this journey has brought back the pains."

"Yes, Excellenz," said Fritz, in a voice of broken accentuation.

"I slept badly," continued his master in the same complaining tone. "The sea beat so heavily against the rocks, and the eternal plash, plash, all night irritated and worried me. Are you giving me the right tincture?"

"Yes, Excellenz," was the brief reply.

"You have seen the doctor—what is he like, Fritz?"

A strange grimace and a shrug of the shoulders was Mr. Schöfer's only answer.

"I thought as much," said Upton, with a heavy sigh. "They called him the wild growth of the mountains last night, and I fancied what that was like to prove. Is he young?"

A shake of the head implied not.

"Nor old?"

Another similar movement answered the question.

"Give me a comb, Fritz, and fetch the glass here?" And now Sir Horace arranged his silky hair more becomingly, and having exchanged one or two smiles with his image in the mirror, lay back on the pillow, saying, "Tell him I'm ready to see him?"

Mr. Schöfer proceeded to the door, and at once presented the obsequious figure of Billy Traynor, who, having heard some details of the rank and quality of his new patient, made his approaches with a most deferential humility. It was true, Billy knew that my Lord Glencore's rank was above that of Sir Horace, but to his eyes there was the far higher distinction of a man of undoubted ability—a great speaker, a great writer, a great diplomatist,—and Billy Traynor, for the first time in his life, found himself in the presence of one whose claims to distinction stood upon the lofty basis of personal superiority. Now, though bashfulness was not the chief characteristic of his nature, he really felt abashed and timid as he drew near the bed, and shrunk under the quick but searching glance of the sick man's cold, grey eyes.

"Place a chair, and leave us, Fritz," said Sir Horace; and then turning slowly round, smiled as he said, "I'm happy to make your acquaintance, sir. My friend, Lord Glencore, has told me with what skill you treated him, and I embrace the fortunate occasion to profit by your professional ability."

"I'm your humble slave, sir," said Billy, with a deep, rich brogue; and the manner of the speaker, and his accent, seemed so to surprise Upton, that he continued to stare at him fixedly for some seconds without speaking.

"You studied in Scotland, I believe," said he, with one of his most engaging smiles, while he hazarded the question.

"Indeed, then, I did not, sir," said Billy, with a heavy sigh; "all I know of the *ars medicatrix* I picked up—*currendo per campos*—as one may say, vagabondising through life, and watching my opportunities. Nature gave me the Hippocratic turn, and I did my best to improve it."

"So that you never took out a regular diploma?" said Sir Horace, with another and still blander smile.

"Sorra one, sir! I'm a doctor just as a man is a poet—by sheer janus! 'Tis the study of nature makes both one and the other; that is, when there's the raal stuff—the *aureous afflatus*—inside. Without you have that you're only a rhymster or a quack."

"You would, then, trace a parallel between them!" said Upton, graciously.

"To be sure, sir! ould Heyric says, that the poet and the physician is one:—

"For he who reads the clouded skies,
And knows the utterings of the deep,
Can surely see in human eyes
The sorrows that so heart-locked sleep."

The human system is just a kind of universe of its own; and the very same faculties that investigate the laws of nature in one case is good in the other."

"I don't think the author of 'King Arthur' supports your theory," said Upton, gently.

"Blackmore was an ass; but maybe he was as great a bosthoon in physio as in poetry," rejoined Billy, promptly.

"Well, doctor," said Sir Horace, with one of those plaintive sighs in which he habitually opened the narrative of his own suffering, "let us descend to meaner things, and talk of myself. You see before you one who, in some fashion, is the reproach of medicine. That file of prescriptions beside you will show that I have consulted almost every celebrity in Europe; and that I have done so unsuccessfully, it is only necessary that you should look on these worn looks—these wasted fingers—this sickly, feeble frame. Vouchsafe me a patient hearing for a few moments, while I give you some insight into one of the most intricate cases, perhaps, that has ever engaged the faculty."

It is not our intention to follow Sir Horace through his statement, which in reality comprised a sketch of half the ills that the flesh is heir to. Maladies of heart, brain, liver, lungs, the nerves, the arteries, even the bones, contributed their aid to swell the dreary catalogue, which, indeed, contained the usual contradictions and exaggerations incidental to such histories. We could not assuredly expect from our reader the patient attention with which Billy listened to this narrative. Never by a word did he interrupt the description; not even a syllable escaped him as he sat; and even when Sir Horace

had finished speaking, he remained, with slightly drooped head and clasped hands, in deep meditation.

"It's a strange thing," said he, at last; "but the more I see of the aristocracy, the more I'm convinced that they ought to have doctors for themselves alone, just as they have their own tailors and coachmakers—chaps that could devote themselves to the study of physio for the peerage, and never think of any other disorders but them that befall people of rank. Your mistake, Sir Horace, was in consulting the regular middle-class practitioner, who invariably imagined there must be a disease to treat."

"And you set me down as a hypochondriac, then?" said Upton, smiling.

"Nothing of the kind! You have a malady sure enough, but nothing organic. 'Tis the oceans of tinctures, the sieves-full of pills, the quarter-casks of bitters you're takin', has played the divil with you. The human machine is like a clock, and it depends on the proportion the parts bear to each other, whether it keeps time. You may make the spring too strong, or the chain too thick, or the balance too heavy for the rest of the works, and spoil everything just by over security. That's what your doctors was doing with their tonics and cordials. They didn't see, here's a poor washy frame, with a wake circulation and no vigour. If we nourish him his heart will go quicker, to be sure, but what will his brain be at? There's the rub! His brain will begin to go fast, too, and already it's going the pace. 'Tis soothin' and calmin' you want; allayin' the irritability of an irascible, fretful nature, always on the watch for self-torment. Say-bathin', early hours, a quiet, mopin' kind of life, that would, maybe, tend to torpor and sleepiness—them's the first things you need; and for exercise, a little work in the garden that you'd take interest in."

"And no physio?" asked Sir Horace.

"Sorra screed! not as much as a powder or a draught, barrin'," said he, suddenly catching the altered expression of the sick man's face, "a little mixture of hyoscyamus I'll compound for you myself. This, and friction over the region of the heart, with a mild embrocation, is all my tratement!"

"And you have hopes of my recovery?" asked Sir Horace, faintly.

"My name isn't Billy Traynor, if I'd not send you out of this hale and hearty before two months. I read you like a printed book."

"You really give 'me great confidence, for I perceive you understand the tone of my temperament. Let us try this same embrocation at once; I'll most implicitly obey you in everything."

"My head on a block, then, but I'll cure you," said Billy; who determined that no scruples on his side should mar the trust reposed in him by the patient. "But you must give yourself entirely up to me, not only as to your eatin' and drinkin', but your hours of recreation and study, exercise, amusement, and all, must be at my biddin'. It is the principle of harmony between the moral and physical nature constitutes the whole sacret of my system. To be stimulin' the nerves, and lavin' the arteries dormant, is like playing a jig to minuet time—all must move in simultaneous action, and the cerebellum, the great fly-wheel of the whole, must be made to keep orderly time, d'ye mind."

"I follow you with great interest," said Sir Horace, to whose subtle nature there was an intense pleasure in the thought of having discovered what he deemed a man of original genius under this unpromising exterior—"There is but one bar to these arrangements—I must leave this at once; I ought to go to-day. I must be off to-morrow."

"Then I'll not take the helm when I can't pilot you through the shoals," said Billy. "To begin my system, and see you go away before I developed my grand invigoratin' arcanum, would be only to destroy your confidence in an elegant discovery."

"Were I only as certain as you seem to be—" began Sir Horace, and then stopped.

"You'd stay and be cured, you were goin' to say. Well, if you didn't feel that same trust in me, you'd be right to go; for it is that very confidence that turns the balance. Ould Babbington used to say that between a good physician and a bad one there was just the difference between a pound and a guinea. But between the one you trust and the one you don't, there's a whole wide ocean."

"On that score every advantage is with you," said Upton, with all the

winning grace of his incomparable manner; "and I must now bethink me how I can manage to prolong my stay here." And with this he fell into a musing fit, letting drop occasionally some stray word or two, to mark the current of his thoughts—"The Duke of Headwater's on the thirteenth—Ardroath Castle the Tuesday after—Morehampton for the Derby day. These easily disposed of. Prince Boratinsky, about that Warsaw affair, must be attended to; a letter, yes, a letter, will keep that question open. Lady Grencliffe is a difficulty; if I plead illness, she'll say I'm not strong enough to go to Russia. I'll think it over." And with this he rested his head on his hands, and sank into profound reflection. "Yes, doctor," said he, at length, as though summing up his secret calculations, "health is the first requisite. If you can but restore me, you will be—I am above the mere personal consideration—you will be the means of conferring an important service on the King's Government. A variety of questions, some of them deep and intricate, are now pending, of which I alone understand the secret meaning. A new hand would infallibly spoil the game; and yet, in my present condition, how could I bear the fatigues of long interviews, ministerial deliberations, incessant note-writing, and evasive conversations?"

"Utterly impossible!" exclaimed the doctor.

"As you observe, it is utterly impossible," rejoined Sir Horace, with one of his own dubious smiles; and then, in a manner more natural, resumed—"We public men have the sad necessity of concealing the sufferings on which others trade for sympathy. We must never confess to an ache or a pain, lest it be rumoured that we are unequal to the fatigues of office; and so is it that we are condemned to run the race with broken

health and shattered frame, alleging all the while that no exertion is too much, no effort too great for us."

"And may be, after all, it's that very struggle that makes you more than common men," said Billy. "There's a kind of irritability that keeps the brain at stretch, and renders it equal to higher efforts than ever accompanies good every-day health. Dyspepsia is the soul of a prose-writer, and a slight ossification of the aortic valves is a great help to the imagination."

"Do you really say so?" asked Sir Horace, with all the implicit confidence with which he accepted any marvel that had its origin in medicine.

"Don't you feel it yourself, sir?" asked Billy. "Do you ever pen a reply to a knotty state-paper as nately as when you've the heartburn?—are you ever as epigrammatic as when you're driven to a listen slipper?—and when do you give a minister a jobation as purtily as when you are labourin' under a slight indigestion? Not that it would sarve a man to be permanently in gout or the cholic; but for a spurt like a cavalry charge, there's nothing like eatin' something that disagrees with you."

"An ingenious notion," said the diplomatist, smiling.

"And now I'll take my lave," said Billy, rising. "I'm going out to gather some mountain-colchicum and sorrel, to make a diaphoretic infusion; and I've to give Master Charles his Greek lesson; and blister the colt—he's thrown out a bone spavin; and, after that, Handy Carr's daughter has the shakin' ague, and the smith at the forge is to be bled—all before two o'clock, when 'the lord' sends for me; but the rest of the day, and the night, too, I'm your honor's obaydient."

And with a low bow, repeated in a more reverential manner at the door, Billy took his leave and retired.

CHAPTER X.

A DISCLOSURE.

"HAVE you seen Upton?" asked Glencore eagerly, of Harcourt, as he entered his bedroom.

"Yes; he vouchsafed me an audience during his toilet, just as the old kings of France were accustomed to honour a favourite with one."

"And is he full of miseries at the dreary place, the rough fare, and deplorable resources of this wild spot?"

"Quite the reverse; he is charmed with everything and everybody. The view from his window is glorious; the air has already invigorated him. For

years he has not breakfasted with the same appetite; and he finds, that of all the places he has ever chanced upon, this is the one veritable exact spot which suits him."

"This is very kind on his part," said Glencore, with a faint smile. "Will the humour last, Harcourt? That is the question."

"I trust it will; at least it may well endure for the short period he means to stay; although already he has extended that, and intends remaining till next week."

"Better still," said Glencore, with more animation of voice and manner. "I was already growing nervous about the brief space in which I was to crowd in all that I want to say to him; but if he will consent to wait a day or two, I hope I shall be equal to it."

"In his present mood there is no impatience to be off; on the contrary, he has been inquiring as to all the available means of locomotion, and by what convenience he is to make various sea and land excursions."

"We have no carriage—we have no roads, even," said Glencore, peevishly.

"He knows all that; but he is concerting measures about a certain turkish, I think they call it, which, by the aid of pillows to lie on, and donkeys to drag, can be made a most useful vehicle; while for longer excursions he has suggested a convenience of wheels and axles to the punt, rendering it equally eligible on land or water. Then he has been designing great improvements in horticulture, and given orders about a rake, a spade, and a hoe for himself. I'm quite serious," said Harcourt, as Glencore smiled with a kind of droll incredulity. "It is perfectly true; and as he hears that the messenger occasionally crosses the Lough to the Post—when there are no letters there, he hints at a little simple telegraph for Leenane, which should announce what the mail contains, and which might be made useful to convey other intelligence. In fact, all *my* changes here will be as nothing to his reforms, and between us you'll not know your own house again, if you even be able to live in it."

"You have already done much to make it more habitable, Harcourt," said Glencore, feelingly; "and if I had not the grace to thank you for it, I'm not the less grateful. To say truth, my old friend, I half doubted

whether it was an act of friendship to attach me ever so lightly to a life of which I am well weary. Ceasing as I have done for years back to feel interest in anything, I dread whatever may again recall me to the world of hopes and fears—that agitated sea of passion, whereon I have no longer vigour to contend. To speak to me then of plans to carry out, schemes to accomplish, was to point to a future of activity and exertion; and I"—here he dropped his voice to a deep and mournful tone—"can have but one future!—the dark and dreary one before the grave."

Harcourt was too deeply impressed by the solemnity of these words to venture on a reply, and he sat silently contemplating the sorrow-struck, but placid features of the sick man.

"There is nothing to prevent a man struggling, and successfully, too, against mere adverse fortune," continued Glencore. "I feel at times that if I had been suddenly reduced to actual beggary—left without a shilling in the world—that there are many ways in which I could eke out subsistence. A great defeat to my personal ambition I could resist. The casualty that should exclude me from a proud position and public life, I could bear up against with patience, and I hope with dignity. Loss of fortune—loss of influence—loss of station—loss of health, even dearer than them all, can be borne. There is but one intolerable ill—one that no time alleviates, no casuistry diminishes—loss of honour! Ay, Harcourt, rank and riches do little for him who feels himself the inferior of the meanest that elbows him in a crowd; and the man whose name is a scoff and a gibe has but one part to fill—to make himself forgotten."

"I hope I'm not deficient in a sense of personal honour, Glencore," said Harcourt; "but I must say, that I think your reasoning on this point is untenable and wrong."

"Let us not speak more of it," said Glencore, faintly. "I know not how I have been led to allude to what it is better to bear in secret, than confide even to friendship;" and he pressed the strong fingers of the other, as he spoke, in his own feeble grasp. "Leave me now, Harcourt, and send Upton here. It may be that the time is come when I shall be able to speak to him."

"You are too weak to-day, Glen-

core—too much agitated. Pray defer this interview."

"No, Harcourt; these are my moments of strength. The little energy now left to me is the fruit of strong excitement. Heaven knows how I shall be to-morrow."

Harcourt made no further opposition, but left the room in search of Upton.

It was full an hour later when Sir Horace Upton made his appearance in Glencore's chamber, attired in a purple dressing-gown, profusely braided with gold, loose trousers as richly brocaded, and a pair of real Turkish slippers, resplendent with costly embroidery; a small fez of blue velvet, with a deep gold tassel, covered the top of his head, at either side of which his soft silky hair descended in long massy waves, apparently negligently, but in reality arranged with all the artistic regard to effect of a consummate master. From the gold girdle at his waist depended a watch, a bunch of keys, a Turkish purse, an embroidered tobacco-bag, a gorgeously chased smelling-bottle, and a small stiletto, with an opal handle. In one hand he carried a meerschaum, the other leaned upon a cane, and with all the dependance of one who could not walk without its aid. The greeting was cordial and affectionate on both sides; and when Sir Horace, after a variety of preparations to ensure his comfort, at length seated himself beside the bed, his features beamed with all their wonted gentleness and kindness.

"I'm charmed at what Harcourt has been telling me, Upton," said Glencore; "and that you really can exist in all the savagery of this wild spot."

"I'm in ecstasy with the place, Glencore. My memory cannot recall the same sensations of health and vigour I have experienced since I came here. Your cook is first-rate; your fare is exquisite; the quiet is a positive blessing; and that queer creature, your doctor, is a very remarkable genius."

"So he is," said Glencore, gravely.

"One of those men of original mould, who leave cultivation leagues behind, and arrive at truth by a bound."

"He certainly treated me with considerable skill."

"I'm satisfied of it; his conversation is replete with shrewd and intelli-

gent observation; and he seems to have studied his art more like a philosopher than a mere physician of the schools; and depend upon it, Glencore, the curative art must mainly depend upon the secret instinct which divines the malady, less by the rigid rules of acquired skill than by that prerogative of genius, which, however exerted, arrives at its goal at once. Our conversation had scarcely lasted a quarter of an hour, when he revealed to me the exact seat of all my sufferings, and the most perfect picture of my temperament. And then his suggestions as to treatment were all so reasonable—so well argued."

"A clever fellow—no doubt of it," said Glencore.

"But he is far more than that, Glencore. Cleverness is only a manufacturing quality—that man supplies the raw article also. It has often struck me as very singular that such heads are not found in *our* class—they belong to another order altogether. It is possible that the stimulus of necessity engenders the greatest of all efforts, calling to the operations of the mind the continued strain for contrivance; and thus do we find the most remarkable men are those, every step of whose knowledge has been gained with a struggle."

"I suspect you are right," said Glencore; "and that our old system of school education, wherein all was rough, rugged, and difficult, turned out better men than the present day habit of everything-made-easy and everybody-made-anything. Flippancy is the characteristic of our age, and we owe it to our schools."

"By the way, what do you mean to do with Charley?" said Upton. "Do you intend him for Eton?"

"I scarcely know—I make plans only to abandon them," said Glencore, gloomily.

"I'm greatly struck with him. He is one of those fellows, however, who require the nicest management, and who either rise superior to all around them, or drop down into an indolent, dreamy existence, conscious of power, but too bashful or too lazy to exert it."

"You have hit him off, Upton, with all your own subtlety; and it was to speak of that boy I have been so eager to see you."

Glencore paused as he said these words, and passed his hand over his

brow, as though to prepare himself for the task before him.

"Upton," said he, at last, in a voice of deep and solemn meaning, "the resolution I am about to impart to you is not unlikely to meet your strenuous opposition; you will be disposed to show me strong reasons against it on every ground; you may refuse me that amount of assistance I shall ask of you to carry out my purpose; but if your arguments were all unanswerable, and if your denial to aid me was to sever the old friendship between us, I'd still persist in my determination. For more than two years the project has been before my mind. The long hours of the day, the longer ones of the night, have found me deep in the consideration of it. I have repeated over to myself everything that my ingenuity could suggest against it—I have said to my own heart all that my worst enemy could utter, were he to read the scheme and detect my plan—I have done more, I have struggled with myself to abandon it; but all in vain. My heart is linked to it; it forms the one sole tie that attaches me to life. Without it, the apathy that I feel stealing over me would be complete, and my existence become a mournful dream. In a word, Upton, all is passionless within me, save one sentiment; and I drag on life merely for a *vendetta*."

Upton shook his head mournfully, as the other paused here, and said—

"This is disease, Glencore!"

"Be it so; the malady is beyond cure," said he, sternly.

"Trust me it is not so," said Upton, gently; "you listened to my persuasions on a more —"

"Ay, that I did!" cried Glencore, interrupting, "and have I ever ceased to rue the day I did so! But for *your* arguments, and I had not lived this life of bitter, self-reproaching misery; but for you, and my vengeance had been sated ere this!"

"Remember, Glencore," said the other, "that you had obtained all the world has decreed as satisfaction. He met you and received your fire; you shot him through the chest; not mortally, it is true, but to carry to his grave a painful, lingering disease. To have insisted on his again meeting you would have been little less than murder. No man could have stood your friend in such a quarrel. I told you so then, I repeat it now, *he* could

not fire at you; what then was it possible for you to do?"

"Shoot him—shoot him like a dog!" cried Glencore, while his eyes gleamed like the glittering eyes of an enraged beast. "You talk of his lingering life of pain; think of *mine*; have some sympathy for what *I* suffer! Would all the agony of *his* whole existence equal one hour of the torment he has bequeathed to me, its shame and ignominy?"

"These are things which passion can never treat of, my dear Glencore."

"Passion alone can feel them," said the other sternly. "Keep subtleties for those who use like weapons. As for me, no casuistry is needed to tell me I am dishonoured, and just as little to tell me I must be avenged! If *you* think differently, it were better not to discuss this question further between us; but I did think I could have reckoned upon you, for I felt you had barred my first chance of a vengeance."

"Now, then, for your plan, Glencore," said Upton, who with all the dexterity of his calling preferred opening a new channel in the discussion, to aggravating difficulties by a further opposition.

"I must rid myself of her! There's my plan!" cried Glencore, savagely. "You have it all in that resolution. Of no avail is it that I have separated my fortune from hers so long as she bears my name, and renders it infamous in every city of Europe? Is it to you who live in the world, who mix with men of every country, that I need tell this? If a man cannot throw off such a shame he must sink under it."

"But you told me you had an unconquerable aversion to the notion of seeking a divorce?"

"So I had—so I have! The indelicate, the ignominious course of a trial at law, with all its shocking exposure, would be worse than a thousand deaths! To survive the suffering of all the licensed ribaldry of some gowned coward, aspersing one's honour, calumniating, inventing, and when invention failed, suggesting motives, the very thought of which in secret had driven a man to madness! to endure this—to read it—to know it went published over the wide globe, till one's shame became the gossip of millions—and then, with a verdict extorted from pity, damages awarded to repair a broken heart and a sullied

name, to carry this disgrace before one's equals, to be again discussed, sifted, and cavilled at! No, Upton; this poor, shattered brain would give way under such a trial. To compass it in mere fancy is already nigh to madness! It must be by other means than these that I attain my object!"

The terrible energy with which he spoke actually frightened Upton, who fancied that his reason had already begun to show signs of decline.

"The world has decreed," resumed Glencore, "that in these conflicts all the shame shall be the husband's, but it shall not be so here!—*she* shall have her share, ay, and by heaven! not the smaller share either!"

"Why, what would you do?" asked Upton, eagerly.

"Deny my marriage! call her my mistress!" cried Glencore, in a voice shaken with passion and excitement.

"But your boy—your son, Glencore?"

"He shall be a bastard! You may hold up your hands in horror, and look with all your best got-up disgust at such a scheme; but if you wish to see me swear to accomplish it, I'll do so now before you, ay, on my knees before you! When we eloped from her father's house at Castellamare we were married by a priest at Capri—of the marriage no trace exists. The more legal ceremony was performed before you, as *Chargé d'Affaires* at Naples—of that I have the registry here; nor, except my courier Sanson, is there a living witness. If you determine to assert it, you will do so without a fragment of proof, since every document that could substantiate it is in my keeping. You shall see them for yourself. She is, therefore, in my power; and will any man dare to tell me how I should temper that power."

"But your boy, Glencore, your boy."

"Is my boy's station in the world a prouder one by being the son of the notorious Lady Glencore, or as the offspring of a nameless mistress? What avail to him that he should have a title stained by *her* shame! Where is he to go? In what land is he to live, where her infamy has not reached? Is it not a thousand times better that he enter life, ignoble and unknown—to start in the world's race with what he may of strength and power—than drag on an unhonoured

existence, shunned by his equals, and only welcome where it is disgrace to find companionship."

"But you surely have never contemplated all the consequences of this rash resolve. It is the extinction of an ancient title, the alienation of a great estate, when once you have declared your boy illegitimate."

"He is a beggar, I know it; the penalty he must pay is a heavy one; but think of *her*, Upton, think of the haughty viscountess, revelling in splendour, and even in all her shame, the flattered, welcomed guest of that rotten, corrupt society she lives in. Imagine her in all the pride of wealth and beauty, sought after, adulated, worshipped as she is, suddenly struck down by the brand of this disgrace, and left upon the world without fortune, without rank, without even a name. To be shunned like a leper by the very meanest of those it had once been an honour when she recognised them. Picture to yourself this woman, degraded to the position of all that is most vile and contemptible. She that scarcely condescended to acknowledge as her equals the best born and the highest, sunk down to the hopeless infamy of a mistress. They tell me she laughed on the day I fainted at seeing her entering the San Carlos at Naples—laughed as they carried me down the steps into the fresh air! Will she laugh now, think you? Shall I be called '*Le Pauvre Sire*,' when she hears this? Was there ever a vengeance more terrible, more complete?"

"Again, I say, Glencore, you have no right to involve others in the penalty of her fault. Laying aside every higher motive, you can have no more right to deny your boy's claim to his rank and fortune, than I, or any one else. It cannot be alienated nor extinguished; by his birth he became the heir to your title and estates."

"He has no birth, sir, he is a bastard—who shall deny it? *You* may," added he, after a second's pause, "but where's your proof? Is not every probability as much against you as all documentary evidence, since none will ever believe that I could rob myself of the succession, and make over my fortune to heaven knows what remote relation."

"And do you expect me to become a party to this crime?" asked Upton gravely.

"You balked me in one attempt at vengeance, and I did think you owed me a reparation!"

"Glencore," said Upton, solemnly, "we are both of us men of the world; men who have seen life in all its varied aspects sufficiently, to know the hollowness of more than half the pretension men trade upon as principle; we have witnessed mean actions and the very lowest motives amongst the highest in station; and it is not for either of us to affect any overstrained estimate of men's honour and good faith; but I say to you, in all sincerity, that not alone do I refuse you all concurrence in the act you meditate, but I hold myself open to denounce and frustrate it."

"You do!" cried Glencore, wildly, while with a bound he sat up in his bed, grasping the curtain convulsively for support.

"Be calm, Glencore, and listen to me patiently."

"You declare that you will use the confidence of this morning against me," cried Glencore, while the lines in his face became indented more deeply, and his bloodless lips quivered with

passion. "You take your part with *her*."

"I only ask that you would hear me."

"You owe me four thousand five hundred pounds, Sir Horace Upton," said Glencore, in a voice barely above a whisper, but every accent of which was audible.

"I know it, Glencore," said Upton, calmly. "You helped me by a loan of that sum in a moment of great difficulty. Your generosity went further, for you took, what nobody else would, my personal security."

Glencore made no reply, but throwing back the bedclothes, slowly and painfully arose, and with tottering and uncertain steps, approached a table. With a trembling hand he unlocked a drawer, and taking out a paper, opened and scanned it over.

"There's your bond sir," said he, with a hollow, cavernous voice, as he threw it into the fire, and crushed it down into the flames with the poker. "There is now nothing between us. You are free to do your worst!" And as he spoke, a few drops of dark blood trickled from his nostril, and he fell senseless upon the floor.

THE CIVIL SERVICE.*

AN opinion appears of late to have become prevalent, that the duties appertaining to the civil service of this country are somewhat mismanaged; that they are got through in an awkward manner; that many hands are used for little work; and that that little might be less, if it were arranged with better system and less routine. The rather formidable mass of papers on which it is now proposed to make some remarks, is the upshot of the wisdom of, we presume, the best of our civil servants, as brought to bear upon the nature of the service to which they belong. Two of the number have been desired to try their hands on a new constitution for this hitherto ill-governed republic, and some two score others have been again invited to ani-

madvert on the constitution so prepared. One gentleman, Mr. Arbuthnot, has contrived to obtain a hearing on the subject without invitation at all; and we must premise, that he seems to be fully as much entitled to the honour as any one of his brethren.

Such is the collection of papers on the re-organisation of the civil service; and it must be allowed that they call attention to a most important subject, and fully prove that there is room for amendment.

To the Rev. Mr. Jowett has been accorded a place of his own—the place of honour, we presume. His wisdom concludes the book; he is the one chief witness in favour of the scheme of the two reporters; it is he who proves the practicability of the proposed reform,

* "Papers Relating to the Reorganisation of the Civil Service. Presented to Parliament by command of Her Majesty"

who calculates the minute necessities of the future system, dissipates the difficulties of arrangement, and shows himself to be ready, at a moment's warning, to pick out from the largest crowd of candidates the exact number of best men required for the service of the nation. Mr. Jowett is tutor of Baliol: that he is an excellent college tutor we do not doubt, but we do much doubt whether the training that he has had in that capacity can have taught him what are the desirable requirements in a clerk in the civil service.

It has for some years been apparent to us, that if a real Utopia could be peopled with emigrants from Great Britain, Sir Charles Trevelyan would be the only man to whom could be confided the chief magistracy of the colony. Sir Stafford Northcote, who rode worthily into fame on the cupola of the London Exhibition, is a fitting associate for so great an administrator. Eminently practical as was the Exhibition, it had, nevertheless, a strong savour of a successful Utopia; the ordinary *desagremens* of worldly things were wanting; there was about it a dangerous lack of any alloy; it was terribly perfect! Money flew in, not faster, but only not faster than it could be collected; pickpockets were tabooed; crowds behaved themselves with decorum; policemen were not overbearing; and there was no link to bind the building to frail humanity. Since that time nothing but perfection will suffice for such men as Sir Stafford Northcote and Mr. Cole; and no scheme for the improvement of the civil service could hope for their aid, unless it were so contrived as to create a class of clerks who should be altogether angelic, if not absolutely divine. We do not deny, nay we fully acknowledge, that there is much sound sense, much promise of future improvement in this report. We do not doubt that the promise will be ultimately matured; but it does appear to us that at starting these reformers soar too high.

The report begins by an allusion to the importance of the civil service as a profession, and by a declaration that the ablest of the sons of Britain should be attracted into its ranks. It then, in a somewhat unnecessarily ungracious manner, enlarges on the defects of the men who do enter it. It is from the idle, the weak in mind, the infirm in body, the unambitious, the jolterheads,

the ne'er-do-wells, the puny, and the diseased, that the offices of Government receive their recruits. It enlarges on the difficulty of obtaining really working men for the civil service. Men go in young, and having secured their income, do not care to exert themselves. In the open professions, no song gets no supper, little work gets little pay; but in the civil service the mute guest is treated as well as the tuneful—the idle drone enjoys as much honey as the busy bee. Men also endowed with a certain income are freed from those energetic struggles which open the mind and define the character, and thus they live and die like dormice. So at least say Sir Charles and Sir Stafford.

The evils of patronage are then urged. A young man is nominated from favour, and the office-chief, who should put a veto on this nomination of the youngster if he be under educated or otherwise unfit, does not like to offend the great man who gave the appointment, and, neglecting his duty, admits the incompetent nominee; or he is indifferent, and, knowing that the young man's unfitness will not affect himself, takes no trouble to inquire into the matter; or he is good-natured, and will not ruin a young man's prospects. So say the reporters. We should think that very little such indifference, very little such good-nature, very little such fear of a political great man, can fairly be laid to the charge of Sir Charles Trevelyan.

And here we must observe, that the idea given of an official life is a most depressing one:—"In two or three years he (the Government clerk) is as good as he can be at such an employment. The remainder of his official life (*after two or three years*) can only exercise a depressing influence on him!" He not only begins with mechanical labour, but often ends with it. "Nothing has been done after the clerk's appointment to turn his abilities to the best account." These unfortunate clerks labour it seems under a "conviction that their success does not depend on their own exertions, and that if they work hard it will not advance them, if they waste their time in idleness it will not keep them back." "In several departments the clerks are regarded as having no claim whatever to the staff appointments." We are told how clerks suffer, when "some one who has failed in other professions, and

who has no recommendation but that of family or political interest, is appointed to a librarianship" over the heads of deserving men. Alas! alas! if such really be the true state of the case, how could Sir Charles and Sir Stafford have looked to see the ambitious and the talented entering the civil service?

In this respect, however, as in others, we think that our reformers are carried away into exaggeration; and we hope we shall be able to make good our opinion, that things are not so bad as they are made out to be.

The reporters then go on to their main object, that of recommending how best to seek for good men for the public service. It is better, they say, to train young men than to look for experienced labour. They declare that the service should be recruited from a properly selected body of candidates, and that the establishment of a fitting system of examination before appointment is the first necessary step towards the desired end. A short period of probation in the service should follow the examination.

Here we arrive at what is, in fact, the real reform proposed—the great change which Sir Charles Trevelyan and Sir Stafford Northcote wish to effect—the momentous step, to the feasibility of which Mr. Jowett bears such strong and substantial testimony. This is the blow under which the present system of patronage is to lie stricken to the death. It is this which is to rob the borough members of their means of gratifying constituents, and to open the elysium (Oh! what an elysium, according to Sir C. Trevelyan!)—the elysium of Somerset House—to the ambitious, but unfriended, youth of the country. It is this which is to give new hopes to the universities, deprive the bar of its brightest aspirants, limit the hospitals to mediocrity, and carry off even a portion of the austere virtue which now ornaments the Church. Yes; and not only that. No Burns need be a gauger; no Thom need be a weaver; no heaven-born genius need make shoes, or otherwise waste his jewelled gifts on arts mechanical, when once Sir Charles shall have carried his reform. If the shoemaker can do better than make shoes, let him come before Mr. Jowett and the examiners; and having proved his efficiency, let him cease from making shoes, and serve

the Crown. If he be good at calculations, send him forthwith to the Chancellor of the Exchequer—if Providence have thrown languages in his way, let him go to the Foreign Office—if he possess a talent for legerdemain, let him sort letters at the Post Office. If he have a gift at all, Mr. Jowett will find it out, and turn him to account; if he have no gift, Mr. Jowett will, at any rate, find out so much, and send him back to his stall, with permission, however, to come and be re-examined as often as he will, till he have reached a certain age.

The reporters recommend that a central board should be constituted for conducting the examination of candidates for the public service. Such a board, they say, should be composed of men holding independent position, and commanding general confidence. It should be presided over by a privy councillor, and should include persons experienced in the education of the upper and middle classes—Mr. Jowett we will say—and persons who are familiar with public business—to wit, Sir Charles Trevelyan. It should be made imperative upon candidates for employment in the civil service to pass an examination before this board, and obtain from it a certificate of fitness.

This examination—we continue to give an outline of the measure proposed by the reporters—this examination should be a competing literary examination; that is to say—the qualifications inquired into should be those of literary attainments, and the successful candidates are not to be simply the men who have passed with credit, but those who, by comparison, are declared to be the best.

We are then told that we shall secure the "services of the most promising young men of the day, by a competing examination on a level with the highest description of education in the country." The services of these most promising young men are no doubt desirable, but we do not see how they are to be obtained by any competing examination. A competing examination in itself is no bonus in these worldly days. Men do not now stride through all the dust of an Olympic race-course for a laurel-wreath. The glory of having his name written in the first place of honour on Mr. Jowett's list, will not entice the most promising youth of his age into

permanent service under the Crown; there must be other inducements than these. There is much to wonder at, much to admire, in this collection of papers which we now have under review; but there is nothing in them so admirable, nothing so wonderful, as the confidence with which Sir Charles Trevelyan looks forward to alluring the ambitious, the gifted, and the educated, into his service, by a mere proclamation of the difficulty they are to encounter on their entrance.

It is literally true, that not a word escapes Sir Charles as to the reward by which the ambitious, the gifted, and the educated, are to be brought up to these tremendous competing examinations; not a paragraph is devoted to the *quid pro quo*—not a syllable is breathed as to the good things which are to induce the first men of the age to undergo these terrible encounters before the face of Mr. Jowett. Now this does appear to be singular, but is it not wonderfully beautiful?

This proposal is declared to be not inconsistent with the appropriation of special talents to special departments; that is to say, the examining privy councillor, with his aids from Cambridge and elsewhere, will be able not only to select the best men, but also to adjudicate to the various successful candidates the peculiar office for which their attainments fit them. Perhaps so; but if A. B. goes in for the Foreign Office, and finds himself adjudicated to the Custom-House, what then? If C. D., having had an eye to the Treasury, and a fixed resolve to go no further from the centre of official life than the Admiralty at farthest, if he finds himself allocated to Rowland Hill in Saint Martin's le Grand? The privy councillor and the Cambridge tutor cannot force these men into the allotted places; every successful man will require a special plum to be picked from the Treasury pudding for his own eating, and, if not gratified, will hardly be induced, by the consciousness of his success, to succumb to the decision of the examiners.

The examinations are to take place periodically, and previous to each trial announcement is to be made of the number of vacancies. For the lower class of appointments, the examinations are to be made in local

districts, and the privy councillor and the college tutor are to travel like judges of assize. *Grands jours* will be held in different provincial towns, and as it is feared that candidates will not come after the places, the places are to be taken to the candidates.

"The precise mode," says Sir Charles, "in which the successful candidates should be allotted to the several departments, will require some consideration, but there will be no difficulty which may not easily be overcome." We never saw a stumbling-block more plainly pointed out, or more summarily disposed of! Different solutions of the difficulty are suggested, but none, it is clear, with the assured approbation of the suggestors. The heads of the offices may choose their men; yes, but what if the men won't go when so chosen?—what if the same man is chosen by various heads of offices?—what if the heads prudently declare themselves incompetent to make a choice without a further examination of their own? Or else the board may recommend particular men to particular departments. But if these chosen men won't go when recommended—if, as will surely be the case, they all want to frequent the West End—if they eschew the Customs and Excise, and unduly hanker after the glories of Downing-street?—in such a case, is the first-rate promising young man to be told that he must have the Excise or nothing, he having submitted to Mr. Jowett and the board with a special eye to the governance of a dozen colonies? Or the choice may be left to the men themselves, a restriction being placed on them to prevent improper choice. But if they all choose the same? If they all prefer the plums, and reject the suet, as may not improbably be the case, what then? We fear the reporters have not sufficiently matured this matter, and that much further consideration must be given to it, before anything like a feasible arrangement is proposed.

Every male inhabitant of these realms, and, for aught we see, of all other realms, is to be admissible at these examinations, provided they are of a given age, and can produce satisfactory reference as to their moral character. We may therefore say that every born male that attains the age, we believe, of seventeen, may have his chance. As to the reference to

moral character, most of us know how easily that is obtained, and when obtained, what it is worth. We could wish that the reporters had stated whether Americans and other foreigners are to be admitted; there is, at any rate, nothing in the report to exclude them.

There may, perhaps, be a rational doubt as to the extreme anxiety which Sir Charles thinks will be evinced by the most promising young men of the age to attend these examinations; but there can, we think, be no doubt that, under such circumstances as these, crowds of candidates would attend upon the examiners. Quantity would be there, though quality might be wanting; and Mr. Jowett would revel in his multiplicity of question-papers, and in the rapidity of his curt *viva voce* examinations.

Allusion is then made to the nature of the subjects on which examination is to be had. Much in this matter is to be left to the examiners, but the reporters suggest that the subjects should be as numerous as possible, to try the different aptitudes of the different candidates. They do not commit themselves by recommending any particular syllabus, any list of indispensable attainments, any arrangement of questions; but merely hint that proficiency in history, jurisprudence, political economy, modern languages, political and physical geography, and other matters, besides the staple of classics and mathematics, will be useful! Useful! Can Sir Charles find no higher epithet by which to honour such a list of accomplishments? Useful! and this, be it remembered, in a boy just past seventeen. Does Sir Charles consider that at that age the majority of even well-educated lads do not know the correct meaning of such terms as political economy and physical geography?—that a staple of mathematics at that age is a very rare attainment, indicating precocious genius, and that a proficiency in modern languages, at an early age, must be a peculiar gift of nature, which he cannot expect to find in many of even these most promising and most gifted lads, who are to crowd to his examinations? After reading the above list of preliminary accomplishments, as given by Sir Charles Trevelyan, who can doubt his title to be governor of Utopia?

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Having completed their proposals as to the mode to be adopted for filling vacancies in the public service, the reporters go on to suggest some regulations for using the energy, talent, and educated skill, which they shall have collected together by their examinations. In the first place, intellectual and mechanical labour is to be separated. Much, they say, has already been done by the appointment of a class of supplementary clerks, who it seems are to be shifted about from office to office, to do the copying and drudgery, and who are never to rise to the receipt of higher pay than what may be considered remunerative for mechanical labour.

It seems to us to be useless to make two classes of office-clerks, both of which are to be filled by men chosen in early youth by a system of competitive examinations. In offices in which purely mechanical labour can be separated from the higher duties, it would appear expedient to employ in such labour persons of a wholly different class, at weekly wages. Such men would never look to rise into the class of clerks—they would have their rewards in their own class; and the very fact of their being paid by weekly wages instead of yearly salaries, would confine the service to the class of men who would be desired for such work. Whatever method may be ultimately decided on for filling the ranks of clerks, the class of servants to which we now allude should, we think, not be included in the arrangement. It will be alleged that secrecy would be endangered by entrusting copies to uneducated men, or, to use the term most intelligible to the world, if others than gentlemen be employed. We cannot quite agree to this—messengers in public offices are already most confidentially entrusted with the care of public papers. The generality, also, of copies required is not of such a nature as to imperil national interests by being made public, nor are they of sufficient interest to excite curiosity. Copies of important state papers might still be made by confidential clerks; and while we are on the subject of copying, we must also protest against the general use of manual labour for a kind of work, which can be nearly equally well done by a machine.

We have no further suggestion from

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the reporters as to the division of labour, though, as we have seen, attention is somewhat ostentatiously drawn to the matter. The fact is, that the subject is felt to be one on which it is very difficult to suggest any general rule. Practically, there is not much difficulty in any individual office; the higher class of duties gradually fall into the hands of the most competent men, who do, we believe, usually reap some, though perhaps an inadequate, reward for the exertion of their energies. The reporters are too anxious to lay down absolute laws for the governance of the public service, which laws, when they come to the wording of them, slip through their fingers like water.

The question of promotion is then considered. By promotion, we mean all increase of salary, either by length of service, or by transference from one class to another; and on this subject we are inclined to think that the observations of the reporters are on the whole judicious. It is preposterous that either a stupid or an idle man should rise to the highest pay of his office by the mere *vis inertiae* of long servitude, while the true labourer is kept on low wages by the number of men above him of this description!

We believe, however, that the system of selection by merit is more widely used already in our public offices than Sir Charles is aware of; we believe also that the duty of selecting has been found to be most onerous and disagreeable. In such selection the selector, even though actuated by the fairest intentions, can hardly avoid a bias of unconscious favouritism; and we think, therefore, for the sake of both parties, the clerks from whom the selection is to be made and the officer who is to make it, every possible precaution should be used to prevent undue promotion.

It is suggested that on every occasion of promotion, the officer immediately in authority should furnish to the secretary of the department the names of a certain number of efficient men, from whom the latter should choose, and that a report on the services of each should accompany the name when so handed in. The secretary would then again report to the head of the office, who, so guided, would make his selection. Even all this precaution will not prevent the

operation of favouritism, but we do not see that any other method would more effectually do so; and, without doubt, the operation of this system would in effect bring the good men into the good places. B. and C., being both bright and equally so, C., the better beloved, may possibly be unnecessarily exalted over the head of B.; but no amount of love will, under such a system, enable the *mediocre* D. to mount up above them both, or will prevent the whole three from rising over the head of the useless and incorrigible A. We may also express an opinion that the moderate use of good-service additional pay would not only do much towards inducing valuable energy, but would give great assistance to the heads of offices in selecting men for permanent promotion. The clerk, when promoted, would of course not take his good-service pay with him into the higher class, but would have again to earn it in his new position.

Complaint is made by the reporters of the "fragmentary character of the service." This expression hardly explains itself, but it is meant to imply that a youth appointed to the War Office learns nothing of the duties of the Admiralty; that a Custom-House landing-surveyor is unable to do the work of a provincial Post-office, or a clerk in the Poor-Law office that of a clerk in the Treasury. We cannot look upon this as a defect, any more than we do on the ignorance of a butcher in the haberdashery business, or the inaptitude of a shoemaker to make sponge-cakes. The reporters would change the clerks about from office to office, and would, we presume, if they had the power, force the butcher to measure tape and the shoemaker to whip cream. They have very high authority against them, and, in advocating a system so diametrically opposed to that now received as to the division of labour, give proof at any rate of their courage.

Such are the recommendations made to the Government by Sir Charles Trevelyan and Sir Stafford Northcote, for the amelioration of the civil service; and to this, as we have said before, is appended a letter from the Rev. Mr. Jowett, Fellow and Tutor of Baliol College, Oxford, in which that gentleman gives much advice on the subject of the proposed examinations.

He first insists on the propriety of obtaining due reference and certificates with all the candidates. Certificates, both of birth and baptism, are to be forthcoming, and reference is to be made to a clergyman or minister. This, by the way, gives much umbrage to free-thinking Mr. Mill, who remarks that clergymen would of course give their recommendations to none but their own congregation, and that thus severe penalties would be attached to the non-attendance at some place of worship. We do not ourselves see the injustice of such a penalty, in a country where so great a majority of the population do worship God under some Christian denomination, but we cannot acknowledge the utility of Mr. Jowett's references. If a young man's career before the age of twenty has been scandalously immoral, he will not be apt to present himself before the examiners with any chance of passing a successful examination; if he can do so, his proficiency should be allowed to give him at that early age this chance of redeeming his character. Any young man, not scandalously immoral, would find no difficulty in obtaining such certificates as those required. Indeed we look on such certificates as all but useless, and would venture to recommend that they should not needlessly be multiplied. We think that a simple certificate as to the date of birth should be alone required. If it be thought necessary to have evidence of physical capacity, that may be best obtained from a medical examination, under the hands of a Government surgeon or physician, as is the practice on the entrance of cadets into the Indian service.

Having disposed of this question, Mr. Jowett rushes joyously in among his examination-papers, and here he is quite at home. "Let us estimate," says he, "the amount of vacancies of the superior class at 250, and the number of candidates at 2,000. The last is somewhat alarming. The best way to disperse the crowd will be by holding examinations continually"—[what a glorious prospect for Mr. Jowett!]"—"say five in each year—three in London, one in Edinburgh, and one in Dublin. Thus the number is reduced to 400 for each examination—a number which may easily be managed."

Softly, Mr. Jowett! Supposing you

to be right as to the 250 vacancies for the superior class (for which supposition, by-the-bye, we do not see any evidence adduced, but, on the contrary, a great diversity of opinion among those who ought to be the best acquainted with the subject—Mr. Murdock, of the Emigration Board, reckons the annual vacancies in the first and second-class offices at thirty-seven a-year), but supposing you to be right as to the 250 vacancies, by what earthly system of calculation have you arrived at the 2,000 candidates? This number, we agree with Mr. Jowett, is rather alarming, even though it shall be subdivided into five; but why are we so to limit the ambitious youth of this country? Why are we to suppose that 400 only will appear at each of the five national examinations, as desirous of being enrolled among the most gifted and most promising young men of the age? Does Mr. Jowett suppose that the applicants for places to men in power are not more numerous than these? and such applicants are only those who think that circumstances have given them some chance of favour. Under the new *regime*, any man may be an applicant. We wish that we may see Mr. Jowett when first addressing his crowded audience in the examination-hall in Dublin! Four hundred candidates for the civil service of the nation! Why, the whole of Young Ireland will rush undivided to the struggle. The honorable ambition of serving their country will animate the bosom of every father, mother, and sister, as well as every son. All these are promising and gifted—no doubts of rejection will prevail, and the contest for a foot of desk-accommodation in Mr. Jowett's blessed halls of examination will be awful.

Whether in truth the really gifted, the really promising, the really ambitious, youth of this country will undergo such examinations as these suggested, for such rewards, may well be doubted. It may also be matter of doubt whether it is desirable that the civil service should entice to itself any very large proportion of so rare and valuable a commodity. But there can be no doubt that such examinations would be crowded by unworthy candidates, by ill-educated lads, of whom ill-educated parents would be ignorantly hopeful, and that the task of

the examiners would be herculean. Will it be worth the while to remove in so painful a manner a mountain of chaff, to arrive at last at a basket of grain, and that not of the best quality?

Mr. Jowett goes on with his calculations. The examination on paper of each candidate should last for a week, to which should be added "*an hour of vivâ vocè.*" This he estimates at the perusal of 4,800 long papers, and 400 hours of "*vivâ vocè!!*" Will he allow us to add a nought to each of these amounts? We can safely say that in doing so we have as true a base on which to build our estimates as he has had.

"The salaries of the examiners should be liberal." In this we fully agree with him; considering the nature of the task, they can hardly be too liberal. They should be irremovable as are the judges, and they should have several clerks and a secretary. At their head should be a privy-councillor. We do not object to all this proposed grandeur, but we think that none but a modern Hercules could duly fill the chair in which that privy-councillor will have to sit.

Mr. Jowett then proceeds to the subjects of examination, and begins moderately. He would confine the first day to the qualifications most universally required—fast and neat handwriting, a thorough knowledge of arithmetic and book-keeping, and English composition. If he would strike out the word "thorough," and insert the word "adequate," qualify his requisition for English composition, and make this his final as well as his initiatory trial—if he would end here, and insure to us that all who enter the public service would be accomplished so far—he would really confer an immense boon upon the Government. A thorough knowledge of arithmetic and book-keeping! Can Mr. Jowett recommend to us any young lads from seventeen to twenty with such a knowledge, and who have attained it, not by practice at work, but merely by educational preparation? We know of none such. English composition! Can Mr. Jowett tell us how many pupils have passed out of his hands during the last ten years, so gifted as to be masters of English composition? We do not meet these juvenile Macaulays in our converse with the world.

We have rather been inclined to consider the science of English composition as one seldom acquired before maturity—as one too often neglected through a whole life, even by the educated—as the greatest ornament of those possessed of it, the greatest want with so many good and useful men, who are utterly ignorant of its rules. Will Mr. Jowett forgive us if we point out to him that he has sinned against the rules of English composition, in the very sentence in which he requires a knowledge of them as a first preliminary in his youthful candidates? Will he also allow us to call his attention to the peculiar language in which the eminent Mr. Chadwick, through nearly a hundred pages of this volume, insists on the merits of the newly-proposed plan? Is it such English composition as Mr. Chadwick's that Mr. Jowett would desire for his novices?

"When this preliminary examination has been disposed of, we come to the principal one." Mr. Jowett goes on to say how the examination must be limited. It is useless to look for what we might wish, says he—we must look for what we can actually get. Education at our schools, colleges, and inns of court, has been very limited; physical science and civil engineering have scarcely yet found their way down into education, but still they may be introduced. These circumstances are somewhat discouraging, and will not allow Mr. Jowett to expect in his class-rooms higher attainments than those mentioned below. As he has said above, "we must test a young man's ability by what he knows, and not what we wish him to know." Therefore Mr. Jowett confines himself as follows:—

FOUR SCHOOLS.

1. Classical Literature.
2. Mathematics, with Practical Application, and Natural Science.
3. Political Economy and Moral Philosophy.
4. Modern Languages and Modern History, including International Law.

Each candidate is to be examined necessarily in two schools, and no candidate may be examined in more.

We will not insist on the absurdity of the requirements here held out as being necessary in a young lad just

about to enter an office at the age of eighteen, because it may be acknowledged that even all this would be useful, if it could be had; but what strikes us with surprise is, that Mr. Jowett should think that young men so educated will present themselves as candidates for such prizes. He must be aware that by far the majority of men leaving Oxford could not pass a respectable examination in two of the above schools. But men are to go into the public service at the age that they enter college, not at the age that they leave it; they are also to come from a class educated in a less costly, and, we presume, less perfect manner, than those who fill our universities; they are, in fact, to be the same men who now fill the public offices, only better instructed. That they ought to be better instructed than they are, we admit; but we cannot at present see whence such an extent of erudition is to come, as that which Mr. Jowett expects.

Mr. Jowett then goes on to the lower class of public servants, and estimates the annual vacancies at 500. According to Mr. Murdock's calculation, these will not exceed 125 a-year. We are not told what is the estimated number of candidates; but, as they are to come from the poorer classes, the examination is to be carried to them, near their own houses. Mr. Jowett is no clearer than are Sir Charles and Sir Stafford, in defining the offices which are to be so filled, but he alludes specially to excisemen and tide-waiters. We do not know whether country postmasters, letter-carriers, tax-collectors, and such like, are to be included. We would, however, suggest that it will be expedient in the Government to confine itself at first to ascertaining the best method of filling the situations of clerks in the *bonâ fide* metropolitan public offices, in London, Dublin, and Edinburgh.

Having produced their plan, and obtained the co-operation of Mr. Jowett, the reporters called upon sundry gentlemen standing high in the civil service, and also on various clergymen, we presume on account of their cognizance of college examinations, to give their opinion on the matter; and the bulk of the volume before us consists of these opinions. They are very equally divided as to the merits and demerits of the proposed plan. We observe

that gentlemen who have not been long in harness, such as Mr. Cole and Dr. Playfair, strongly advocate the new system; others who have passed their lives at the desk, such as Mr. Arbuthnot, for instance, Sir A. Spearman, Sir James Stephen, and Mr. Bromley, greatly doubt the adequacy of the proposed examinations. We do not insist on the objections raised by Mr. Waddington, the Under Secretary of State for the Home Department, although we would counsel those interested in the matter to read what he has written. He comes forward in a spirit of pure resistance to the reporters, and with much wit, and sundry Latin and Greek quotations, fulminates at them a paper, which is, at any rate, very amusing. We presume they were bound to print the answers they received; but they do seem to have suffered under a hard lot at being made to publish and circulate a document so very little eulogistic either of their official judgment, or extra-official common sense.

We cannot but observe with how much vehemence many of those best able to express an opinion on the matter repudiate the evil character given by Sir Charles Trevelyan to the service; and it must be remembered that this is done by men whose own standing is in nowise affected by the calumny, if calumny it be. Mr. Arbuthnot, Mr. Hawes, Mr. Waddington, Mr. Murdock, Mr. Addington, Sir Thomas Freemantle, Sir Thomas Redington, Sir A. Spearman, all exclaim loudly. "I must demur," says Mr. Hawes (p. 359), "to the general character of the service given in the report." Mr. Addington remarks (p. 348)—"I do not hesitate to say at once, that I cannot but regard the statements of defects presented in the report as very much overcharged." Sir T. Freemantle says (p. 319)—"I feel called upon, so far as my own experience goes, to deny the accuracy of these conclusions. I believe that the clerks and officers of the civil departments, in general, are faithful and diligent." Sir A. Spearman says (p. 397)—"My own conviction is, that the condition of the civil service is not such as is described in those parts of the report I have adverted to; I do not think that it is composed, in a large proportion, of the indolent, the incapable, and the sickly." And Mr. Arbuthnot (pp. 403,

404, 405) speaks out in plainer language.

As very much of the strength of the reporters' argument hangs on the presumed acknowledged incompetence of Government clerks, it would appear to be expedient that this question should be fully and fairly settled before we proceed further. Are the public offices crowded with the unambitious, the indolent, the incapable; with sickly youths who are continually obliged to be absent on the score of ill health; and men who are so placed because they are unable elsewhere to earn their bread? Is the work of the Government ill done; and if so, is it through the fault of the clerks, or the fault of the system under which the clerks are trained to work? A third question also presents itself. Are the clerks paid on a scale sufficiently high to insure those valuable services which the Government now requires?

Those who have watched the civil service for some years cannot but be aware that at any rate a strong prejudice has grown up against Government clerks. Whether they be idle or not, a large portion of the public have been taught to think that they are so. That ill-fated necessary of official life—red tape—is alluded to whenever the Treasury, or War Office, or Somerset House are spoken of; and by many, including, we believe, a majority of those influential gentlemen who write for the public press, the very souls of the denizens of Downing-street are thought to be entangled in meshes of this useful article. We never, however, could yet learn what was meant by the charge brought against official characters by these inauspicious words. Red tape, we should say, denotes order, precision of position among numerous papers, and careful arrangements. Latterly, also, another equally grave charge has been brought forward. Papers are too systematically docketed! The minds of public servants are given up to indexes and pigeon-holes; and clerks creep through their work in routine, instead of dashing out for themselves an original course, in which genius can be displayed and trammels overcome!

Just at present it almost exceeds our courage to run counter to so popular a prejudice as that by which official routine has been made odious. We do not, in this article, wish either to de-

fend or accuse the management of the existing war; but it does appear to us that this prejudice, which has been so greatly strengthened by our calamities in the Crimea, is being fostered by the press, until all government will gradually become impracticable. It has long been the birthright of a Britain to grumble at every detail of public life, though he is ready enough at self-praise, when he takes a general view of the institutions of his country. Our statesmen are never either active or wise; our generals are usually the most incompetent that can be selected; our bishops are actuated solely by love of money; and our lawyers are so enveloped in chicanery as to be incapable of viewing any point by the light of common sense. Nevertheless, our country stands high among the nations—our soldiers do win their fair share of battles—our Church does do its duty by religion, at least as well as those of other realms—and property and life are comparatively safe.

We believe that it is this national propensity to grumbling which has traduced the character of the civil service, and disgraced it with the odious red-tape brand of infamy. That the civil service does require amendment, may probably be admitted; but men in the position of the reporters, who have been called upon by the Government which they serve to propose such methods of amendment as the service does require, should have been peculiarly careful to keep themselves free from prejudice against the service, as from prejudice in its favour. This we think they have not done.

Peculiar weight is attached to the charge of general sickness brought against the different officers. Young men of feeble health, say the reporters, are continually appointed, and are, of course, continually absent: so prominently has this been put forward, that Sir C. Trevelyan, in a kind of supplementary report, drawn up in answer to Mr. Arbuthnot's remarks in defence of the civil service, has justified, by reference to a particular department, his accusations on this head. The Public Record Establishment is the unfortunate office so disagreeably signalised; and as Sir Charles, with all his opportunities of reference, has pitched upon this, we may fairly look upon it as the weakest of the weak; as the last resource of the halt, the lame, and the

blind; as the very hospital of public offices; as one in which a robust constitution would feel itself to be truly like a fish out of water. Let us see what has been the amount of such absence, during five years, in this atrabilious, consumptive, rheumatic, fever-stricken department—in this ghastly *dépôt* for the preservation of dusty documents. There are in it twenty-one junior clerks, who have in five years been absent 1,799 days—i.e., 360 days in each year. We shall give a near approach to the actual state of the matter, if we say that, on an average, each man was absent one day in three weeks. The absence is not quite so much; but we will say that it is one day in three weeks, or seventeen days in the year for each man. Now, it is to be observed that some one unfortunate had, in 1848, a very bad illness, and was absent 222 days, taking a lion's share of this indulgence; also, in 1849, one—we imagine the same gentleman—got possession of 156 days, this probably being the period of convalescence after the illness of 222 days in the previous year. Thus one bout of illness reduces the total for the other twenty gentlemen to 1,421 days in the five years, or about fourteen days a-year each. We also find that in this lazar-house of invalids six clerks had no ill health in 1848, seven had none in 1849, eight had none in 1850, and that in 1851 and 1852 seven men were exempt in each.

Now, we will appeal with confidence to any medical gentleman who has been in charge of large bodies of men, whether the amount of illness here indicated is extreme. It must be borne in mind that this case is brought forward as an extreme case; as one positively to justify, by a simple reference to it, the opinion expressed by the reporters of the sickly habits of Government clerks; as one sufficient of itself to stop Mr. Arbuthnot's mouth. If the public have nothing more to complain of on the score of ill health than this, we think they may be well satisfied; and we also think that Sir Charles Trevelyan and Sir Stafford Northcote should have paused before they exposed any office to public notice in so unenviable a manner on such trifling grounds.

It is a matter of notoriety, that men who can be absent from their work on account of ill health, without detri-

ment to their income, will be so absent oftener than men who do not enjoy the same privilege. This is no more, or rather no worse, than must always be expected from human nature. If Sir Charles Trevelyan is able to fill his desks with troops of angels, he may avoid this evil: nothing short of such a troop will, we think, satisfy all the exigencies of the civil service as set forth by him.

Having so far gone into the question of health, let us make some inquiry as to the want of ambition and want of energy complained of. That there is an absence of, at any rate, gratified ambition, we may assume from the fact that the civil service has offered no such gratification to its members. We may also assume that ambition will not exist as a distinguishing trait in any profession in which this last infirmity finds nothing that it can feed on. We wonder indeed that ambition can be considered desirable in civil servants by a man so exigent as Sir Charles Trevelyan. Ambition is generally not docile, nor obedient: vaulting ambition cannot be expected to confine its youthful years to the art of copying fastly, and its maturer powers to writing letters for other people to sign. Ambition, we should say, had better, under existing circumstances, keep itself out of Government offices. It might be troublesome, we think, to joint lords and under-secretaries, who are desirous of using, with but slender acknowledgment, the talents of those below them. Ambition might desire to sign its own name; might claim as its own peculiar property some colonial constitution; might loudly blazen forth the ignorance of some novice of a commissioner, or declare itself superior to some newly-appointed chairman, utterly unconscious of the nature of the duties required of him. We think this allusion to ambition is unfortunate on the part of Sir Charles Trevelyan.

The rational gratification of ambition in the civil service would be the possession of the rewards which it has to give. We will not speak of Cabinet Ministers or their colleagues, who go in and out with the Government. As our Constitution is at present arranged, these situations must be held by men of wealth, and are not therefore within the grasp of officers who have to depend on the civil service as a profes-

sion. Let us, however, look to the grade of places next in order—that which consists of under-secretaries, permanent secretaries, chairmen, commissioners, and such like—and see how many of these are filled by men who have entered the public service as junior clerks. The book before us offers to us a list of such gentlemen. How many of these named in the table of contents, as having been called on for their opinion, have won their way to their present rank by serving through the different grades of their offices? We do not know the history of all these gentlemen; but we believe there is one. We believe that Mr. Bromley, who, as Accountant to the Navy, probably receives £1,000 a-year—and whose paper in this volume is, perhaps, practically the soundest essay given to us on the real requirements of the service—we believe that he alone of all the number entered the service as a junior clerk.

Let us look through the names. Colonel Larcom was an officer in the engineers; Sir James Stephen was a barrister; Mr. Power's first appointment was, we believe, that of assistant-commissioner; Sir Cornwall Lewis began as a commissioner; Mr. Chadwick has, as he tells us, been all his life employed in high places: if he be employed again, we hope it will be in some situation in which he may not have to use his talents as an author. Sir Thomas Redington came into office through parliament; Mr. Griffith was selected on account of special qualifications, but never served as a clerk; Mr. Hill invented penny postage-stamps, and so brought himself into place; Mr. Cole is a child of the Exhibition; nay, we believe we may say he was the parent of it. Mr. Romilly, we presume, was a barrister—the Romillys always are. Of Mr. Wood's early days we know nothing; but believe that he was born a chairman. Mr. Merivale certainly was a barrister—he tells us as much; the world knew of him, however, as a scholar and an author, and it is much to be regretted that he should have buried himself among the colonies. The Right Hon. Sir Thomas Freemantle was a politician; so, we presume, was Mr. Addington: at any rate he was never a clerk. Mr. Hawes was a politician; Dr. Playfair a philosopher; Mr. Waddington, at any rate, is a very witty

gentleman; and Sir A. F. Spearman was Assistant-Secretary to the Treasury before we were out of our cradles.

Nevertheless there have been men of ambition in the civil service, and doubtless are so still; but it is by extra-professional exertions that they have had to distinguish themselves. Charles Lamb, Henry Taylor, and Crofton Croker, made names for themselves; but no opportunity was given them of doing so in the departments to which they were attached. The civil service is a stepmother, and has no right to expect affectionate, heart-given offices from her children. We trust we may hear no more of the want of ambition on the part of the clerks, till we also hear of the rewards for which ambition is to struggle.

Now as to the want of industry on the part of Government clerks. This is a more difficult charge to answer, partly because we do not feel satisfied that there may not be some truth in it, and partly because it is very difficult to arrive at the real truth in such a matter. Of this, however, we may rest assured, that if Government clerks be idle, Government heads of offices are to blame for it. Young men from seventeen to twenty-three will be idle, if they be allowed to be idle. The majority at Oxford and Cambridge are idle; the majority of medical students are idle; the majority of legal students are idle—that is, they do very much less than their older friends would have them do. These young men can be blamed by none but their friends, as they are not paid to work; but the fact of receiving pay will not alter the nature of the youth: and until a better system of departmental discipline be adopted, we are inclined to think that junior clerks will be idle, though they had passed with never so much credit before Mr. Jowett and his tribunal.

We believe that till of late the system of discipline, if we may call it a system, has been such as expressly to foster idleness in our public offices. Make the best you can of bad tools, has been the motto oftenest in use; that is, if a tool should turn out on hands to be useless, it was to be borne with, and not discarded. Who cannot see that under such a rule tools would turn out to be bad, even the very tools that would have been good enough, if it had been well known in

the service that a thoroughly bad tool would not be endured? Long-suffering, extreme clemency, a desire to avoid the annoyance consequent on the *fracas* which a dismissed clerk can sometimes produce, dread of want of support, and positive goodnature, have created that idleness of which the reporters are so ashamed; and with all submission to their more experienced judgment, we cannot but think that this idleness may be cured without a board of examiners — cannot be cured by a board of examiners.

We remember a case in which the head of an office, a strict disciplinarian for an official man, called a junior clerk to him, and exhibiting a page of a letter-book, in which the youngster had copied, or pretended to copy, certain letters on the preceding day, assured him, that bad as the page appeared, he would not dismiss him, if he, the clerk himself, could read any one line of his own writing. This the lad could not do, and so was dismissed. In fact, the book had been scrawled over with a pen, and no words had been written. But what can one think of the previous discipline of an office in which matters had come to such a pass? This clerk did not commence his course of official bad conduct by such outrageous absurdity as this. Let us consider the amount of ill conduct which would have been endured; the very slight approach to official usefulness which would have passed muster. If he could have read one line of his own handwriting he might have remained! It is expected that we shall ascend immediately, at one spring, from such a state as this to a perfect knowledge of arithmetic and English composition, an intimate acquaintance with abstract sciences, a few foreign languages, political economy, and international law!

In sober earnest, we grieve to see such Utopian theories broached by men, to whom may be conceded the power of making practical experiments in them.

Having granted that there are idle young men in the civil service, and having, as we think, accounted for it, let us inquire how best such idleness may be prevented, and also let us see what are practically the necessary attainments which should be required in a Government office clerk, and how their possession should be ensured.

The reporters and Mr. Jowett clearly want to have the article, namely, a good Government clerk, ready-made to their hand, so that they may have no trouble with him after his appointment. He is to walk up to his desk on his first morning, armed at all points for every description of official fight, prepared to settle difficult points of international law in French or German, or to work out correctly any abstruse calculation required by the Chancellor of the Exchequer; to draw out a new constitution in elegant English, or if needs be (though what the need can be we do not know), to quote as much Latin and Greek as Mr. Waddington of the Home Office. He is, moreover, to be of excellent moral character, a member of some Christian community, certified as to age, sound of wind and limb, ambitious as regards the civil service, but humble and docile as to his own feelings, serious and sedate, though under twenty, punctual in attendance, and not too much given to heavy lunches at two o'clock.

Now this is vastly more than the Government can get for £90 or £100, or for £900 or £1,000 a-year. They intend to take no trouble in preparing this wonderfully-complete animal; he is to come to their examinations with all his perfections accumulated on his head; instructed up to this marvellous pitch at his own cost, and by his own means. Mr. Jowett may break his heart over his 4,800 long papers, and his 400 hours of *viva voce*, before he will find one such miracle, and if he found him, he would not answer the required purpose.

The education of a Government clerk, as regards that knowledge which is desirable in his office, must, to a great degree, be effected after his appointment; but we do not at all mean to say that previous education should not be required. On the contrary, we strongly recommend that it should be insisted on, *and be provided for*. It is chiefly in our anxiety to see this provision made that we differ from the reporters. They expect to find the clerks ready prepared with every branch of knowledge which may possibly turn out to be of use. We would recommend that they be previously taught those special branches of knowledge which certainly will be of use.

One of the objects constantly in-

sisted on by the reporters is, that of abolishing the present evils of patronage; and were it not that in this, as in all other matters, they are carried away by a thirst of Utopian purity, we should agree with them. Patronage, as it exists at present, is a great evil. It has often, even in quite recent years, been entrusted to hands terribly unclean. We do not accuse either Whig or Tory, nor wish to call particular notice to any peculiar case; but it cannot, we believe, be denied by any one conversant with such matters, that it has been found impossible, under the existing system of patronage, to prevent abuses of a most iniquitous description. It may also be assumed, that men of high rank and some talents, whose claims to office it is difficult to resist, insist on these claims chiefly on account of the patronage with which office invests them. Of such men it will be well to be rid. The spirit of the age now looks eagerly for statesmen of a different class, whose approach to power will be more easy when this temptation is removed.

But because we would abolish the present system of patronage, we do not think that ministers and their subordinates should be entirely relieved from the responsibility of nominating to the public service. The object apparently is, to divest such responsibility, as far as possible, of any peculiar benefit to the person exercising it; so to limit the power of appointing to the public offices as to make it the duty of the minister to select, but not his privilege to give away; to render the system of recruiting the civil service as unlike as possible to the manner in which church livings are often filled. It will be probably found impossible to hit on any plan which will altogether insure this object; but it may, we think, be so far done as to destroy the bane of patronage; and so done as entirely to remove the evil which it is the present object to remove—namely, the introduction of bad clerks into the public service.

We have now to inquire whether the clerks are paid on a scale sufficiently high to insure those valuable services which the Government requires. On this subject, as on all others connected with the civil service, it appears almost impossible to arrive at correct data. The reporters make no allusion at all to the scales of pay, but satisfy

themselves with presuming throughout that, as regards the desirableness of the civil service, the ambitious, the educated, and the talented would undoubtedly rush into it, if they were only allowed to do so. Downing-street is an elysium to the taste of Sir Charles Trevelyan—his one idea of Paradise must be a sightly row of public offices, and the Treasury his seventh heaven. "It is natural to expect," says he, "that so important a profession should attract the ablest and most ambitious;" "that the greatest emulation would prevail among those who entered it:" but he does not say why it should be so.

This silence on the part of Sir Charles as to the *quid pro quo* to be given to the civil service would be remedied by the statement made in Sir James Stephen's well-argued paper, if we could take his information as authentic; but we think it would be found, on reference to the absolute facts of the office in which he himself so long officiated, that he has understated the incomes of the clerks. In this we in no way impugn any assertion made by Sir James. He does not say what the salaries of clerks have been, but what they probably would be. He bases his statement on a calculation and not on facts. Whatever may have been the error which has crept into his calculations, we think that the experience of past years in the Colonial Office will not bear him out. He speaks of the offices of the different secretaries of state, which are considered to be the best of the public offices, and says that the average income of a clerk would not exceed £250 per annum, for the first twenty-seven years of his official life; that he would then rise only to £550; and that in ten years from that he would receive £1000 per annum.

It is the first part of this statement which strikes one as being so very unattractive. In the majority of Government offices clerks do not rise to £1000 per annum, after any length of service; and therefore it must be presumed that the pay in them during the early years of a clerk's life will be still less than that stated by Sir James Stephen. And yet how can it be less? An average income of £250 per annum for the best twenty-seven years of a man's life! Well may Sir James say, if this be true, "Why expect to

attract by such inducements as these any men of eminent ability"?

But is this statement correct? We have not ventured to push our inquiries into the high regions of Downing-street, or to approach the august abodes of secretaries of state, but we have ascertained the fact as regards the incomes of a set of modest clerks in an humble Government office in the city.

We will take the junior class of this office as it existed about twenty years since, because the clerks then in it have none of them now exceeded the twenty-seven years named by Sir James. This class then consisted of eight persons, and we find those eight now circumstanced as follows:—

A—Dismissed.

B—£900 per annum; 23 years' service.

C—Dead; income at time of death, £650.

D—£500 per annum; 21 years' service.

E—£760 per annum; 20 years' service.

F—£700 per annum; 20 years' service.

G—£650 per annum; 19 years' service.

H—Dismissed.

This does not show the average income of the men in question, but it does show that the rate of pay has been much higher than that given by Sir James Stephen, as he declares that a clerk would rise to £550, only after twenty-seven years' service—much higher, at least, in the cases of those whose services in the office have been retained. The average income of the officers alluded to above probably exceeded £300 after twenty years' service, and it will have reached £430 by the time they have served twenty-seven years.

It is by no means our intention to assert that an average income of even £430 per annum for the first and best twenty-seven years of a man's working days, with the hope of rising to a maximum of £900 or £1,000 at some period of life between fifty and sixty, is a prospect which will attract the most ambitious, the most promising, and the most gifted. Ambition, high talents, and mental gifts are better paid for in Great Britain. "A strange ambition," says Mr. Waddington, p. 385, "for a double first-class man to aspire to be a subordinate for life . . . and thus to attain, if greatly favoured by fortune, the dignity of chief clerk, possibly on the very day upon which his friend, who stood by his side on the

list of honours, is made a bishop or a judge." We agree with Mr. Waddington that this would be strange; but we wish that the subject should be seen in its true light, and that some just idea of the value of Government appointments should be given, before any decision is come to as to the qualifications to be looked for in the men who are to fill them.

There are many appointments under the Crown, not held necessarily by members of the Government, varying in value from £1000 to £2000 a-year. Such are the places of chairmen of boards; commissioners at the customs, excise, audit, and poor-law officers; permanent and under secretaries in the high Government offices; secretaries and assistant-secretaries at the Post Office, and such like departments; and various other servants of the Crown, who hold what may be called staff appointments. Such situations are at present but seldom allowed to be the reward of official merit. They are filled by men who are selected either on account of some peculiar talent they have shown, or, as is much oftener the case, on account of some political support which they have given—sometimes, indeed, by sheer favouritism. We earnestly hope that, in future, civil servants chosen from the ranks of the service, and none but civil servants, may be held as eligible for such appointments. We cannot doubt that men fitting can be found—indeed that the men most fitting will be so found. Moreover, it may be assumed as certain, that the knowledge that such a prospect is held out by the service, will in itself create a body of men fitting for the purpose. In this manner the civil service may be put on something like a par with other professions; some of the promising and gifted, if not of the most ambitious spirits of the age, may be tempted into its ranks. There will, it is true, be no judgeships, no bishoprics, to reward its brighter ornaments; but there will be places sufficiently good to be attractive to genius; there will be situations to be acquired, such as men of talent do covet; and the certainty of a moderate income very early in life will atone for the loss of the higher hopes which the Church and the Bar afford.

There has of late been a great deal of controversy respecting the funds out of which the pensions of superan-

nuated clerks are to be paid. It has been allowed that the sums deducted for this purpose from the salaries of the officers in the civil service are more than sufficient; and as the truth of this assertion has not been controverted by Government, although the question of pensions has been under discussion, it may be presumed that the allegation is correct. If so, the junior clerks in the service have very strong ground of complaint. This deduction is, we believe, only paid by clerks appointed since 1831, when a new act of parliament on the subject came into operation. We can acknowledge the justice of calling on men in the civil service to provide themselves for the wants of their old age, as men in other business must do. We quite agree as to the expediency of making such deduction obligatory, and thus forcing those who may die in harness, or who may leave the service, to contribute to the general fund. The deductions are not much felt if paid as a matter of course, but if optional, would not be generally agreed to; and, as a rule, would not be paid by those who would most require assistance in old age. In these respects, we think that the Government has shown a wise discretion; but there can be no doubt the amount of deduction should not exceed by a single pound the sum required for the specified purpose. The measure has not yet come into full operation, and it may have been hitherto impossible to calculate accurately the precise percentage of salary which may be required for the assigned purpose; but if there be a doubt on the subject, the benefit of it should be given to the clerks. The Crown should, under no circumstances, allow itself to make money by deductions from the wages of its servants. When the matter was first mooted, we fully expected to have seen it shown that the five per cent now charged was not more than sufficient for the required object; but as this has not been done, we hope soon to hear that the per centage has been reduced.

Before we close our remarks, we would wish to call attention to some of the opinions given by civil servants, in the volume before us. Judging merely from what we have here printed, we doubt whether Mr. Bromley, Sir James Stephen, Mr. Hawes, and Mr. Arbuthnot, would not, between them, have drawn out a plan more

practically feasible than that given to us by the reporters and Mr. Jowett.

Mr. Bromley says (pp. 52, 53), "There are many men in the revenue departments, and in the lower class of offices, who are far more valuable public servants than many men in the higher class of offices; yet they have no power of distinguishing themselves, there being no prizes to contend for. . . . The civil service has much of such talent lying waste, and going to decay. The public interest suffers, and the public become discontented."

Again he says — "The service must be made more attractive for superior talent, by throwing open the prizes to the service at large."

In all this we fully agree, as we do in the recommendation which Mr. Bromley makes as to the junior class of Government servants. "His (Mr. Jowett's) second class of candidates . . . should be excluded altogether from the category of public servants, by being placed on day pay instead of being paid by salary."

Sir James Stephen holds a very poor opinion of the civil service generally. He thinks that the men now employed are below mediocrity, and that nothing beyond mediocrity can be expected, or is even wanted. "In all seriousness," he says, "I think that the man whose name stood half way down the examination-list of merit, would probably make a better clerk than he whose name stood first." We do not quite agree with him in this, and we think that he must have been unfortunate in the clerks that he has had under his control. If he errs, however, he errs on the safer side, and is not so wide of the mark as are Sir Charles Trevelyan and Sir Stafford Northcote, when they talk of the ambitious and the gifted as the natural candidates for Government offices.

Dullness, according to Sir James Stephen, is the lot of the civil service. Alas! is not dullness, that, at least, which Sir James Stephen calls dullness, the lot of the world at large? Sir James has probably lived much among men of talent, and feels acutely the presence of bores; but we believe that he would be forced to admit, that nine men out of ten are bores to him.

"The members of what I have described as the third class," he is still speaking of the shortcomings of clerks, p. 74, "usually entered the office at

the age of eighteen or nineteen, coming directly from school, bringing with them no greater store of information or maturity of mind than usually belongs to a boy of the fifth form, at Eton, Westminster, or Rugby. What they so brought they never afterwards increased by any private study." May not the same thing be said of most other professions? Do officers in the army study after they have received their commissions? Do doctors study anything but physic, lawyers anything but law? The rule of life is that men, when once placed at work, do work in that state of life to which God has called them, but do not care to burden themselves with other toil. There are of course exceptions. The men with whom Sir James has loved to associate have no doubt been found among them. Such men in all professions will rise to the top. That they should be allowed to do so in the civil service is acknowledged by all, and that they have hitherto not been allowed to do so is the great evil which is now to be remedied.

To one observation of Sir James Stephen's we beg to call particular attention. He is speaking of the patronage of the great Government officers, p. 79. "It is said indeed that they regard it as a burden, not as an advantage. I can only answer, that I never yet served under any Secretary of State who did not at least appear to attach a very high interest indeed to the power of giving such places to his dependents and his friends." We think that this is a blow fairly given to what we cannot but call the humbug of pretending that patronage is not desirable. We all know that it is in a great measure for the sake of patronage that the toils of office are endured; that it is the most valued appanage of high places; that it contributes more than any actual power to the lofty position of the man who dispenses it; that it is, in fact, the greatest privilege of our greatest men. Ministers know that the spirit of the age requires that this great privilege should be curtailed, and therefore the subordinates of ministers, with euphonistic phraseology, speak of patronage as a burden difficult to be borne! We are glad to see such cobwebs swept away by one so well entitled to give an opinion on the matter as Sir James Stephen.

Mr. Arbuthnot chiefly confines him-

self to a gallant defence of the civil service, as it at present exists; and, considering the nature of the attack made, we think the line of defence very fair. He is a gentleman who has been long in office, and who has the interests of the service and of the servants equally at heart; and having himself risen to high position is entitled to a hearing. "I cannot refrain," he says, pp. 412, 413, "from impressing upon your lordships the fact, . . . that the real practical education of an official man must be within the office." Again, he says — "In all the public departments there is a vast amount of mere routine work, which yet requires attention, ability, and above all, integrity. A very large majority of public servants must be engaged on such occupation, and few can emerge from it to superior situations."

These appear to be truths which have escaped the notice of the reporters and Mr. Jowett. In looking for men of finished education, they have forgotten how much must be learned by the young lad after his appointment; and in looking for ambition and genius, they have forgotten how very little fitting work there is for the employment of these high gifts.

And now one word as to Mr. Chadwick. This gentleman's name has long been familiar to us in some department of the civil service, and from his own statements it appears that he has had much to do. He has passed through his hands, he tells us, the applications of between 1,000 and 2,000 candidates for staff appointments; and he has been employed in regulating the expenditure of between £500,000 and £600,000 per annum! besides much business connected with local (?) dismissals!! but he does not appear at present to be employed in the service. We should like to know whether he has himself encountered dismissal; and if so, whether "local" or otherwise.

Though not so employed, he was invited, among others, to give the Government the benefit of his experience, and he has taken advantage of the invitation. We observe that Mr. Bromley occupies seven pages of this book; Sir James Stephen, nine; Mr. Mill, six; Major Graham, two; the present Chancellor of the Exchequer, seventeen; Sir Thomas Redington, fifteen; Mr. Rowland Hill, four; Mr.

Murdock, five; Mr. Wood, eleven; Mr. Merivale, seven; Mr. Hawes, sixteen; and Mr. Waddington is able to confine all his wit, all his bitterness, and all his quotations, within twelve. Mr. Chadwick, however, trails himself ruthlessly through ninety-four mortal pages of the most difficult composition that ever was subjected to the understanding of an unfortunate critic.

If Mr. Chadwick had come forward with any plan of his own, the details of which required lengthy expression, we should perhaps have no fair right to complain of the quantity of his remarks, though we might not like the quality of his scheme; but such is not the case. As far as we have been able to ascertain his meaning, he is only intent on giving to the public the result of his own personal experiences, and in recommending that the Government generally should adopt in all its offices those measures of reform which he adopted with so much satisfaction to himself when employed in the Poor Law Office, and under the Sewerage Commission. He is always telling us what under certain circumstances he, Mr. Chadwick, did; but he tells these things in language so atrociously ungrammatical, so singularly confused, so utterly unintelligible, that it is often impossible to divine the meaning of his paragraphs.

We will give a few morsels taken quite at random:—

"Notwithstanding I have presented the two Boards entrusted with an independent power of appointment and discipline, with which I have been connected, as exemplifying an advance upon the common condition of the service, I should nevertheless include them as falling short of what is practicable under systematised arrangements on a larger scale."—p. 169.

"The specialities of the civil service, when closely examined, will be found to furnish as cogent reasons for their aggregation under general supervision for the advancement of the specialities themselves. Thus to take the specialities of any department in its accountantship."—p. 174.

We protest that we preserve exactly Mr. Chadwick's punctuation, that we give nothing but full sentences, and

present them in no worse guise than that in which they appear in his own text.

"Commerce and private enterprise, where combinations for service are required, owe their efficiency to the extent to which are shared the results of success with the agency which has most contributed to their production as the efficient enterprise of war is due to its practical treatment as paid work by prize money and reward."—p. 212.

Mr. Hawes gives us, at the end of his paper, a set of imperfect sentences, such as candidates for clerkships at his offices have to put into good English, as one of their preliminary tasks. Would he allow us to recommend to him the above sentence?

"If to the several proposed arrangements for engaging in the reorganisation of the service, the direct interests of the majority of persons already employed, and in particular, if to the right of a fair and impartial hearing to all proposals of improvement in practice, were added a rule for giving to the officer who has prepared them in a practical shape, and who appears to be otherwise duly qualified, a fair share in their execution, powerful stimuli will be given for the advance of the service to its due position."—p. 220.

That, we fear, may be thought too difficult for any of Mr. Hawes' pupils; but if we may be allowed to bolt the bran out of it, we presume it means that Mr. Chadwick has a claim, after writing such a paper as this, to be joined with Sir Charles Trevelyan and Mr. Jowett in carrying out the reform of the civil service.

We have remarked in the course of this article, that the amount of erudition required by the reporters for men entering Government offices was, in our opinion, too high; we have also suggested that it may be difficult to find candidates who will, at so early an age, have a sound knowledge of the rules of English composition: nevertheless we sincerely hope, and think we have a right to expect, that henceforth no one, however young, will be admitted into the service so abominably deficient in this respect as is Mr. Chadwick.

NORTH ABOUT, OR NOTES OF A YACHT CRUISE FROM FORTH TO CLYDE.

Not a season passes by without seeing numbers of yachts leaving our shores to explore the Fiords of Norway, the blue and tideless Mediterranean, or the sunny isles of the Grecian Archipelago. The flag of an English yacht has waved in the noble bay of San Francisco, in the harbours of Sydney and Hobart Town, on the waters of the Hudson, and even on the muddy Mississippi, where it sweeps past the crescent city of New Orleans. A fondness for novelty and adventure, a craving for excitement, a love of the beautiful, or all these combined, have led our yachtsmen to despise distance and danger, and to roam far and wide over the pathless ocean, in order to gratify their favourite tastes, or to vary the monotony of home life. It is, however, somewhat strange, that whilst long voyages are undertaken to distant lands, the most picturesque scenery on our own shores — that of the north-western Highlands of Scotland, equal in beauty and variety to any in the world — should be comparatively neglected. It is true, indeed, that the seas are stormy, the currents rapid, and the navigation intricate; that in some places supplies are difficult to be found, and that the chance of being storm-staid in a Highland loch for a week or a fortnight, surrounded by sterile mountains half veiled in grey mist, and out of sight of human habitation, affords rather a dreary prospect; but, with a stout vessel, a good sailing-master, and a provident steward, the former class of dangers may be easily avoided; and, by making the cruise during the proper season of the year (the months of June, July, and August), there is not much chance of suffering from the latter contingency. Upon the other hand, how rich are the stores of grandeur and beauty, how great the variety of pleasure which such a cruise discloses. The Orkney islands, some barren and rocky, others green and smiling, divided by long reaches of sea, and full of excellent harbours, such as that of Stromness, with its quaint old town, in full view of the

noble Ward Hill of Hoy, on whose summit, according to tradition, an enchanted carbuncle is sometimes seen shining at midnight — the adjacent coast of Scotland, fissured by caves and indented by arms of the sea, above which rise the towering peaks of Ben Hope and Ben Laoghal — the bold headland of Cape Wrath, with its lofty light gleaming over the wild Atlantic. Then, turning southward, the beautiful Loch Laxford, and the coast range of mountains, unrivalled in varied and fantastic outline, stretching for fifty miles from Loch Laxford to Loch Ewe. Of wood there is but little, and that almost all natural; but then, in autumn, how exquisite is the colouring, and how the mountain slopes glow with the mingled hues of the purple heather, the grey rock, the verdant grass, and the rich golden brown of the bracken.

South of Loch Ewe, the scenery of the Scottish coast and of the western islands is better known, and more in the beaten track of tourists and yachtsmen; but, during a three weeks' cruise in the finest season of the year, we did not meet with a single yacht between the Moray Firth and Loch Ewe.

In the summer of 185—, we set sail from Granton Harbour in a cutter yacht of thirty-five tons, manned by a sailing-master and three stout hands, having been occupied for some hours previously in getting below and stowing away an amount of stores which seemed, when piled up upon the deck, as if they would have served for a voyage to Australia. We have no intention of inflicting upon our readers any unbroken narrative, continued from day to day, during the six weeks that our cruise lasted; still less do we deem it necessary to garnish our story with nautical details as to what amount of sail we carried, how often we hove the lead or the log, the exact direction of the wind, or the precise number of fathoms in which we anchored. Our object is simply to give some account of the most interesting places we visited, and the

most picturesque scenery we saw, especially in those unfrequented and remote localities which it was our fortune to explore.

Our northern voyage was stormy, and presented no feature of interest, until we got into the boiling tide of the Pentland Firth, and afterwards into those smooth and sheltered arms of the sea that wind among the Orca-dian Archipelago. Behold us at length anchored in the tranquil waters of the Bay of Stromness, guarded by the green island of Graemsay, with its white strand and twin lighthouses, beyond which towers the lofty Hill of Hoy. A few hundred yards from our anchorage lies the town of Stromness, built at the foot of a sloping hill, and presenting a confused assemblage of narrow streets and tall old houses, whose peaked gables face the bay, into which juts out a perfect medley of quays and landing-places, affording every facility for the encouragement of the nautical tastes of the inhabitants.

About four miles from Stromness is an extensive sheet of water, called the Loch of Stennis, and, close to it, separated only by a narrow neck of land, through which flows a stream connecting the two lakes, lies the Loch of Harray. Not far from the high road, and at one extremity of this tongue of land, stands the magnificent druidical circle of the Stones of Stennis, still earthfast and entire, in spite of the storms of two thousand winters. Close to these stones are several circular grass-grown tumuli, probably the last resting-places of distinguished Orcadian and Norwegian chiefs or princes, not likely to be disturbed, unless silly curiosity, or restless craving for distinction, shall induce some prying antiquarian to invade even this remote spot. The Stones of Stennis are of various sizes, and form a circle of about four hundred feet in circumference ; some of them do not rise above four or five feet from the ground, whilst the largest is seventeen feet in height. Their aspect, rude, grey, time-worn, but strong and massive, harmonises admirably with the character of the scenery in the midst of which they stand. Those leaden lakes, their surface unbroken by islands, their shores unfringed by trees ; that wide extent of level and dreary moor sloping up in the distance into low, shapeless hills ;

and in the centre of all, the giant forms of the Stones of Stennis, the presiding deities of the place, as impressive, perhaps, in this bleak and barren waste, as the lofty columns, whose graceful shafts and sculptured capitals still tower over the ruins of Balbec, in the brighter landscape of a warmer clime, and under the golden glow of a southern sky.

Those who have a passion for climbing, or a fondness for extensive prospects of sea and island, may, in the long days of summer, take boat from Stromness, early in the morning, land on the island of Hoy, ascend the Ward Hill, the highest summit in the Orkneys, and return to Stromness the same evening. Far in the recesses of the mountain, in a gloomy and rock-strewn valley, lies the Dwarfie Stone—a huge mass of rock hollowed out into a rude dwelling, which Trolld, a dwarf celebrated in the northern sagas, is said to have formed for himself, and selected as his favourite residence.

Kirkwall, the capital of the Orkneys, is about fourteen miles distant from Stromness. The road between the two places is excellent, but the scenery most dreary, with the exception of the pretty Bay of Firth, and a sheltered valley near it, in which are a handsome modern house and some well-cultivated fields. Between the promontories of Inganess and Quanterness, protected by the opposite island of Shapinsay, lies a deep and beautiful bay, at the bottom of which stands the town of Kirkwall. The Cathedral of St. Magnus, built in the twelfth century, and still in perfect preservation, is alone well worthy of a voyage to the Orkneys. Its tall, massive form dominates over the other buildings—fit type of the relative positions of the Church and the laity at the time when it was reared. It is built of a reddish sandstone, and in the heaviest and earliest style of Gothic architecture. The first view of the interior is very striking. There is no screen between the nave and choir, no seats or galleries, nothing to break the uninterrupted view from end to end ; and the massive and unadorned pillars, that for nearly eight hundred years have supported the lofty roof, possess an impressive character of strength and simplicity. All around the cathedral there are passages in the thickness of the walls, whence the priests (themselves unseen) could look

down on the worshippers below, and in one place there is a secret chamber in which a chained skeleton was discovered.

Kirkwall possesses another interesting relic of the past, in Earl Patrick's Palace. At present it is in a filthy state, being used as a place for keeping geese and poultry of all kinds. We heard, however, that there was an intention of repairing or rebuilding it for a town house. If so, it is to be hoped that the repairs will exhibit better taste than those which have been perpetrated upon St. Magnus' Cathedral, where some of the pinnacles of the modern restorers are perfectly hideous, resembling chimney cans, with inverted flowerpots placed on the top of them; and yet they might easily have copied the original pinnacles, which still remain, and are very beautiful. Well, indeed, might Sir Walter Scott observe, whilst describing the earl's and bishop's palaces at Kirkwall:—"Several of these ruinous buildings might be selected (under suitable modifications) as the model of a Gothic mansion, provided architects would be contented rather to imitate what is really beautiful in that species of building, than to make a medley of the caprices of the order, confounding the military, ecclesiastical, and domestic styles of all ages at random, with additional fantasies and combinations of their own device, all formed out of the builder's brain."*

Early on a fine July morning we got under way, and left the Bay of Stromness, bound for Loch Erribol, on the north coast of Scotland. The wind was light; but on getting into the Roost of Brackness, as the narrow channel between the Island of Hoy and the mainland of Orkney is termed, we found ourselves all at once in the midst of a tremendous sea, pitching bowsprit under, and the spray flying over our deck. We had started with the ebb tide, and there had been a westerly breeze for some days, and it was the meeting of the westerly swell with the tide, which runs nine miles an hour in the narrow channel of the Roost, that caused the commotion which so much astonished us. However, as soon as we had rounded Hoy Head, and got fairly out into the At-

lantic, the sea became much calmer. Hoy Head is a magnificent promontory, formed by a spur of the lofty Ward Hill, which here dips down into the ocean a sheer precipice, five hundred feet in height, protracted to the southward for miles, an iron wall of rock-bound coast, gradually diminishing in height. At a short distance from Hoy Head, and a little in front of the cliffs, an isolated rock, called the "Old Man of Hoy," rises abruptly from the sea, sometimes seeming to blend with the precipices behind; at other times standing out in strong relief.

During the whole day we had light and variable winds, with occasional calms, though there was a good deal of sea on, till we had quite closed in with the land; in consequence of which we did not reach our anchorage, a sheltered bay in Loch Erribol, about sixty miles distant from Stromness, until late in the night. The view of the mountains on the coast, and in the interior, as we approached the land, was exceedingly striking. In Caithness we saw Morven, and in Sutherlandshire Ben Griam-more, Klibrick, Ben Laoghal, Ben Hope, and many other lofty summits, whose names we did not know. The entrance to the Kyles of Tongue, to the eastward of Loch Erribol, is very picturesque. In the opening of this arm of the sea lie numerous small islands, behind which is a safe anchorage, and beyond tower the lofty and serrated peaks of Ben Laoghal, the most conspicuous object in the landscape. We were much impressed by the grandeur of the white cliffs on our left, as we entered Loch Erribol; lofty, pointed, and precipitous, they form an admirable landmark for the storm-tossed mariner, and point out the entrance to a quiet haven.

On emerging from our berths in the morning, we were delighted with the beauty of the landscape in the vicinity of our anchorage—a deep bay, at the foot of a steep range of hills, covered with the greenest pasture, broken up here and there by grey rocks. A narrow neck of land, terminating in a grassy promontory, lay between us and the sea; on this stood a solitary house, called Hielam Inn, occupied by a canny Celt named Hector McLean, exercising the joint

* See "Pirate."

trades of ferryman and innkeeper, whose hereditary caution and shrewdness in driving a bargain have been wonderfully sharpened by many years of traffic with the crews of the numerous storm-bound vessels that find refuge in Loch Erribol. Towards the head of the Loch, an island, green as an emerald, with a narrow strip of the whitest sand marking the boundary between the verdure and the water, seemed to stretch almost across the lake; a little beyond, on the eastern shore, a bold headland, half green and half rocky, rose abruptly from the strand; behind it stretched a level tract of barren moorland, whilst the distance was closed in by a lofty chain of bleak and sterile mountains. The upper part of these mountains is literally "herbless granite," strewed with detached masses of rock, which have been torn off by the winter storms. Of vegetation there is not a trace; but—

"All is lonely, silent, rude;
A stern yet glorious solitude."

About a mile distant from Loch Erribol across the hills, or a couple of miles by the road, lies Loch Hope; between the two runs the river Hope, which has a broad, full current, but a course not much exceeding a mile in length. It is celebrated as a first-rate salmon river. On inquiring, we found that the fishings were let; however, as there was no means of procuring permission without sending a long distance for it, I determined to walk across and fish, until I was stopped by the keeper, taking only a small trouting-rod, and light tackle. The day was a most unfavourable one for my purpose—bright and warm, with scarcely a breath of air. I soon, however, caught, in Loch Hope, a couple of fine sea trout, and afterwards, in the river below, a grilse, four pounds weight, when my sport was for some time interrupted by a fine salmon, which rose to a sea-trout fly, and succeeded, after a struggle of ten minutes, in breaking my flimsy tackle, and making off down stream. On refitting, I again set to work, and soon succeeded in getting a weighty basketful of sea trout, with which I trudged back to the yacht. From what I saw, I have no doubt that the Hope fully deserves its reputation, and can believe that 10,000 lbs. of salmon were taken out of it in a single season.

On reaching the yacht I found that her owner, who had parted from me on the banks of the Hope, to find his way round by the shore of Loch Erribol, had not yet returned, nor did he make his appearance for some time. He had lost his way, got involved amongst bogs and precipices, and at length arrived thoroughly tired, and intensely disgusted with the state of the foot-paths in this part of Sutherlandshire.

Next day the weather still continued bright and fair, but a perfect hurricane of wind was blowing from the south-west. I walked across the hills to Loch Hope, not without considerable difficulty from the violence of the storm. Loch Hope fills up a narrow ravine, about six miles in length, and at its southern extremity is a deep gorge hemmed in by mountains of picturesque and varied forms. Down this gorge, and along the narrow channel of the Loch, the wind was rushing in heavy gusts, with a noise like thunder, raising the water in columns of spray, fifteen or twenty feet high, and whirling them with immense velocity from end to end of the lake, so that when the sun occasionally shone out on them, it seemed as if fragments of a rainbow were drifting along the waters.

By far the grandest feature in the landscape is the magnificent solitary mountain of Ben Hope, which rears its lofty form, scarred and furrowed by storms and torrents, 3,500 feet above the lake. Its shape and general appearance reminded me forcibly of that most beautiful of isolated mountains, Arrigal, in the north-west of Ireland. But the quiet lakes which lie sleeping at its base, and the wooded and fertile domain of Dunlui, are certainly more attractive than the wild shores of Loch Hope.

Close to our anchorage and almost on the edge of the water, stood the ruins of a small church; the gables only remain entire, and the interior is choked up with a thick growth of fern. All over Sutherlandshire the ruins of small hamlets and scattered cottages are to be found; and a melancholy sight it is, to meet in the recesses of the mountain valleys with shattered walls and green patches here and there appearing amongst the heather, showing that cultivation and life had once existed where now are only the grouse and the red deer. The cause of all

this was the introduction of the sheep-farming system into the county, to make room for which the small farmers and cotters who occupied the straths and valleys, were ejected from their holdings and compelled to emigrate. The population is at present very much smaller than formerly; and it has, in consequence, been found exceedingly difficult to procure a sufficient number of able-bodied men to fill up the ranks of the Sutherlandshire militia.

We were detained for five days in Loch Erribol, and were twice driven back in attempting to beat round Cape Wrath. Our supplies of bread ran short, and we found, to our dismay, that the nearest baker lived thirty miles off—rather a long distance to send for hot rolls. In other respects we had nothing to complain of. We bought half a sheep from Mr. Clarke of Erribol, an extensive sheep farmer, deservedly famed for his hospitality to strangers—a virtue almost universal in Sutherlandshire. For eggs we paid fourpence a dozen, and for cream fourpence a pint—prices that would rather astonish a Londoner. A week might be passed here most pleasantly; devoting one day to Loch Hope and the ascent of Ben Hope, from which, in clear weather, may be seen the island of Lewis to the west, the Orkneys to the north-east, and the principal mountains of Caithness and Sutherland. Another day might be spent in a visit to the Kyles of Tongue and to Tongue House, a seat of the Duke of Sutherland's; a third in exploring the wild mountains at the head of Loch Erribol; and a fourth in a fishing excursion to Loch Maddie, famed for the number and excellence of its trout. Whiten Head, with the fine caves close to it, would occupy a fifth; and a visit to the Smowe Cave, a short distance to the westward of Loch Erribol, would fill up the sixth. Our last day was spent in an examination of this singular natural curiosity. The cave may be reached either by a pathway leading from the high road, or by the sea, from which the approach is by a narrow creek, between precipitous walls of rock. The entrance is under a lofty arch, like the portal of some immense Gothic cathedral, and within the cave expands to a height and breadth of nearly one hundred feet.

At some distance inwards from the entrance, a small stream falls through a rift in the rocky roof of the cavern, and forms a deep, still pool in its bosom, more than seventy feet below. This basin is thirty yards across, very deep, and is separated from a smaller and outer pool by a low, narrow ledge of rock, over which those who desire to penetrate into the recesses of the cave, must get a boat lifted and placed in the inner pool. On crossing this, they will find themselves at the entrance of a low-browed narrow archway, not above three feet in height, through which they must pass lying flat in the boat. From this they emerge under a lofty vault covered with stalactites, overhanging a second dark, still pool, nearly as extensive as that which they have just left; and, if inclined to penetrate still further, they may then walk on to the termination of the cave, about a hundred feet beyond the further extremity of this innermost lake. There is a spot, a few yards distant from the high road, where you may stand upon the roof of the cavern, a deep chasm on either side; through one of those chasms the stream that supplies the silent, sunless pools below, leaps into the cave.

At last the weather permitted us to leave our snug anchorage in Loch Erribol. For some time after starting the wind was favourable, but when we had rounded the noble promontory of Far-out-Head, it became light and baffling, and for several hours we lay tossing on the long swell, and making little or no way. We had taken the precaution of getting a good offing, and were, consequently, pretty much out of the influence of the strong tides that prevail near Cape Wrath; but we saw a large brig in shore of us swept helplessly back by the current for miles to the eastward. The coast line of cliffs near Whiten Head, Far-out-Head, and Cape Wrath, is magnificent. Many of the precipices are two hundred feet perpendicular, and some of them as much as seven hundred. From the Kyles of Durness an iron face of rugged rock overhangs the sea, gradually increasing in height and grandeur until it attains its culminating point in the bold headland of Cape Wrath, whose stern aspect we had ample opportunities for admiring; as however we lay within sight of it for nearly a whole day, our admiration was

merged in disgust, and we heartily wished ourselves out of sight of this cape of storms.

Early on the morning of a bright July day we were off the Point of Store, some thirty miles south of Cape Wrath, with the wind still light; but about ten o'clock a fine breeze from the north-west sprang up, and carried us along at a great rate, all sails set, and everything drawing. About four o'clock, after a fine run, we entered Loch Ewe, and came to anchor near the beautiful village of Pool Ewe, at the head of the loch.

If the reader will take the trouble to look at the map of Scotland, he will see that an almost uninterrupted range of mountains extends along the coast from Ben Dearg, south of Cape Wrath, to Loch Ewe. That mountain chain is more varied in outline, and more striking and picturesque in appearance, than any other in Great Britain. The summits vary in height from two thousand to three thousand five hundred feet—the highest is Ben More in Assynt; the most singular Slivean, or the Sugar-Loaf. Winding amongst these mountains, and extending up to the openings of the narrow valleys that divide them, and afford a channel for their waters, are a multitude of arms of the sea, many of them of great beauty, and affording to the yachtsman a choice of safe and convenient harbours. From one of these salt-water lochs, Loch Glen Dhu, £30,000 worth of herrings were taken in a single year.

Close to the shore, and a little way south of Loch Laxford, lies the singular island of Handa, in many respects more wonderful than Staffa. On the north-west side it presents stupendous cliffs, six hundred feet perpendicular, the haunts of myriads of sea fowl. Here, as at Staffa, may be seen basaltic columns, but those of Handa are peculiar to it, being arranged in horizontal layers, and presenting an appearance as if built by the hand of man.

At Loch Ewe we were more within the beaten track of tourists than we had been since leaving the Moray Firth. Our first care was, of course, to make arrangements for a visit to the far-famed Loch Maree, by many deemed the queen of Scottish lakes. The short course of the River Ewe is too much broken by shallows and rapids to admit of boats being pulled up from the sea to Loch Maree. We

were, therefore, obliged to hire a boat from a man of the name of M'Lean, and on repairing to his house on the banks of the river we found him waiting for us; we accordingly followed his guidance, and embarked in the craft which belonged to him. Both man and boat were of the same build, the former broad in the beam as a Dutchman, and the latter a heavy, clumsy affair, strong enough to navigate the Pentland Firth instead of the calm waters of an inland sea. We rowed up the Ewe for some distance before entering the lake, having on our right fine grey crags, thickly clothed with natural wood, and on our left, a comparatively tame shore. The entrance to Loch Maree is very impressive; on one side is a steep and lofty mountain, on the other precipitous rocks partially wooded—the lake between being narrow and deep. Further on it expands into a spacious sheet of water, apparently closed in by a cluster of wooded islands, separated by a number of narrow winding channels. The wood on one of these islets has nearly disappeared, owing to some excisemen having set fire to it whilst engaged in destroying an illicit still. As we advanced, a magnificent valley, terminated by a noble range of serrated peaks, gradually opened up on the south-west shore of the loch, whilst, on the opposite bank, the gigantic form of Sliobach towered above the neighbouring mountains.

We landed on the Island of St. Maree, which is thickly clothed with birch and the common and smooth-leaved holly. In the centre of a thicket, are a few mossed and mouldering tombstones, bearing the symbol of the cross; under one of these slumber the ashes of a Duke of Norway.

Loch Maree is about twenty-four miles in length, but we did not proceed above half way to Kinloch-Ewe, where it terminates, and where its dark and narrow waters seem almost overhung by precipitous mountains. The weather was beautiful during the whole day, clear, bright, and warm, so that we saw Loch Maree to the best advantage; but we both agreed, judging from what we had seen, that, though a noble sheet of water, studded with islands and surrounded by mountains, it is inferior in grandeur to the head of Loch Awe, and in picturesque beauty to Loch Lomond and Loch Katrine.

On leaving Loch Ewe, we stood away southward for the Sound of Rona, but the weather was hazy and the wind adverse; so that it took us twenty-four hours to reach Portree, the capital of Skye. The scenery on both sides of the narrow strait that separates the islands of Rona and Rasay from Skye is wild and stern; rugged mountains and lofty cliffs, a streak of foam here and there marking where a waterfall pours into the sea, and extensive moorlands of dark brown heath sloping away into the interior. In a few spots there is some appearance of verdure, but with the exception of some stunted and scraggy bushes, no trace of foliage.

The Bay of Portree forms a spacious land-locked harbour, on the north side of which stands the village, built along a steep slope. The entrance is narrow, between two lofty headlands, which form the commencement of a splendid range of coast scenery, extending northward to the Point of Aird. We found ourselves surrounded by a perfect fleet of fishing-boats and herring-coupers, as they are here termed. These are, for the most part, powerful sloop-rigged vessels, whose crews do not fish themselves, but buy from the fishermen. They are often very fast sailers. The scene around was very busy and picturesque;—the quay, where an active traffic was being carried on, piled up and cumbered with herring-boxes, nets hanging from posts on shore, or depending from the rigging of vessels in the bay; boats constantly arriving and setting sail; and, above all, a perfect Babel of tongues, bargaining, abusing, and cajoling, in Gaelic and English.

It was Sunday morning when we arrived, and, on landing, we found that the service was in Gaelic; so, as the day was a remarkably fine one for Skye, whose weeping climate is proverbial, I left my companion to wait for the afternoon service, which was in English, and set out to walk to the Storr Hill, about seven miles to the north of Portree. The path leads at first along the bottom of a wide valley, bounded by a gentle acclivity, on surmounting which two lakes are seen filling up a similar hollow beyond. Keeping these lakes on his right, the traveller proceeds until he arrives at

their extremity, when he will reach the foot of the Storr, with a steep ascent of about one thousand feet before him. This surmounted, he will find himself close to a huge precipice of black rock, on the seaward side of which a number of isolated pinnacles of the most varied and fantastic forms, and of enormous size, jut out from the side of the hill, at every variety of inclination, whilst between these and the precipice above alluded to is a deep narrow valley, or rather chasm, strewn with fractured masses of stone. It would be difficult to imagine a more stern and dismal spot than this, especially under the aspect in which I beheld it; upon one hand that wall of black rock; on the other, these rugged pinnacles, and the deep ravine between, half filled with drifting wreaths of mist, now clearing off and disclosing frowning crags and yawning fissures; then, again, settling down, and involving everything in gloom and obscurity. I have never seen any place which more completely fulfilled, and, indeed, surpassed my expectations, than this Storr Hill. Below the pinnacles, it slopes rapidly down into the valley, which then rises gently for more than a mile, when it terminates in steep cliffs, which dip abruptly into the waters of the sound. The most conspicuous and remarkable of the crags which project from the face of the Storr is that called the needle—an enormous mass, nearly a hundred yards in circumference at the base, and about as high as the Scott monument in Edinburgh. It inclines so much, that I should think a plumb-line dropped from the summit would fall thirty or forty feet beyond its base. Anglers should observe the lake nearest the Storr, where the fishing is open to all, and in which, as Mr. Skene of Portree informed me, it is no uncommon day's fishing to kill from twenty to thirty pounds of trout.

I got back to Portree about half-past five, but not without experiencing the provoking variableness of the weather, as the last three miles of my journey were performed under a perfect deluge of rain.

Next day we drove to Sligachan Inn, at the entrance to the magnificent glen of the same name, and near the foot of Scur-na-Gillean,* the loftiest peak of the Cuchullin hills, which disputes

* Scur-na-Gillean means, Rock of the Young Men.

with Ben Blaven the honour of being the highest mountain in Skye. My companion hired a guide and a pony to proceed up the glen, cross the ridge, and descend upon the far-famed Loch Corruisk. This I had formerly seen ; so I remained behind to sketch and fish. I caught some fine sea-trout in the Sligachan river, and afterwards tried, though not with much success, on account of the stillness of the day, a small moorland tarn, about a mile distant from the inn. By far the best fly for the Sligachan water is one dressed with a full, roughish-green body and brown wings.

Late in the evening my friend returned, sorely jolted and shaken by the rough roads over which he and his quadruped had passed, and with his feeling for the beautiful quite swallowed up in a sense of his bodily fatigue. Added to this, he was exorbitantly charged for the Celt and the pony, so that when we left the inn for Portree it was certainly not a blessing that parted from his lips. The inn-keeper's niece, known in this part of the world as Mary of Sligachan, is the principal person in the establishment, which she seems to manage with much address. We received a great deal of information from her with regard to the roads and scenery around, which she dispensed with a more than feminine share of volubility, looking quite picturesque in the broad-brimmed wide-awake, which she wore to shade her from the sun, which may occasionally be felt in Glen Sligachan, though it is said that the oldest inhabitant scarcely remembers a day without a shower.

We set sail from Portree in the forenoon of a fine day, with a steady easterly breeze, hoping easily to reach Loch Alsh by the evening; but we were again doomed to experience and to suffer from the mutability of this singular climate. It continued bright and warm until two o'clock, when we were between the islands of Scalpa and Rasay, where we lay becalmed for some time, though at a little distance on either side there was a strong breeze. Presently it came on to blow so hard where we lay that we had to take in sail, and soon after a dense fog settled down all round us. The result was, that instead of proceeding, we were glad to come-to for the night in Clachan Bay, close to the beautiful

residence of Mr. Rainy, of Rasay, whose yacht, the *Falcon*, was anchored close to us.

Next day we got sail on the cutter at six o'clock, and, with a fine leading wind from the north-west, which continued steady throughout the day, passed through the narrow channel which at Kyleakin separates Skye from the mainland. The position of this village is very romantic ; and every one must admire the ruins of Castle Moyle, whose shattered and weather-stained walls look down upon the strait. At Balmacara, in the district of Loch Alsh, the scenery assumes a more gentle and sylvan aspect. Here we diverged from our course for the purpose of visiting Loch Duich, an arm of the sea whose beauty we had heard highly praised ; nor did we find this praise misplaced. We sailed somewhat beyond the ruins of Eilan Donan Castle, the ancient stronghold of the Mackenzies of Kintail, built in the thirteenth century as a defence against the Northmen, to whom most of the western isles belonged, and who often ravaged the coasts of Scotland. From this point we had a good view of the head of the loch, and the noble mountains which overshadow it.

An arm of the sea, called Loch Loung, diverges from Loch Duich ; a small river flows into the head of it ; and some miles up the southern branch of this stream is the finest waterfall in Scotland, the Glomak, nearly twice the height of the better known fall of Foyers, in Invernesshire. The scenery around it is wild and desolate ; and where the stream leaps into the deep chasm below there is no trace of foliage, not even a blade of grass, nothing but barren rocks.

On leaving Loch Duich we entered the sound of Sleat, which for more than twenty miles separates Skye from the mainland of Invernesshire. Both sides of this strait are of wonderful and varied beauty. There are lofty and rugged mountains, wild tracts of heath, and sea lochs running far into the mainland ; but there are also sheltered pastoral valleys and quiet bays, with undulating wood-covered hills sloping up from the waters of the sound.

One of the most beautiful scenes is Glenelg. There is a fine sweep of a bay, with several neat white houses peeping out of thick foliage, and the ruins of an extensive barrack, built in

the last century, to overawe the turbulent Highlanders. On the Skye side, Armadale, the residence of Lord Macdonald, with its verdant sward, and well-kept policies, is a sweet spot. Nothing on the mainland more forcibly attracts and rivets the attention than the opening to Loch Hourn,* guarded by the lofty Ben Screel. Its form is very noble, and, from the sharp summit its outlines sweep down in grand curves to the water. We regretted much that our time did not allow us to explore this loch, as all the adjacent mountains are highly picturesque, and it forms a splendid anchorage, within which the British navy might ride in safety. Southward of Loch Hourn is Loch Nevish,† also a fine sheet of water and a good harbour, but the scenery around it is of a quieter and tamer character.

After passing the point of Sleat, the views of Ben Blaven and of the Cuichullin range were varied and magnificent in the extreme. Years before I had beheld them; but then their sharp peaks were seen peeping through wreaths of drifting mist, or were entirely hid by heavy rain clouds; now the scene was quite changed; the sky was cloudless, and the dark serrated peaks of the Coolins and the less pointed summits of Ben Blaven stood out sharply defined against the clear blue. Our course brought us in full view of the island of Rum, a mass of mountains which, even in the neighbourhood of the Coolins, asserts its claim to admiration. This island belongs to the Marquis of Salisbury, having been bought by him for a deer forest. Beyond Rum, we passed close to Eig, distinguished by a strangely shaped precipitous rock, called the Scaur of Eig. In the distance were the islands of Canna, Coll, and Tiree. Towards the evening we rounded the rocky point of Ardnamurchan, which is exposed to the full swell of the Atlantic, and where a well-appointed light-house has recently been erected. We then entered the Sound of Mull, passed the grey old castle of Mingary, and concluded the most successful day's run we had had by casting anchor in the land-locked Bay of Tobermory.

We found two English yachts in the

bay; one of them was the *Surprise*, a beautiful little cutter of sixteen tons, belonging to the Mersey Yacht Club; she had been lying for some days in Loch Scavig, in Skye, from which she had just arrived. The other was a very long, low, racing-looking craft, in beautiful order, which, on inquiring, we found to be the far-famed *Volante*, one of the fastest cutters in England. She had come from London, round the Land's End, and was now preparing for her return southwards.

The village of Tobermory is built along one side of a semicircular bay, the other side of which is covered by the woods of Drumfin, belonging to a Mr. Crawford, whose house is quite buried in foliage. Near it is a beautiful little lake, embosomed in trees; and from it flows a stream which tumbles, in a pretty cascade, into the bay. Some of the houses in Tobermory are painted a bright yellow, and the natives have a strange way of constructing signboards; above the shops part of the wall is painted red, and upon this is printed the name and trade of the owner. It is merely the Mull fashion of puffing.

Early on the morning after our arrival the *Volante* started to sail up Loch Sunart, a long arm of the sea, which, for twenty miles, indents the mainland opposite Mull. We also set sail, and followed in her wake. The entrance to Loch Sunart is beset with rocks, but, once within, the channel is clear and safe. We, however, effected the entrance in safety, although we had no pilot; indeed during our whole cruise we never had a pilot on board. Our sailing-master was cautious and experienced, and we had excellent charts, and these we found amply sufficient. The shores and islands of Loch Sunart present pictures of varied and romantic beauty. Undulating hills, clothed with verdure, rise gently from the water — the rocks and mountains are thickly fringed and covered with copsewood — and, in many a green spot and sheltered nook along its shores are nestled little thatched hamlets, or sunny, white-washed farmhouses. We penetrated some distance above Salen, a fishing village, beautifully situated, and at-

* Loch Hourn means, The Loch of Hell.

† Loch Nevish means, The Loch of Heaven.

most buried amongst the woods that encircle a deep and quiet bay. On our return we had to beat down the loch against a strong breeze, but we got back to Tobermory in time to land and walk across the island to an elevated point, from which we had a glorious view of the sun setting behind the distant islands of Coll and Tiree.

Our homeward course lay by the west side of the Island of Mull, passing the singular group known as the Trishinish islands, one of which is called the Dutchman's Cap, and resembles a wide-awake, with a particularly broad brim. Afterwards, favoured by the weather, we visited the caves of Staffa, and the ruins at Iona, but these are so well known, and have been so often and eloquently described, that any notice from us would be equally presumptuous and unnecessary. We then steered for the sound of Isla, passing Colonsay, the property of the Lord Justice-General of Scot-

land. We made a fine passage through the sound, meeting, amongst other vessels, a handsome small cutter yacht, belonging to the St. George's Club of Ireland. On clearing the sound, we stood across for the Mull of Cantire, a promontory which bears an evil reputation for storms, and around which the tides run very rapidly. We were, however, destined to experience none of the stormy influences of the Mull; the wind was favourable, the sea smooth, and we entered the noble estuary of the Clyde just a month after we had left the Firth of Forth. During that time we met with no accident, and encountered few difficulties; the weather was almost uniformly beautiful, there having been only two wet days in the whole cruise; and we returned with spirits raised, and health invigorated, after having visited and admired some of the finest and least known scenery of which the British isles can boast.

THE DRAMATIC WRITERS OF IRELAND.—NO. VIII.

THOMAS MOORE—THE REV. C. R. MATURIN—SIR AUBREY DE VERE, BART.

"If anything be overlooked, or not accurately inserted, let no one find fault, but take into consideration that this history is compiled from all quarters."—TRANSLATION FROM EVAGRIUS.

THERE are few names connected with the literature of Ireland, which will bear repetition, without danger of satiety, more frequently than that of THOMAS MOORE. The inherent vitality and variety of the subject are not exhausted by the late *co-luminous* compilation of Lord John Russell, which inevitably suggests a reminiscence of Sheridan's joke, or ambiguous compliment to Gibbon, in his speech on the trial of Warren Hastings. In the pages so industriously heaped together by the ex-minister for the Colonies, we find scarcely any allusion to Moore's *dramatic* attempts, and only one or two slight references to them in his own selected letters. Yet he wrote for the stage, and in one instance with temporary success, which might have induced him to repeat the experiment. Dramatic writing pays well, perhaps better than any other branch of literary labour, when great excellence is attained. Authors, within the circle

of the present generation, have ere now received one thousand pounds sterling for weak, indifferent plays, merely because there was something in the title, or the incidents selected, or the time chosen, which gave them a fleeting importance; or that the name of the writer was invested, either by himself, or his friends, or critics, with overrated influence. A few failures caused the market to decline a little, but still, as book auctioneers say of old, useless, scarce quartos, they brought "stiff prices," and four hundred pounds per article were readily demanded and paid. The supply is still abundant, but not in such request as formerly, although the standard price (without purchasers) remains considerably above par. "To think," said the other day a quick writer with a large stock on hand, "to think of the madness and folly of some managers! Here is ——— has laid out three thousand pounds on the revival of an

old, worn out thing of Shakspeare's, when he could have secured ten of my new pieces for the same money!" Only three hundred sovereigns, ready cash, for a modern tragedy or comedy, and this in the land where Otway died of hunger, and Milton sold "*Paradise Lost*" for fifteen pounds, paid by instalments!—

"Fresh fish from Helicon! who'll buy? who'll buy!
The precious bargain's cheap,"

exclaims the self-complacent seller and proprietor—

"In faith, not I!"*

responds the suffering manager, whose exchequer is scarcely yet convalescent from former unhealed wounds.

Moore seems to have possessed all the elements and conditions which are required to produce a successful dramatist. He had imagination, genius, cultivated taste, a boundless command of poetical language, great conversational power, ready imagery, a clear perception of character, intimate acquaintance with the best society, good classical scholarship improved by reading and observation, and a fund of natural humour, which saw and seized the ridiculous with happy facility. There seems to have been nothing wanting here to constitute a first-rate votary of Thalia, even though his bent inclined him not to worship at the shrine of her more stately and severer sister. Yet Moore, with all these apparent requisites, and an inclination to make the attempt, did little in the dramatic line, and that little gave few indications of the brilliant immortality which awaited him in other departments. Walter Scott furnishes another, and a very remarkable parallel instance. His novels abound in nervous dialogue, with diversity of original character, action, incident, and interest. With very little change, beyond the necessary condensation, they have been transformed into some of the most popular and profitable plays of the day, and were eagerly watched, as they appeared, by rival managers, who had their cooks ready to hash them into the palatable shape within a few hours after publication. The sentences, said to be from "old plays," but known to be written by the novelist himself, and prefixed as headings to the different chapters, are full of

strength and poetic beauty. Many were wont to say, "If Sir Walter would only take to writing plays, what a dramatist we should have!" Yet when he tried his hand at last, the effort evaporated in such dull failures as *Macduff's Cross*, *Auchindrane*, *The Doom of Devorgoil*, and the poor, Germanised mediocrity entitled, *The House of Aspen*, supplied first as a contribution to one of the ephemeral annuals, although written many years before.

Where, then, are we to look for the true ingredients of the pure dramatic essence, and how, when, and where are they compounded into the happy harmony which produces a Shakspeare or a Sheridan? The question is easily asked, but a complete solution appears as difficult as the discovery of the longitude, the quadrature of the circle, the origin of evil, or the causes of the magnetic attraction of the pole.

Moore, as is well known, was born in Dublin, on the 28th of May, 1779, and died at his residence, Sloperton Cottage, in Wiltshire, on the 26th of February, 1852. He had nearly completed the seventy-third year of a long life, in which he had enjoyed much and suffered little, although his latter years were clouded by the failure of mental powers, and the loss of all his remaining children. Up to a late period, although his head was grey, his heart continued green and cheerful, as in the first dawn of youth, forming a marked contrast to his friend, Lord Byron, who suffered himself to wither into comfortless cynicism at thirty. An elastic, buoyant temperament is a better gift from Providence than an hereditary estate; and truly does the wise monarch of Israel observe, "A merry heart maketh a cheerful countenance, but by sorrow of the heart the spirit is broken."

Moore received his early education under the renowned Samuel Whyte, and afterwards at Trinity College, Dublin, where he took his degree of Bachelor of Arts, and from whence he departed to seek his fortune in the great world of London in 1799. Like Horatio, he was possessed of little revenue beyond his "good spirits;" but he had a translation of "Anacreon"

* Byron. "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers."

in his pocket, as his incipient stock in trade. His countryman Sheridan, too, it will be remembered, started at the same early age with a translation from a Greek poet; but Sheridan's "Aristænetus" is forgotten, while Moore's "Anacreon" is destined for immortality. The translation was speedily followed by "The Poetical Works of the late Thomas Little, Esq.," of which the less that is said the better. On the 24th of February, 1801, Moore produced, at the Haymarket Theatre, an operatic spectacle, called *The Gipsy Prince*, which, although never printed, was moderately successful in representation, and was repeated about ten times. It was known to be his, although he did not publicly avow himself as the author before it was acted, and felt little disposed to do so after. The "Dramatic Censor" condemns it as a very poor piece. The "Biographia Dramatica" says, "Though not very interesting as a drama, it contained some humour, and was interspersed with some pretty music from the pen of Mr. Kelly." Kelly himself sustained the hero, and Mrs. Mountain, Suett, Emery, and Fawcett were included in the cast. In Moore's letters to his mother, in February and March, 1801 (published in Lord John Russell's memoirs), we find the following slight allusion to *The Gipsy Prince*:—"I dined on Saturday in company with Suett and Bannister; read the piece to them. Suett is quite enchanted with his part, particularly the mock bravura."—"I kept my piece back too long. I am afraid they will not have time to bring it out this season, and it is too expensive for Colman's theatre. He has read it, however; is quite delighted with it, and wishes me to undertake something on a more moderate scale for the little theatre, which perhaps I shall do." His correspondence makes no mention of his drama subsequent to its production.* The "Monthly Mirror" of July, 1801—at that time a periodical of first-rate celebrity, edited by Edward Dubois, contained the following notice:—

"July 24th. — A musical entertainment, under the title of *The Gipsy Prince*, written

by a gentleman of the name of Moore, who has acquired considerable poetical reputation by some elegant and spirited translations of 'Anacreon,' was produced on this evening, and was received with a mixture of applause and disapprobation. It is certainly a flimsy and uninteresting performance, and must be considered merely as a vehicle for some very pleasing music by Mr. Kelly, who made his first appearance on this stage for these three years, in the character which gives the piece a title. A noble Spaniard, for some reason or other, is obliged to disguise his person. He becomes the leader of a band of gipsies; and in that capacity rescues a poor Jew from the officers of the Inquisition, one of whom is wounded in the rencontre. For this he is obliged to fly. He takes shelter in the garden of a grandee, whose daughter instantly falls in love with him, and conceals him from his pursuers. After a little time he is discovered; but it appearing that the man he had wounded is not dead, and that he is the long-lost nephew of a friend of the young lady's father, his offence is pardoned, and the fond pair are united. There is a character called *Rincon*, into which the author has endeavoured to throw a little humour; but it is so little, and the part itself, though performed by Mr. Fawcett, is so detached from the general plot, that its effect was very inconsiderable. Mrs. Mountain looked and sung, as she always does, most charmingly; and Miss Tyrer,† who is the express image of Mrs. Bland, was very lucky in her song and duet, which were both rapturously applauded. Indeed the whole of the music, as well the original airs composed by Mr. Kelly, as the selections from 'Paisiello,' are extremely creditable to the taste and scientific arrangements of the composer. The songs do not possess much merit; but Milton himself could hardly infuse a spirit of poetry into the songs of a modern opera."

The concluding sentence is rather a harsh and hasty dictum on the early efforts of a writer, many of whose subsequent ballads are as exquisitely delicate and beautiful in the words, as in the melodies to which they are adapted. Byron was neither exaggerated nor wildly enthusiastic in his admiration when he wrote: "To me, some of Moore's last Erin sparks—'As a beam o'er the face of the waters,' 'When he who adores thee,' 'Oh, blame not,' and 'Oh! breathe not his name'—are worth all the epics that ever were composed."

* In the "Familiar Epistles," the piece is identified with the author in the following lines:—

"And Moore, with Colman's aid, evince
His genius in the *Gipsy Prince*,"

† Afterwards Mrs. Liston.

In the "Reminiscences of Michael Kelly" we find the following passage:—

"I had the pleasure this year (1801) to meet Mr. Thomas Moore, the poet, at Mrs. Crouch's cottage, in the King's-road; my brother Joseph introduced him there. I was much entertained with his conversation, and cultivated his pleasing society; and in the course of our acquaintance, persuaded him to write a musical afterpiece for the Haymarket Theatre. I engaged with Mr. Colman to compose the music and to perform in it. It was called *The Gipsy Prince*, and was performed, for the first time, on the 24th of February, 1801. Part of the poetry was very pretty; but the piece did not succeed, and was withdrawn. As a sample of the poetry, I subjoin a song, sung by me in the character of the Gipsy Prince:—

"I have roam'd through many a weary round,
I have wander'd east and west;
Pleasure in every clime I found,
But sought in vain for rest.

"When glory sighs for other climes,
I feel that one's too wide,
And think a home which love endears
Is worth a world beside.

"The needle thus, too rudely moved,
Wander'd unconscious where;
Yet, having found the place it loved,
It, trembling, settled there."

The above short details comprise all we have been able to collect respecting this ricketty bantling, which died almost as soon as it was born; but they suffice to fix the paternity in the face of many assertions to the contrary.

Moore, although professing liberal principles, and writing himself a democrat, bowed before the altar of aristocracy with more incense than became the lofty independence of genius, even though in want of patronage to help its progress. But he had true pride, notwithstanding, and never neglected or felt ashamed of his own relations, amidst all the fascinations of popularity, or the congenial allurements of elevated society. Once, when the Prince of Wales said to him, at his own table, "Moore, are you connected with the Drogheda family?" he replied readily, without a blush, "No, your Royal Highness; I have no pretensions to such an honour; I am the son of an humble tradesman in Dublin."

Whatever might be merits or demerits, the promise or disappointment, of *The Gipsy Prince*, it was a production

of youth and inexperience, and should be estimated accordingly; but when Moore had reached full maturity, and had passed what Shakspeare calls the period of "blown youth," and was gently gliding into his thirty-third year, he brought forward a comic opera in three acts, entitled *M.P., or the Blue Stocking*, which was published soon after representation, but has never since been reprinted, or included in any of his collected works. This piece was acted, for the first time, at the Lyceum Theatre, by the Drury-lane Company, under the management of Arnold, on the 9th of September, 1811. It met with more than average success, and ran for nineteen nights, but does not appear to have been continued after the first season. Some of the papers praised it warmly; others were very severe, and unjustly so, in their strictures. Some time previous to the performance, Moore says in a letter to his mother:—

"I did not write on Saturday, as I was a little nervous about my reading to the manager; but I came off with him ten times better than I expected, as I have, indeed, very little confidence in my dramatic powers. He was, however, very much pleased, and said its only fault was, that it would be too good for the audience; that it was in the best style of good comedy, and many more things, which, allowing all that is necessary for politeness, are very encouraging; and I begin to have some little hopes that it may succeed. Do not mention my opera to any one, and bid Kate muzzle old Joe upon the subject."*

Again, he writes to Lady Donegall, on the 17th of August, 1811:—

"The season is now, indeed, so far gone, that I should not wonder if I were yet to have you witnesses of my first plunge; and, oh! if I could pack a whole audience like you, with such taste for what is good, and such indulgence for what is bad! But I think there is not in the world so stupid or so boorish a congregation as the audience of an English play-house. I have latterly attended a good deal, and I really think that when an author makes them laugh, he ought to feel like Phocion, when the Athenians applauded him, and ask what wretched *bêtise* had produced the tribute."†

After the production of the opera, he seems to have communicated the result

* Lord John Russell's "Memoirs." Vol. i. p. 256.

† Ibid. p. 257.

to his friends, but with no very strong impression that he had made a hit. This drew from his constant correspondent, Miss Godfrey, Lady Donegall's sister, the following reply:—

"You are so severe upon your poor opera, that, on first opening your letter, we gave it up for lost, and thought it must certainly go to the regions below. However, upon going a little further on, it was an agreeable surprise to find it had succeeded, and upon turning to the *Globe*, the paper which we get, we had great consolation in seeing that it had been very well received, and was likely to go on with great success. What more would you have? If you had written something that had pleased yourself and half-a dozen people of taste very much, that had been full of sentiment and refinement, and not a vulgar joke in it, it might have been very delightful for the above-mentioned seven people; but the public would not have borne it the second night. You write to please the public and not yourself; and if the public are pleased, upon their heads be the sin and shame, if it be unworthy of giving pleasure. An author who hopes for success on the stage must fall in with popular taste, which is now at the last gasp, and past all cure. I dare say, however, that this piece has a great deal more merit than you allow that it has; and that whenever you could give your taskmasters the slip you have put in something excellent in your own way. At all events, the *Globe* gives a very good account of it, and I'll stick to that; and I hope we shall see it next November with a great deal of pleasure, and I am sure we shall with a great deal of interest. Pray don't let Mr. A—— cheat you: it really is too bad that everybody cheats you, and makes money of your talents, and you sit smiling by, not a farthing the better for them."*

On the 28th of October following, Moore writes to Lady Donegall:—

"My opera has succeeded much better than I expected, and I am glad to find that Braham is going to play it at Bath; but I have been sadly cheated. What a pity that we 'swans of Helicon' should be such geese! Rogers is indignant, and so am I; and we ring the changes upon . . . and . . . often enough, heaven knows, saying of them, like Cadet Roussel's children *L'un est voleur, l'autre est fripon*—ah! ah! &c., &c., but it all won't do."

The "*Biographia Dramatica*" says of *M. P.*:—

"This very successful piece is the production of Thomas Moore, Esq., the well-known translator of '*Anacreon*,' and writer of some amatory poems, under the assumed name of Thomas Little, Esq. It is an elegant and pleasant *jeu d'esprit*, containing some laughable *equivoque*, and broad humour, intermixed occasionally with scenes of pathos. Lady Bab Blue is a literary woman of fashion, a class of beings which our modern lecturers have re-invigorated; a vestige of the Bas Blue Club, whose primary ambition is, to be imagined a philosopher in petticoats. The author appears to us to have had an eye, in sketching this character, to that of Miss Beccabunga Veronica, in the comic opera called *The Lakers*.† Some of the songs possess considerable poetical merit. The music by the author."

Whether Moore's dramatic ardour was cooled by the unfair treatment he hints at as to the profits of his opera, or that he was really discontented with the result, and felt that he was losing his name, and warring with his "gifts," he resigned the sock and never more resumed it; although he seems to have meditated a third attempt in 1813, as we collect from a passage in one of his letters to his musical publisher, Mr. Power, in which he says—"I have had another application about Drury-lane, in consequence of a conversation at Holland House, and am beginning already (without, however, stopping the progress of my poem) to turn over a subject in my mind." But he soon abandoned it, if he had ever seriously entertained the idea. Perhaps he had been urged by his friend Lord Byron, at that time one of the active members of the committee, and very warm in his efforts to rouse up sleeping genius, in the hope that some novelty might start forth to revive and prop the sinking fortunes of the theatre. The desired novelty soon came, in the person of a great actor, Edmund Kean, but the authors slumbered on, and fortunately left his genius to grapple with their mightier predecessors.

As Moore's opera was never reprinted after the run was over, and the demand had ceased, and very few collectors

* "*Memoirs*." Vol. i. p. 259.

† *The Lakers* is a poor comic opera, written and printed in 1798, intended to burlesque the then fashionable propensity of visiting the Lakes of Cumberland and Westmoreland. It was never acted, but the part of Miss Veronica was intended for Mrs. Mattocks.

have preserved a copy, it has become a sort of literary rarity, and in this particular record some account of it may not be considered superfluous or out of place. The characters, and the actors who represented them, are enumerated in the following list:—Sir Charles Canvas, a Member of Parliament, Mr. Oxberry; Leatherhead, the keeper of a circulating-library, Mr. Lovegrove; Henry de Rosier, in love with Miss Hartington, Mr. Philipps;* Hartington, Mr. Marshall; Captain Canvas, in love with Miss Selwyn, Mr. Horn; Davy, servant to Lady Bab, Mr. Knight; La Fosse, Mr. Wewitzer; Lady Bab Blue, Mrs. Sparks; Miss Selwyn, her niece, in love with Captain Canvas, Miss Poole; Miss Hartington, in love with Henry, Miss Kelly; Susan, her maid, Mrs. Bland; Madame de Rosier, Mrs. Harlowe.

The plot may be readily described. The scene lies at a fashionable watering-place. The father of Captain and Sir Charles Canvas was married privately in France. Captain Canvas was born before his father's marriage was avowed, and previous to the second solemnisation of it publicly in England. As there was no proof of the first marriage, Sir Charles has usurped, and is in possession of the family title and estate. Madame de Rosier and her son are emigrants, who have lost their property in the French revolution. Henry is reduced to become shopman to Leatherhead. Madame de Rosier, and her servant, La Fosse, happen to have been present at the first marriage of Lady Canvas. Sir Charles endeavours to suppress their evidence, but at the conclusion he is forced to resign the title and estate to his elder legitimate brother. Captain Canvas and Henry de Rosier marry Miss Selwyn and Miss Hartington. Lady Bab Blue is a pretender to poetry, chemistry, &c. She has written a poem upon sal-ammoniac, which she calls the "Loves of Ammonia," and

intends Leatherhead to print. In a letter to Sir Charles, she has expressed her determination that he shall marry her niece. She gives this letter by mistake to Leatherhead, who concludes from the epistle, and from another which she sends him about her poem, that Ammonia is the name of her niece. This produces some good equivocation, and the most amusing scene in the opera. The piece, on the whole, although it would pass muster with a less distinguished parentage, must be pronounced unworthy of Moore's genius, considering the mature age at which it was written. The dialogue is too much laboured and elaborate, the humour is slow and forced, and the whole moves as lazily as the first starting of a steam train, without the exhilarating rapidity which invariably follows. Yet we find here, for the first time, some of the author's songs, which obtained much permanent popularity, such as "When Leila touched the Lute," "Young Love once lived in an humble shed," "To sigh, yet feel no pain," "Mr. Orator Puff," "Here's the lip that betrayed," and "Though sacred the tie that our country entwined." When Moore printed his opera, he accompanied it by the following preface, explaining his motives:—

"When I gave this piece to the theatre, I had not the least intention of publishing it; because, however I may have hoped that it would be tolerated upon the stage, amongst those light summer productions which are laughed at for a season and forgotten, I was conscious how ill such fugitive trifles can bear to be embodied into a literary form by publication. Amongst the reasons which have influenced me to alter this purpose, the strongest, perhaps, is the pleasure I have felt in presenting the copyright of the dialogue to Mr. Power, as some little acknowledgment of the liberality he has shown in the purchase of the music.

"The opera, altogether, has had a much better fate than I expected; and it would, perhaps, have been less successful in amusing the audience if I had '*songé sérieusement* a

* Poor Tom Philipps, many years a resident in Dublin, where he married and lived in good respect. He affected a military bearing, costume, and phraseology, which obtained for him, in the theatre, the sobriquet of the "Field Marshal;" but though an intolerable fidget in business, he was kind, gentlemanlike and hospitable. He was the original performer, in Dublin, of Rodolph and Sir Huon, in Von Weber's two great operas of *Der Freischütz* and *Oberon*. In the former he introduced a song of his own called, "The Horn of Chase," which became so popular with the gods, that Braham, who succeeded him, was compelled to study and sing it. Philipps met his death by an accident on the railroad between Birmingham and Liverpool, when on a journey to visit a friend in Dublin.

les faire rire. But that the humble opinion which I express of its merits has not been adopted in complaisance to any of my critics, will appear by the following extract from a letter, which I addressed to the licenser, for the purpose of prevailing upon him to restore certain passages which he had thought proper to expunge as politically objectionable:—“You will perceive, sir, by the true estimate which I make of my own nonsense, that, if your censorship were directed against bad jokes, &c., I should be much more ready to agree with you than I am at present. Indeed, in that case, the “*una litura*” would be sufficient.” I cannot advert to my correspondence with this gentleman without thanking him for the politeness and forbearance with which he attended to my remonstrances; though I suspect he will not quite coincide with those journalists who have had the sagacity to discover symptoms of political servility in the dialogue. This extraordinary charge was, I believe, founded upon the passage which alludes to the REGENT; and if it be indeed servility to look up with hope to the PRINCE as the harbinger of better days to my wronged and insulted country, and to expect that the friend of a Fox and a Moira will also be the friend of liberty and of Ireland,—if *this* be servility, in common with the great majority of my countrymen, I am proud to say, I plead guilty to the charge.

“Amongst the many wants which are experienced in these times, the want of a sufficient number of critics will not, I think, be complained of by the most querulous. Indeed, the state of an author now resembles very much that of the poor Laplander in winter, who has hardly time to light his little candle in the darkness, before myriads of insects swarm round to extinguish it. In the present instance, however, I have no reason to be angry with my censurers; for, upon weighing their strictures on this dramatic bagatelle against the praises with which they have honoured my writings in general, I find the balance so flatteringly in my favour, that gratitude is the only sentiment which even the severest have awakened in me.”

The preface concludes with the usual platitudes in glorification of the manager and performers. Some of the passages we have quoted require a running commentary to render them intelligible. The allusion to the Regent is figurative, that royal person being typified as a high-mettled racer, and the universal favourite. Lady Bab inquires of Sir Charles if the race had begun. He replies, “Begun, madam! Yes, to be sure, they have begun. There’s the high-blooded horse, Regent, has just started, and has set off

in such a style as promises a race of glory! I am but just this moment come from the House (I mean the stand-house), where the knowing ones take different sides, you understand, according as they think a horse will be *in* or *out*. But upon this start they are all *nem. con.*, and the unanimous cry from all sides is, ‘Regent against the field. Huzza! huzza!’”

This, it must be confessed, is commonplace enough, but still in much better taste than the withering philippics which Moore, in later days, launched against the exalted individual from whom he had received much personal attention, which might have closed his lips, even though insufficient to command his gratitude or respect. As sincerely admiring the poet and the man, we could wish these had not been written, at least by him.

The other interdicted passages contain some biblical references a little out of keeping, with sly hints as to the possibility of parliamentary corruption, venal members, incompetent ministers, and official favouritism. These, as we humbly opine, are fair and not dangerous subjects for satire, and it will scarcely be denied that they are drawn from nature. But the licenser of the day (or Examiner of Theatrical Entertainments, to use his proper technicality), John Larpent, Esq., was a very worthy and accomplished gentleman, with a slight tinge of the serious, or, as the profane call it, a *slue* towards Methodism, which led him to exercise his functions with a scrupulous horror of the most distant approach to a joke, in all that touched upon matters political, moral, or religious. When he died, and was succeeded by George Colman, it was thought that the reins would be relaxed somewhat; but the eccentric (not to say licentious) humourist of the “Broad Grins,” and “Poetical Vagaries,” had repented of his early levity, and applied the excising-knife with additional rigour. He carried this punctilious nicety to such an extent, that in his letter accompanying the license for Kenney’s farce of *Spring and Autumn*, which is now lying before us, he directed the following lines to be expunged:—“Where did you meet the angel?” “Heavens! this is a faint!” “’Twas devilish good!” “The Tower of Babel broke loose!” “What an angel!” “Heaven upon earth,” &c. &c.

All this exposed him to some ridicule ; but ridicule was the only redress left to the sufferer, for the sentence of the licenser is as absolute as were the laws of the Medes and Persians. Against his fiat there is no appeal.

When Colman was examined before the committee of the House of Commons, which sat on the Theatrical Question, he was asked whether he expunged all oaths or profane swearing from the plays submitted to his revision. He answered, "Invariably."

"Did you ever count the number of oaths in your own comedies of the *Heir at Law* and *John Bull*?"

"Never ; but I dare say there are a great many."

"Which you disapprove of?"

"Undoubtedly."

"Do you not think it would have been better to have omitted them?"

"Much better. They disfigure the scenes in which they are introduced, and injure the humour."

"Then," concluded the chairman, thinking to clench the argument, "you are sorry now that you wrote either of those comedies?"

"Quite the contrary," rejoined the licenser ; "I rejoice exceedingly to have made a good pudding, although I regret that any bad plums should have crept into it."

It would be foreign to the plan of this series to follow the career of Moore through all the phases of literary celebrity, and to dwell upon the multiplied offspring of his genius, whether in poetry or prose. We therefore leave him when he ceased to court laurels from the hand of the dramatic muse. Six volumes of his biography have already appeared, and more are, doubtless, in

imminent preparation. Had he never written anything but the "Melodies," he would deserve immortality, and that his name should be embalmed in the memory and gratitude of his fellow-countrymen, down to the latest generations. The music of a people is one of the most valuable, as well as most agreeable, of their historical records. It breathes in every note their character, feelings, deeds, sufferings, wrongs, hopes, and aspirations. It tells of the glory of the past, the despondency of the present, and the lofty anticipations of the future. It excites to what may be, by an appeal to what has been. It generates poetic ardour, strengthens the love of the *solum natale*, and unites thousands in one common bond of sympathy. It is, at the same time, an excitement and a solace, and becomes, as Johnson said in his epitaph on Goldsmith, *affectuum potens ac lenis dominator*. He who wields this controlling agent with equal power, taste, and discrimination, will obtain more sway over the heart and mind than the routine minister or general who coerces his followers into passive obedience, but fails to inspire them with ardent enthusiasm. Viewed in this light, Burns in Scotland, and Moore in Ireland, must ever be considered as public benefactors. The "Bard of Erin," as he is exclusively called, has justly earned his title ; but he has worthy predecessors, who deserve to "rank in the same file," and amongst them we may enumerate Thaddeus Ruddy, William Carolan, and Thomas Dermody. We hope to dedicate a few pages to this famed triumvirate with an early opportunity.*

* In 1802 a comedy, entitled *Tryal's All*, was acted at the Crow-street Theatre, in Dublin, which was fathered by Mr. J. D. Herbert, an actor in the company, whose real patronymic was Dowling. In the "Familiar Epistles" it is said that the true author was Lewis, a free-speaking patriot of the day, who desired to preserve a dramatic incognito. The point is of little consequence, as the play met with no success ; and although printed at the time, is now entirely out of sight. Herbert, in 1836, published a small volume, called "Irish Varieties," which contains some amusing anecdotes. He was a painter as well as an actor, but not particularly eminent in either art.

It should have been mentioned in an earlier place, that JAMES MURPHY FRENCH, a brother of the more celebrated Arthur Murphy, and a native of Dublin, wrote a comedy, called *The Brothers*, and a farce, under the name of *The Conjuror*, both acted in London, but never printed. Miss ISDELL, an Irish lady, said to be a near relative of Oliver Goldsmith, produced a play, in Dublin, with considerable success, called *The Poor Gentlewoman*, acted and printed in 1811. This same lady, in 1825, wrote an opera, called *The Cavern, or the Outlaw*, the music for which was composed by Sir John Stevenson. It was only acted three times, at the Hawkins'-street Theatre, then under the management of Mr. W. Abbott.

THE REV. C. R. MATURIN.

THE year following that which gave the genius of Thomas Moore to his country (1780) witnessed the birth of CHARLES ROBERT MATURIN, in the same city. His mind and imagination were deeply imbued with the true poetic fervor, but not sufficiently restrained by the controlling check of sound taste and judgment. His Pegasus frequently ran away with him, or soared into a cloudy atmosphere, through which it became difficult to follow its erratic course. Maturin distinguished himself at school and college, married for love before he acquired his degree, and having taken orders, obtained, through the interest of his wife's brother, then Archdeacon of Killala, the curacy of Loughrea, which he afterwards exchanged for that of St. Peter's in Dublin. This brilliant preferment afforded a miserable pittance of some £80 or £90 per annum. His father was a French foundling and refugee, whose only income was derived from the office of inspector of roads for the province of Leinster, which his friends had procured for him. He had nothing to bestow upon his numerous progeny, of which Charles was the ninth son, beyond education, and the mystery attached to his own origin. The curate of St. Peter's soon found that his domestic claims increased rapidly, while his resources remained fixed at a most insufficient minimum. A large family and a small stipend appear to be inseparable from the condition of a clerical subaltern, from the days of Mr. Abraham Adams down to the present year of grace inclusive. To increase his narrow means, Maturin took to the dull drudgery of preparing students for college; and to relieve the intolerable weight of pedagogism, solaced and indulged his fancy at the same time, by writing novels. His friends and expected patrons being straight-laced and particular, he feared to injure his prospects by an open avowal of such a questionable line of composition. His three first romances, "Montorio, or the Fatal Revenge," "The Wild Irish Boy," and "The Milesian Chief," were published under the assumed name of Dennis Jasper Murphy. He kept his secret, and for a time without suspicion. The first of these tales was

written in 1804, when he was in his twenty-fourth year; the last in 1812. Two he published on his own account, and without adding to his worldly store. For the copyright of the third Mr. Colburn gave him £80. During the five years which followed, he fought on, struggling with embarrassments, and little noticed, and, as has happened to many others, victimised by the insolvency of a friend, for whom he had bound himself in a heavy bond, which he was obliged to pay to the last farthing.

In 1816, Maturin's crushed spirit sprang up with one elastic bound, by the unexpected success of his tragedy of *Bertram*, which was produced at Drury-lane on the 9th of May in that year, and ran for twenty-two successive nights to crowded houses. The play was originally offered to Mr. Frederick Jones for the Dublin theatre, in 1813, but rejected as unfit for representation. In the following year the luckless author was persuaded to send the MS. to Sir Walter Scott. He saw its merit, and strongly recommended it to Lord Byron, at that time a most zealous and influential member of the Drury-lane committee. The theatre wanted a play with a strong original part for Kean; the opportunity was favourable; the great actor exerted himself with transcendent ability; a young *debutante*, Miss Somerville, afterwards Mrs. Bunn, came out with great success in the important character of the heroine, and the business was done. Maturin became, at one bound, a literary lion, and, what was better, found his purse, for the first time, well lined with crowns. His profits from the theatre amounted to several hundred pounds; Murray gave a large sum for the exclusive right of publication, and printed seven editions at the unprecedented price of four shillings and sixpence a copy.

Hazlitt, who although coxcombical, and overflowing with preconceived notions on many subjects, was nevertheless acute and clear, when he wrote (as he sometimes did) from impulse, and without prejudice, has criticised Maturin's first dramatic effort with analytical minuteness. He writes as follows:—

"The new tragedy of *Bertram*, at Drury-lane, has entirely succeeded, and it has sufficient merit to deserve the success it has met with. We had read it before we saw it, and were on the whole disappointed with the representation. Its beauties are rather those of language and sentiment than of action and situation. The interest flags very much during the last act, when the whole plot is known and inevitable. What it has of stage effect is scenic and extraneous, as the view of the sea in a storm, the chorus of knights, &c., instead of arising necessarily out of the business of the play. We also object to the trick of introducing the little child twice to untie the knot of the catastrophe. One of these fantoccini exhibitions in the course of a tragedy is quite enough.

"The general fault of this tragedy, and of other modern tragedies that we could mention, is, that it is a tragedy without business. Aristotle, we believe, defines tragedy to be the representation of a *serious action*. Now, here there is no action: there is neither cause nor effect. There is a want of that necessary connexion between what happens, what is said, and what is done, in which we take the essence of dramatic inventions to consist. It is a sentimental drama—it is a romantic drama, if you like; but it is not a tragedy, in the best sense of the word. That is to say, the passion described does not arise naturally out of the previous circumstances, nor lead necessarily to the consequences that follow. Mere sentiment is voluntary, fantastic, self-created, beginning and ending in itself; true passion is natural, irresistible, produced by powerful causes, and impelling the will to determine actions. The old tragedy, if we understand it, is a display of the affections of the heart and the energies of the will; the modern romantic tragedy is a mixture of fanciful exaggeration and indolent sensibility; the former is founded on real calamities and real purposes; the latter courts distress, affects horror, indulges in all the luxury of woe, and nurses its languid thoughts and dainty sympathies to fill up the void of action. As the opera is filled with a sort of singing people, who translate everything into music, the modern drama is filled with poets and their mistresses, who translate everything into metaphor and sentiment. *Bertram* falls under this censure. It is a *Winter's Tale*, a *Midsummer Night's Dream*; but it is not *Lear* or *Macbeth*. The poet does not describe what his characters would feel in given circumstances; but lends them his own thoughts and feelings out of his general reflections on human nature, or general observations of certain objects. In a word, we hold for a truth that a thoroughly good tragedy is an impossibility in a state of man-

ners and literature where the poet and philosopher have got the better of the man; where the reality does not mould the imagination, but the imagination glosses over the reality; and where the unexpected stroke of true calamity, the biting edge of true passion, is blunted, sheathed, and lost, amidst the flowers of poetry strewed over unreal, unfelt distress, and the flimsy topics of artificial humanity prepared beforehand for all occasions."*

These sentences are elaborately turned, and we do not feel by any means sure that we perfectly understand what is meant to be conveyed; but they furnish a good sample of the work from which they are quoted. Hazlett's volume deserves a corner in every dramatic library, less for the value of the critical opinions, than for the importance of the theatrical events which are therein recorded and commented on—the first appearance in London of Miss Stephens, Miss Foote, Mrs. Mardyn, Miss O'Neill, Mr. Macready, and Edmund Kean; the return of Mrs. Siddons, after her retirement, to gratify the Princess Charlotte, and the farewells of John Bannister and John Kemble. But let us leave Hazlett and return to *Bertram*.

The opening speech of Imogene contains very musical and affecting poetry; the numbers glide in liquid harmony, the images and reflections flow with mingled grace and beauty. The wedded dame, whose heart is not given to her husband, is discovered in soliloquy over the miniature of an earlier lover:—

"Yes—

The limner's art may trace the absent feature,
And give the eye of distant weeping faith
To view the form of its idolatry:

But, oh! the scenes 'mid which they met and parted—

The thoughts, the recollections sweet and bitter—
Th' elysian dreams of lovers, when they loved—
Who shall restore them?

"Less lovely are the fugitive clouds of eve,
And not more vanishing. If thou couldst speak,
Dumb witness of the secret soul of Imogene,
Thou might'st acquit the faith of womankind!
Since thou wert on my midnight pillow laid,
Friend hath forsaken friend—the brotherly tie
Been lightly loosed—the parted coldly met—
Yea, mothers have with desperate hands wrought
harm
To little lives which their own bosoms lent.
But woman still hath loved—if that indeed
Woman e'er loved like me."

Bertram's description of the mono-

* "View of the English Stage," pp. 287, 288.

tony of a monkish life, furnishes another very fine passage :—

"Yea, thus they live, if this may life be called,
Where moving shadows mock the parts of men.
Prayer follows study, study yields to prayer—
Bell echoes bell, till wearied with the summons,
The ear doth ache for that last welcome peal,
That toils an end to listless vacancy."

There were some points in Kean's acting which he never surpassed, and into which he threw all the epigrammatic strength of his peculiarly original style, telling powerfully upon the audience from the combined effect of truth and startling novelty. Such, for instance, as the ebullition of feeling in the line—

"God bless thee, child—Bertram hath kissed thy child !"

And again—

"The wretched have no country ! That dear name
Comprises home, kind kindred, fostering friends,
Protecting laws—all that binds man to man ;
But none of these are mine ! I have no country !"

And finally, when left alone, he is about to pray, and the prior interrupts him by his presence—

"Why art thou here ? There was a hovering angel
Just lighting on my heart, and thou hast scared it."

We cannot readily point to any extracts from any other modern play that surpass or even stand in fair competition with those. Kean was well supported by Miss Somerville ; but her tall, commanding figure rather overshadowed him, and naturally enough he would have preferred a heroine of less majestic proportions.

Walter Scott had originally recommended *Bertram* to John Kemble, but failed to draw his attention to it. He was thinking of retirement, preparing to adjust his cloak for a last farewell, and cared not to undertake a new character, after the eleventh hour of his theatrical life had sounded. In the original manuscript, the arch-fiend in person figured amongst the *dramatis personæ* ; but this extravagance was judiciously excised. There was a dashing novelty, a vigour, and freshness about *Bertram* which, on the first night, took the professed critics who were present by surprise, and forced them to join involuntarily in the applause of the public. Coleridge formed a solitary exception. In his "Biographia Literaria," he has indulged in a most truculent and deliberately-weighted attack on the new

tragedy, condemning the whole as a tissue of disgraceful and unnatural immorality. He would not even allow it the redeeming quality of poetical language or imagery. Unequal it certainly is ; there are lofty flights and occasional descents, but it would be impossible, by the most minute dissection, to cull from *Bertram* such a specimen of purely contemptible bathos as is contained in the following line of the critic's own tragedy of *Remorse* :—

"A ceaseless sound of dripping water, drips."

That the plot of *Bertram* is morally defective no one can deny ; but the objection applies even more strongly to other plays that still hold possession of the stage. The writer of this article happened to be seated in the pit on the first night. Those were the good, old, wholesome dramatic days, when you stationed yourself at the doors two or three hours before they opened, and immolated the tails of your coat with the stoicism of a martyr. The audience were so carried away by the acting, and the nerve of the dialogue, that they lost sight of the details. The positive criminality of Imogene was obscurely covered, or it might have been a dangerous stumbling-block. She says merely to her confidant, speaking of her interview with Bertram—

"We met in madness and in guilt we parted :"

and Bertram observes that his revenge on St. Aldobrand ought to have assumed a bolder character :—

"I should have bearded him in halls of pride !
I should have mated him in fields of death !
Not stolen upon his secret bower of peace,
And breathed a serpent's venom on his flower !"

All this is less explicit than the usual evidence in a criminal court. When after four or five repetitions, and a reading of the printed play, the plot began to be thoroughly understood, it was too late to recall the fiat of approbation by which the tragedy had been stamped.

The animosity of Coleridge may be accounted for thus. Animated by the success of *Remorse*, he sent a second tragedy to the Drury-lane Committee. *Bertram* was brought before them at the same time, and appeared the more eligible of the two. To prevent pretenders claiming it as their own, which many were inclined to do, Maturin

abandoned his incognito, and boldly avowed the authorship. By this step he opened the doors of fashion to his approach, but those of church preferment added an additional bolt or two to the impediments by which he had hitherto found them closed against him. His pecuniary profits in the meantime exceeded one thousand pounds, and conjured up a perspective vision of relays of tragedies in embryo, to be embodied at will, from which should spring up exhaustless supplies. From this dream he was rudely awakened by the total failure of *Manuel*, which was produced on the 8th of March, 1817, within ten months after the birth of *Bertram*. Kean expected to do wonders with the hero, who had a mad scene written expressly for him. He had long been anxious to show his powers in the delineation of insanity, and *Lear* at that time was interdicted, in consequence of the mental aberration of the venerable old sovereign George III. The great success of *Bertram* caused undue expectations to be excited by the promise of a second play from the same pen, and the result was attended by corresponding disappointment. The play was evidently written in a hurry, for a purpose, and although there are passages of fine imaginative writing, the plot is too confused, and the interest not well concentrated. Kean was dissatisfied with the little effect he produced, and complained that De Zelos, a villain, acted by Rae, was the better part of the two. Five repetitions closed the short existence of this ill-fated tragedy. Lord Byron at the time was absent in Italy, and expressed much regret for the misfortune of his protégé. "Let him try again," he said, in a letter to Murray, who had sent him a copy of the play, which he published, notwithstanding its failure, "he has talent, but not much taste." It has been said that the noble bard sent Maturin a cheque for £500 to solace him under this or some similar disappointment. Nothing daunted, the "wild Irish parson," as Constable called him, tried his hand once more on a third tragedy, called *Fredolfo*, but this time he shifted his ground, and went over to the camp of the enemy at Covent Garden. *Fredolfo* was acted there on the 12th of May, 1819. The characters were represented by Miss O'Neill, Young, Yates,

Charles Kemble, and Macready. Such a combination of talent, it might be supposed, would command success for anything, even the veriest commonplace trash that could be consigned to memory; and yet *Fredolfo*, despite the reputation of the author, the admitted vigour of some of the scenes, the poetic beauty of detached passages, and the most loyal efforts of these great performers, was unequivocally condemned by a full house, and withdrawn after the first representation. It was impossible to excite interest for *Fredolfo*, the hero, who is known to be a murderer from the beginning. Berthold (a deformed miscreant), admirably acted by Yates (according to the criticisms on the following morning), takes the lead throughout the two first acts. Then comes Wallenburg, with an increase of villainy too painful to bear. Berthold gives place to a daemon of superior rank to himself; Wallenburg kills Adelmarr; Fredolfo kills Wallenburg; Urilda dies between grief and terror, on the body of her lover; and the guilty Fredolfo is left alone in his misery to bury the dead. The whole partakes too much of the wholesale murder ridiculed in *Tom Thumb*, and reminds us forcibly of the exclamation of Merlin, when he comes in to alter the state of affairs at the end of that renowned tragedy, "S'blood! what a scene of slaughter's here!" It would have been well for the literary fame of Maturin if *Fredolfo* had never been written, and better if Walter Scott had not seduced the obsequious Constable to publish it, on the chance of putting a few pounds into the pockets of the author. Many years have elapsed since we read the play, but we remember being much struck by the singular extravagance of the speech, in which Fredolfo says—

"Let us lie down on beds of fire together,
And wallow in fierce ease."

So unequal is genius, and so strangely may the most profound experience be deceived, when a question is submitted to the decision of a mixed audience.

Maturin felt bitterly, both in heart and purse, the failure of all his dramatic hopes. He had launched into expenses on prospects that were never realised; and the remainder of his life became a struggle for subsistence, and

a constant effort to keep himself without the walls of a prison. The pen was seldom out of his hand. Within the last seven years of his life, he wrote "Woman, or, Pour et Contre," in three volumes; "Melmoth the Wanderer," in three volumes; "The Universe," a poem in blank verse; "The Albigenses," in four volumes; and in the Lent of 1824, preached and published six controversial sermons. In enumerating his works, it must not be forgotten that in 1815 he produced a successful prize poem on the Battle of Waterloo. Maturin died of a lingering illness, exhausted in body and wearied in mind, at his house in York-street, Dublin, on the 30th of October, 1824, in the forty-fourth year of his age. He was eccentric in his habits, almost to insanity, and compounded of opposites; an insatiable reader of novels; an elegant preacher; an incessant dancer, which propensity he carried to such an extent, that he darkened his drawing-room windows, and indulged during the daytime; a coxcomb in dress and manner; an extensive reader; vain of his person and reputation; well versed in theology; and withal, a warm and kind-hearted man. Amongst other peculiarities, he was accustomed to paste a wafer on his forehead, whenever he felt the *estro* of composition coming on him, as a warning to the members of his family, that if they entered his study they were not to interrupt his ideas by questions or conversation. Amongst his manuscripts was found a fourth tragedy in a complete state, entitled, *Osmyn the Renegade, or the Siege of Salerno*. It contains passages of great poetic beauty, superior to the best that could be selected from *Bertram*, *Manuel*, or *Fredolfo*. The subject bears some resemblance to Lord Byron's "Siege of Corinth," and is founded on historical incidents. The action passes in the fifteenth century, soon after the taking of Constantinople by the Turks, in the reign of Mahomet II. An elaborate review of this work, written by Lockhart, appeared in the *Quarterly*, and another, at a later period, in the DUBLIN UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE. The manuscript was placed in the hands of Mr. Macready, with a view of benefiting the widow and family of the de-

ceased author. He enlisted Sheil in the cause, and they worked together with infinite zeal to promote their object. On Tuesday, the 30th of March, 1830, the play was announced for representation, being for the first time on any stage, at the Theatre Royal, Dublin,* under the immediate patronage of the Duke of Northumberland, at that time Lord Lieutenant. The cast was as follows: Christians—*Guiscard, Prince of Salerno*, Mr. H. Cooke; *Romoald*, Mr. Cunningham; *Flodoard*, Mr. King; *Sismondi*, Mr. Shuter; *Arnulf*, Mr. H. Williams; *Matilda, Princess of Salerno, Mother of Guiscard*, Miss Huddart; *Volonia*, Miss Chalmers. Turks: *Osmyn the Renegade*, Mr. Macready; *Ben Taleb*, Mr. Calcraft; *Syndarac*, Mr. Barry; *Murad*, Mr. F. Cooke; *Abdallah*, Mr. O'Rourke; *Omar*, Mr. Sutcliffe. Turn we now the hour-glass of time, and what shall we discover in the revolving mutations of twenty-five years? From the list of sixteen names here enumerated, nine must be deducted, who sleep the sleep that wakes not in this world; and three who have retired from the mimic scene, leaving only four who still toil on in the same monotonous round of service, which has become to them a second nature, and to the continuance of which their hopes are limited.

The trumpet of preparation had been well sounded in the papers; and on the production of *Osmyn* the theatre was filled to overflowing, and the applause incessant. The scene in which Osmyn relates the story of his life, and how he became a renegade, with the manner in which his wife was torn from him, and he himself plunged into a dungeon, produced the most powerful effect. The following passage in particular was greatly admired, and quoted in all the criticisms:—

"OSMYN.

"I cannot tell my dungeon agonies;
Nor time, nor space was there, nor day, nor mid-
night.
I knew not that I lived, but felt I suffered.

"SYNDARAC.

"Didst thou not live for vengeance?"

"OSMYN.

"I lived for her!
"She was the moonbeam of my maniac cell,
That, lighting me to madness, still was light."

* Then managed by Mr. Bunn.

But with the first performance the success ended. On the second night the house was thin, and on the third it was literally empty. The tragedy has never, we believe, been attempted elsewhere; and there was little temptation to print what had failed to at-

tract. Great pains had been taken by Mr. Macready to fit it for the stage, and his performance of the leading character was marked by all the strong conceptions and fiery energy which ever proved the distinguishing characteristics of his peculiar style.

SIR AUBREY DE VERE, BART.

SIR AUBREY DE VERE, a baronet of an ancient family, seated at Curragh Chase, near Adare, in the county of Limerick, is the author of four dramas, and a number of miscellaneous poems. Amongst the latter are two of greater length and importance than the rest; "The Song of Faith," and "The Lamentations of Ireland." They are written with the inspiration of a poet, and the taste of a scholar and a gentleman. Amongst Sir Aubrey's minor effusions, the "Sonnets" were pronounced by Wordsworth to rank with the best of modern times. The dramas, which are all historical, are, *Julian the Apostate*, first published in Dublin, about the year 1820; *The Duke of Mercia*, printed in London, 1823; and *Mary Tudor*, in two parts, which appeared in 1847, after the death of the author. From the construction and length of these plays, it is evident that they were never intended for the stage, and must be viewed as lucubrations for the closet only. So much so, that *Julian*, in particular, is called merely a dramatic poem. The subject is the least suited of the three for dramatic purposes, and involves matter which would be scarcely palatable to a mixed audience. It has too much of the metaphysical, and too little of the real, to be felt and understood, except after much study and reflection. There seems, at first sight, to be nothing gained by writing a play which cannot be acted, or investing a poem with the dramatic form while the dramatic essence is absent. Yet many authors have done this, and in recent times Lord Byron furnishes a remarkable instance. He complained with unavailing bitterness, when *Marino Faliero* was dragged on the stage without his consent or knowledge, and declared haughtily, that he had no idea of ever submitting to the ignorance of managers, the humours of overgrown actors, or the capricious taste of the public. Perhaps there was, at least, as much

affectation as sincerity in his expressed anger, which might have evaporated into air if his play had been received with rapturous warmth, instead of cold toleration. But he felt that it must break down under the hopeless conditions which attended its production, and was ready with a protest to salve his wounded pride. This same *Marino Faliero* was subsequently resuscitated under better auspices, with marked applause, while *Werner* and *Sardanapalus* have proved eminently attractive. The success or failure of any play is a perfect lottery, the chances of which no experience can direct with certainty; and in nine cases out of ten the result depends less on intrinsic merit than on a clever calculation of "time and tide." It was little to be expected that theatrical speculation, in the nineteenth century, would, in the search after novelty, go back to first principles, and attempt to bring on the modern boards the severe but sublime simplicity of Sophocles and Euripides. It was still less likely that the experiment would be well received; yet we have seen that such has been the result, both in London and Dublin, with the *Antigone* and *Iphigenia in Aulis* of the two great Greek dramatists.

The story of the *Duke of Mercia* carries us back to the early Saxon times, when Edmund Ironside and Canute the Dane struggled in proud competitorship for the throne of England. There is an old novel on the subject which the author may have seen. In the play, fiction is blended with history, to bring about the catastrophe. The following passages will convey an idea of the general style and poetical imagery. The king thus describes the elected lady of his love:—

"Nay, 'tis not

The grace of her meek, bending, snowy neck;
The delicate budding of her tender bosom,
Above a waist a stripling's hand might compass;
The flowing outline of proportion'd limbs,
Moving with health's elastic lightness, blent

With all that nameless suavity of air
That marks high birth; 'tis not alone a face
Whose features are all symmetry; an eye
In whose ethereal blue love sits enshrined,
A spirit in a star: cheeks eloquent
In changeful blushes, as her sweetest lips
In the harmonious utterance of pure thoughts:
'Tis not all these—the palpable ornaments
Of the material mould, love's pageantry
Floating o'er beauty's surface (as the galley
That, in its proud trim, bore th' Egyptian queen
Along the rosy-tinted waves, reflecting
The Uazon of that mock divinity) !
No, no. It is not these that win my heart;
But 'tis the pure intelligence of mind,
That, like some inborn light, beams from her soul;
The virtuous thoughts that clothe her as a garment;
The chastity, the candour, and the meekness,
That, through her parted hair, look from a brow
And features, where the seal of heaven is set!
Oh! Edric, 'tis in truth a countenance
Whereon a saint might look, loving yet passionless;
A record of philosophy; a page
Where wisdom might peruse and learn, as on
A leaf of Holy Writ."

And, again, after his nuptials, he
thus addresses his bride:—

"Speak!—Let me hear that voice of melody!
In its sweet music, like the summer air,
Chiding with almost inarticulate breath
The saucy flowers, that will not cease to load
Her wings with incense, till, overcome and faint,
She flutters o'er the perfumed flattery,
And dies amid a wilderness of sweets.
Speak on."

The drama abounds in action, and might easily be condensed for the stage, but the construction is too abrupt, and the character of the Duke of Mercia utterly repulsive, and unredeemed by any qualities calculated to excite the necessary interest. The play, with more propriety, might have taken the title of *Edmund Ironside*.

Mary Tudor comes nearer to our own times, and deals with actors and events with which all are familiar. We fancy that the author had been studying Schiller closely when he conceived and wrote this drama. It has something of the peculiar style of the great German master; an unusual number of characters, a perpetual shifting of the scene, multiplied variety of incidents, and language, forcible, appropriate and identical. The first part embraces the sickness and death of Edward VI., the conspiracy of the Dudleys to support Lady Jane Grey on the throne, the triumph of Mary, and the execution of her innocent competitor with her husband. The answer of Mary to her confessor Fakenham, who is pleading for the lives of the victims, contains the following political reasoning:—

"Competitors for thrones,
For ever lose the right of privacy.
If tools of fact—'twill avail their virtues?"

They represent opinion; are its leaders—
And must confront the peril they provoke;
The penalty that gnaws the heart of treason;
Promethean pangs which the rous'd majesty
Of heaven inflicts on those who grasp its fires!"

The second part commences with the debates respecting the marriage of Mary; then follows the rebellion of Lord Cobham, the union of the Queen with Philip of Spain; their nuptial unhappiness; the persecutions of the Protestants; the martyrdoms of Cranmer, Ridley, and Latimer; the announcement of the loss of Calais and the death of the Queen, in agony and despair; succeeded on the following day by that of Cardinal Pole. Elizabeth is introduced in both parts, but is kept rather in the background. The whole winds up with a summary of Mary's character, by Edward Underhill, called the "Hot Gospeller." Thus he describes her:—

"Let me speak, sir,
For I have known, and been protected by her,
When fierce men thirsted for my blood. I say not
That she was innocent of grave offence;
Nor aught done in her name extenuate.
But I insist upon her maiden mercies
In proof that cruelty was not her nature.
She abrogated the tyrannic laws
Made by her father. She restored her subjects
To personal liberty; to judge and jury;
Inculcating impartiality.
Good laws, made or revis'd, attest her fitness
Like Deborah to judge. She loved the poor,
And fed the destitute, and they all loved her.
A worthy Queen she had been, if as little
Of cruelty had been done under her
As by her. To equivocate she hated,
And was just what she seemed. In fine, she was
In all things excellent while she pursued
Her own free inclination without fear."

Of herself she speaks to her last, and almost her only sincere friend, Cardinal Pole, shortly before her death, as follows:—

"Sum up my personal life. You knew me first,
A daughter, witness of her mother's wrongs—
A daughter, conscious of her father's crimes—
A princess, shorn of her inheritance—
A lady, tainted with foul bastardy—
A sister, from her brother's heart estranged—
A sister, by a sister's hand betrayed—
A rightful Queen, hemmed by usurping bands—
A reigning Queen, baited by slaves she spared—
A maid betrothed, stung by the love she trusted—
A wedded wife, spurned from the hand that won
her—
A Christian, reeking with the blood of martyrs—
And now, at length, a hated tyrant, dragging
Her people to unprofitable wars;
And from her feeble hold basely resigning
The trophy of long centuries of fame!
I have reigned—I am lost—now let me die!"

There is something very touching and exceeding melancholy in this terrible summary, in which it can scarcely be said that truth is wrested or perverted to make out a case. Miss Strickland has also laboured hard to

rescue the memory of the sanguinary queen from the load of obloquy which has been heaped upon it; but the prevailing opinion will not be easily shaken, even although we admit that she was influenced, and perhaps compelled, by the still more bloodthirsty and relentless bigot to whom she had linked herself. Greater efforts have been made to whitewash Richard III., yet he still retains his hump, and no evidence can thoroughly absolve him from the murder of his nephews. Mary Tudor is certainly not a very promising subject for the heroine of a drama. Genius cannot render her either amiable or interesting. But Sir Aubrey de Vere is not alone in his selection, for Victor Hugo has also chosen her for the same purpose. The episode of *Lady Jane Grey* has been dramatically handled by Rowe, who called his play *An Imitation of Shakspeare*. It

would be difficult to discover the similarity, except in the title-page.

If Sir Aubrey de Vere, instead of being born to a title, with an hereditary property, had ranked amongst the obscure struggling sons of genius, who are doomed to labour for daily bread; if, instead of a recreation, he had been compelled to adopt poetry as a means of existence, he would nevertheless have made a name for himself, and that name would have placed him high in the list of those who vindicate their own claim to distinction. His life was so uneventful as to leave little materials for a biographical sketch. It was passed chiefly in discharging the duties of a resident country gentleman, in the bosom of his family, in the cultivation of literature as a personal gratification, and in the improvement of his estate and park. He died in 1846, aged fifty-eight years.

J. W. C.

ORIGIN OF THE RUSSIANS.

If the reader will spread before him the map of Europe, and running his finger northwards, place it at the fifty-eighth degree of latitude, by the thirty-first of east longitude, he will find that point near Lake Ilmen, on which stands the ancient city of Novgorod.

Looking westward from this, let him cast his eyes across the Baltic to the southern part of Sweden, the ancient land of Gutæ, and the cradle of the stalwart warriors whose rude grasp was destined to overturn the empire of the west.

From this country the Goths issued, somewhere about the zenith of the Roman sway, and crossed the hundred miles of sea that separated them from the opposite continent. Three vessels transported this hardy expedition; and their several companies, swelling afterwards into as many nations, continued always distinct from, and even sometimes hostile to each other, though acknowledging and reverencing a common origin.

Penetrating the vast region before them, they dispersed or enslaved the wild tribes of the Venedi and Tschudi, and progressed in their conquests and migrations, until, in the age of

the Antonines, we find them located along the banks of the Vistula, in the district embraced between the modern towns of Dantzic and Thorn. Here, as ever after, the three divisions preserved the same relative position to each other, which had been caused by the accidental order of their first landing.

The pioneers, or the division farthest in advance, were distinguished as Ostrogoths, or those extending towards the east; next followed the Visigoths, or Goths towards the west; and in their tracks came the Gepidæ, or the *loiterers*, being the navigators of the third vessel of the expedition, which, either from slow sailing or some unavoidable accident, touched the shore so long after the others as to gain for its crew an appellation retained through succeeding ages.

Farther still to the west, the Vandals were contemporaneously spread along the Oder; and we give them a momentary notice, because they numbered among their tribes the Lombards, or Longobards, whom we shall have to mention as being instrumental in the pressure which forced the northern migration of a Slavonian tribe to that

point near Lake Ilmen, whither we shall speedily return.

Either from necessity or inclination, the Goths did not remain stationary on the Vistula, which they followed to its head, and once more striking boldly towards the east, under the renowned Amala, they traversed the intervening district to the meridional source of the Borysthenes.

The immense tracts through which the adventurers wandered were inhabited, or rather roamed through, by numerous and savage tribes of the Selavi, the most extensive denomination of the great stock of the aborigines of those gloomy wilds.

Acting on their usual policy, the Goths either destroyed their opponents or incorporated them with themselves, and thus preventing the annoyance of an enemy in the rear, added to their own formidable numbers. The Borysthenes guided their course southwards, and as the multitude approached the Euxine, the bravest warriors of the Jazyges and the Roxolani (the latter of whom we would more particularly note), marched under the Gothic standard.*

Seventy years after leaving the Vistula, the Goths were spread over both sides of the Borysthenes, composing the modern Ukraine; and the reign of Alexander Severus was troubled by their irruptions into Dacia, when the venerable fabric of the empire felt the first blast of the storm that was soon to rock it to its centre.

The conquests of Trajan had converted Dacia into the semblance of a province, and had made the Tyras or Dniester the boundary of the Roman power. The Ister or Danube, therefore, which divided it from Mœsia, was less carefully guarded, and the old fortifications, feebly garrisoned, were suffered partially to decay. Mœsia thus considered herself elevated from a jealous frontier into a settled state, and to be secure, by distance, from barbarian inroads.

But the restless and warlike Goths were not content with the fertility and abundance of the Ukraine, and animated by continued success, they cast greedy eyes over the Dniester, where plentiful harvests almost tempted the hand of plunder. Destined, there-

fore, to accomplish the will of an inscrutable Providence, they passed the barrier, and their martial trumpets echoed from the Dniester to the Pruth.

A heavy ransom saved the lives and gained a temporary respite for the properties of the Dacian husbandmen, and the Goths sweeping by them, the lax discipline or infidelity of the Imperial soldiers, suffered the violation of the sacred limits of the empire.

The Goths securely crossed the Danube, and Mœsia was terribly awakened from its dream of safety, and the omnipotence of the Roman name. But the irrevocable fiat had gone forth, and Terminus was to recede before a greater power. The third century of the Christian era had arrived, and the light, no longer to be concealed, was to brighten until it pierced and illumed the dark groves of Scandinavia and Sarmatia. The revolutions of the South were to be effected by the sons of the North, and to lead to their civilisation. A barbarian was to be worthy to succeed a Cæsar, and Decius trembled on his throne at the astounding intelligence, that the standard of Cniva, King of the Goths, was boldly unfurled before the walls of Marcianopolis.

Amid the general consternation, the Emperor sullied not the purple by declining the contest, and he led forth his legions to the relief of the province. Almost surrounded by the skill and tactics of the Romans, and awed by the shining armour and determined appearance of disciplined troops, the Goths would willingly have surrendered their booty and their prisoners; but death being preferable to unconditional surrender and slavery, the struggle was desperate and protracted, until the barbarians were overpowered by the irresistible weight of their adversaries, and Cniva retired to a morass in his rear. The Romans following in the heat of success, the heavy armed soldiers sunk in the oozy ground, becoming a sacrifice to the long spears of their tall and unincumbered adversaries.

The day was soon decided; the Imperial army was engulfed in the swamp, nor could the body of Decius be ever after discovered.

The first anxiety of Hostilianus,

* Tillemont, tom. iii. p. 346.

the son and successor of Decius, was to relieve himself as quickly as possible of the victors, ; and having yielded to them all they required, the Goths returned well satisfied to their settlements in the Ukraine, A.D. 251.

As it is not our intention to record Gothic history any farther than it is connected with the train of events which brought about the "Origin of the Russians," we will only remark (in faintly tracing their movements during a long interval), that the sixty miles from the banks of the Borysthenes to the isthmus now called Perekop, was easily passed, and the Goths having driven out the Alani,* overran and long possessed Taurica Chersonesus.

Either by open force or secret treachery they seized Ponticapræum (now Kertsch), and once the capital of Mithridates, situated on the Cimmerian Bosphorus; and this advantage giving them the possession of ships, their adventurous ardour was excited by the prospect of the spoils of the opulent shores of Asia.

The daring voyagers passed the Circassian coast, and accomplishing a sweep of three hundred miles, the riches and captives of the luxurious Trebizond encumbered their flat-bottomed boats.

Impatient of the limits of the Euxine, they steered through the Thracian Bosphorus, until they floated in the waters of Propontis, and following their winding way through the Hellespont and the islands of the Ægæum, anchored in the classic harbour of Piræus.

Neither enervated Athens nor degenerate Sparta could throw before their sacred precincts one remnant of the valour of Miltiades, or the devotion of Leonidas; nor could Corinth, Thebes, or Argos, defend their crumbling walls. The spirits of the heroes of Marathon and Thermopylæ might sigh upon the blast, as the groves of Academus, still breathing the precepts of Socrates and Plato, were profaned by barbarian shouts, and no Spartan fortification to encircle the devoted cities could be formed from their pusillanimous sons.

A general conflagration blazed over Greece from Attica to Epirus; but the recklessness of barbarians was evi-

denced by their total neglect of the security of their vessels, which were sunk or dispersed by the brave Dixipus, who, having witnessed the sack of Athens with a bleeding heart, secured the assistance of the engineer Cleodamus, and, in some measure, avenged the sufferings of his country.

The indolent Gallienus, who at this period occupied the throne, reluctantly leaving his palace and his pleasures, at last led the Roman army to oppose the ravagers, and the Goths became suddenly aware of the extent of their danger, while they perceived their fatal disregard of the means of retreat.

The disorganised multitude embraced the hasty resolution of breaking into Mœsia, and forcing their way over the Danube into their distant settlements in the Ukraine; while the jealousies, the divisions, and the consequent procrastination of the Imperial commanders, alone permitted the success of the desperate attempt.

During the long interval from the commencement of the Dioclesian era, A.D. 284, until the empire was finally divided into east and west, between Valentinian and Valens, in 364, five Roman Emperors had succeeded to, and sunk under the weight of, the diadem, until Constantine united under his single sceptre the far separated limits of the Roman world.

The venerable city of Augustus saw, with grief and indignation, the seat of government transferred from the hills of the Tiber to the shores of the Bosphorus, and the patricians wept as they beheld their newly-erected habitations reflected in the waters of the Golden Horn.

The Goths had long respected the sceptre of the great Constantine, whose power they had experienced, and by whose liberality they had benefited, and under him and his successors they had extended their dominions, while scrupulously regarding the Roman limits.

At this period, the aged Hermaneric, King of the Ostrogoths, and the noblest descendant of the heroic Amala, had compelled the nations deriving from a common stock to acknowledge him as their sovereign; the chiefs of the Visigoths relinquished the royal dignity, and governed under him with

* Reuilly, p. 35.

the modest appellation of "judges;" while the Gepidæ submitted to his authority, and the success of his arms reduced all the Slavonian, and many of Burgundian and Vandal tribes, under his supreme control. His dominions extended from the Danube to the Baltic, comprising the ancient seats and subsequent acquisitions of his people; while the Romans viewed with complacency the progress of a power which they never imagined could be dangerous to their invincible name.

However necessary are the convulsions of the world to the accomplishment of the decrees of Heaven, the philosopher will pause with satisfaction on a period, when mankind seemed to suspend contention, and to rest, as if by tacit consent, from mutual destruction, for at the time to which we now allude, the clash of arms for a while subsided along the frontiers of the empire.

But this repose was at length rudely disturbed by a tempest sweeping from the north, until it fell with fury, in its southward course, upon the Gothic nation, precipitating it over the Imperial boundaries.

This was the first appearance of the Huns from the vast wilds on the north of the great wall of China, to which empire they had, under their fierce Tanjous, been often formidable; and previous to the Christian era, their conquests had extended to the Corea and the Japanese sea on the east, and to the head of the Irtish, the valleys of Imaus and ancient Bulgaria, on the west.

China was oppressed by their depredations and exactions, until Vouti, the fifth in descent in the powerful dynasty of "Han," instead of the timid and defensive policy of his predecessors, boldly surprised the camp of the Huns, in the midst of sleep and intemperance, and though the Tanjou bravely cut his way through the enemy, the bodies of fifteen thousand of his best warriors attested the severity of his defeat.

Among the most prominent of his vassal hordes who immediately disclaimed his authority, were the Siempi,* a tribe of oriental Tartars, and who were soon pre-eminent in revenging the cruelties they had formerly endured. Placing themselves under the

banners of Vouti, they harassed the vanquished Huns, who retained in their reverses the unconquerable spirit of their ancestors, and the free shepherds of the North resolved to seek a remote settlement in the western world, beyond the reach of these unceasing persecutions.

The formidable exiles were soon across the mountains of Imaus; but still pressed by the vindictive Siempi, during a progress of three thousand miles, it is probable their constant apprehension of the same power impelled them on the frontier of Europe.

After a tedious and protracted emigration, the increased multitude of the Huns, with their flocks and herds, their dependants and allies, collected by the way, passed the Volga A.D. 370, and boldly advanced into a strange country, where the tents of the Alani and painted Agathyrsi covered the plains between the Volga and the Tanais.

A collision was inevitable; but the impossibility of retreat rendered the Huns invincible, the King of the Alani was slain, and the greater part of his nation embracing the offer of union with the victors, the accumulated torrent rolled southwards on the devoted Goths.

Hermaneric vigorously prepared to meet the shock with the entire force of his extended dominions; but he also was soon fatally convinced how frail is the bond which unites conquered and unwilling nations to the iron hand of power. The oppressed Slavonians discovered more anxiety to assist than to repel the invaders; and the Roxolani especially, burning with rage at indignities inflicted on the wife of one of their chiefs, fled to the Huns, after the brothers of the unfortunate princess had pierced Hermaneric with their daggers.

We before particularly noted the "Roxolani," as originally encountered by the Goths, with whose fortunes they remained connected, and we now find this obscure tribe of the great stock of the Selavi aiding the Huns, and we shall endeavour to explain the powerful causes which forced them from amid the stormy convulsions of the northern provinces of the empire, until we shall discover them, under their

* De Guignes' "History of the Huns," i., p. 189.

Grecian appellation, "the 'Povs,'" seated, A.D. 860,* near the northern shore of Lake Ilmen.

The majority of the Slavonians joined in the revolt referred to, procuring for themselves thereby only a change of tyrants, the Goths yielded to their fate, and the royal line of the Amali might afterwards be found among the descendants of the haughty Attila.

The routed and flying subjects of Hermaneric gladly placed themselves under the judge of the Visigoths, who had escaped the slaughter, and who had wisely resolved on fortifying the mountains between the Danube and the Pruth; and would have secured southern Dacia (now Wallachia), but the terrified crowd could feel no safety north of the latter river, and their ambassadors fell prostrate in the dust, while imploring the gracious permission of Valens, then Emperor of the East, to pass into the empire, and cultivate the waste lands of Thrace, under the protection of the Roman government.

Valens heard, with astonishment and alarm, the account of a race of savages, differing from the rest of the human species by their flat noses, sunken eyes, and faces destitute of beard, and whose misshapen bodies the hatred of the Goths represented as the offspring of witches and evil demons. The Imperial prefects and generals also were not ashamed, in their panic, to disgrace their decorations by seconding the petition of the Goths, and to extol the fortune which prepared a suppliant and hitherto valiant nation, as a defence to the throne of Valens, against the savage hordes of the north. The prayer of the Goths was granted; orders were immediately directed to the military governors to permit their free ingress to the provinces, and from that fatal hour, renouncing the precarious condition of aliens, they asserted their rights, as possessors of land, citizens, and Imperial soldiers, nor ever receded until a descendant of Amala was seated on the throne of Italy.

The reign of the great Theodosius, to which we next pass on, is more celebrated for polemical contests than barbaric victories; for, while Arianism decayed and the Emperor was baptized—while Priscillian suffered and Am-

brose triumphed—the fiery and eager disputants seemed equally forgetful of the paternal hand that swayed the sceptre, under which they enjoyed the blessings of leisure and security for the fierce disquisitions and subtle intricacies of theological contention.

But in every age of the world has mankind appeared insensible to present advantages, until the eternal progress of change may prove the stern contrast of altered circumstances, and compel, when too late, a just appreciation of the past. The Roman Empire was a striking illustration of this after the month of January, 395, for before the end of the winter its subjects were made fully aware how great had been their obligations to the deceased Theodosius.

The tranquillity which his power had enforced, and his ability preserved, was speedily disturbed by the trumpet of the famous Alaric, of the noble line of "the Baltha" or "the Bold," which yielded only to the royal dignity of the Amali; and the Goths, deserting the wearisome pursuits of industry at the sound, joyfully flocked to the standard of that artful and intrepid leader.

Greece was again devastated from the Ionian to the Ægean shore, and the fair plains of Italy were indented with the deep and bloody traces of their march. Twice was "the eternal city" invested by their arms. Eleven hundred and sixty years after its foundation was it given over to their fury, and the suppliant senate received a vassal king, at the dictation of the haughty barbarian, before the stern grief of the Gothic warriors turned aside the waters of the Busentinus, and a grave being opened in its bed by a doomed band of captives, the body of Alaric was there deposited amid untold treasures. The river was then let back into its course, and the unhappy excavators of the sepulchre preserved the secret of the exact locality in the silence of death.

During this period the Huns, wearied with their long wanderings, were satisfied with the Ukraine, and the broad country to the confines of Dacia (from which they had expelled the Goths), until the whole north of Europe becoming, at last, inadequate to their growing power and prosperity,

* D'Anville. "Empire de Russie," pp. 1-10.

they were thoroughly aroused by the tiger-spirit of Attila, when Slavonians, Goths, and Romans were overwhelmed in one common oppression beneath the destructive course of that ferocious devastator.

How strange the reflection, that, after the revolution of sixteen centuries, the descendants of a tribe of these very Slavonians should be as discontented with this self-same space, and little less eager for aggression, plunder, and blood.

Attila, the son of Mundzuck, collected a tribute of furs from the nations inhabiting almost to the Northern Ocean, while it would be impossible to define the limits of his dominions towards the East. During his lifetime, neither the leader of the Ostrogoths, nor the chief of the Gepidæ, imagined a revolt against the great conqueror, whose imperious message could remind the Roman monarch that "he was his neighbour both in Europe and Asia, as he touched the Danube with one hand, while he stretched the other over the Volga;" and the Emperor was made to understand the result of this terrible proximity, when seven hundred thousand barbarians, laden with spoil, retreated from the prostrate and depopulated empire.

The same immutable laws, however, which forbid the perpetual enjoyment of good, also mercifully put a period to the continuance of evil, and the world slowly resuscitated on the disappearance of "the scourge of God." Among the nations who asserted their independence after the death of Attila, the Ostrogoths first usurped Pannonia and Noricum; the Visigoths moved farther to the west: while on the opposite side of the Danube, the plains now called Upper Hungary, and the Transylvanian hills, were possessed by the Gepidæ.

The fifty years immediately succeeding the downfall of the Western Empire, and the occupation of Italy by the Goths, have been better rescued from oblivion by the monarchs of that people, than by the names of three insignificant emperors of the East, until A.D. 527, when commenced the long reign of Justinian, so memorable for the success, the renown, and the misfortunes of Belisarius. The victories of the Imperial general soon compelled the Ostrogoths to withdraw from Pannonia and Noricum for the defence of

Italy, and the Visigoths having already penetrated into the western peninsula, the passes of the Danube were left open to the first invader.

The Gepidæ speedily transported themselves from the opposite bank of the river, and occupying the deserted settlements of their ancient kinsmen, erected their standards on the walls of Sirmium and Belgrade. The apology of "the loiterers" was ironical and insulting for their self-authorized location; they pleaded that "the dominions of Cæsar were so extensive, he willingly relinquished those useless possessions, and his faithful allies had anticipated his gifts, and shown a just confidence in his bounty." The indignation of the Emperor was natural and deserved; but the mode of his revenge was the artifice of a weak and vindictive mind, more injurious in its effects, as is ever the case, to the punisher than the punished.

Justinian's course was this: He adopted the fatal expedient of opposing an equally dangerous influence to that of the insolent invaders, and he invited the Longobards, a people of the Vandals, into the empire, to check the rising power of the Gepidæ. The Longobards strictly performed their contract, and the enraged Gepidæ gratified their revenge by inciting the Slavonian tribes to carry their depredations to the very walls of the Imperial city.

But a more savage element was at this juncture infused into those fierce contentions by the sudden appearance of the Avars, whose formidable alliance with the Longobards was to prove the final destruction of the Gepidæ.

And with the arrival of a strange and uncouth race, whose name was hitherto unknown in the Roman world, we may contemplate one of those wonderful coincidences, which are ever destined by an unsearchable power to work together for the accomplishment of future events. The very first movements of a newborn nation, that was yet to overwhelm the Empire of the East, and to possess the city of Constantine, forcibly impelled the Avars from the deserts beyond the Volga, to be the immediate cause of the northern flight of the Slavonians, and the first development of Russian power.

The sides of the Altai mountains, often termed the girdle of the earth, and which mark the centre of Asia,

have ever abounded in minerals, and there the Turks (or rather a captive portion of the Turcomans, from between the Caspian and the Aral Seas), the most oppressed slaves of the great Khan of Geougen, formed weapons of war in glowing and subterranean forges. From the same mines,* in striking connexion with the first coincidence, has the industry of their implacable enemies, the Russians, been long employed in extracting iron for their destruction.

It is beyond our province to speculate on the future, but the mind irresistibly ponders on the mysterious combination of circumstances by which the obscure origin of the Ottomans was instrumental in producing the insignificant beginning of their northern foe, whose power was to expand, until the Russian should possess the cradle of the Turk, and who, gradually following in his early steps, should at last stalk before him, with menacing aspect, as the predictor of his dissolution, and the hungry expectant of his dominions.

During their long servitude under the Geougen, the numbers of the Turks had become formidable, from the contempt or indifference of their tyrants, and it needed but the voice of decision and daring to remind them that muscular arms, habituated to the ponderous hammer, might fatally wield the blades they were tempering for the service of the great Khan.

Bertezena spoke the bold words in their ears, the scimitars flashed in their swarthy hands, the Turks sallied from the mountain of Ir-ganakon, and a bloody battle almost exterminated the nation of the Geougen. A sceptre was the reward of the intrepid leader, and while the emancipated Turks swept over and subdued the north, the royal encampment was seldom out of sight of the forges of their fathers.

Seated on his rude throne, in a valley of the Golden Mountain, the proud successor of Bertezena, with a power that might seem fabulous to the effeminate ruler of Stamboul, could, at the same moment, dictate an alliance to the Monarch of China, and give orders to the myriads of his cavalry to sweep the banks of the Volga.

For ages the Turks dreaded and

avoided the prediction, that "*when they shut themselves up within the walls of cities, their destruction would be inevitable*;" and the annual, though now forgotten, ceremony of the prince and the nobles hammering the red iron on the anvil, attested their pride in their humble origin.

In the career of their first conquests they fell upon the Avars, who dwelt along the dark waters of the Tula, and the body of the Chagan of that nation and three hundred thousand of his subjects, covered the space of a journey of four days.†

The survivors of the Avars followed the course of the Volga in their flight, and after a wearisome march, constantly pursued and distressed by the Turkish cavalry, they reached the foot of Mount Caucasus, where they first heard the name of the Roman empire. At the humble request of the outcasts, the Governor of Lazica permitted their ambassadors to cross the Euxine to Constantinople; and the curiosity of the luxurious citizens was excited, and their imaginations terrified, at the sight of new barbarians, whose hair, bound with many-coloured strings, hung in long tresses to their heels, and whose wild and flashing eyes gazed with equal wonder at the habitations of civilised man.

The aged Emperor was anxious to behold such unknown beings; and on admission to his presence, Candish, their chief, extolled the invincible valour of the Avars, who, "having heard of the splendour of his liberality, had come to offer him their services, and to vanquish and destroy all the enemies that disturbed his repose." The feeble-minded Justinian at once conceived he had found a ready and fortunate means of distracting and curbing, in their turn, the licentiousness of his late allies the Longobards; he assured the Avars of his friendship and of speedy employment, while the servile senate submitted to this mistaken policy. Thus these fugitives, who had fled from the Turkish arms, were permitted to pass the Tanaïs and the Borysthènes, A.D. 560, and advancing boldly into Dacia, abused the authority of the Emperor in their fearful ravages, and remorseless use of victory.

The Longobards were not slow in

* "History of Siberia," p. 342.

† De Guignes, tom. i., p. 58.

appreciating their own critical position, and the number and valour of the strangers, or in perceiving that whoever gained such powerful assistance must eventually vanquish their opponents, and therefore eagerly solicited the alliance of the Avars. The latter were not disinclined to avail themselves of an offer so conducive to their own designs. The destruction of the Gepidæ was the result of the union; and before ten years the Chagan of the Avars could boast that his camps were seated on the Danube and the Elbe.

The Slavonic tribes had been thus successively oppressed by the Ostrogoths, and by the Huns and Bulgarians, yet, on the final retreat of Attila, they recovered a partial independence, until they were again harassed between the Longobards and the Gepidæ, when the Roxolani, the Jazyges, and the greater part of the Slavi, collected into Dacia, on the northern shores of the Danube. This establishment in Dacia was probably among the reasons that induced Justinian to encourage the Avars, whose cruel devastations surpassed all that the wild tribes had ever suffered or inflicted. Many a Slavonian name was obliterated from the earth; some of them were forcibly retained under the standard of the Chagan, and the more fortunate abandoned the Dacian dwellings, and fled from the Danube to the north,

The retreating Slavi passed the Hierassus, or Pruth, they lingered on the banks of the Denastris; but the memory of the persecuting Avars still urging their course, they gradually spread themselves to the Borysthenes, and wandering up that river, retraced the course down which their forefathers had once accompanied the victorious march of the Goths. They halted below the conflux of the first great tributary, and here they remained at a distance from the dreaded scourge, until, after a dark period of a century and a-half, they had so far emerged from their ancient rudeness as to resign the huts of the wilderness and to construct the nucleus of the city of Kief. But the great increase of the original colony, and the success which had attended their forced emi-

gration, induced one tribe to seek a new settlement for their growing necessities, and to penetrate still further to the north.

This tribe ascended the Borysthenes for four hundred miles to its septentrional source, and from thence continued its adventurous pilgrimage to the banks of the Volkoff, which it followed to the shores of Lake Ilmen. In this remote region its wanderings terminated,* and the foundation of Novgorod *the great* has been a lasting memorial of the enterprise of the Roxolani, or "the 'Pac.'"†

For more than a hundred years, during which the dearth of records is but ill-supplied by the traditions of an illiterate people, we find that under various changes of fortune, consequent on the convulsions of a barbarous age, the settlers on the Volkoff, as well as their brethren on the Borysthenes or Dnieper, preserved their independence until the ninth century; and we can discover that shortly after the Roxolani had established themselves on the north of Lake Ilmen, they became involved in hostilities with the Ruotzi, the inhabitants of Ryssaland, who afterwards, however, became lastingly incorporated with them, when Ruric was invited to assume the sovereignty of the Novgorodians.

But the Ruotzi, who possessed the modern districts of Petersburg and Revel,‡ gained, at this period, but little advantage over the Slavonian colony, being themselves defeated by the Varangians, or corsairs from Scandinavia, and driven back to their primitive territories on Lake Ladoga. Those Varangians were a warlike multitude of the Northmanni, or Normans, composed of Danes, Swedes, and Norwegians, who being perpetually in quest of adventures, gained from their exploits the ancient and renowned distinction of "sea kings."

The Roxolani gladly received the Varangians as auxiliaries against the Ruotzi; but the corsairs, soon acquiring the dominion of a people they had protected, subjected their allies to vassalage and tribute, in common with the numerous aboriginal tribes of the northern mainland.

The tyrannies and exactions of the sea-kings at length became so intolerable

* Procopius, lib. iv. c. 25.

† Cassiodorus, 1-12.

‡ Tooke, i. p. 214.

ble, that the 'Paw entered into a league with the surrounding tribes, their companions in oppression, and by a vigorous and sudden effort defeated and expelled the Varangians. Immediately after, for the purposes of future defence and security, they formed themselves, in conjunction with those tribes, into a federative republic, of which they themselves would naturally be the most influential portion, having their rising city for the capital and centre of the state.

But discordant nations of barbarians, ignorant and impatient of discipline or government, require the most dexterous management, and even the subsistence of a multitude, the greater part of whom had hitherto been supported by the precarious chances of the chase, must have always been a matter of considerable difficulty. The defects of a hasty organisation soon became visible; different and, perhaps, unfriendly tribes did not easily amalgamate; dissimilar customs were not to be regulated by uniform laws; haughty and jealous chiefs could only be ruled by the steady hand of superior power; intestine divisions led to violence and contention; and the republic was threatened with ruin by its own disorders from within, and the consequent successes of its enemies from without.

The Varangians especially took advantage of their calamities, and continually harassed them with their depredations, until Gostomisel, the most eminent of the Sclavonian leaders, prevailed on the confederation to call in unanimously their first and strongest enemies, the Ruotzi, and to offer the sovereignty of the Commonwealth to a prince of that nation, as being unconnected with their jealousies, and as a preponderating power, most likely to tranquillise and defend them.

Their embassy was received by Ruric, the martial chief of the Ruotzi, who willingly accepted the offer of so materially extending his sway, and, A.D. 862,* he appeared, with his bro-

thers Sineus and Truvor, and the whole host of his warriors, at the mouth of the Volkoff.

Ruric was immediately elected supreme ruler, and assumed the chief, or rather sole authority, as "*Vilikie Kniaes*," or *Grand Prince*, the peculiar title long borne by his descendants. Autocrat, indeed, might have applied to him, though *self* or *sole* ruler does not fully translate the Russian word "*Samoderjetz*," compounded of "*Sam*," *self*, and "*Derju*," *I hold*, which would signify *self holder*, and may be better rendered by *uncontrollable*; but if the English language is "*expressive and energetic*," it is often inflexible.

The sovereigns of Russia, however, were not styled by that high-sounding appellation of arbitrary power, nor even by the dignity of Czar, or of Emperor, for many succeeding ages.

Thus was Ryssaland, from Riga to Archangel, added to Novgorod and the territories of the confederate tribes, which, extending to Kostroma, to Vladimir and Smolensko, have ever constituted "*Russia Proper*," or the dominions of the 'Paw, or *Russians*, though some have allowed a secondary claim to the Ruotzi, in originating the appellation of the subsequent empire.

But the "*Bertinian Annals*" speak of the Novgorodians as Russians, at a date (839) long before the dynasty of Ruric; and though Mr. Tooke, in alluding to the emigration of the Dacian Sclavi to the Borysthenes, and from thence to the Volkoff (and particularly remarking, that under the name of *Sclavonians* were only known those who lived about Novgorod), is silent as to the name of the adventurous tribe; yet the geographer of Ravenna places the *Roxolani* or the 'Paw, on the shores of Lake Ilmen, A.D. 886. The 'Paw were identical with *Russians* to the Grecian annalist,† and the learned and accurate D'Anville gives the former to the latter for progenitors.

* Tooke, vol. i. p. 215.

† Theophilus Bayer, viii. p. 388.

LADY CLARE.

BY MARY C. F. MONCK.

GOLDEN Autumn! ruddy Autumn! ardent-eyed and auburn-tressed,
With his crimson robes and purple floating backward from his breast;
And his amber-flooded sunsets throbbing in the burning West.

Down the mountains came he laughing—never brought he clearer skies,
Never sweeter gusts of odours to the West-wind's low-breathed sighs;
Never robed the forest beeches with more rich and wondrous dyes.

Oh, the splendour-laden dawns of those lovely farewell days!
Mellow with the shimmering softness of the blue transparent haze,
And be-starred with diamond dewdrops, trembling in the morning rays.

Floating couches meet for fairies, sailed the thistle-down in air,
Over plant and tree the spider wove her web like silken hair,
And the silver chime of singing streams made music everywhere.

Oh, the noons of warmth and fragrance! rich in more than Summer's bloom,
Fraught with such a wealth of beauty that the heart could find no room
For the thought that this perfection nearer brought the time of doom.

Who could sigh for what had withered from the hedgerows and the bowers,
Pale things born of fitful suns, and nursed by cold capricious showers,
When the land was like a garden with the gorgeous Autumn flowers?

Dragon-flies of blue and opal, emerald, and yellow light,
Through the green reeds quivering darted in their swift and headlong flight,
And in thyme and purple heather hummed the bees from morn to night.

From the vines upon the trellis heavy bloomy clusters swung,
Downy, blushing, luscious peaches on their boughs in thousands hung,
And the gold and crimson apricots, close 'mid their dark leaves clung.

Hazel boughs, with ripe nuts laden, drooped above the orchard well,
Where the gem-like plums and apples on the short grass softly fell,
And the busy wasps were swarming on the topaz jargonel.

All the upland slopes were tawny with the fields of ripened corn,
Where the reapers and the gleaners toiled and sung from early morn—
Sung with voices loud and jocund, as if earth held none forlorn.

As if earth held none forlorn! and yet in hearing of their song,
Warring vainly with repinings, sad and lone the whole day long,
Mourned one whose heart had yet to learn "to suffer and be strong."

Her's are lordly halls and manors, oak-crowned hills and fertile meads—
Her's a lineage not more noble in its names than by its deeds;
Her's a wealth that knows not limit, yet she hath not that she needs.

Fruits and blooms that never wither glow and ripen 'neath her tread,
On the moss-deep velvet carpets on her lonely chambers spread;
And their tints are more than rivalled by the painted roofs o'erhead.

Silken hangings, fringed and tasselled deep with silver and with gold,
Twine in amethyst and ruby coils round columns white and cold,
Lustrously from wall and window hang in many a heavy fold.

All the treasures wealth can purchase scorned, unheeded round her lie,
Stretched on yielding cushioned couches, ever prays she but to die ;
Ah ! the heart needs other solace, solace gold can never buy.

And she said, " All from the beggar to the monarch on his throne,
All have some on earth to love them—I and only I have none ;
Unbeloved and unregarded, I must live and die alone.

" Beauty ! choicest gift of heaven, queen of every heart on earth,
Ah, how changed my lot, and happy hadst thou smiled upon my birth ;
With the bitterness that envy knows, I feel and own thy worth.

" Would I were a peasant maiden, toiling for my daily bread,
Seeking oft in vain for shelter where to screen my weary head,
So that thou thy light of gladness on my lowly path didst shed.

" Yet have I—the thing men point at—even I have dared to dream,
In my solitude and madness, on one sweet engrossing theme ;
Oh ! for one draught of the waters of the fabled Lethe's stream !

" I, the dwarfish, the distorted, loving one whose noble name,
One whose manly form and daring deeds are trumpeted by fame,
Where in all that wild delirium were my woman's pride and shame ?

" Oh, I would that heaven had made me poor and humble, if but fair !
Oh, I would the grave might cover in my anguish and despair !"
Thus in faint and broken murmurs long lamented Lady Clare.

* * * * *

Lo ! the forest and the river seem of bronze and molten gold,
And along the marshy lowlands, up from rushy fen and wold,
In gigantic spiral columns, swift the evening mists are rolled.

Round and red as blood in heaven the great harvest moon shines bright ;
Through the open oriel windows floateth in the breath of night,
Freighted with the subtle odours that elude the noonday light.

Throbb'd the lady's burning forehead, aching feverishly and fast,
As she leaned beside her casement, and long earnest glances cast
Up the deep and shady woodpaths whence the twilight long had passed.

Slowly, slowly from the shadows to the broad and clear moonlight,
Lovers twain that loitered onward, often pausing, met her sight ;
One was tall, and dark, and stately—fay-like one, in robes of white.

'Neath her window through the lime-grove went they, they so fond and fair,
And above them she, the heiress, she, the envied Lady Clare,
Writhing like a lost soul gasping in the anguish of despair.

Slowly, lingeringly, and softly, like two shadows, went they by ;
But the lady backward starteth, with a sharp and sudden cry,
For a trembling arm is round her, and an aged form stands nigh.

Bowed with age, a white-haired woman standeth weeping at her side,
Long, but all in vain, half angered, half ashamed, the lady tried
By a cold and firm denial, to veil agony with pride.

Ah! but love hath wondrous magic that can charm the heart to rest,
And with tenderness, but firmly, still her hand was closely prest—
Gentle words of kindness sinking deep the while within her breast.

"I have heard thy words, my darling, I have wept to know thy pain;
But the will that ruleth all things sendeth never grief in vain;
Cold distrust had come between us—now we shall be one again.

"Ah, my nurseling and my treasure, life is never wholly bright,
Never so in clouds enshrouded that it hath no gleams of light—
For the heart knows joy and sorrow as the world hath day and night.

"Murmur not in thankless sorrow, lest the justice that denied
One drop to make thy cup o'erflow, one crowning wreath to swell pride,
Should bereave thee of the blessings thou hast thoughtlessly decried.

"Thou hast wealth and power unshackled, and the world is full of woe,
Where the wrong too often triumphs o'er the needy and the low—
Like an angel sent in mercy, forth amid the sufferers go.

"Sorrow hath a blessed errand, when it teaches us to seek
In the dark and dreary paths of life the helpless and the weak—
To abase the proud oppressor, and make glad the poor and meek.

"But the grief we nourish idly maketh hard the heart it fills;
Love of self grows strong and stronger, till the long indulgence kills
All of thought beyond the circle of its own half-fancied ills.

"Thou hast dreamed—youth has its visions, pining long, and sad, and sore,
To behold its morning glories fade, the light of noon before;
But be comforted and patient, once gone by, they come no more."

* * * * *

Still the shortening days crept onward—death was brooding in the air—
Turbid were the swollen streamlets, and the forest branches bare,
And alone in the dim twilight, musing long, sat Lady Clare.

Now no longer idly dreaming, now no longer deaf and blind,
In her own dark veil of sorrow—felt she, toiled she for her kind,
With a firm and steadfast purpose that would cast no thought behind.

Now in secret and in silence, like the blessed sun and rain,
Came she in the darkest pathways of the wide world's grief and pain;
For a purer and a holier fire burned in her bosom's fane.

But as stronger grew the spirit, weaker, weaker, day by day,
From the strife that never ceaseth, waxed its prison-house of clay;
And in silence, but too surely, life was wasting fast away.

When the snowdrifts bent to breaking the tall pine's funereal crest,
Then a glad triumphant spirit fearless entered into rest,
And the violets of Spring-time blossom'd o'er a quiet breast.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

It would be somewhat mortifying, we suspect, to many of those who are generally considered "accredited" authors, were they to step out of the circle in which their claims are either recognised or disputed. Let them lay aside periodicals, avoid everyone suspected of a taste for letters, hold no correspondence with literary friends or enemies, and to the rest of the community they will find themselves, to use an expressive phrase, "nobody." Those who are habitually in contact with the literary world can scarcely conceive, or are apt to forget, the amount of indifference and ignorance which prevails without. Mrs. Hemans complained of the oppressive weight of the popular ovations to which she was subjected; yet we have an idea that we could have introduced her to most respectable society, where she might have been quite at ease on that score. As for Elizabeth Barrett Browning, notwithstanding her prettily-bound volume being so common on drawing-room tables, greatest of female poets though she be, in the opinion of others besides Edgar Allan Poe, we think we could safely guarantee that she, as well as Messrs. Helps, Kingsley, Tennyson, and even the grim Carlyle himself, might appear almost anywhere without being troubled with any demonstration, respectful or otherwise. The subject of our present article may be ranked with the latter class, whose names, familiar as household words in the literary world, are comparatively unknown out of that charmed circle. In "The Scarlet Letter," Mr. Hawthorne bears humorous testimony to the truth of this, when describing his sudden change from literary habits and society to those of a custom-house. Notwithstanding his good-humoured philosophy on the subject, we suspect this discovery must have been rather tantalising, after waiting so long for public recognition; though, to be sure, as we have said, setting custom-houses aside, the general reputation he has acquired is as yet, to say the least, limited. We lately saw a critique on him, assuming that the popularity of his works re-

quired that some voice should be raised against their deleterious influence. We hope the conscientious critic demolished the obnoxious democrat to his own satisfaction; but to the majority of the respectable readers of his publication, we fear he would be denouncing a man of straw. Undoubtedly, however, this as yet limited reputation is slowly but surely extending, and a few years will greatly change his relation to many other writers more favoured at present. "The Scarlet Letter," which appears first to have procured for him a modicum of public attention, has been, in some measure, the means of drawing out of obscurity his other works—those, too, on which we conceive much of his future reputation will rest. The fallen leaves of past years have kept their green through all seasons of neglect, and now begin to be visible, as other once flaunting, now withered, weeds are swept away.

With not a few points of resemblance to recent English and American authors, Hawthorne has yet many peculiarities of his own, so nicely characterised that we cannot think of anything like a complete prototype to him in literature. Now, the quaint, still humour of his thoroughly English style, reminds us of Washington Irving; now the delicate, imperceptible touches of Longfellow become apparent; now the calm, genial, effortless flow of Helps. We have often fancied, also, that we could detect a resemblance to John Foster, but we suspect, were we to attempt a comparison of parallel passages, it would turn out to be rather imaginary. There is a tendency, no doubt, in both, to pry into all the odd nooks, and corners, and dark places of the mind; but the firm, strong, practical nature of Foster never suffers him to carry this beyond a certain point, and always shapes his researches to some masterly conclusion, while Hawthorne often runs riot in the pursuit from mere apparent wantonness. Yet, undoubtedly, it is this ruling feature of Hawthorne's mind that invests his writings with much of their peculiar charm;—producing ex-

travagant and overdrawn description in some; in others it is the zest and spirit of the whole. In reading the works of Macaulay or Bulwer Lytton, there is often a disagreeable consciousness that all is splendidly got up; but with Hawthorne all seems to flow from the heart, and *apropos* of this, we may remark, that it is a pretty fair test, in most cases, of an author's sincerity, if his reader recognises, or thinks he recognises, some thought of his own—some thought, probably, he could never adequately express in his own language—that had flitted across his mind in casual musings. We believe people are often unconsciously swayed by this feeling in the choice of an author for their favourite; feeling, if not seeing, with Alton Locke—"Here is one who can put our own thoughts into language for us."

Like almost every original author, Hawthorne occasionally verifies our great dramatist's remark about vaulting ambition o'erleaping itself and falling on the other side, giving utterance to the veriest drivel, such as scribblers of the lowest order could hardly be guilty of perpetrating. It would be hard to say how many readers he has lost who have had the misfortune to take up, say the "Twice-Told Tales," and opened with "Tales of the Province House," or "The Threefold Destiny." Even in the "Mosses from an Old Manse," which abounds in unmistakable evidences of his genius, abundance of pieces might be cited which would require the utmost stretch of charity to pass by. To a critic of the Lord Jeffrey genus, in want of something to prey upon, Wordsworth's poems would hardly be more valuable in the way of affording scope for very piquant abuse. For our own part, we are inclined to be more good-natured, rather leaning to Poe's opinion, that the effusions of the mind of a man of genius may be compared to a series of ascents and descents, while those of one less highly gifted are more akin to a level, on which hypothesis we are disposed to forgive the descents in consideration of the ascents, and to be much better pleased with a book the half of which is nonsense, and the other half, as Christopher North would have said, "glorious," than with one which is all very good, and has nothing to fall

in raptures with from beginning to end.

Were we particularly anxious to impress a reader favourably with Hawthorne at starting, we do not think we could succeed better than by directing him to take up the "Mosses from an Old Manse," and begin at the beginning, when, if he did not go the end of the first article, we should certainly pronounce him an incorrigible dullard. We remember our own first introduction to Hawthorne's works most vividly. We had just returned, in a very improper and contemptuous frame of mind, from hearing a dreary lecture on the mighty progress of this great scientific nineteenth century, addressed to a philosophical institution, and found the "Mosses" awaiting our critical opinion. We took it up carelessly, expecting to be further provoked by some vile Yankee twaddle, and cannot say how agreeably we were disappointed. How breezy and wholesome the picture of the old manse, the river, the woods, and the garden, compared with the sickening, rounded periods about the advancement of science and the improvement of the human race, the "jabber about education" (to use Mr. Helps' expressive words) and moral trainings, which had been falling like lead on us so long! It was a renewal of the sensation we felt when first, in the calm of an autumn noon, reposing on a bank of moss, with a canopy of bright green leaves above, through which an occasional glimpse of the clear blue sky was caught, we turned over the magic pages of Tennyson, and fancied we saw the fairy-footed Olivia sporting by the tall oak beside us, or yonder little hillock to be where "Claribel low lieth."

To the merits of the "House of the Seven Gables," the most pleasing and complete of Hawthorne's tales, an adverse critic, in our opinion, unconsciously pays a high compliment, when he complains that the author seizes on the reader by the button, as it were, and, like the Ancient Mariner, compels him to hear the story to an end, which, after all, turns out to be no story at all—that is to say, there is no grand *dénouement*, no long a-missing marriage-certificate is discovered, nor is any hitherto supposed plebeian elevated to patrician rank. An original idea, truly, to censure an author for contriving so to rivet your attention that

you must read his book through, even though, as the saying is, there is nothing in it! What would we have given for such an attracting influence in the pages of some of those tales of stirring interest, thrilling incident, sparkling dialogue, masterly plot, &c., over which we have yawned in our conscientious wish to falsify the popular belief that critics read no farther than the title-page of the book they demolish? "The House of the Seven Gables" may be very faulty as a story, and we certainly would not recommend it as a model to apprentice fiction-mongers; but as we have abundance of good story-writers, and, judging from the past, will have till doomsday, we think such an author as Hawthorne may be allowed to let his genius find its own vent, and diverge as often as it pleases from any path it may ostensibly follow. "The House of the Seven Gables," we venture to say, would have wanted the best part of its attractions, had the author rigidly repressed the promptings of his luxuriant fancy, and closely pursued the even tenor of his narrative, even though the plot and winding-up had been exciting enough to please our fastidious censor.

As might be expected from Hawthorne's peculiar idiosyncrasy, he possesses, in a remarkable degree, the faculty of indicating by imperceptible shades the approaching event long ere it is announced, like the hush becoming stiller and stiller as the noiseless battalia of clouds creep denser and denser together before the storm. Bulwer Lytton has often attempted this delicate descriptive feat, but has been little more successful than in writing verses (for the latter, see "The Pilgrim of the Rhine"). Only the pen that flung that strange, terrible gloom over the closing scenes of "Bleak House," could rival the incidental touches immediately antecedent to the death of Judge Pyncheon.

"The Scarlet Letter" (Hawthorne's most popular book, by the way) has the same button-seizing power; but as the narrative is made up of more excitable materials, its interest is of a much more intense and even feverish nature; and we would not say, but that if made acquaintance with at the witching hour of midnight, some of its principal characters might, to a very imaginative reader's eyes, bleared with the

hissing gas or long-wick'd candle, appear squatted around in ghostly conference. It is, certainly, open to the charge of encouraging a taste for the "morbid and horrible;" and after fairly getting out of its weird fascinations, and entering on the introduction to which we have already alluded (and which, of course, falls to be read last) it is, to use Coleridge's style of comparison, like leaving a heated theatre for an open lawn on a breezy night in May.

"The Blithedale Romance," one of Hawthorne's most recent publications, lies more open than any other to unsparing and well-deserved ridicule—in the characters especially: one being inflated to bursting with about as much success as the frog of old; another insipid; another wofully wishy-washy; and the hero of the tale himself, who tells the story in the first person, an impertinent sort of eavesdropper. Perhaps the very undignified character of the latter, Mr. Miles Coverdale, may be accounted for on the supposition, that as the author evidently intends him to be understood as his mouthpiece, his anxiety to avoid anything like egotism may have led him astray. Yet, with all drawbacks, there is hardly one of his works we could read over with more pleasure than this eccentric production, which professes to be a romance founded on the author's own youthful experience, setting forth how, as one of a band of Socialists, he attempted to commence the work of regenerating the world by labouring with his "brothers and sisters" on a model farm. The mode of life at this new Arcadia is the great charm of the book, for Hawthorne can hardly fail to delight when he catches a glimpse of nature. To use his own words, he speaks of her "like the very spirit of earth imbued with a scent of freshly-turned soil." In his sketches and essays, American scenery comes before us in all its rich luxuriance and unfettered gladness—no trim shaven lawns and hedges, and as little of that intolerable sublimity so tiresome in Alpine and classic scenery; but the forest-paths, and slow-sailing river, with trees standing up to their knees in its waters, and rivulets dancing with wayward round and babble amid tangled underwood. The farm-house at Blithedale, and its surrounding fields and woods, linger in our recol-

lection as a picture of perfect seclusion, combining something of the quiet stillness of English scenery with the untrammelled freedom of the woods, though we miss that feature of the former alluded to by our great master of landscape:—

“——— An English home—grey twilight pour'd
On dewy pasture, dewy trees,
Softer than sleep—all things in order stored;
A haunt of ancient peace.”

The rest of Hawthorne's works consist principally of tales and sketches; and in these, notwithstanding his filial love for the pleasant, tangible realities of earth, and the shafts he occasionally aims at transcendentalism and mysticism, allegory is frequently employed, with masterly effect, to give life to his conceptions. His most brilliant and finished effort of this kind is “The Celestial Railroad,” in which the mantle of Bunyan appears to have descended on him with a double portion of his spirit—the quaint, nervous simplicity of the prince of dreamers blending with his own rich vividness of descriptive power, and quiet under-current humour. Our worthy philosophical institution-lecturer could hardly have supposed the science, even of the nineteenth century, capable of achieving such a commodious and comfortable mode of transit to the celestial city, in which, instead of trudging along the road, the pilgrim is borne on the breath of steam, with the memorable burden stowed away in the luggage van. As in most other railways, a tunnel is necessary, and the reader may compare the following account of the modern pilgrim's passage through the Dark Valley, with Christian's terror-struck gropings among satyrs and hobgoblins:—

“Even while we were yet speaking, the train shot into the entrance of this dreaded valley. Though I plead guilty to some foolish palpitations of the heart, during our headlong rush over the causeway here constructed, yet it were unjust to withhold the highest encomiums on the boldness of its original conception, and the ingenuity of those who executed it. It was gratifying, likewise, to observe how much care had been taken to dispel the everlasting gloom, and supply the defect of cheerful sunshine; not a ray of which has ever penetrated among these awful shadows. For this purpose the inflammable gas, which exudes plentifully from the soil, is collected by means of

pipes, and thence communicated to a quadruple row of lamps along the whole extent of the passage. Thus, a radiance has been created even out of the fiery and sulphurous curse that rests for ever upon the valley—a radiance, however, hurtful to the eye, and somewhat bewildering, as I discovered by the changes which it wrought in the visages of my companions. In this respect, as compared with natural daylight, there is the same difference as between truth and falsehood; but if the reader ever travelled through the Dark Valley, he will have learned to be thankful for any light that he could get; if not from the sky above, then from the blasted soil beneath. Such was the red brilliancy of these lamps, that they appeared to build walls of fire on both sides of the track, between which we held our course at lightning speed, while a reverberating thunder filled the valley with its echoes. Had the engine run off the track—a catastrophe, it is whispered, by no means unprecedented—the bottomless pit, if there be any such place, would undoubtedly have received us. Just as some dismal fooleries of this nature had made my heart quake, there came a tremendous shriek careering along the valley, as if a thousand devils had burst their lungs to utter it; but it proved to be merely the whistle of the engine on arriving at a stopping-place. The spot where we had now paused is the same that our friend Bunyan, truthful man, but infected with many fantastic notions, has designated, in terms plainer than I like to repeat, as the mouth of the infernal regions. This, however, must have been a mistake, as Mr. Smooth-it-away, while we remained in the smoky and lurid cavern, took occasion to prove that Tophet has not even a metaphorical existence. The place, he assured us, is no other than the crater of a half-extinct volcano, in which the directors had caused forges to be set up for the manufacture of railroad iron. Hence, also, is obtained a plentiful supply of fuel for the use of the engines. Whoever had gazed into the dismal obscurity of the broad cavern-mouth, whence ever and anon darted huge tongues of dusky flame, and had seen the strange, half-shaped monsters, and visions of faces, horribly grotesque, into which the smoke seemed to wreath itself,—and had heard the awful murmurs, and shrieks, and deep, shuddering whispers of the blast, sometimes forming themselves into words almost articulate—would have seized upon Mr. Smooth-it-away's comfortable explanation as greedily as we did.

“The engine-bell rang, and we dashed away, after dropping a few passengers, but receiving no new ones. Rattling onward through the valley, we were dazzled with the fiercely gleaming gas-lamps as before. But sometimes in the dark of intense bright-

ness, grim faces, that bore the aspect and impression of individual sins or evil passions, seemed to thrust themselves through the veil of light, glaring upon us, and stretching forth a great dusky hand, as if to impede our progress. I almost thought that they were my own sins that appalled me there. These were freaks of imagination—nothing more, certainly—mere delusions, which I ought to be heartily ashamed of; but all through the Dark Valley I was tormented, and pestered, and dolefully bewildered, with the same kind of waking dreams. The mephitic gases of that region intoxicate the brain. As the light of natural day, however, began to struggle with the glow of the lanterns, these vain imaginations lost their vividness, and finally vanished with the first ray of sunshine that greeted our escape from the Valley of the Shadow of Death. Ere we had gone a mile beyond it, I could wellnigh have taken my oath that this whole gloomy passage was a dream."

Most of Hawthorne's other allegorical compositions sound as incomplete half utterances, hinting but vaguely at the meaning intended to be conveyed, though we are not sure if we should call this indefiniteness a defect—the power of negative suggestion thus displayed being often perfectly magical. Yet we cannot say that allegory is made much more attractive to us by Hawthorne than by his predecessors; and, as with them, the degree of pleasure corresponds in great measure to that in which the sense of allegory is lost. We remember when our worthy pastor broke up our childish enthusiasm for starting direct on Christian's pilgrimage; by "explaining" the "Pilgrim's Progress" in connexion with the notes, our interest sensibly diminished; and so with the "Faëry Queen," when we found that Sir Guyon was a mere emblem of holiness. We must confess a preference for an humbler vehicle of instruction, the idea of which, probably suggested by Æsop's pithy apothegms, appears to be of German origin, and has been employed with the happiest effect by some of our own writers. We need only instance Bulwer Lytton's inimitable sketch in "The Pilgrims of the Rhine," showing how the fox lost his tail; and Helps' fable of the lions, who made an attempt at Socialism in "Friends in Council." It is pleasant enough now and then to step out of the material world; but we do not like to be incessantly reminded that all is unreal, mist and shadow. The mind craves a firmer

foothold, and prefers swallowing downright impossibilities, if presented with an unblushing air of veracity, and imbued with a sufficient tinge of the *vraisemblable*. This has not escaped Hawthorne; and he has very happily embodied ideas in this form in one or two papers, telling his tale as if perfectly prepared to vouch for the authenticity of the whole. "The Artist of the Beautiful" is a fine instance of this; and the moral conveyed loses none of its effect, that the reader is left to find it out for himself. In another narrative on this principle, however, as might be expected from Hawthorne's constant tendency to overleap his object, he goes too much astray, we fear, for the most devoted idealist.

Perhaps, on the whole, the walk in which Hawthorne most excels is in that blending of the essay, sketch, and tale, for which we have no definite term as yet—a style which seems so careless and easy, but which is perhaps the most difficult of all, and one we would defy any of our artificial writers to acquire—Macaulay, for instance, notwithstanding all his brilliance and nerve. One of Hawthorne's dreamy reveries, clothed in the glittering array of Macaulay's rounded, nicely balanced sentences, would be as supremely ridiculous as an idyl of Tennyson's "done into" Popeian heroic measure. A volume of Hawthorne's compositions of this nature, selected from his works, and cleared from all surrounding rubbish, would be a perfect *chef-d'œuvre* of its kind, worthy to take its place beside "Companions of my Solitude." There is one paper in his "Mosses from an Old Manse" which would have made the fortune of any ordinary literary aspirant—original, so far as our memory serves us, in conception, and rivalling the happiest efforts of Goldsmith and Irving in execution. "P.'s Correspondence," as it is styled, purports to be a letter from a friend of the author's, whose intellect being partially disordered, jumbles together past and present, living and dead, and is a great traveller, without stirring from the white-washed, iron-grated room to which he is confined, meeting in his imaginary wanderings a variety of personages who have long ceased to be visible to any eye save his own. Thus, in this letter, Mr. P. imagines himself in London, and gives his friend a most interesting and edifying account of the

various distinguished men long in their graves, to whom he has been introduced. He found, it appeared, Lord Byron looking older than he anticipated, though, considering his former irregularities of life, not older than a man on the verge of sixty might reasonably look. To those who recollect the Byron of Moore's "Life," the following will be very rich:—

"The noble poet's reconciliation with Lady Byron is now, as you are aware, of ten years' standing; nor does it exhibit, I am assured, any symptoms of breach or fracture. They are said to be, if not a happy, at least a contented, or, at all events, a quiet couple, descending the slope of life with that tolerable degree of mutual support which will enable them to come easily and comfortably to the bottom. It is pleasant to reflect how entirely the poet has redeemed his youthful errors in this particular. Her ladyship's influence, it rejoices me to add, has been productive of the happiest results upon Lord Byron in a religious point of view. He now combines the most rigid tenets of Methodism with the ultra doctrines of the Puseyites; the former being perhaps due to the convictions wrought upon his mind by his noble consort; while the latter are the embroidery and picturesque illumination, demanded by his imaginative character. Much of whatever expenditure his increasing habits of thrift continue to allow him, is bestowed in the reparation or beautifying of places of worship; and this nobleman, whose name was once considered a synonym of the foul fiend, is now all but canonised as a saint in many pulpits of the metropolis and elsewhere. In politics Lord Byron is an uncompromising Conservative, and loses no opportunity, whether in the House of Lords or in private circles, of denouncing and repudiating the mischievous and anarchical notions of his earlier days. Nor does he fail to visit similar sins, in other people, with the sincerest vengeance which his somewhat blunted pen is capable of inflicting. Southey and he are on the most intimate terms. You are aware that some little time before the death of Moore, Byron caused that brilliant but reprehensible man to be ejected from his house. Moore took the insult so much to heart, that it is said to have been one great cause of the fit of illness which brought him to the grave. Others pretend that the lyrist died in a very happy state of mind, singing one of his own sacred melodies, and expressing his belief that it would be heard within the gate of Paradise, and gain him instant and honourable admittance. I wish he may have found it so."

Mr. P. has also the gratification of being introduced to Shelley, now re-

conciled to the Church of England, and at the time superintending the publication of a volume of discourses treating of the poetico-philosophical proof of Christianity on the basis of the Thirty-nine Articles. But for a few unmistakable Hawthorneisms, which peep out here and there, we could almost accept the epistle as the genuine effusion of Mr. P.

There is one other work of Hawthorne's in a totally different vein, which we must not pass by in concluding, though we should not have regretted its non-publication very much—his "Life of General Pierce, the American President." We could not help thinking it a pity, as we perused it, that such parties as Whigs and Democrats existed, or at all events that in his zeal for the latter he should have been led to step so far out of his own sphere, and descant on patriotism, the union, anti-and-pro-slavery, in a style bordering somewhat on that of the stump orator. Occasionally, no doubt, faint reflections of his former self may be detected, but these partake in some measure of the character of features distorted in the bowl of a spoon. We certainly should never have expected to find an apologist for slavery in the enthusiastic believer in the world's onward progress and social regeneration, and the amiable volunteer labourer on the Pantisocratic farm. Yet he tells us that his hero, the general, "loved his whole, united, native country better than the mistiness of a philanthropic theory," and therefore opposed the abolition of slavery. With this sentiment Mr. Hawthorne strongly sympathises; and though he does not commit himself to a decided pro-slavery declaration, the line of argument which he adopts, in the attempts to reconcile himself and others to its continuance, is a notable instance of self-deceiving inconsistency; for we presume he does not question the human relation which negroes bear to their taskmasters. But we must not part from him in ill-humour on this account, remembering how De Foe, Dissenter and pillory occupant as he was, makes Crusoe talk of slaves, and how John Newton, after his conversion, was for some time captain of a slave-ship, having previously, if we mistake not, tasted the miseries of slavery himself. Only we hope, for his own sake, Mr. Hawthorne will in fu-

ture give no more political lucubrations to the world. It is evident that dealing with the dry, practical doings of life is not his forte, and the field over which his genius can range is so wide and varied that we can well dispense with any excursions beyond it.

In the desultory remarks we have been making, we must not be understood as putting forward any claims for Hawthorne to rank as a model anything. Exceptions of every kind may be taken to his works, which, though perhaps *sans peur*, are certainly not always *sans reproche*. But withal he is a man of genius, and as

such without any farther "peroration" we leave him to our readers. We are quite conscious that we have not done anything like justice to his peculiar genius; but we must excuse ourselves in the words of one of his American critics, who remarks that it "presents traits so fine as to be almost too excellent for popularity, as, to every one who has attempted their criticism, they are too refined for statement. The brilliant atoms flit, hover, and glance before our minds, but the remote sources of their ethereal light lie beyond our analysis—

'And no speed of ours avails
To hunt upon their shining trails.'

ALBERICO PORRO; A TALE OF THE MILANESE REVOLUTION OF 1848.—PART IV.

BY AN OFFICER OF THE SARDINIAN SERVICE.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE VENGEANCE OF THE DISAPPOINTED LOVER.

ALONE, in a small room, lit by a solitary candle, before an altar on which stood a crucifix of the Saviour, knelt the beautiful and queenly form of Nina Ezzelinni. Her features, pale and sorrowful in their expression, her eyes red with weeping, her hands clasped together in ardent prayer, her lips muttering the thoughts of her mind, she seemed indeed in that solitary hour of the night, in that silent room, the impersonation of three feelings, *sorrow, loveliness, and religion* united together. Through the live-long day her mind had been in a fearful state of anxiety, the image of Porro always before her—the picture of her country, free or in slavery, continually torturing her heart. But did she shrink before the prospect?—did she tremble for the safety of him on whom her every thought was placed?—did she doubt the strength and courage of her countrymen to free themselves from the iron and galling chain of torture, agony, and slavery? No; throughout the entire day, when cheering on the Milanese by her presence, when bending over the form of some poor, wounded countryman, and listening, perhaps, to the last dying request, *Faith*, glorious and beautiful,

was with her, and neither the novelty of her situation, the danger of the moment, the frightful spectacle of death and carnage, daunted that strong soul, wrapt up, not in the *present*, but in the grand and splendid vision of a *future*! Porro her idol—her country her saviour—religion the fountain and emblem of both! And it was not until the evening, when the Austrian stood triumphant in every part of the city, exulting in the defeat of the Milanese, in the vengeance that would follow the victory, that the heart of poor Nina gave way, and she had fled to the altar of her God, there to implore, from his overpowering arm of might, that succour for the friendless, the betrayed, the oppressed, the defeated. With heart full of feelings scarcely possible to describe, she knelt there, the impersonation of truth and virtue, breathing the pure spirit of the soul—the link binding the mind to the throne of an *invisible eternity*! With heart relieved by the sacred communion she had held with her Creator, she was about to rise from her kneeling position, when a heavy step behind her startled her from her serenity. Turning to see who was the intruder, she

beheld standing before her, his eyes fixed upon her, the Cavalier di Morini. For a moment surprise prevented her from uttering a single word, and spell-bound she continued to gaze on him. Did her heart beat with fear? Did she desire to resent this daring intrusion on her solemn privacy? or, had he come with her knowledge and her consent? No; her heart beat too true to another. His image—the image of Porro—the saviour of her life—was engraven upon her heart; and could she, the pure, the haughty, the bright, stoop to a single act derogatory to his dignity? No; away with such a thought! The sparkling flash of her dark eye—the proud dignity of her mien, as she rises from her kneeling posture—the haughty curl of contempt lurking on her lips—all betray at once that the intrusion is unexpected—the act so unbecoming the man will be met with the scorn so well deserved.

“Cavalier di Morini, what means this unseemly interruption at this hour of the night? I trust you have good cause for so doing; but nothing in my opinion can justify this unmanly act on your part.”

“Signorina, pardon me; fain would I have done otherwise, but I act upon the authority of a power, you, and I, and all, must bow before—the dreaded authority of the Austrian police!”

“Ah! I understand now why I always shrank before your appearance, as I would shrink before the approach of some venomous reptile,” answered Nina Ezzelinni, while her cheeks became a colour paler; “you are in the ranks of our oppressors, you are amongst those who betray both your country, your people, and your God! Shame! shame upon you! Are you thus lost to every sense of honour, of feeling, of manhood!”

“Nina Ezzelinni, listen to me before you condemn me; listen to what, on my honour, is the truth.”

“Honour! honour in a member of the Austrian police! Away! Nina Ezzelinni holds no intercourse with the enemies of her country!”

“Listen to me you must, proud and haughty beauty! This house is in possession of the police, acting under my authority; and although I am acting under another, superior to myself, yet the power delegated me I shall not hesitate to use as becomes my

own desires. Listen to me, therefore, Nina—you must!”

A smile expressing more than language could convey, in which was concentrated the scorn and contempt in which she held in estimation the being before her, was the only answer the queenly beauty deigned to vouchsafe the Cavalier di Morini.

“Nina, from the first hour I saw you I loved you deeply, truly, and passionately—heaven alone can tell how much. In you I saw combined all that I admired most in woman—your beauty, your pride, ay, your scorn was to me a sight too dazzling to bear. You touched for the first time in my life a chord I knew not I possessed—a pride similar to your own. I have loved, or fancied I have often felt that feeling of truth—of heart-devotion—but never, no, never, dear Nina, did I truly know the intensity, the absorbing passion, until you, like a glorious meteor of light, dashed across my path, to make me bow before an idol I dreamt not of. From that moment, Nina, I swore you should be mine! Like a hound following the scent, have I pursued you wherever you went; and, Nina, you must have seen, oh, how often, the intensity of the passion you inspired me with! Have I not dreamt of you—has not your image pursued me wherever I went—have I not dwelt in fancy on my love being returned? Yes, Nina, dear Nina, you have been my star of hope—my beacon, on which depended my every prospect of happiness! And can you resist a love so pure—prayers uttered with so much earnestness—the vows of a heart on which you can bestow either the delights of paradise, or the horrors of eternal despair. No, dear girl, you will listen to me—say, say you are my own—the guide of my future life!”

And as the Cavalier di Morini finished, he approached nearer to Nina, who shrank from his approach.

“Hearken to me, Cavalier di Morini; and if at this moment, when the Hapsburg has thought he has gained an easy triumph over my people, the answer of a poor girl will show one of his minions the spirit that still lives in the hearts of her countrymen, then I tell you, that sooner than wed, or accept the proffered love of one leagued with our barbarous oppressors, I would endure every torture their imagination could paint. Nina Ezzelinni would

rather die than live on, with riches and power her own, whilst the brand of shame was stamped on her brow!"

"Soul-stirring beauty, why did I not meet you these years ago, instead of within the last few months? Then with you, as my light of heaven, how much misery, how much woe, would I not have avoided!"

"If such be your feeling, then leave, and leave for ever, your path of vice—the soul-destroying brink upon which you stand—and turn to the path where duty, honour, and country call you. Do you not hear, ringing within your ears, the prayers of those noble martyrs who fell but yesterday fighting for the independence of their dear land—the feeling in which is found all that is grand, noble, and pure in the human heart. Do you not hear the voice of a mother——?"

"Mother! oh, my God! name her not."

"Ah! you have a mother; then you are not yet lost to the call of duty. Oh! if what you have told me is true—that I possess over you some influence—then let me exert it, Cavalier di Morini, and adjure you by the memory of every tender feeling, by the recollection of the parent whose name affected you but now, to cast aside the fearful ties that bind you to dishonour, and to fling yourself in the stream where, at least, if you meet not riches and power, you have the approval of conscience—the dear and valued knowledge that you are performing the sacred duty imposed on you as a descendant of that old race whose deeds of prowess for years made your country, our common land, bear the proud title of the mistress of the world; and I promise you, on behalf of those noble combatants—of your own brothers now in arms—that they will receive you with warm hands, and welcome you back to their ranks, as brother should welcome brother."

"It is too late now, Nina; the hour of repentance is for ever past."

"Say not so, Cavalier; deceive not yourself with visions that may at any time be dispelled by your own courage and resolution. Let the noble spirit that moves you this moment gain the ascendancy; and if Nina Ezzelinni cannot greet you as her lover, still, believe me, she will rank you in the list of her warmest friends."

"Then my suit, even if I cast aside

the power I hold within my grasp now, is hopelessly rejected. Woman, proud, subtle though you may be, you trifle not with me thus. If I consent to abandon my present prospect of future ambition—that which will repay me for loss of friendship and country—you, too, must make some sacrifice; forsake your lover, Alberico Porro—ah! you colour; my suspicions are then well founded—and accept me in his place."

"Cavalier di Morini," answered Nina, as she drew up her form, and again the haughty smile of contempt gathered on her lips, "you are presuming too far on my kindness. For a moment I have forgotten myself; and, thinking still some ancient remnant of patriotism lurked in your heart, I foolishly thought I might be the instrument of again rousing you to the sacred duties imposed on all who call themselves Italians. But I have been deceived, Cavalier di Morini, and you presume to add insult to injury. Leave me, then, or I will call those to my aid who will chastise your insolence as it deserves."

"Woman, it is true you are deceived; but it is not I who am in your power, but you who are in mine. Listen to me a moment longer, and I have done. Armed by the authority of the police, I am authorised to arrest and conduct you to prison—your crime, that of being cognizant of a conspiracy against the Government; your accuser, myself. If you leave this house for a prison, the lash, death, is your fate. The *giudicio statario*, in its just anger, spares neither man, woman, nor child. From this frightful death I am willing to save you; but if I risk my own safety for yours, I must have a certain and positive promise of reward; that reward, the only one I will accept, is yourself. Swear to me, then, by your hopes of future salvation, you will be mine whenever I claim you; and from this moment I will depart, and leave you free to act. Do not imagine that the struggle commenced yesterday can be ever renewed; it is crushed, and crushed hopelessly, for ever. Your only chance of safety, of life, of being saved from a frightful death—a death your imagination can only paint—is in accepting my offer. And when you reflect, Nina, dear Nina, it is love—love the most true, the most ardent—which inspires

me to make you the offer, will you, can you refuse it?"

"Traitor! black-hearted traitor! I would rather suffer the agonies of a hundred deaths, however terrible to bear—and God knows I am weak enough—than submit to the embraces of a tool of the Hapsburg."

"Enough, madam! enough!" answered di Morini, in a voice of thunder; "on your own head be the consequences of your refusal. And now let us see the first-fruits of your obstinacy."

Proceeding to the door of the room, he summoned from without several menials of the police; and instantly, amidst the coarse laughter that issued from their lips, they proceeded to bind up the arms of Nina Ezzelinni, from whom not a single expression escaped.

"It is not too late yet," whispered the tempter in her ear, "to accept my offer. A moment more, and it will be no longer in my power to save you."

"Traitor! fulfil your task. Nina Ezzelinni fears not death."

"Away with her now, my men; bear her to the carriage, and do with her as you think fit."

Amidst the grossest insults that could be offered to a virtuous woman, Nina Ezzelinni was borne, in the arms of the rude menials of the police, from room to staircase, and then to the open street, where a closed carriage awaited her, surrounded by a small body of troops. She was instantly placed within it, and the carriage, bearing another victim at the shrine of a power reared in human blood, drove away.

When, oh God! wilt thou spare a people the agonising pain of recording such scenes of iniquity and lawless power—the vices of the tools of Austrian despotism, the source from which flows the justice of the Metternich Government?

CHAPTER XVII.

THE TRIUMPH OF THE WEAK.

"The weather, terrific during the whole of that terrific contest, added to the difficulties of that disastrous retreat. Heavy rains, such as only fall in Italy in spring and autumn, had converted those Lombard flats into dismal swamps. Bridges were cut down, roads broken up, or otherwise made impassable; not a paltry village but was busy at the erection of barricades. The peasantry screened themselves behind piles of felled trees, or dug deep ditches across the broad thoroughfares. They fell on the stragglers, and disbanded troops; they seized ammunitions and transports of artillery; the horses of disbanded troopers fell exhausted into their hands. The sufferings of men and beasts were appalling."—*Mariotti*.

FROM an early hour of the morning of the 19th of March, the rain descended in torrents over the capital of northern Italy. Defeated on every side, drenched to the skin, without arms, without ammunition, still the Milanese, strong in hope, in the sacredness of their cause, despaired not of success. The spirit of Justice had awoken from the tomb of the past—its glittering blade waved on high—Despair lent energy to the most weak; and the Milanese, throughout the live-long night, worked with a perseverance, a courage nothing could daunt. From heaven they drew their inspiration—the God-like liberty of man!—and on, on, brave souls! they toil for their hearths, their country, for everything that could render life sweet and dear to the human heart. Were they to die in their efforts, how far preferable than to live on in a life of fear, of continual torture—the torture of body and soul! Man never can be a slave. The thought, owning its source from

the very soul itself, spreads rapidly from heart to heart, winging its flight through every obstacle, until, like a thunder-storm, it suddenly bursts forth, crushing all in its fearful energy, before an anger, a fire that cannot be withstood.

The morning of the nineteenth dawned; and to the astonishment and dismay of the Austrian enemy, around on every side, hemming them in wherever they were quartered, appeared enormous barricades, erected by the energy of a people whose courage had so long been despised. Could the Croat, the Slave, believe their own senses? Were those gigantic piles but the dream of their own imagination? No; they stood there staring them in their frightful reality; the battle so dearly bought yesterday had again to be fought over, with new courage, with new and desperate determination. The people so long scorned, so long injured—over whose devoted heads floated the Imperial

vengeance — had arisen in their might and majesty to dash for ever away the charge of cowardice on their part. Ah! brave hearts! dear brothers! true patriots! I greet that shout of yours, startling the foe—"Italy or Death!"—as the token of your glorious success! Battle on, battle on! in your perseverance is the crown of your noble victory. Oh joy! I greet the people again as a nation; for in a courage so heroic can never be found the cradle of slavery—the infamy, the brand of dishonour.

Throughout that live-long day the combat still continued; and if the Milanese had not gained victory, still they had not suffered defeat, for not an inch of ground had the enemy gained which had not to be retaken over and over again. Breaking down wall after wall, the Milanese had literally made a communication from house to house, and in many parts of the city the enemy were surrounded on every side; desperate combatants piling on their heads every missile their hands could seize upon. It was absolutely necessary, however, in order to insure success, that a Government should be immediately proclaimed, to whom full power should be delegated to carry on the desperate struggle; to provide for the wants of the combatants, the care of the prisoners, of the wounded, of the public finances. And on the afternoon of the 20th of March, a Provisional Government was proclaimed, amid a tumult of applause.* Instantly a proclamation was issued for the enrolment of a civic guard; and thousands of citizens, amidst the tumult, crowded to the parochial list to have themselves enrolled. Old men of seventy, and even boys of twelve years of age, vied in their eagerness to serve their country. Arms taken from the enemy were furnished them, and proper directions issued for the continuance of the combat. The Provisional Government, sitting both night and day, gave a direction to the struggle which astonished the enemy, and made him

believe that officers of great experience directed the Milanese and their movements.† Desperate attacks were made by the people on the Duomo, guarded by the Tyrolese infantry, on the Criminal Court, on the Viceregal Palace, on the station of the engineers, on several police barracks, and on the Piazza de Mercanti, defended by a powerful body of the Austrian army and a park of artillery, and everywhere with success. The police barrack of the third division, defended by above 750 men, was next attacked, and after a combat that lasted an entire night and day without ceasing, the enemy was forced to succumb, and submit to a courage and desperation nothing could quell, nothing could dismay. The attack, headed by the Marchese Trivulzio, on the barracks of the cadets of St. Celso, was equally successful, although its brave leader was severely wounded. On the morning of the 21st, the whole city presented a series of battles, scarcely possible to describe within the compass of a tale. The fire of the musketry, of the cannons, the discharge of shells, the fall of large pieces of walls, the ringing of the bells, kept up without a moment's intermission both night and day, spread the news of the struggle throughout the entire country, and presented a spectacle, especially at night, terrific to hear and to behold. This frightful struggle, however momentarily successful, could not possibly last without assistance from without, and every hour showed the necessity of at once opening a communication with the country. How to effect this was a matter of the utmost difficulty, for the walls and gates of Milan were guarded by a powerful enemy, armed with a splendid field of artillery. Necessity lent the Milanese the power of invention, and large balloons were immediately set afloat, containing messages entreating the people to rise immediately, and march to the succour of their brothers, combatting for their freedom as well as their own.‡ Well and nobly was the call

* The names of the members of the Provisional Government were as follows:—Count Casati, President; Secretary, Cesare Correnti; Members of Government, Pompeo Litta, Vitaliano Borroméo, Giuseppe Durini, Cesare Giúlini, Gaetano Strigelli, Marco Greppi, Antonio Beretta, and Alessandro Porro.

† See the reports of Marshal Radetzky, where he distinctly states, "the insurgents were commanded by officers of great experience and valour."

‡ "Some of these balloons fell beyond the Swiss confines, others on the Sardinian ter-

responded to; and from far and wide large bodies of the peasantry, headed by leaders of every description—priests, friars, ecclesiastics of different kinds, with large crucifixes and symbols of the Church—hastened towards Milan.* From Varese, from the Lago Maggiore, the princely summer residence of the Borromeo family, famed in story for its beauty and magnificence, from the banks of the Po, from the Italian Switzerland, from Comasia, from the mountains of Como, from Monza, and elsewhere, large bodies put themselves on the route, armed with every kind of weapon, fighting the enemy continually on the road, and soon, in masses, gathered like clouds around Milan. The brave Borgazzi, amidst a thousand difficulties, the leader of a body of some 2000 men, penetrated into the city, and concerted with the War Committee a double attack on the Porta Tosa. Unfortunately for his country and for his family, to whom he was a good husband and a good father, on returning he was mortally wounded by a bullet, and fell, lamented by all who ever knew his noble and kind heart, a martyr to his country's liberties! A tear to his memory was all time would allow, and onwards, like a mighty avalanche, pour the Milanese to the attack. Who is that brave and glorious youth who, with hand extended, and voice exhorting his countrymen to remember their duty, dashes on the enemy, regardless of shot, of danger of every kind; his shout, "Italy for me"? It is Luciano Manara,† a fit patriot to lead on a brave people. See how the enemy and the Milanese meet hand to hand in deadly combat! See

how these shrink before the fierce and wild exultation of a people battling for their freedom! See how little those care for the terrible prowess of that foe, so much boasted of, so much vaunted! Is it not the struggle for life, ay, more than life—the struggle for their children's emancipation? Would not the coward fight, ay, gladly, for such a glorious cause, making the heart beat, the blood flow to the heart, in joyful gladness? Yield not an inch of ground, true hearts! brave patriots! Rush on again, again! Break asunder the ranks of the enemy. Laugh at the terrible storm of missiles flying around you in every direction. Ay, see you are approaching nearer to your heart's desire—one effort more, the gate will be yours, the battle will be won. Hearken, too, to your countrymen from without; the battle is raging there also. In confused lines, but yet with what is of equal, if not of more value, the spirit of patriotism, do the bold peasantry, the mountaineers, combat for your assistance. Ay, what does that wild cry proclaim? You have succeeded in setting the gate on fire. See how it burns—how the flames spread—how that massive wood consumes before an enemy none can resist!—its fiery beams aiding your struggle. Yes, Milanese; brave hearts! true patriots! again, again, I say, the communication between you and your countrymen is open. The battle is well nigh over, and Milan soon, before your valour and faithfulness, will proclaim her own freedom from the dreaded foe. Brave hearts! true patriots!

With renewed courage and untiring energy, the Milanese did not pause a

ritory, and in those of Piacenza. . . . One of these balloons contained the following:—
'Brothers! Fortune smiles on us. Austria vanquished, still maintains her footing only in the castle and from the bastions. Hasten hither! Let a gate of the city be taken between two fires: united we shall conquer.'—*See General Pepe.*

* Never were a people more in error than the Roman Catholics of Ireland in imagining the revolutions of Italy were the emanation of a spirit of Protestantism. Such an idea is foolish in the extreme; some of the principal conspirators of the revolution were dignitaries of the Catholic Church, and the revolution was openly advocated from many an altar. Let their clergy inform them, if their press refuses to do so, that the Austrians, during the whole period of the revolutions, openly insulted the Catholic religion, burnt the effigy of the Pope wherever they could, violated the churches and even the nunneries, and committed every species of sacrilege. Yet, if a Catholic exile stands on a public platform to advocate the liberties of his country, he is immediately denounced as an enemy of the Pope.

† Luciano Manara afterwards commanded a Lombard Legion that greatly distinguished itself throughout the whole period of the Italian revolutions of 1848 and 1849. He fell at Rome, nobly fighting for a cause ever dear to a heart like his, full of the loftiest inspirations.

moment to give the enemy rest. The palace of Marshal Radetzky,* the barracks of St. Vittor Grande, St. Francesco, the principal military post, the Austrian Hospital, the gates of Ticinese, of Comasina, all were successfully attacked with the same desperate perseverance, and on the morning of the 22nd the whole city was in the hands of the people, the castle alone remaining in the possession of the enemy. It was then that Marshal Radetzky—confused at the defeat of his soldiers on every side, dismayed at the fearful loss of life his army had sustained, fearful of being surrounded by the numerous bodies of peasantry that almost hourly were increasing the force of the Milanese, alarmed lest the King of Sardinia might march to the succour of the insurgents, and his army become entirely annihilated—determined on retreating while yet in his power, and thus save the remnant of his army. To prevent this movement from being noticed, he ordered his still powerful park of artillery, consisting of some seventy pieces of large calibre, to move about from spot to spot: the consequence was, that the castle and several houses at the extremities of the city were set on fire by this terrible cannonade. A large fire also was lit to burn the dead bodies, and thus prevent the loss of the Austrians being known. Amidst this fearful glare of

light, the vigilance of the Milanese only increased, and soon the movement of the old Marshal was surmised. Instant arrangements were made to give the enemy no respite, and, assisted by the bodies of peasantry, the citizens issued from the walls, and followed the enemy with an incessant discharge of musketry. Incommoded as the Austrians were by the number of families who accompanied them in their flight, the wives and children of the officers of the army, by numerous Italian prisoners, on whom the rage of the old Marshal heaped unheard of cruelties, their retreat was a frightful one indeed. Through every small town, every village they had to pass, they had to fight their way onward; through every kind of obstruction—barricades suddenly raised, large piles of wood fastened across the streets, missiles of every kind greeting their appearance, bridges broken down, the very elements of heaven deluging the earth with water, and rendering the roads like swamps. The sufferings of the Austrians were terrific—food—all was wanting—not a moment's rest was allowed them. It took the Marshal several hours alone before he could even disengage his army from the environs of the city of Milan. The hatred of the Milanese was excited to a frightful extent, owing to the numerous atrocities† committed by the

* A laughable farce took place at the taking of the Marshal's palace. An old uniform was found belonging to the Marshal, and was instantly fixed on a pole, with a fool's cap hoisted on the top, and was carried to the Piazza Borroméo amidst the jeers and laughter of the people. The Austrians made frantic efforts to obtain possession of it, and in a few hours it was pierced by no less than seventy-two bullets.

† The frightful atrocities of the enemy cannot be denied, when a whole city was a spectator of the facts. General Count Walmoden, an Austrian, admitted the atrocities recorded by the English consul at Milan, where whole families of women and children were mutilated. A record of a few of these will suffice:—“A group of eight children were found who had been crushed against the walls, thrown on the ground, and trodden under foot! Two were found shut up in a chest, two burned with aquafortis; another, spiked on a bayonet, was fastened to a tree, where the poor child struggled in agonies before the eyes of its mother! A suckling babe (by a jest worthy of a cannibal) was thrown on the breasts of its mother's corpse! another was cut in two, and the halves tied together with its own bowels! Five heads, cut from their tender trunks, were placed under the eyes of the innocent parents! An unborn child was torn from the maternal womb by these vile wretches! In the pocket of a Croat prisoner was found two female hands, loaded with rings, and many women were deprived of their eyes, tongues, hands, and feet! The monsters first violated them, and then killed them with their bayonets! Some were burnt alive! others buried alive in ditches and wells! others covered with pitch and tortured by fire! Eight bodies were found burned in an inn at the Porta Tosa!—as many in another inn at the Porta Vercellina! Ten were seen in a small room at the Porta Ticinese, horribly mutilated and mangled—the great efforts made by one poor woman to save herself through the chimney still appeared! I pass over the assassinations in houses, in beds, in hiding-places. One man was compelled to kneel on the bloody corpse of his brother, and there stabbed! Two unfortunate men, father and son, were spiked together to a tree on the ramparts! A child of Mario Belloni was burnt! a son and brother of Giovanni Piotti killed!”—See General Pepe, Canta, &c. &c.

enemy, and which, the instant they were discovered, called forth the most fearful anger. Ankle-deep in mud, with not a dry rag to their backs, they still continued pursuing the enemy, harassing him on every side, cutting off every straggler, and making their very vengeance the path to their freedom. In a few days more the Austrians were driven from Lombardy in shame and in disgrace, leaving behind them, to attest the murderous struggle, no less than five thousand killed. The Lombards were

triumphant — their freedom won by their own glorious efforts. How was it those efforts, so pure, so bright, so heavenly, won at such a sacrifice of blood, died away in disunion, in the clandestine haunts of vain conspiracies, in the factious efforts of a few leaders, mad with ambition, wild with theories of loose and impracticable principles! Oh, Italy! beautiful land of sorrow! why didst thou hearken to their voices of deceit? Would that thy ear had been deaf to aught else than thy country's honour and dignity!

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE CAMPAIGN.

"Con l'azzurra Coccarda sul petto,
Con Italiani palpiti in cuore;
Come figli d'un padre diletto
Carlo Alberto veniam al tuo piè:—
E gridiamo esultanti d'amore,
Viva il Rè, viva il Rè!"

—ITALIAN SONG OF FREEDOM.

SCARCELY had the first shot been fired in the streets of Milan, when the Piedmontese forces commenced to muster in large and imposing numbers on the frontiers. The arming of Sardinia had commenced, however, at a far earlier period, when the Austrians quartered fifteen thousand men on the river Ticino. From one end of Piedmont to the other, the agitation of the public mind had become excessive, and it was easy to foretell that the storm of war was gathering on the horizon. Amidst intense anxiety was the news from Lombardy listened to by thousands of the Turinese, and hundreds of young men loudly demanded from Government arms and ammunition, to enable them to march immediately to the succour of their brothers, combating for their freedom. Their demands were refused by Government in almost dignified silence; but this seeming apathy to the struggle carried on in Lombardy was soon explained, when, on the 23rd of March, the following declaration of war, signed by Carlo Alberto, was made publicly known, amid the continual cheers of the people, and shouts of "Viva Carlo Alberto!" "Viva il Rè!"—

"Charles Albert, by the grace of God King of Sardinia, Cyprus, and Jerusalem, &c. People of Lombardy

and of Venice! the destinies of Italy are maturing. Happier fortunes smile on the intrepid defenders of the trampled rights of their country. By love of race — by appreciation of the spirit of our times — by community of desires — we have been the first to associate ourselves in that unanimous tribute of admiration which all Italy unites to pay you! People of Lombardy and of Venice! our arms, which were already concentrating on your frontier when you anticipated the liberation of glorious Milan, now come to give you the last proofs of that aid which a brother may expect from a brother—a friend from a friend. We will second your just desires, trusting in the aid of that God who is visibly with us — of that God who has given to Italy a Pio IX.—of that God, who, with such wonderful impulses, has now placed our beloved country in a position to do for itself. And the better to demonstrate with outward signs the sentiment of Italian union, we desire that our troops, entering on the territory of Lombardy and Venice, should carry the shield of Savoy placed upon the Italian tri-colour flag.

"CARLO ALBERTO.

"Torino, 23d March, 1848."

That brave people so eager for war—so desirous of hastening to assist the cause of the oppressed—listening only

to the impulse of their generous sentiments, little imagined the dismal end of their nobleness and generosity! Patriotism, humanity, the alpha!—treachery, despotism, its omega! Yet how beautiful were those feelings that countenanced that war — how in all spoke the feelings of country, of dear Italy! Dismal the end, but glorious the beginning!

On the 26th of March, the advanced-guard of the Sardinian army, under the command of General Pasalacqua, entered Milan, and three days later, with an army of 25,000 men, Carlo Alberto, with his gallant sons, held their head-quarters at Pavia, where they were greeted by the deputies of the Provisional Government of Milan, the Count Borromèo and Signor Berretta. On the 30th, Carlo Alberto arrived at Lodi, and congratulated his army on the expedition they had made in marching over the space of 110 miles in seventy-two hours, and from thence pursued his march through Crema, Cremona, Bozzolo, Aosta, to Castiglione delle Stiviere, where he established his head-quarters, deficient in all that was requisite to carry on a campaign with success and energy. On the 8th of April, the Piedmontese and the Austrians first met in serious combat, by the former making an attack upon Giotto, a small town situated on the right bank of the river Mincio. Despite a terrific fire from the Austrian sharp-shooters, and the efforts of the Wohlgemuth brigade, who had barricaded the streets and fortified the houses, the gallant Bersaglieri and the Grifflini company drove the enemy from street to street, and after a combat of more than four hours, forced the Austrians towards Mantua. On the next day, and the day after, they attacked with equal success Borghetto and Monzanbano, and thus secured their passage over the Mincio. After occupying Valleggio, Carlo Alberto advanced his head-quarters towards Volta, and a few days after attacked the enemy at their advanced posts, near Mantua, with signal success. The king resolved then on the blockade of Peschiera, a strong and powerful fortress, lying on both sides of the Mincio. Crossing the Mincio with 25,000 men, the king occupied the heights of Custoza, and made a desperate attack on the hills of Sandra, St. Giustina, and Cola, fortified by

the enemy, who held here a force of over 20,000 troops. After severe contests they were driven away by the gallantry of the Italians, with a terrible loss of life, and then ensued the battle of Pastrengo, which will for ever shed immortal glory on the Sardinian army. After a combat that lasted a period of over five hours, the Austrians fled in precipitate flight over the bridges of the Adige, leaving behind them a loss of 1,700 men, in killed, wounded, and prisoners. This was one of the most glorious days of that unfortunate campaign, as Charles Albert obtained in a few hours what had cost the greatest general of modern history, the Emperor Napoleon, an entire campaign to obtain possession of. Marshal Radetzky in vain endeavoured to effect a diversion, by the garrison of Peschiera sallying out on the rere of the Piedmontese, but they were driven back in gallant style, and the Sardinians remained masters of that gory field, strewn with the dead and the wounded. It was during this struggle the gallant young Marquis Bevilacqua rushed on alone upon a column of the retreating enemy, to seize a standard from a Croatian, and fell pierced by fifty bayonets—his daring valour forming the theme of universal comment — his loss regretted with tears by his countrymen.

It was at this period, when victory seemed to be crowning the arms of the brave king and his sons with success, when by their means the sunshine seemed again to be filling the horizon with the bright rays of hope, upon other sides it commenced to darken with clouds of ominous import. The ambassadors of Prussia and Russia had quitted Turin, and the agents of these two courts were busily at work everywhere, to arrest the work of freedom, and to assist the cause of dissension amongst those who declared themselves the friends of Italy. Unfortunately they met with easy success, and mad theorists, and wild demagogues, full of ambition and selfish motives, hastened to retard the necessary supplies for the army, to denounce the King of Sardinia and his gallant army as traitors; while they, the infamous, with loud words, with swaggering gait, stalked along the streets of Milan, concocting conspiracies against the Provisional Government, and selling their native land to the hirelings of a foreign

despotism. Ah! may the day soon come when these pretended advocates of their country's freedom may be fully exposed, and their motives shown as the exposition of all that is base and wretched in the heart of man—gold, ambition, their guide!—patriotism, honesty, their opponents!

But it was not alone to the selfish views of these men, sold to the basest demoralisation, the downfall of Italy and the faults of that campaign were owing; they were due also to the treachery of the other reigning sovereigns in Italy; the vacillating policy of the pontiff, the sinister influence of another State, which at this period used her entire influence to render useless the fleet of Sardinia; and thus, by the inactivity of the Sardinian navy, Austria was enabled to rear her head again, and collect on the banks of the Isonzo an overpowering force,* which, ere long, marched to the succour of Marshal Radetzky, and gave him an overwhelming preponderance.

The space allowed for my tale will not permit me to give a long account of the numerous skirmishes fought, of the blockades of Peschiera, and other fortresses, nor to expose fully the numerous faults committed, the sinister influences brought to bear, to crush again beneath an iron yoke the poor children of Italy. I must, therefore, run rapidly through the numerous and striking incidents of the campaign.

On the 6th of May, Carlo Alberto made a disastrous attack upon St. Lucia, with terrible loss of life, and was forced to retreat upon his position at Somma Campagna; and being there joined by his heavy artillery, he was at length enabled to pursue the siege of Peschiera. It was while Carlo Alberto was following up this siege, that the British Government, on the 24th of May, received from the Austrian Government, through M. Hamme-

lauer, an offer to surrender the entire of Lombardy, which offer was not communicated to the Provisional Government of Milan until several weeks after, when it was no longer in their power to accept it. Unfortunate Italy! with pretended allies their fate was doomed—to mourn, to weep for ever!

On the 29th of May, Marshal Radetzky, at the head of an imposing force of 40,000 men, attempted to raise the siege of Peschiera. He attacked the positions of Montanara and Curtatone, defended only by five thousand Tuscans, the greatest part of them totally undisciplined, and after a desperate struggle of six long hours, succeeded in carrying the positions by storm. Marching then straight upon Giotto, he fell upon the Piedmontese unexpectedly, but notwithstanding the advantage thus gained, he was driven back and forced to retire. Reinforced with 16,000 men, under the command of General Welden, the old Marshal invested the city of Vicenza, and after a desperate struggle on the 30th, the garrison was forced to capitulate. Carlo Alberto, after making a fruitless march towards Mantua, and afterwards on Rivoli, remained with Radetzky, totally inactive, during an entire month, each party waiting for reinforcements. He then attempted the blockade of Mantua, while the old Marshal, having concentrated all his forces at Verona, advanced to attack Somma Campagna, where 10,000 Piedmontese were quartered, commanded by General Broglia. His attack was completely successful; not so with Count Thurn, who, leaving Roveredo, had attacked General Sonaz, and had been compelled to retire as far as Caprino. After numerous actions, the Sardinians, overwhelmed by numbers, and suffering the most severe privations, were forced, little by little, to surrender every advantage, and re-

* Mariotti, in his able work on Italy, thus speaks forth his sentiments:—"Austria was, above all things, vulnerable by sea. Inferior to Sardinia in naval forces, even in her normal state, she was now completely disabled by the loss of Venice, by the frequent defection of ships and mutinous disposition of her Italian crews, no less than a riotous spirit rife in her Illyrian provinces. She stood in dread of the Sardinian navy, and the greatest apprehensions were entertained, not only in the Imperial cabinet, but also in the city of Trieste, for the safety of the latter city. The immediate presence of the Sardinian squadron in the Adriatic would not only have reassured Venice, and all the sea coast, but would have retarded the operations of General Nugent upon the Isonzo, and turned his attention to the danger at home. The blockade of the Adriatic would have thrown the whole Austrian empire into utter distress; it would have cut off Austria and Hungary from the rest of the world."

treat upon Milan. On the 4th of August a combat, which lasted the whole day, took place between the contending foes, under the walls of Milan, and on the evening of the same day the Piedmontese were driven back, and forced to take up a position on the ramparts. The last day of Milan's freedom was soon approaching—the triumph of yesterday, the defeat of to-day.

And what had been the condition of Milan during the entire period of the campaign? Scarcely had the gallant army of Piedmont, with its King and his sons at its head, hastened to the aid of Lombardy, when from London and Paris sped to Milan Mazzini and his partisans. Unmindful of the many martyrs who had fallen struggling to insure the freedom of Lombardy—unmindful of the debt of gratitude that was due to their memory—unmindful of the claims their country had on their support—these wild spirits, to-day Royalists, to-morrow Republicans, the day after Socialists, in opinion, as best suited their purposes, or the object of their leader, determined to do all to restore Italy to the yoke of the foreigner. Instead of endeavouring to inspire their countrymen with confidence in the war; instead of aiding in the raising of recruits, in the proper supply of the Piedmontese army, and the noble volunteers battling for their hearths, their country, these pretended patriots were from day to day haranguing the people, declaiming against the King, fomenting conspiracies against

the Government, sowing dissension wherever they possibly could. What was the result of this conduct, let those who were witnesses proclaim. But I hesitate not to say, Lombardy owes its downfall to Mazzini and his partisans—its grave to their mad spirit of inquietude. Every act of Carlo Alberto, in their eyes, whether it conducted to victory or defeat, was a crime; every movement of his was misrepresented, knowingly and wilfully falsified. Nothing could conciliate this violent faction; all the offers and prayers of the moderate party were rejected. War, war alone was their cry, not against the enemy, for then it would have been a virtue, but against their own countrymen, ay, even those who far away were manfully fighting for—what they, the cowards, the boasters, dared not do—the freedom of their country. Scarcely was it known at Milan that the Piedmontese army were retreating, and the Austrian following triumphant, when this brave Republican or Socialist faction, whose vaunts of defiance to the Tedeschi had been so often heard, fled from Milan in cowardly haste, leaving behind them the only fruits of their courage—the dissension and mischief their falsehoods had sown; their last assertion being, that Carlo Alberto had sold Milan to the Austrians, and was bringing to its walls the terms of capitulation in his pocket! Not even when the grave had received the body of the unfortunate king did their hatred cease; for Mazzini and Cattaneo have openly proclaimed since in their works* this hateful falsehood.

* The true history of the capitulation is as follows:—"Mazzini, rather too ready to rely on the authority of that envenomed Cattaneo, asserts that Charles Albert brought with him in his pocket the capitulation, by the terms of which Milan was to be given a prey to the invader (when Mazzini was making this assertion he wrote with the documents of the English consul, Campbell, before him, and therefore knew he was writing a falsehood). He adds, that his promise on his honour to defend the city *à l'outrance*, the burning of the houses before Porta Romana, and all the preparations for a desperate conflict, were only made with a view to extinguish the last spark of warlike ardour that might still linger amongst that aroused population, with a view to let the enemy in when the very suspicion of impending evil had been allayed. Now, Charles Albert most certainly did not bring the capitulation with him. The King entered the city, mindful of his vow, on the evening of the 4th, after the last conflict before the walls. The order to clear the ground had been given to the troops, as they fell back from before the enemy in the afternoon; and it was only after midnight, from the 4th to the 5th, that the English vice-consul, Campbell, and the French *chargé d'affaires*, Reiset, on repairing to the Austrian camp to demand an armistice of forty-eight hours in behalf of their countrymen, fell in on their way with the Piedmontese generals, Rossi and Lazari, who, as it appears, were going to Radetzky's headquarters to treat for a capitulation. They met d'Aspre at three miles, and the Marshal himself at St. Donato, at six miles distance from the city. The two generals had an interview of two hours with Radetzky, after which the foreign agents were admitted; and on their expressing their desire for an armistice, they were informed by the Austrian that they—i. e.,

To posterity I leave the task of discerning who were the true and real patriots of 1848.

On the morning of the 5th, Carlo Alberto, at the earnest desire of the late members of the Provisional Government of Milan and the Archbishop, consented to treat with the Austrians, but was prevented doing so by the shouts of the populace. It was then the Archbishop, the mayor, and aldermen went to Marshal Radetzky, and, unknown to Carlo Alberto, signed a treaty of capitulation, which the King was induced afterwards to accept. At half-past two o'clock in the morning, on

the 6th of August, Carlo Alberto left Milan, and commenced his retreat, which, owing to an armistice that had been signed by General Salasco on his behalf, was unmolested; and on the afternoon of the same day the King began his retreat, the Austrians entered Milan in triumph, to find over one hundred thousand of its population had left it, rather than behold and bend again under their hated yoke, stained, as it was, in the blood of the pure and the innocent. When again, oh Milan! wilt thou rise up in thy wrath, to expel from thy streets the infamy that covers them?

CHAPTER XIX.

IN a solitary dungeon, in which the light of heaven shone not, all dreary, lonely, and sad, lay, on a small quantity of straw, a human being. The remains of what was once a dress, proclaims that miserable form a woman. Start not, dear reader, but approach nearer. In that emaciated being, in that sunken eye, in those hollow cheeks—in her, thus so wretched, do you not recognise the picture of an old friend? Yes; can it be possible, or is it but the image of a frightful dream? You have before you all that remains of the once proud and queenly beauty, Nina Ezzelinni! Good God! what could have reduced her to that

frightful extremity—she, so beautiful, so true to country, so kind to her inferiors. Dare I whisper to you the truth? Dare I proclaim it to the civilised world?—to the century boasting of its humanity, of its religion? Harken, then, but doubt not, for it is no picture of fancy, but a stern, a terrible reality, recorded in characters of blood. In that solitary dungeon—that hideous, loathing place, full of pestilent air—had that poor child been dishonoured—robbed of all that woman prizes most dearly. Twice had the lash cut her delicate limbs, tearing off flesh and cutting to the very bone, in vain efforts

the generals—had capitulated. The generals, however, it results from the same evidence, had only drawn up the basis of a capitulation, which, at six o'clock in the morning of the 5th, was laid before the King and his council, awaiting their sanction. But the King was allowed no time for deliberation. Sinister rumours of his treason commenced to be whispered abroad. The suspicion which had ever been lurking in every Italian heart respecting his uprightness and sincerity, and which fanatics and evil-minded persons had carefully fostered among the people, received now a most irrefragable confirmation. The King was selling them! There was riot and confusion in Milan. The King's carriages, which were about to be forwarded to the frontier, were assailed by the mob, who took the horses from them, overturned them, and with them and other materials barricaded all the streets leading to the palace, so as to preclude all possibility of the King's escape. The King, who had as yet, according to all probability, been unable to send his final answer to the Marshal, renounced all thoughts of a capitulation, and expressed his determination to brave all extremities, and remain at his post with his sons and his army. The city—that means, the people about the streets—was filled with fresh enthusiasm at the announcement; but the upper classes, the few remaining of them, after innumerable interviews with the King and his officers, seemed to be of a different mind: for at sunset, the archbishop, the podestà (Bassi), and some of his assessors (mayor and aldermen), went out, in the name of the municipal authorities, and signed with Radetzky that same capitulation which had only been proposed in the morning. The convention bears the signature of Hess in the name of Radetzky, and of Bassi in the name of Milan. The name of General Salasco, commander of the Sardinian staff, is appended to the document. The seventh article distinctly stipulates, that 'all these conditions need the acceptance of his majesty the King of Sardinia.' Late at night, still on the 5th, the King was informed by Bassi and his colleagues that the convention with Radetzky was a *fait accompli*; and no choice was left him for accepting or objecting to it."—See Mariotti.

to wring from her by torture the secrets of her countrymen! Do you hear the tale; and yet you weep not? No; for you doubt such frightful atrocities can possibly exist. Then wander to Italy; search well its dungeons—a whole populace stands witness of these barbarities—and there will you hear recorded not one, but a hundred facts, still more villanous, more fearful than the one I have penned. Yes; let me write again—not merely the strong and powerful man, the young and delicate woman, the puny and infant child, are forced to submit to the lash, but tortures even more fearful are inflicted on them. Turn not away, then, from that poor exile whom you see walking your streets, with downcast eye, with mournful aspect. His appearance there is but an earnest, an energetic protest against such atrocities; but an effort to remind you of your former treaties—that while such scenes exist, and you utter no protest, remain inert and silent spectators of such infamies, you are forgetting, by the forfeiture of every solemn promise, your own dignity, your own honour, your own credit. You pity, when you read in history of the victims of past centuries—you glory in the present, when comparing it with the ages of barbarism; but I tell you, the age of feudal atrocity still exists—exists in Europe, in its fairest spot, in the haunts of the ancient Huns; and I tell you, Europe never can be at peace until the Croat, the Slave, the hated barbarian, is driven away, and for ever, from those plains, red with the blood of the innocent, the pure, the oppressed!—whose voices of prayer for justice on the destroyer, rise up in cadences that never shall cease, until those sacred calls are heard at the throne of the Almighty! Woe! woe! when that hour of justice comes!

Along a narrow passage leading to the dungeon of poor Nina Ezzeliuni, approach two individuals. One was a coarse-looking fellow, bearing a candle in one hand, in the other a huge bunch of keys; the other was covered with a large cloak, evidently worn for the purpose of disguise. Stopping before the door, a key was applied, and in a moment more they stood within that wretched place.

“Signor, I will now leave you. There is the signorina you seek; but remember I can spare but half-an-hour,” exclaimed the person carrying

the keys; and turning round he left the dungeon, closing the door behind him.

“For an instant the stranger stood looking on the miserable being, and then sobs, bitter and terrible, burst from him. Poor Nina, awaking for an instant from a kind of lethargy in which she had lain for days and weeks past, gazed on the stranger in fear and wonder.

“Nina, Nina!” exclaimed the stranger at length, his voice choking with emotion, “know you me not again?”

With a loud scream of joy she endeavoured to rise from her recumbent position, but, after a faint attempt, fell back again, exhausted by weakness. In a moment Porro was by her side, supporting her feeble frame on his breast.

“Oh, Nina! dear bride of my heart, is it thus I find you, in this wretched dungeon, another victim to Austrian despotism? Curses be on that power; and may the light of heaven never smile on me again, if I devote not my life and fortune to aid in its overthrow. But wake, Nina, dear Nina; it is your Porro, your husband in the sight of God, who conjures you to answer him. Speak to him—speak to him only one word!”

Slowly did the eyes of Nina open, and shuddering, she made feeble efforts to escape from the embrace of Porro. Before her mind's eye stood an image, full of horror and infamy; and in vain could she ever erase from memory that hour of shame. Unfortunate Nina! vain thy beauty, thy truth, thy accomplishments; it is better for thee to die, than to live on a curse to thyself. If thy body has suffered, still thy spirit, true and lofty in its holiest inspirations, will wing its flight to heaven, and there, before the throne of the Mighty Majesty of Nature, can it pour out its wrongs, foul and terrible as they are, and call down on that barbarous tyranny a vengeance no human force can evade. The efforts made by Nina, weak though they were, to put Porro from her side, at length drew his attention towards them; and, with voice trembling like an aspen-leaf, Porro gave loose to his thoughts.

“Nina, and is it thus you receive me, that you wish me from your side—or, can it be possible, good God! this horrible place has affected your mind.

Speak ; I conjure you, dear Nina, by the memory of the past, not to keep me thus in this terrible state of anxiety ; or say, have you forgotten to love me ?”

“To love you, Porro—oh, no ! but Nina is unworthy of your embrace. Leave me, leave me. Yet stay, Porro, my last hours in this world are fast approaching.”

“Say not so, my own sweet Nina, for your prison doors will soon be open ; and then in bright Sardinia we will soon learn to forget the horrors of this dungeon, while thinking on our own happiness, on the love we bear each other.”

“Oh, no !—never ! That dream, Porro, once my own, the fondly-cherished of my heart, has past, never to return.”

“How, dear Nina, what means these hints I cannot understand ?”

“They tell you, Porro—and why should Nina live to utter it—she is unworthy of your thoughts, of your embrace. Ah ! must I speak plainer ;” and a hectic flush suffused her whole countenance. “The bride of your heart — once cherished name — has been dishonoured ; the gown torn from her back, the lash has fallen twice on her shoulders. Oh, Porro ! I have received insults you dream not of—Nina Ezzelinni can but die in her shame.”

“Great God ! kind heaven ! can it be possible ?”

“Possible, yes ; and behold, Porro, there stands the villain that has robbed me of peace, of happiness, of life !”

Starting from his position, Porro turned, and encountered the savage gaze of Di Morini, who had crept silently into the dungeon to gloat over, with a species of the brute’s love of cruelty, the miserable condition of his victim. He dreamt not of encountering there, in the dreaded chambers of Austrian hell, kneeling by the side of a once happy girl, her promised bridegroom, filled with passions impossible to keep down, over which reason could have no control. And can it be wondered at ? To behold before you the being you have longed for many a long week to meet, on whom your every thought had fed for months past—the beautiful, the delicate—and to meet her thus, for the first time, her peace ruined, her mind broken, the chords of her heart ready to break for ever, and not resent these manifold injuries when suddenly before you

appeared the villain, the infamous, gloating over the crimes he had committed. Yes, no one could resist the force, the power of impulse, that demanded a vengeance, strong and terrible, to wash away, if possible, the stains of infamy and dishonour. And on him sprang Porro with the strength of a giant, and in a second hurled him to the other side of the dungeon. His cries for aid resounded through the passage, and in a few moments a rush of feet proclaimed his voice was heard. But not thus was he to escape Porro, for seizing him, he dashed his head again and again on that stone floor, until those cries resounded no longer. Morini lay a corpse in that dungeon, in the presence of her whose miserable prayers for pity and mercy he had laughed to scorn but a few weeks before. Thus falls the strong and powerful man in his path of crime—overtaken in his career the very moment he thought he had secured the gratitude of his employers by treachery the most infamous and base. Thus die all who exult in a path strewn with blood—the blood of the innocent, the oppressed, the betrayed !

With his hands still upon the corpse, with strength unimpaired, his eyes flashing forth the fearful vengeance of his heart, was he seized upon by some six or seven menials of the Austrian prison. In vain did they endeavour to secure him for some time—his strength was that of a maniac. He hurled one after another of his assailants to the ground, as if his opponents were but children ; and if his foot had not accidentally slipped, that unequal struggle would longer have continued. But the moment he had fallen, the whole of his opponents threw themselves upon him, and after a few vain efforts to oppose them, Porro lay hopelessly bound up—his courage not abated, his vengeance unsatisfied, but powerless in the hands of his bitterest foes. Was death to be his portion ?—was he to die in that prison, his fate unknown ?—the torture, the means of extorting the secrets of the Vengatori. Sweet heaven forbid it ! spare that gallant life for his country’s redemption !

“Ah ! signor, we have you now,” exclaimed one of his opponents, “and we will soon learn how you entered this prison unknown to us. But look, the signorina here has fainted,” he

continued, as he remarked the death-like stillness of Nina.

Fainted, no — that delicate frame, so beautiful in its stillness, so solemn in its aspect, lay there never to move again. The agitation of Porro's presence—the sight of her destroyer—the fierce struggle that had ensued—the danger of Porro, still beloved in the inmost recesses of her heart's core — all combined, had been too much for her constitution, weakened and tortured, and there had expired, without a word, a sign of departing life, the soul of Nina Ezzelinni. Beautiful victim! true spirit of Italia's daughters! thy fate still lives within the minds of many an exile; and rest assured, soul now in eternity, the hour must, and will come, when the sword of avenging justice, beaming brightly in the light of heaven, will carry destruction on the enemies of thy peace, and of thy country's welfare. Hour of joy! of heartfelt gladness! I kneel before thy approach, and in earnest prayer thank that God who, in placing *faith* within my heart, assures me of its speedy and certain coming. Glorious be that hour! the hope of the exile! the ray of Italy's sunshine!

With jeering tones of consolation, that sounded like a mockery of death, did the menials of the police depart from the dungeon, leaving Porro alone stretched on the floor—the corpses of the *victim* and the *destroyer* untouched by their hands. Scarcely had the sounds of their steps died away in the distance, when Porro, bound as he was, made effort after effort to reach the corpse of his bride. After bruising himself severely, he succeeded in reaching all that remained of her so much loved, so much prized. With frantic expressions of grief, with bitter sobs, did he press again and again that corpse, even in death still so dear to him, and bedewed her face with his tears. Exhausted by the agony of the mental torture he endured, by the fearful excess of his grief, he at length lay in a kind of utter forgetfulness on the ground. In deathlike silence passed away another hour, and then was heard, creeping along, the footsteps of some person. A key inserted in the door soon opened it, and the person who had first introduced Porro entered the dungeon. Approaching Porro, he after a short time succeeded in rousing him from his state of ob-

livion, and proceeded quickly to undo the cords that bound him.

“Quick, Signor Porro, you must come with me immediately, for soon it will be no longer in my power to save you.”

“Yes, yes; I will leave immediately, but not alone—the corpse of my bride must accompany me.”

“Are you mad, signor? you never could pass the streets unquestioned with a corpse as a burden, and will you ruin me by this delay? Come, signor, come; I will bury the corpse carefully, and promise you no one shall touch it.”

“A moment longer and I am with you; wait without for me.”

The moment the man had left the dungeon, Porro knelt once more by the corpse, so calm, so still, and pressed her cold lips to his own.

“Nina! farewell, even in death! I leave you but to revenge you; for never shall this hand clasp an Austrian save to slay him, in memory of this hour. Once more, Nina, farewell!”

Rising from the ground, and with one look more, he passed from the dungeon, and following the person who waited for him in the passage, he soon arrived without the walls of Milan.

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Along a narrow path, near the Lombard frontier, rode a solitary horseman. Armed to the very teeth, he kept his eye glancing from side to side, as if in expectation of some momentary danger, which he knew not from what quarter might arise. The path he was pursuing led up to an eminence, from which a person could obtain a view of the country around. The instant the horseman had reached it, he took a small telescope from his pocket, and placed it carefully to his eye. For a few moments alone did he take a survey, and then setting spurs to his horse, he dashed on, careless of accident, exclaiming to himself, “The King is betrayed!”

Away, away, over field and hill, spurred that gallant horse and his rider, now swimming across the river Glavellone, and narrowly escaping two or three shots that were fired after them by some Austrian sentinels. In half an hour more, and that panting steed was drawn up before a small body of soldiers wearing the cross of Savoy.

"Where is your leader?" exclaimed the horseman to one of the soldiers.

"He is there, signor," answered the man, pointing to a group of persons who stood a short distance off.

Riding to the spot, Alberico Porro, for it was he, recognised in the leader the gallant Manara.

"Signor Manara, quick, for the love of country; are you not aware the Austrians, in large masses, are passing the bridge of Glavellone?"

"Can it be possible, signor? — I fear you are deceived."

"No, no, I have seen them with my own eyes, and before long they will be upon you. Is this the only force you have to oppose their progress?"

"With the exception of some pickets, the entire force under my command is here. General Ramorino's* division is on the other side of the Po."

"Then he is either a traitor or a fool. Not a moment is to be lost,

however. Send a message to inform him of the fact; and, Signor Manara, I know well you will do your duty as becomes a Lombard. Farewell; I will instantly forward and give the alarm."

Scarcely had Porro uttered the words, when the trumpets sounded to arms, and Manara, the true and noble, marched with his men to resist the advance of an overpowering force. Passing through La Cava, without resting his steed for an instant, he sped onwards towards the town of Novara, everywhere giving notice of the approach of the Austrians, and, fatigued and tired, he at length, after informing General Chrzanowski, the commander-in-chief, of the passage of the Austrians, who received the news with surprise and astonishment, entered the small town, which soon was to give name to the battle-field on which would fall, for a time, the hopes of poor Italy's freedom.

CLYTEMNESTRA, AND OTHER POEMS.†

AUGUSTUS VON SCHLEGEL, in his inimitable lectures on dramatic literature, has finely compared the Greek tragedy to the Greek sculpture, and illustrates the genius and power of the former by constant references to the latter. This is profoundly true as a criticism, as well as exceedingly beautiful as a theory; and in both senses capable of being followed and wrought out to an extent and perfection that at first sight can be little anticipated. The grand, sublime, and terrible images of Æschylus—strong, massive, and sharp in their outlines—vigorous, passionate, and energised in their postures—solemn and severe in their expression—ever remind us of those wondrous works of Phidias, whereby the genius of the great sculptor wrought into stone the impersona-

tion of power and suffering, of intellect and moral grandeur, and made them immortal. Nor do the more finished and symmetrical compositions of Sophocles, or the luxuriant and ornate, but feebler, works of Euripides, fail to find apt exponents in the graceful and exquisite works of sculpture which the chisels of Greek artists have wrought, and which time has left untouched, to be the wonder and the instruction of modern students.

After all, it is not strange that this should be so. The Beautiful, in its human developments, sensuous and moral, was the great thought that filled the souls of the Greek sculptors. This they worshipped with earnestness and single-minded simplicity, and this thought they reproduced. The Greek tragedian had ever before him the same

* General Ramorino was the principal favourite of the Mazzini party, and time has only too truly shown he was an enemy of his country. On his trial, revelations of a most unpleasant import to the Republican section were made, which it is earnestly hoped will warn Italy of the danger of entrusting her liberties to men who forget every claim of honor and dignity, in the insatiable desire to gratify their own wild ambition.

† "Clytemnestra, and other Poems." By Owen Meredith. London: Chapman and Hall. 1855.

Beautiful in thought, but he had it, too, in the creations of the sculptor, a study for his eye, even as his spirit had it for intellectual contemplation. In them he saw all the poetry of physical loveliness and power, of action and passion, take a bodily shape and significance; and so he learned from them how, with most force, and dignity, and effect, to represent in language what they represented in form. Hence it is, at this day, that we invariably associate the Greek drama with the Greek sculpture; that all its personages and situations partake so largely of the *statuesque*; so that, to use the striking observation of Schlegel, "it is only before the groups of Niobe or Laocoon that we enter into the spirit of Sophocles."

In one other respect the analogy between Greek sculpture and Greek tragedy holds good. While both have had a large influence, in all succeeding ages, upon literature and the fine arts, they have never been so thoroughly fused into them as to lose their own distinctive existences. The great works of the Greek sculptors, even in the best days of Italy, have never been equalled—they stand far removed in unapproachable excellence, when compared with the schools of modern Europe. The tragedies of the Grecian poets stand also insulated and distinct; they have few imitators, and of these few, scarcely one, who has been successful. But the causes that have operated to produce this distinctiveness in each are different. The great, strong, simple, poetic element that inspired the hand of Phidias, and Polyclethus, and Lysippus—that filled their whole hearts and occupied their every thought—would seem not to be present, in such measure and potency, in the souls of men in times when society is more artificial, and life more full of distractions. And thus perhaps it is—if we may venture a speculation upon the subject—that we fail in approaching the works of the antique, though the externals, so to speak, of humanity, in passion and feeling as well as in bodily configuration, remain unchanged, and make Greek statuary at this moment as truthful exponents of the beautiful, physical and moral, around us, as they were at the time they were produced beneath the hand of the artist. But it is not so with the Greek tragedy. While mankind, in action and in pas-

sion, is but little changed since Agamemnon and Creon immolated their daughters—since the matricide or Orestes, or the double sin of Clytemnestra—yet the religion which justified these crimes on the principle of an avenging justice, or extenuated them as the results of an inexorable fatality, has given place to the light of Christianity, which inculcates a totally diverse standard of morals. The Greek tragedy was essentially religious, as well in its institution as in its constant allusions to the gods, and the elucidation of their power and dealing with mankind. It must therefore result from these considerations, that it could find but little place in the sympathies of modern times. The characters which evoked, and not unnaturally, the admiration of an audience in the Theatre of Bacchus at Athens, would excite unmixed disgust if presented on our own stage; while those to whom the ancient Grecian would freely accord his pity, the modern European would hate as criminal, or despise as guilty of unpardonable error. Thus, even if the structure and scenic peculiarities of the Greek drama offered no impediment, the total change of moral feeling would make its permanent revival impossible. It would no longer appeal to popular sympathy, because it would no longer be true. This is well expressed by a modern critic:—"The Greek tragedy, in its pure and unaltered state, will always, for our theatres, remain an exotic plant which we can hardly hope to cultivate, with any success, even in the hot-house of learned art or criticism. The Grecian mythology, which furnishes the materials of ancient tragedy, is as foreign to the minds and imaginations of most of the spectators, as its form and manner of representation."

It is true, that within a few years an attempt was made to revive the ancient tragedy in all its primitive features of plot and scenery; and though the musical genius of Mendelssohn, and the classical purity of gesture, action, and conception of Helen Faucit, induced the scholar to witness, night after night, the representation of the *Antigone* of Sophocles with refined pleasure, and compelled the uneducated to look on with a strange wonder, yet there was no kindly element in the popular feeling to sustain the exotic—the forced vigour which the warmth of

momentary excitement gave it was but short-lived. Thymele and chorus, logeum and encyclema, have passed away, in all probability, for ever, leaving, indeed, our memories haunted by the chastely severe acting and delicious tones of the artiste, and the richly sonorous but somewhat too florid music of the *maestro*.

We have been led into this train of thought by the principal production in the volume of poems before us. The "Clytemnestra" of Owen Meredith (if any such person there be, for we must confess the words are strongly suggestive of a pseudonym), is an attempt to reproduce a Greek tragedy, such as a Grecian dramatist would have written it five hundred years before the birth of Christ. The subject which he has chosen is one pre-eminently suited for the Greek drama; indeed, the misfortunes of the fated house of Atreus was a favorite theme of the three great dramatists with whom the sun of Greek tragedy may almost be said to have risen and set. The wretched queen is one of the *dramatis personæ* in the trilogy or *Oresteia* of Æschylus; in the *Electra* of Sophocles, and the *Electra* and *Iphigenia in Aulis* of Euripides. If, on the one hand, this gives our author the advantage of an almost personal knowledge of his principal character, it, on the other hand, places him in a position whose perils are infinitely greater than any such advantage. The more thoroughly he is imbued with the spirit of his prototypes, the more is he in danger of degenerating into mere imitation; the more he ventures to depart from the historical characteristics and feelings with which antiquity has invested those personages of his drama, the more liable is he to be untrue to the times, and the country, and the people, back into which he seeks to transmit himself and his readers. It appears to us that both those results have attended him. He has, in a great degree, availed himself of the advantages which the selection of subject held out to him. We find throughout the drama the evidences of extensive scholarship and intimate acquaintance with the language and spirit of the great Grecian masters; but he is sometimes even too strongly tinged with this spirit, and the imitation becomes painfully apparent. Thus, in the fifth scene, the chorus, which is singularly beautiful and classic, apos-

trophises first Justice and then Love; the latter at once brings to our recollection one of the choruses of the *Antigone*—

"Ἔρως ἀνίκασε μάχαν."—κ. τ. λ.

And these two lines:—

"Thou art unconquered in the fight,
Thou ragest over land and sea,"

Are manifestly suggested by the line—

"φοιτᾷς δ' ὑπερποντίας ἐν τ' ἀγρονομοῖς ἀγλαῖς."

And again:—

"Why light thy red couch in the damask cheek?"

is nearly the same, but unquestionably inferior, to the thought of Sophocles—

"ὅς ἐν μαλακαῖς παρειαῖς
νεάνιδος ἐννυχέεις."

There is another chorus which for melody, and pathos, and true poetic excellence, we know not how to praise too highly; nevertheless, its very excellence detracts from it. Where it is strictly classical, it leaves upon our mind the feeling that the author is so imbued with the *Agamemnon* of Æschylus, that he unconsciously plagiarises from him. Where he is most melodious in his rhythm, most rich in his imagery, most affluent in picturesque language, we feel that he is not Grecian but English—not Æschylean but Tennysonian. We shall give the first two portions of this chorus, to exhibit both the detractions we have alluded to, and the poetic powers of the author:—

CHORUS.

"The winds were lull'd in Aulis; and the day,

Down-sloped, was loitering to the lazy west.

There was no motion of the glossy bay;
But all things by a heavy light oppress.
Windless, cut off upon the destined way—
Dark shrouds, distinct against the lurid lull—

Dark ropes hung useless, loose, from mast to hull—

The black ships lay abreast.
Not any cloud would cross the brooding skies.

The distant sea boom'd faintly. Nothing more.

They walked about upon the yellow shore;
Or, lying listless, huddled groups supine,
With faces turn'd toward the flat sea-spine,
They plann'd the Phrygian battle o'er, and o'er;

Till each grew sullen, and would talk no more,

But sat, dumb-dreaming. Then would
 some one rise,
 And look toward the hollow hulls, with
 haggard, hopeless eyes—
 Wild eyes, —and, crowding round, yet
 wilder eyes—
 And gaping, languid lips;
 And everywhere that men could see,
 About the black, black ships,
 Was nothing but the deep-red sea;
 The deep-red shore;
 The deep-red skies;
 The deep-red silence, thick with thirsty
 sighs;
 And daylight, dying slowly. Nothing more.
 The tall masts stood upright;
 And not a sail above the burnish'd proes;
 The languid sea, like one outwearied quite,
 Shrank, dying inward into hollow shores,
 And breathless harbours, under sandy bars;
 And, one by one, down tracts of quivering
 blue,
 The singed and sultry stars
 Look'd from the inmost heaven, far, faint,
 and few,
 While, all below, the sick, and steaming
 brine
 The spill'd-out sunset did incarnadine.

“At last one broke the silence; and a word
 Was lisp'd and buzz'd about, from mouth
 to mouth;
 Pale faces grew more pale; wild whispers
 stirr'd;
 And men, with moody, murmuring lips,
 conferr'd
 In ominous tones, from shaggy beards
 uncouth:
 As tho' some wind had broken from the
 blurr'd
 And blazing prison of the stagnant drouth,
 And stirr'd the salt sea in the stifled south.
 The long-robed priests stood round; and,
 in the gloom,
 Under black brows, their bright and
 greedy eyes
 Shone deathfully; there was a sound of
 sighs,
 Thick-sobb'd from choking throats among
 the crowd,
 That, whispering, gather'd close, with
 dark heads bow'd;
 But no man lifted up his voice aloud,
 For heavy hung o'er all the helpless sense
 of doom.”

The similarity between this and the
 latter portion of the first chorus in the
Agamemnon will, at once, occur to
 the classical scholar. The passage we
 allude to is familiar to every reader of
 Æschylus, and commences thus:—

“Εὐτ' ἀπλοῖα κενάγγελ' βαρυ-
 νοῖτ' Ἀχαιικὸς λῶς.”—κ. τ. λ.

The plot of the play, the action, and
 the characters, are those which we find

in the Grecian dramas; their treatment
 more particularly resembles the *Agamemnon* of Æschylus, in which, we
 may observe, the character of Clytem-
 nestra is brought out with a vigour
 and fullness that is not to be found in
 any of the other dramas. In the piece
 before us, the Argive Queen is also the
 engrossing personage; but she is nei-
 ther the Clytemnestra of Æschylus, nor
 of Sophocles, though she has somewhat
 of each. Bold, haughty, and deter-
 mined, like her of the elder dramatist,
 the resemblance to Lady Macbeth is
 even greater than in the *Agamemnon*;
 she has some of the weaknesses that
 detract from the tragic power of the
 heroine of Sophocles, though she is
 neither so sensual nor so superstitious;
 her love for Ægisthus is brought out
 not in as odious, but certainly in as
 strong a light as in the *Electra*, while
 it is relieved of all coarseness by a ten-
 derness and devotion that are scarce in
 accordance with the strong and haughty
 character of the Queen. Nevertheless,
 we must admit that the author has
 shown no small skill in the delineation
 as a whole. She is, in his hands, nei-
 ther the bold virago, indifferent to
 consequences, of Æschylus, nor the
 depraved woman, by turns violent,
 sophistical and weak, that Sophocles
 represents her. She is a woman haugh-
 ty, proud, self-willed, yet possessed by
 one sentiment, her love for Ægisthus,
 which exhibits her a woman in her
 heart, and is the mainspring of all her
 errors and sins:—

CLYTEMNESTRA.

“Whate'er I am, be sure that I am that
 Which thou hast made me—nothing of
 myself.

Once, all unheeding, careless of myself,
 And wholly ignorant of what I was,
 I grew up as a reed some wind will touch,
 And wake to prophecy—till then all mute,
 And void of melody—a foolish weed!
 My soul was blind, and all my life was dark,
 And all my heart pined with some igno-
 rant want.

I moved about, a shadow in the house,
 And felt unwedded though I was a wife;
 And all the men and women which I saw
 Were but as pictures painted on a wall:
 To me they had not either heart, or brain,
 Or lips, or language—pictures! nothing
 more.

Then, suddenly, athwart those lonely hours
 Which, day by day dreamed listlessly away,
 Led to the dark and melancholy tomb,
 Thy presence passed and touch'd me with
 a soul.

My life did but begin when I found thee.
 O what a strength was hidden in this heart!
 As, all unvalued, in its cold dark cave
 Under snow hills, some rare and priceless
 gem
 May sparkle and burn, so in this life of
 mine
 Love lay shut up. You broke the rock
 away,
 You lit upon the jewel that it hid,
 You pluck'd it forth—to wear it, my Be-
 lov'd!
 To set it in the crown of thy dear life!
 To embellish fortune! Cast it not away.
 Now call me by the old familiar names:
 Call me again your Queen, as once you
 used;
 Your large-eyed Herë!"

That love is, however, one which but
 little elevates her in a tragic point of
 view. It is the fatuous passion for a
 coward, whose laggard love keeps not
 pace with her own, for the Ægisthus of
 the drama is a poltroon who loves her
 a little, and fears her more—who coun-
 sels separation and flight, and even
 wakes in her heart a momentary senti-
 ment of scorn:—

CLYTEMNESTRA.

"Part! what, to part from thee!
 Never till death—not in death even, part!

ÆGISTHUS.

"But one course now is left.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

"And that is—

ÆGISTHUS.

"Flight.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

"Coward!

ÆGISTHUS.

"I care not.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

"Flight! I am a Queen.
 A goddess once you said—and why not god-
 dess?
 Seeing the Gods are mightier than we
 By so much more of courage. Oh, not I,
 But you, are mad.

ÆGISTHUS.

"Nay, wiser than I was.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

"And you will leave me?

ÆGISTHUS.

"Not if you will come.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

"This was the Atlas of the world I built!

ÆGISTHUS.

"Flight! . . . yes, I know not . . . some-
 where . . . anywhere.
 You come? . . . you come not? . . .
 well? . . . no time to pause."

In one respect, we think the author
 has erred in his portraiture of Clytem-
 nestra. The paradox of a haughty,
 self-reliant woman, weak only where her
 affections are involved, we can under-
 stand, and well nigh sympathise with,
 because it is not beyond the natural;
 but that the woman who has this deep
 love in her heart should repine at the
 fate that made her woman—should de-
 spise her sex and long after manhood—
 is revolting, because it is utterly outside
 the bounds of nature:—

CLYTEMNESTRA.

"You great Gods,
 Why did you fashion me in this soft mould?
 Give me these lengths of silken hair? these
 hands
 Too delicately dimpled! and these arms
 Too white, too weak! yet leave the man's
 heart in me,
 To mar your master-piece—that I should
 perish,
 Who else had won renown among my peers,
 A man, with men—perchance a god with
 you,
 Had you but better sex'd me, you blind
 Gods!
 But, as for man, all things are fitting to him.
 He strikes his fellow 'mid the clanging shields,
 And leaps among the smoking walls, and
 takes
 Some long-hair'd virgin wailing at the
 shrines,
 Her brethren having fallen; and you Gods
 Commend him, crown him, grant him ample
 days,
 And dying honour, and an endless peace
 Among the deep Elysian asphodels.
 O fate, to be a woman! To be led
 Dumb, like a poor mule, at a master's will,
 And be a slave, tho' bred in palaces,
 And be a fool, tho' seated with the wise—
 A poor and pitiful fool, as I am now,
 Loving and hating my vain life away!"

This sentiment is not true to the
 life of a woman who loves—it is a
 gratuitous deepening of the dark
 shades that lower over the character
 of Clytemnestra, and counteracts the
 feeling of commiseration which the
 exhibition of womanly tenderness, so
 finely developed in this drama, raises
 in the mind of the reader.

The other characters in the drama are subordinate. Ægisthus, indeed, takes a larger share in the progress of the action than he does in the dramas of any of the Grecian prototypes, in which he displays himself rash, cruel, and vicious. Here he is little more than a timid man, changeful of purpose, and swayed to-and-fro by the powerful and overbearing will, or the blandishments of his paramour. He is a Macbeth, without the manhood, the energy, the ambition of the Scotch thane, and we have no horror of him—we despise, but we scarcely do more than despise him. Cassandra is the Cassandra of Æschylus; she alludes to the murder of Agamemnon in the same figure—of the bull slaughtered—thus: — “The bull is in the toils;” “The axe is at the bull;” “The bull is bellowing.”

We think that something more might be made of this character. The dis-tempered mind of the prophetess, like that of Ophelia in *Hamlet*, might conduce to the dramatic effect more largely than it has been made to do. As it is, the character, under the treatment of all the dramatists that have introduced it, is scarce relieved from insipidity. Electra is finely drawn. Full of womanly spirit and womanly tenderness, she has her mother's blood in her—

“Her father's, too, looks out of that proud face.”

She braves Ægisthus boldly:—

ELECTRA.

“A slave to thee,
Blundering bloodshedder, tho' thou boast
thyself
As huge as Ossa piled on Pelion,
Or anything but that weak wretch thou art!
Oh! thou hast only half done thy black
work!
Thou should'st have slain the young lion
with the old.
Look that he come not back, and find himself
Ungiven food, and still the lion's share!

ÆGISTHUS.

“Insolent! but I know to seal thy lips—

ELECTRA.

“—For thou art only strong among the
weak.
We know thou hast an aptitude for blood.
To take a woman's is an easy task,
And one well worthy thee.”

How pathetic is her tender watchfulness and love for her young brother. Here is a passage of no common beau-

ty. Electra has committed Orestes to the Phocion, who promises to bear him to Strophius, while she nobly determines to remain behind to do honour to her father's urn, and watch the fortunes of their house—the parting moment is come:—

ELECTRA.

“O my brother! . . . One last kiss—
One last long kiss—how I have loved thee,
boy!
Was it for this I nourish'd thy young years
With stately tales, and legends of the gods?
For this? . . . How the past crowds upon
me! Ah—
Wilt thou recall, in lonely, lonely hours,
How once we sat together on still eves
(Ah me!) and brooded on all serious themes
Of sweet, and high, and beautiful, and good,
That throng the ancient years. Alcmena's
son,
And how his life went out in fire on Ceta;
Or of that bright-hair'd wanderer after fame,
That brought the great gold-fleece across the
sea,
And left a name in Colchis; or we spake
Of the wise Theseus, councils, kingdoms,
thrones,
And laws in distant lands; or, later still,
Of the great leaguer set round Ilion,
And what heart-stirring tidings of the war
Bards brought to Hellas. But when I would
breathe
Thy father's name, didst thou not grasp my
hand,
And glorious deeds shone round us like the
stars
That lit the dark world from a great way off,
And died up into heaven, among the Gods?”

Agamemnon, in the modern drama, is as cold and stern as in the ancient. He repels as frigidly the over-sedulous demonstrations of love and honor which his wife endeavours to force upon him:—

AGAMEMNON.

“Enough! enough! we weigh you at full
worth,
And hold you dear, whose gladness equals
yours;
But women ever err by over-talk.
Silence to women, as the beard to men,
Brings honour; and plain truth is hurt,
not help'd
By many words. To each his separate
sphere
The Gods allot. To me the sounding
camp,
Steed, and the oaken spear; to you the
hearth,
Children, and household duties of the loom.
'Tis man's to win an honourable name;
Woman's to keep it honourable still.”

In this our author has wisely followed the example set him. The stern unloving nature of the man somewhat extenuates, if possible, the sin of the woman, and mitigates our horror by the suggestion of another motive. To this end, too, the recollection of the immolation of Iphigenia rankling in the breast of the mother, conduces, and is with judgment given a prominent place in the drama before us. Thus, we remember the faults of Agamemnon while we witness the crime of Clytemnestra, and we feel that vengeance and retribution have their share in working out the unalterable decrees of destiny. This last sentiment, ever the great religious lesson inculcated by the Greeks, is most appropriately enforced by the English copyist—

CLY.—“Not I, but Fate, hath dealt the blow.”

And again—

CLYTEMNESTRA.

“We are but as the instrument of heaven.
Our work is not design, but destiny.
A God directs the lightning to its fall;
It smites and slays, and passes other-where,
Pure in its self, as when, in light, it left
The bosom of Olympus, to its end.
In this cold heart the wrong of all the
past
Lies buried. I avenged, and I forgive.
Honour him yet. He is a king, tho’
fallen.”

We have incidentally quoted enough from this tragedy to show that the writer is one of no mean powers. He is a poet and a scholar; and we do not think we say too much when we assert that we doubt any English poet could make more of his subject. If he has not been perfectly successful, the fault lies less with him than with his theme. To write a tragedy of ancient Greece, as a poet of Greece would have written it about the seventieth Olympiad, is, we think, next to an impossibility; and were it possible, the achievement would be rather a wonder of scholarship than a thing to live amongst us. The genius of the modern drama is distinguished from, we might almost say contrasts with, that of the ancient, in this, that the latter is statuesque, while the former is picturesque. Hence it is that a modern is sure to fail in the reproduction of the antique. And this is the

failure of the poet before us. With all his classical purity, with all his poetic diction and true feeling, with all his beauty of thought and vigour of portraiture, he has given us, not the Greek statue, severe and white, but that which modern innovators introduced as antique—a painted statue. Some of the finest passages in this drama are thus coloured far too highly, even for the style of Euripides, and their very richness and warmth betray their modern origin. Here, for instance, is a chorus, whose poetic beauty is unquestionable, but it is not Greek either in spirit or expression:—

CHORUS.

“These flowers—we plucked them
At morning, and took them
From bright bees that suck’d them
And warm winds that shook them
’Neath blue hills that o’er-look them.”

After all, it may be said that we are affected by a prejudice in favour of the antique, in bringing a modern work to the test of such a standard, and that we should rather judge a drama such as this, just as we would had the Greek tragedies never been written. We do not think so. We believe there is a thorough and entire fitness to be found in the antique, of thought and expression, of imagery and feeling, that is inseparable from the age, the country, and the religion of ancient Greece, and a departure from them will be always more or less anachronistic.

We pass with unalloyed satisfaction to the other poems of this volume. The first is thoroughly modern—a poem of that class in thought and structure that is essentially of to-day. It is unmistakably of the Tennyson school, but the scholar has nothing but the *maniere* of the master; he has the skill in working-in all the beautiful things in nature into his piece, in disposing artistically his lights and shadows, in giving the rich glows, the tender touches, the deep repose that make Tennyson’s pictures so lovely; but he takes nothing from him farther. The figures are all his own, their groupings, their attitudes; and the poem, “Good Night in the Porch,” is one which Tennyson might not blush to have written. Can anything be more exquisite or more true to nature than the following opening stanzas:—

- "A little longer in the light, love, let me be. The air is warm.
I hear the cuckoo's last good-night float from the copse below the Farm.
A little longer, Sister sweet—your hand in mine—on this old seat.
- "In yon red gable, which the rose creeps round and o'er, your casement shines
Against the yellow west, o'er those forlorn and solitary pines.
The long, long day is nearly done. How silent all the place is grown!
- "The stagnant levels, one and all, are burning in the distant marsh—
Hark! 'twas the bittern's parting call. The frogs are out: with murmurs harsh
The low reeds vibrate. See! the sun catches the long pools one by one.
- "A moment, and those orange flats will turn dead gray or lurid white.
Look up! o'erhead the winnowing bats are come and gone, eluding sight.
The little worms are out. The snails begin to move down shining trails,
- "With slow pink cones, and soft wet horns. The garden-bowers are dim with dew.
With sparkling drops the white-rose thorns are twinkling, where the sun slips thro'
Those reefs of coral buds hung free below the purple Judas-tree.
- "From the warm upland comes a gust made fragrant with the brown hay there.
The meek cows, with their white horns thrust above the hedge, stand still and stare.
The steaming horses from the wains droop o'er the tank their plaited manes.
- "And o'er yon hill-side brown and barren (where you and I as children play'd;
Starting the rabbit to his warren), I hear the sandy, shrill cascade
Leap down upon the vale, and spill his heart out round the muffled mill."

"The Earl's Return" is full of pictures such as this; indeed our author's power in the descriptive appears to be inexhaustible. He is like Dickens, an accurate observer of nature, and with the true instinct of genius, seizes upon everything that conduces to poetic effect. Here is something that conveys just such a picture of desolation as Dickens gives in "Bleak House"—

"The water-rat, as he skulk'd in the moat,
Set all the slumbrous lilies afloat,
And sent a sharp quick pulse along
The stagnant light, that heaved and swung
The leaves together. Suddenly
At times a shooting star would spin
Shell-like out of heaven, and tumble in,
And burst o'er a city of stars; but she,
As he dash'd on the back of the zodiac,
And quiver'd and glow'd down arc and
node,
And split sparkling into infinity,
Thought that some angel, in his reveries
Thinking of earth, as he pensively
Lean'd over the star-grated balcony
In his palace among the Pleiades,
And grieved for the sorrow he saw in the
land,
Had dropp'd a white lily from his loose
hand."

The resemblance to Tennyson in the foregoing is, perhaps, too strong.

The genius of our author is, however, not confined to descriptive writing. Some of the pieces of this volume have much nerve and vigour, and there is a

strong every-day world-experience, and large-minded philosophy about them, expressed, too, in manly, vigorous verse, that reminds one of Longfellow. Of this class "The Artist" is one. It is a fine, bold piece of continuous reasoning, written in a spirit of manful hope and right teaching, which we would gladly quote throughout, and fear to weaken by a detached specimen, yet we will venture:—

- "Lean not on one mind constantly:
Lest, where one stood before, two fall.
Something God hath to say to thee
Worth hearing from the lips of all.
- "All things are thine estate: yet must
Thou first display the title-deeds,
And sue the world. Be strong: and trust
High instincts more than all the creeds.
- "The world of Thought is pack'd so tight,
If thou stand up another tumbles:
Heed it not, tho' thou have to fight
With giants: whoso follows stumbles.
- "Assert thyself: and by-and-by
The world will come and lean on thee.
But seek not praise of men: thereby
Shall false shows cheat thee. Boldly be.

.

- "The scaffolding of other souls:
It was not meant for thee to mount;
Tho' it may serve thee. Separate wholes
Make up the sum of God's account.

.

"We go to Nature, not as lords,
But servants: and she treats us thus:
Speaks to us with indifferent words,
And from a distance looks at us.

"Let us go boldly, as we ought,
And say to her 'We are a part
Of that supreme original Thought
Which did conceive thee what thou art:

" 'We will not have this lofty look:
Thou shalt fall down, and recognise
Thy kings: we will write in thy book,
Command thee with our eyes.'

"She hath usurpt us. She should be
Our model: but we have become
Her miniature-painters. So when we
Entreat her softly she is dumb."

There is another piece, the last in the volume, which is also of this philosophical cast, but even higher to our thinking; we allude to the "*Judicium Paridis*," in which he discourses of the three great passions which occupy the life of a man of a refined mind; first, the Beautiful, whom in boyhood he seeks everywhere, by sea and shore, and among lonely mountains:—

—"In all shapes of wood,
Or brass, or marble; or in colours clad;
And sensuous lines, to make my spirit
glad.
And she shall change her dress with every
mood.

"Then, that no single sense of her be want-
ing,
Music; and all voluptuous combinations
Of sound, with their melodious palpi-
tations
To charm the ear, the cells of fancy haunt-
ing.

"And in her courts my life shall be outroll'd
As one unfurls some gorgeous tapestry,
Wrought o'er with old Olympian he-
raldry,
All purple-woven stiff with blazing gold."

The writer goes in review through all the objects that are sensuously beautiful in nature, and the descriptions are extremely good, teeming with animation and feeling, rich and picturesque. These, however, are not sufficient to satisfy him; he is thereby no richer than the merest hind that toils all day. Then he seeks after knowledge:—

"In which mood I endured for many years,
Valuing all things for their further uses:
And seeking knowledge at all open sluices:
Though oft the stream turn'd brackish with
my tears."

The knowledge which he seeks is gathered from books, till at length he awakes from his dream—

"Into the real world of life and death."

Some fine and forcible, but we think rather morbidly sensitive, reflections follow. The last stanzas we give, as being full of truth, as well as of fine expression:—

"If two Eternities, at strife for us,
Around each human soul wage silent
war,
Dare we disdain ourselves, tho' fall'n
we are,
With Hell and Heaven looking on us thus?

"Whom God hath loved, whom Devils dare
not scorn,
Despise not thou—the meanest human
creature.
Climb, if thou canst, the heights of thine
own nature,
And look toward Paradise where each was
born.

"So I spread sackcloth on my former pride:
And sat down, clothed and cover'd up
with shame:
And cried to God to take away my blame
Among my brethren: and to these I cried

"To come between my crime and my de-
spair,
That they might help my heart up,
when God sent
Upon my soul its proper punishment,
Lest that should be too great for me to
bear.

"And so I made my choice: and learn'd
to live
Again, and worship, as my spirit yearn'd:
So much had been admir'd—so much
been learn'd—
So much been given me—O, how much
to give!"

And this is his final choice, to *give* even as he has received—

"To give is better than to know or see."

Such is the experience of his life, and thus he sums up:—

"For who gives, giving, doth win back his
gift:
And knowledge by division grows to
more:
Who hides the Master's talent shall
die poor,
And starve at last of his own thankless
thrift.

"I did this for another: and, behold!
My work hath blood in it; but thine
hath none:
Done for thyself, it dies in being done:
To what thou buyest thou thyself art sold.

"Give thyself utterly away. Be lost.
Choose some one, something: not
thyself, thine own:
Thou canst not perish: but, thrice
greater grown—
Thy gain the greatest where thy loss was
most.

"Thou in another shalt thyself new-find.
The single globule, lost in the wide sea,
Becomes an ocean. Each identity
Is greatest in the greatness of its kind.

"Who serves for gain, a slave, by thankless
pelf
Is paid: who gives himself is priceless,
free.
I give myself, a man, to God: lo, He
Renders me back a saint unto myself."

We count these last verses, which we have just quoted, to be of a very high order; they evidence power of language, as well as vigour of thought. Rising with his theme, the poet rejects the affluence of words and imagery, in which he has described his wanderings through the realms of Beauty and of Knowledge, and gives expression to a high truth, simple and holy, as it is eternal, in words befitting his theme, simple, strong, and unadorned. Every line has the force and terseness of an epigram, every sentiment the point and condensation of an adage. Had he given us nothing but this piece, we would have admitted his right to no humble place as a poet. It is not inferior to the "Excelsior," or "Ladder of St. Augustine" of Longfellow, in vigour or moral teaching, while it exhibits a richness and variety not to be found in either. It is, perhaps, more like what noble old George Herbert would have written, especially the latter part, though not quite so quaintly formal.

Amongst the many debts which we owe to Alfred Tennyson, perhaps not the least is this, that he has been the first of late times to open up the treasures of those delectable old French romances, the caskets wherein are enshrined all the glory and beauty of the ancient chivalry of Europe. One never opens a volume of "The Historie of Kynge Arthure," and dips into its pages, that he does not feel, as it

were, the very odour of poetry exhaling from them—all that is noble and elevating in knightly honour, and faith, and devotion—all that is tender and beautiful in the love of fair women and the courtesies of gallant men—all that strong, simple dignity of word and action, that so finely contrasts with the airs of the modern *petit maitre*—all the refined, yet formal demeanour of courtly breeding, which accorded so well with the steed-clad and plumed warriors, the ermine-robed and brocaded dames, at once stiff yet polished, cumbrous, yet gracefully dignified. All these rise up before the mind, and one sees again Launcelot and Galahault, Arthur and his Queen Guenevere, and all the knights and dames at tourney or banquet, in Surluse, or at Camelot. The laureate was not slow in discovering the singular suitability of these romantic chronicles, for the purposes of the poet. Who has ever read the "Morte d'Arthure" without feeling this, and acknowledging the fascination which holds him spell-bound as he reads? Others have followed the example thus set with various success, and amongst them let us mention, with honour, the name of Matthew Arnold; and last of all, the writer whose book we are now reviewing, tries his powers upon a passage of old English romantic chivalry. "The parting of Launcelot and Guenevere" is an episode in the loves of the Knight and Queen, which, in point of execution, as well as of conception, will bear comparison with the best things of the kind that have appeared in English verse. It has all the beauty and formality of the antique; all the polish and glow with which the modern artist has invested the ancient romance; and the whole scene is described with equal delicacy and tenderness. The poem, which is between three hundred and four hundred lines in length, will not very well bear to be broken by partial quotation. We shall briefly describe the subject of this "fragment," with an occasional passage from the poem.

The King is at Carlyel, and purposes to solemnise our Lady's Day with a joust of arms, in Camelot. Thither came all the chiefs of Christendom:—

"The King of Northgalies;
Anguise, the King of Ireland; the Haut
Prince,
Sir Galahault; the King o' the Hundred
Knights;

The Kings of Scotland and of Britany;
And many more renowned knights whereof
The names are glorious. Also all the earls,
And all the dukes, and all the mighty men
And famous heroes of the Table Round,
From far Northumberland to where the wave
Rides rough on Devon from the outer main.
So that there was not seen for seven years,
Since when, at Whitsuntide, Sir Galahad
Departed out of Carlyel from the court,
So fair a fellowship of goodly knights."

The King desires that his Queen
shall accompany him, but she is still
sick, and refuses, whereupon Arthur
is grieved, and in wrath breaks up his
court, and rides—

"To Astolat on this side Camelot."

And so, when he was ridden out—

"With all his fellowship,"

The Queen arises, and calls to her
Sir Launcelot, who had tarried behind.
Then she thus appeals to the knight:—

"Not for the memory of that love whereof
No more than memory lives, but, sir, for that
Which even when love is ended, yet endures
Making immortal life with deathless deeds,
Honour—true knighthood's golden spurs, the
crown

And priceless diadem of peerless Queens—
I make appeal to you, that hear perchance
The last appeal which I shall ever make.
So weigh my words not lightly! for I feel
The fluttering fires of life grow faint and cold
About my heart. And oft, indeed, to me
Lying whole hours awake in the dead nights
The end seems near, as tho' the darkness knew
The angel waiting there to call my soul
Perchance before the house awakes; and oft
When faint, and all at once, from far away,
The mournful midnight bells begin to sound
Across the river, all the days that were
(Brief, evil days!) return upon my heart,
And, where the sweetness seem'd, I see the
sin.

For, waking lone, long hours before the dawn,
Beyond the borders of the dark I seem
To see the twilight of another world,
That grows and grows and glimmers on my
gaze.

And oft, when late, before the languorous
moon

Thro' yonder windows to the West goes down
Among the pines, deep peace upon me falls,
Deep peace like death, so that I think I know
The blessed Mary and the righteous saints
Stand at the throne, and intercede for me.
Wherefore these things are thus I cannot tell.
But now I pray you of your fealty,
And by all knightly faith which may be left,
Arise and get you hence, and join the King."

This is, indeed, well conceived.
What dignity is there even in her re-

morse: what tenderness in her sorrow;
what humility in her haughtiness;
what gentleness in her repulse. One
must be slow of fancy, or cold of heart,
who cannot see before him all that
these lines so picturesquely suggest.
The picture is, however, drawn for us
with a skilful pencil:—

"About her, all unheeded, her long hair
Loos'd its warm, yellow, waving loveliness,
And o'er her bare and shining shoulder cold
Fell floating free. Upon one full white arm,
To which the amorous purple coverlet
Clung dimpling close, her drooping state was
propt.

There, half in shadow of her soft gold curls,
She lean'd, and like a rose enricht with dew,
Whose heart is heavy with the clinging bee,
Bow'd down toward him all her glowing face,
While in the light of her large angry eyes
Uprose, and rose, a slow imperious sorrow,
And o'er the shine of still, unquivering tears
Swam on to him."

Then follows a fine description of
the war of feeling in the heart of the
knight—anger, pride, honour, love, and
all the memory of the past—as he stands
with averted face, and speechless lips,
amid the silence of the place—

"And the long day-light dying down the floors."

At length he breaks the silence,
and speaks words of reproach, and
somewhat of a scornful upbraiding,
as he reminds her (in a passage of
great beauty) of all he had done to
exalt her fame, by his knightly achieve-
ments. The memory of all this brings a
tender sadness over the spirit of the
knight, that subdues his haughty
mood; the while Guenevere muses—

"But held her heart's proud pain superbly still."

The change of feeling is introduced
and aided by an incident that shows
the skill of the writer:—

"Near the carven casement hung the bird,
With hood and jess, that oft had led them
forth,

These lovers, thro' the heart of rippling woods
At morning, in the old and pleasant time.
And o'er the broider'd canopies of state
Blazed Uther's dragons, curious, wrought
with gems.

Then to his mind that dear and distant dawn
Came back, when first, a boy at Arthur's
court,

He paused abasht before the youthful Queen.
And, feeling now her long imploring gaze
Holding him in its sorrow, when he mark'd
How changed her state, and all unlike to her,

The most renown'd beauty of the time,
 And pearl of chivalry, for whom himself
 All on a summer's day broke, long of yore,
 A hundred lances in the field, he sprang
 And caught her hand, and, falling to one
 knee,
 Arch'd all his haughty neck to a quick kiss.
 And there was silence. Silently the West
 Grew red and redder, and the day declined."

The struggles in the heart of the unhappy Queen are finely described:—

"As o'er the hungering heart of some deep
 sea,
 That swells against the planets and the moon
 With sad continual strife and vain unrest,
 In silence rise and roll the labouring clouds
 That bind the thunder, o'er the heaving
 heart
 Of Guenevere all sorrows fraught with love.
 All stormy sorrows, in that silence pass'd.
 And like a star in that tumultuous night
 Love wax'd and waned, and came and went,
 changed hue,
 And was and was not: till the cloud came
 down,
 And all her soul dissolved in showers: and
 love
 Rose thro' the broken storm."

There is in this something that reminds us of Dante. Yet, the difference of treatment of a somewhat similar incident, by the great Florentine master, is world-wide—the same sentiments and emotions are introduced by each; but what one tells simply, and by a word, the other amplifies in the description by a figure. A different issue is, however, suggested. Launcelot obeys the injunction of Guenevere; he goes and joins the King, and the episode closes with a charming evening picture, that throws a tinting of quiet and redeeming holiness over the scene of passion:—

"Before the Virgin Mother on her knees.
 There, in a halo of the silver shrine,
 That touch'd and turn'd to starlight her slow
 tears,
 Below the feet of the pale-pictur'd saint
 She lay, pour'd out in prayer.

"Meanwhile, without,
 A sighing rain from a low fringe of cloud
 Whisper'd among the melancholy hills.
 The night's dark limits widen'd: far above
 The crystal sky lay open: and the star

Of eve, his rosy circlet trembling clear,
 Grew large and bright, and in the silver
 moats,
 Between the accumulated terraces,
 Tangled a trail of fire: and all was still."

We shall not enter further into the consideration of the poems in this volume. There are some two or three others, as "The Wife's Tragedy," and "A Soul's Loss," which are very good, and some few of which we can say no more than that they are such as half-a-dozen smaller people, whom we could name, could write any day of the year. They are on the staple love-themes, and thrown in, apparently, by way of filling stuff to suit, we suppose, the publisher's requirements, and make up a respectable-sized volume, and make the mass of buyers satisfied with their penn'orth. From what we have already said, and the quotations we have made in this article, it is scarcely necessary that we should formally announce our own estimate of Owen Meredith as a poet. We think he has, beyond any doubt, established his claim; and, we believe, he will yet take a high rank. He has all the elements necessary for success—a quick fancy, and good, imaginative power, combined with the more solid gifts of intellect, the faculties of reflection and reasoning. He has, too, a large measure of what all true poets have—a perception and love of all beauty, natural and moral; to these are added a singularly happy and vivid ability for description, and a fine warmth of feeling; nor are the mechanism of his art wanting in rich, felicitous language, at times, too, very vigorous. Whoever be the author of this volume, he has no reason to be ashamed of what he has written. As we said before, we suspect he has concealed his real name. Into his motives for so doing, if our conjecture be correct, we have no wish, as we have no right, to pry; but of this we feel convinced, that whenever the time shall come, he may avow his paternity without a blush. We now bid him farewell, we hope but for a season, and we commend his volume most heartily to the notice of all who love real poetry.

BALLADS FROM THE GERMAN.

THE OAK-HARVEST.

FROM THE GERMAN OF KARL SIMROCK.

THE monks of Dümwald were a knowing crew ;
They searched (not in vain) old writings through,
And read in their parchments, time-embrowned,
Of many a fertile pasture ground.

A deed to the Squire of Schlebusch they showed
(The Latin was of the good monkish mode),
In which were a hundred acres named
That out of his lands the convent claimed.

It seemed to the good plain squire too bad
That what he from his forefathers had,
And tilled for many a long year past,
Should go to these greedy monks at last.

The prior commenced a suit straightway,
The advocates scarce knew what to say ;
And so often the judge adjourned the hearing,
That the case was prolonged beyond all bearing.

The squire to lose patience at last began,
While the monks were threat'ning with curse and ban,
And stirring hell's coals (from the pulpit) too ;
"I'll be even," thought he, "with this knavish crew !"

He said, "I wish peace, so there is my hand ;
You shall have (though not yours by right) the land ;
Yet let me, as one who unvanquished yields,
Take one last crop off those luckless fields."

The monks with chuckle and smirk agreed ;
The lawyers with care drew up a deed ;
Each party confirmed that deed by oath—
Then home well satisfied hastened both.

Time past, from Christmas to Whitsuntide,
When the monks in procession went far and wide,
With cross and banner the fields around,
That heaven might bless the well-tilled ground.

They came to the land so long debated,
Which the squire for the last time cultivated ;
About did the monks right curiously stare,
To find what it was he had planted there.

"Young leaves of bright green in tufts appear,
What is it that Autumn will ripen here ?
'Tis not oats, nor wheat—shame, ruin, and hoax !—
We are sold—he has planted the land with OAKS !

Our teeth will not ache when they're fit for mowing ;
We find too late that the squire was so knowing ;
What boots it now of the trick to complain ?
The deed speaks a language far too plain."

Up grew in its vigour the grove of oak,
And oft the squire's gun in its silence broke ;
Some trunks he barked for the tanner's use,
And drank as medicine brown oak-juice.

The trees, as time still onward passed,
Towered over the convent wall at last,
And looked on the graves where for many a day
Both prior and monks in their last sleep lay.

Still higher arose that forest dark,
And when age had cloven the rough oak-bark,
The leaves that the autumn sheds, were thrown
On the convent ruins, a heap o'ergrown.

THE FIRE-BELL OF COLOGNE.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF J. SEIDL.

"COLOGNE'S Cathedral Bell, through lapse of time, has lost its tone ;
The new one who shall cast ? He were well paid by fame alone !"
Before the Council comes a man of aspect wild and stern,
'Tis the bell-founder, Wolff ; and he that rich reward will earn.

He is allured by thinking how the consecrated Bell,
As though it spake with Time's own lips, of passing life shall tell ;
And, like a rich inheritance among his children shared,
Shall swing in his remembrance, and in his praise be heard.

At once to where the foundry stands with eager haste he goes,
Right soon the molten bell-metal within the furnace glows ;
And Wolff the earthen mould has pierced, with fear as ye may deem,
And, IN THE NAME OF GOD, lets in the boiling metal-stream.

Now all stand by and wait, as till the Bell be cool they must,
That he from top to rim may scale away the earthen crust.
He grasps the hammer, with strong arm he swings it high in air,
The mould is broken—but, O Heav'n ! a fatal flaw is there.

A second casting, IN THE NAME OF GOD, does Wolff begin ;
To fill the mould a second metal-torrent rushes in ;
He leaves the work to cool, his arm the hammer swings amain,
He breaks the earthen shell—O Heav'n ! a flaw is there again.

"Since, in the name of God," he cries, "so ill the work has sped,
This time I try THE DEVIL'S NAME !" The people shrink in dread ;
But he no warning voice will hear ; he melts, he stirs—once more
Within its clay-burnt robe is hid the red and boiling ore.

It cools—he sways the hammer till the earthen crust gives way ;
 Lo ! in its perfect beauty shines the Bell to the bright day.
 Nor crack nor flaw—the fairest child of Fire it seems indeed :
 He stares in wonder—to the town they bear it off with speed.

A thousand hands have laboured, they have raised it to the tow'r—
 “Now, Wolff,” the people cry, “be thou the first to prove its pow'r !”
 High in the tow'r he waits, and when the Bell is hung, he takes
 The rope in hand, it swings, it sounds—but at the sound he quakes !

So hollow is that Bell's loud note—so deep and wild its thrill—
 And though he moves it not again, it roars and rumbles still !
 The people cross themselves and fly ; but that dread tolling brings
 The fire of madness to *his* brain, and from the tow'r he springs.

They let the Bell remain, and there in gloom it still abides,
 To teach how weak his stay who in the Evil One confides ;
 Yet, as the offspring of a Curse, wrought by the art of Hell,
 Its tongue is silent, save of Storm, Revolt, or Fire to tell.

THE MONK OF HEISTERBACH.

FROM THE GERMAN OF WOLFGANG MULLER.

A YOUTHFUL monk of Heisterbach, in thought,
 Once strayed beyond the convent-garden's bound ;
 Much on eternity he mused, and sought
 The truth that in God's Holy Word is found.

He read what on St. Peter's page appears—
 “With God a thousand years are as one day,
 With Him one day is as a thousand years”—
 To fathom this in vain did he essay.

His path still deeper through the forest wound ;
 While musing, nought or saw or heard he there,
 Until the vesper-bell, with hallowed sound,
 Told forth its distant call to evening prayer.

He hastened back as swiftly as he might,
 The gate was opened by a stranger's hand ;
 He started, but the lamps within were bright,
 And loud the voices of the holy band.

And so he entered, sought his well-known place,
 But, lo ! a stranger monk was seated there ;
 He looked around for some familiar face,
 But strangers' glances met him everywhere.

They, too, gazed wond'ring at the astonished man,
 His name and what he sought they fain would hear ;
 He answered, through the choir the murmur ran,
 “None these three hundred years was called so here.

"The last to whom the brethren gave that name
 A sceptic was: he perished in the wood,
 And since that time no monk has borne the same."
 He heard the tale, and shuddered as he stood.

He gave the date, and named the abbot too,
 They searched the convent-book—that record cleared
 The matter, and in him the monk they knew,
 Who for three centuries had disappeared.

He sank beneath the shock; to silver gray
 His dark hair changed, and death came on apace;
 And thus he spake the while he dying lay—
 "God is not limited by time or space.

"What His Word leaves in mystery, nought clears
 Save miracle. Bear this in mind alway,
 ONE DAY WITH HIM IS AS A THOUSAND YEARS,
 A THOUSAND YEARS WITH HIM IS AS ONE DAY!"

EDUCATIONAL REFORM.

Of all the questions which agitate the public mind, we believe none is destined to take a more prominent place, and that at no distant day, than the question of Educational Reform. The vastness of the subject, the interests involved in it, and the difficulties connected with it, while on the one hand they might well deter us from rashly meddling with it, yet, on the other hand, they call imperiously and pressing upon us not to shrink from the discussion of the subject. We have, like most inquirers, thought over this subject of education, and talked over it, too, and fancy we have gained some information; and so we are determined to let the public have the benefit, as we consider it, of our information and reflections on this subject. As, however, we dislike writing *apropos* to nothing, we shall relieve the dulness of our remarks by introducing to the notice of our readers one of the books* most recently published, in accordance with the ideas of the reformers of school education for the middle classes.

The experiments in education, of

late years, have been principally confined to the public education of the children of the poorer classes of our citizens, or, as we term them, when affectionately disposed, the *masses*. This, we presume, is in accordance with the ancient maxim — "*Experimentum fiat in corpore vili*." We have been more anxious for the education of the children of the poor than of our own class; and in Ireland, at least, have fought more earnestly for the right of the poor man's child to read the Bible, or not to read it, than, perhaps, under like circumstances, we should have done for our own flesh and blood. The Government, as usual in this country, has interfered in the question, and, as usual, increased the difficulties by meddling. It is not long since the foundation-stone of an institution for training masters for the education of the English poor was laid, with no small stir and flourishing of the penny-trumpets of the daily press: the trowel was wielded by a personage no less distinguished by the peculiar military rank which he holds, than by the enlighten-

* "Reading Lessons. First Book." Edited by Edward Hughes, Head Master of the Royal Naval Lower School, Greenwich Hospital. London: Longman, Brown, Green, and Longmans. 1855.

ed views of education which he is supposed to possess. The public money was voted, was spent; the usual nominations and appointments were made on the usual grounds; and yet such was the want of intelligence, according to some, or prudent foresight, according to others, of the great parties of the English Church, both high and low, and broad and narrow, that they rejected the proffered boon, and preferred their own system of educating the children of the poor to that kindly forced upon them by the Government at Kneller Hall.

The education of the Irish poor is a subject upon which we have so often expressed our opinion, that it is unnecessary now to disturb the sufficiently-troubled waters. The interference of the Irish Government is known to all our readers. Their indignation at the rebellion of the Irish clergy; their revengeful system of Church patronage founded thereon, together with its natural fruits, have been sketched in these pages by able hands; and we only allude to the subject at present, to illustrate the difficulties of this branch of the subject of educational reform.

It is not our intention to enter upon this wide department of our subject; and we believe that this abnegation on our part will cause no inconvenience to our readers, who are already in possession, or might easily become so, of all the facts connected with a question which has occupied so much of the public attention.

Our aim, on the present occasion, is rather to direct our readers' attention to a branch of the subject of education, much less understood, and much more intimately affecting their interests—we mean the education of the middle classes. As the wealthier classes of the community can afford to pay for the blessing of religious education for their children, and as there are schools and colleges to suit every shade of religious belief amongst us, it has followed, as a natural consequence, that the subject of religion is not the subject around which the controversies respecting middle-class education have clustered; and the attention of reformers has been, in this instance, directed more exclusively to the literary side of the question. We obtain one advantage from this circumstance—that the controversy has

been divested of extraneous subjects of discussion, and turned more directly upon the systems of education themselves.

It cannot be denied, however, that these systems of education have been more or less connected with religious controversies, and that the parties into which our Church is unhappily divided, have each advocated systems of education, supposed to be suited to develop a tone of feeling and mode of thought in the young, in unison with the religious training to which they are respectively subjected. Notwithstanding this natural connexion, the secular and religious aspect of educational systems admits of being considered separately, and it is to the former exclusively that we would now direct our attention.

In the rapid sketch which we are about to give of the more prominent of our educational systems, we shall be forced to confine our attention almost exclusively to England, where the subject of education is more attended to, and the experiments on it tried on a scale vastly exceeding the feebler efforts of our own country.

First on our list we find the grammar and cathedral schools and colleges of England, some endowed with princely fortunes, and recognised as the nurseries of our most brilliant statesmen and most distinguished scholars; and others, almost unknown, labouring in solitude and poverty, neglected, mismanaged, and almost forgotten, excepting in the tenacious memory of some reforming member of the House of Commons, who may propose annually the appointment of a Commission of Inquiry into the management of the public schools. It is but rarely, however, that he can obtain a hearing for his grievance amid the complicated and interminable discussions which illustrate the wisdom of our parliamentary representatives, and are supposed to conduce to the good government of the country. Supposing our reformer, however, to be at length successful, and to attain his object—his Commission is appointed, consisting of, say, one archbishop, with a bag wig; one ditto of Whig principles; one lord of similar principles and mechanical tastes; an astronomer; two lawyers, and a paid secretary—this Commission sits upon the school grievance, which is not likely to be much benefited by the operation. It inquires—is resisted

by the cathedral deans and dons; is invited by them to dine, but steadily refused all access to their coffers and books. At length the Commission reports and buries the results of its labours in the usual blue book, which is paid for by the House of Commons, and forgotten; but the conscience of the reforming member is relieved, and he turns to the contemplation of other grievances, and the appointment of other Commissions of Inquiry.

It was our fortune once to visit an old cathedral town, of crooked streets and narrow lanes, where, however, the country so struggled for pre-eminence with the town, that you could not decide to which it should belong. Its massive cathedral, with lofty octagonal lantern, and beautiful western porch; its bishop's palace and dean's residence, and college, marked it as a town; but there was not a Gothic window in its narrow streets which was not overgrown with ivy, and from each corner of its crooked lanes the green trees and yellow harvest-fields could be seen terminating the view; a clean and comfortable hostel, adorned with a creaking signboard, representing either a golden lamb or a silver bell (we forget which), received the weary stranger, whose comfort was not disturbed by grinning waiters or sulky Boots. On market-days this inn was frequented by all that was portly and comfortable of the surrounding farmers, who, after dinner, seated behind long clay pipes, discussed gravely the prices of their neighbours' farms, the prospects of sinking for clay beneath the peat, or the all-important question of drainage. Let us suppose our peripatetic Commission to arrive at such a place, to inquire into the working of the cathedral schools, and having established themselves in the best rooms of the inn, to sally forth in search of their object—every person they meet can tell them where the National School is, or the British, according as the dean happens to be High or Low Church; but the Cathedral School appears to be unknown. The farmers could tell them the latest price of superphosphate, but do not appear to understand the georgics of the mind. At length, a little boy is met, with a square cap on his head, and a Latin grammar in his hand, who shows them the way to the college, which consists of a few rooms,

situated over a moss-grown Gothic gateway, nestling under the shadow of the cathedral; the access to this college consisting of a toilsome ascent of a spiral stone staircase, in a dark and narrow turret. From the slender slits, through which the sunbeams creep, not unimpeded by green ivy leaves, into the turret, alternate glimpses are obtained of the sturdy oaks and broad fields, and of the Gothic pinnacles and stained windows of the old cathedral. Inside the college there is a hum of many boys, who look, and are, happy, notwithstanding the unpromising symptom, that each holds before him a Latin grammar, which book, alternately with the English Bible, forms the mental pabulum of the schoolboys of our cathedral town.

Our Commissioners are shocked and pleased. The *savant* is horrified at the absence of chemistry, geology, and botany, and naturally asks, what is the use of so much Latin in an agricultural district? The lawyers complain that the schoolboys are trained up in total ignorance of their country's laws, and of the glorious constitution under which the little sinners have the happiness to live. The bishops, however, shake their heads, and express their satisfaction that the Bible is so constantly and carefully taught, and incline to the opinion, that the Latin grammar as naturally accompanies a scriptural education as roast-beef does plum-pludding.

From the quiet repose of the old cathedral town, let us pass to the hum and turmoil of busy London, whose public schools are endowed and nurtured on a scale suited to the magnitude of the mighty Babylon. Hidden in the city in narrow lanes, where almost every building is a wealthy warehouse, they reckon their scholars by hundreds, although many of their nearest neighbours seem almost unconscious of their existence; they boast of generations of scholars, honoured and rewarded for their learning at Oxford and Cambridge, and pride themselves on being still able to turn out the best Latin versemakers in England; in some, the number of the scholars is determined by the mystic number of the fishes taken by the seven disciples in the sea of Tiberias; in others, by the good-will and pleasure of the turtle-loving city alder-

men. Do our readers wish an education for their sons, holding out the prospects of success at college and in life, difficult to obtain, coveted by many? Let them seek for a nomination in these princely schools. If successful, they will have the inexpressible gratification of seeing their darling hope figuring in a hideous costume, oppressed with heat in summer, and chilled with cold in winter; his thin and shivering legs coated with yellow stockings, and inserted into shoes resembling butter-boats, the size of which is to be determined by the keeper of the wardrobe, not by the dimensions of the urchin's foot, but by the date of his baptismal registry; and should the unhappy boy have overgrown his lawful age, his feet are pinched in purgatorial shoes; or should he not have attained the normal stature of Saxon boys, he is fitted with appendages to his feet which would almost enable him to float, like a water-spider, on the mud of Cheap-side. Costume, however, like other externals, is nothing; or it may be a matter for difference of opinion; and to the aldermanic eye, a pair of yellow stockings may appear as proper for a schoolboy as to the Celtic peasant the purple shirt of his venerated prelate.

Your boy, good reader, is placed at school; your eye has grown used to the deformities of his dress; and you console yourself with the hope that the clothing of his mind will not bear any resemblance to the oddity of his dress. You never were more mistaken, for his dress is the exact counterpart of his education; your son will return home to you skilled in making verses, but perhaps unable to assist you in making up your accounts; learned in the wars of Greece and Rome, but ignorant of the history of his own country; and it may even happen that almost the only useful knowledge he possesses he has acquired by stealth, and out of the routine of school. If his taste lay not in the study of dead and weary languages, he was set down as slow of comprehension, and left to perish in his ignorance; he could not, and did not become a Grecian, and he must, therefore, die a boor.

We could mention cases by the score in which a capacity for mathematical or physical research existed of no mean order, and was subsequently developed, in those who had been mea-

sured by the puny standards of classical pedants and found wanting. And yet this system has its advocates; and one of its most gifted defenders, now at rest, has declared that he would rather his child should believe that the sun went round the earth, than devote his life to the pursuit of physical science.

The hours of such ignorant assertions are numbered, and we believe the assertors will soon become as rare as Tories who believe in the divine right of kings, or Whigs who do not love a job; pending, however, the dissolution of the classical system of education, we must expect to see many a fierce and furious contest amongst its expectant heirs. We have almost as many systems as teachers in our private schools; and even in the public schools, conducted on a scientific basis, there is far from unanimity as to the foundations on which they should be laid. In many cases science is narrowed to the elements of mathematics, and in others, the natural and physical sciences are taught in a manner too often recalling to mind the experiments and prodigies of the vendors of quack medicine.

In one of the hottest, smokiest, and blackest of the towns in the north of England we arrived, some years ago, late at night, and were driven to the nearest and, as it happened, the best hotel. Swallowing a hasty supper, we retired to bed, but not to rest; the flickering glare of the neighbouring furnaces gleamed into our windows; the whiz of countless wheels in motion crept up the walls and ran along the ceiling and the floor; and the steady blows of heavy hammers, wielded by swarthy smiths, fell with wearisome regularity on our ears. When we slept, we dreamed of the hotel on fire; when we wakened, it was to undergo our former pangs. At last the wished-for morning dawned, and we heard with pleasure the first and only natural sound which met our ears in this Cyclops' forge; it came from the throat of a Spanish cock, who was evidently, like ourselves, not at home in a manufacturing town; the long, black feather which alone remained of his once proud tail, drooped down, and at intervals the drops of rain which trickled from his back fell from his only feather upon the wet flags; his comb was dragged and torn at the base; his

breast was bare of feathers; and he looked the picture of a broken-hearted bird. He crowed with joy at the appearance of the dawn, as if astonished that any cause should give him pleasure in that dreary town. He had crowed occasionally and feebly during the night, but it must have been at the opening of the furnace doors, which he had not yet learned to distinguish from the rising sun.

We had resolved, in our haste, to leave by the first train, and bid farewell to the smoke and din, but were encouraged, by the joyous crow of our Spanish friend, to seek before we left whether we, too, might not find some cause for pleasure amid the noise of wheels.

We sought and found the public school, a noble institution, blackened with engine-smoke outside, but full of life and activity within. The boys were paler than our friends in the cathedral turret, whose rosy cheeks gave proof that the country air could counteract the Latin grammar; but if paler, they looked more thoughtful and older. Among their books we found the Bible not displaced, nor yet the Latin grammar, although shorn of its peculiar honours; a library, laboratory, and drawing school were attached to the building, where literature, chemistry, and art might be studied, under skilled instructors. And if the students were not competent to write Latin verses as readily as a grammar scholar, they possessed the seeds of knowledge, excellent and various, adapted for use in daily life, and no less valuable in their acquisition, as training for the mind, than the vaunted languages of Greece and Rome.

We could not help believing that the neighbouring engines, with their countless wheels and endless noise, were associated as naturally with the scientific education, given within hearing of their hum and roar, as the cloistered cathedrals were connected with the modest grammar schools, and the endless Latin tasks of the school-boys educated beneath their shadow.

The Cathedral Grammar Schools are the symbol of the past; the Manufacturing Schools are the hope of the future. So at least the reformers say. We suspend our judgment.

There are in the United Kingdom at least one thousand schools, more or less endowed, and affording education

to upwards of 66,000 scholars; and upwards of 1,500 private schools of the higher class, giving education to at least 50,000 of the sons of our better classes. The variety of educational systems in so great a number of schools, public and private, is, of course, considerable: in the greater number of them the classical element prevails, and still holds its ground against all comers. It would be unjust, however, not to admit, that in many of these schools mathematical science forms an important, although subordinate, part of school instruction; but the schools in which instruction in natural and physical science is considered an essential part of education, are as yet very limited in number, from the operation of causes not difficult to assign. Of these causes we believe the most powerful are, the want of text-books, and the want of teachers. There is no lack of desire to learn physical science, both on the part of teachers and scholars, but the want of accurate and scientific text-books, and of teachers competent to instruct in these branches, is keenly felt. We therefore hail with pleasure the attempt made by Mr. Edward Hughes, head-master of the Royal Naval Lower School, at Greenwich Hospital, to supply the first of these deficiencies. Mr. Hughes proposes, in a series of "Reading Lessons" on a variety of scientific and literary subjects, to direct the school-boy's taste, and form his mind for the profitable study and perusal of scientific works of a less elementary character.

The idea is a good one, but depends essentially for its success upon two conditions: first, that the scientific knowledge conveyed in each article shall, although elementary, be strictly accurate, and such as need not be again unlearned; and secondly, that there shall be in each school where the "Reading Lessons" are used, a teacher competent to assist the youthful learner in all the branches of knowledge comprised within the course of reading.

The latter condition is not within Mr. Hughes's power, and if we mistake not, he will find it the greatest obstacle to his success. As to the manner in which Mr. Hughes proposes to deal with the first difficulty which we have mentioned, we must allow him to give his own explanation:—

"The Editor refers with pleasure and satisfaction to the list of distinguished men whose assistance and encouragement he has received in the preparation of this series. Their support gives him a confidence which he could not feel in himself; and it speaks well for the intellectual progress of the future, that men of such ability think it not beneath them to popularise for the young those sciences of which they are themselves successful cultivators, and, in many instances, the acknowledged leaders.

Mr. Hughes himself is already well known to the public as a successful writer on educational subjects. His excellent "*Outlines of Physical Geography*" needs no commendation from us, to make it better known to those engaged in the arduous and responsible work of education. One of the chief features of the movement for educational reform, to which we have endeavoured to direct our readers' attention, is an increasing desire which exists everywhere, to introduce more of natural and physical science into our schools. To this movement we heartily wish success, and we congratulate Mr. Hughes on the competent manner in which, on the whole, his task has been executed; but there are certain difficulties in his way, of the existence of which he is no doubt aware, but which we cannot consider he has altogether overcome. We shall endeavour to illustrate our meaning by a few examples taken from his book.

There exists at present an anxious, and, we think, a reasonable desire to appoint a Commission to examine adulterations of food. Would it not be well, following out this idea, to institute a kindred Commission, whose duty it should be to investigate adulterations of knowledge. Is it more culpable to put copper in our pickles, or blue vitriol in our bread, than to supply the minds of the rising generation with wrong ideas, or inaccurate conceptions of scientific truths? We therefore hail with pleasure the appearance of Mr. Hughes's Reading Books. In his good intentions, in his thorough experience as a teacher, we have, at least to some extent, a guarantee that no deleterious element is to be found in the food he offers. His object is, no doubt, a good one; and how well or how ill he may have accomplished it cannot be told until the series be completed. His "*Reading Lessons*," comprising, as they do, so great a va-

riety of subjects, may be compared with a cyclopædia; and who does not know the difficulties and dangers of such an undertaking. No man, be his learning or information ever so extensive, is competent to write on every branch of knowledge; he must call in the aid of others; and, although he may preface each man's performance with his name, the responsibility of the work, as a whole, must devolve upon himself. His task resembles that of an engineer engaged in some ponderous construction; every rod and beam, every bolt, nut, and screw, must be looked to with an experienced and suspicious eye; no part of his work can be considered good until it be thoroughly tested and examined; his production is, in fact, a striking instance of the maxim that nothing is stronger than its weakest part. He proposes, in his Preface, "to make each book of the series a complete *platform* of knowledge upon which the mind may, as it were, rest and take a general view, before ascending to a higher stage." What becomes of our platform, if it have a faulty plank, or rotten beam, just at the point where the weight most needs support? In this consists, in our judgment, one of the chief dangers incidental to his task, and through which we heartily desire to see him safe.

Of Mr. Hughes's own contribution on *Physical Geography*, which we hold to be a subject peculiarly adapted for instruction, we can speak with unmixed satisfaction. His explanations are clear, concise, and accurate, and well suited to interest the youthful student. The article by Mr. Edward Purcell, on *Machinery and Prime Movers*, is excellent, and will command the attention of intelligent boys, who will derive much assistance in its perusal from the woodcuts with which it is illustrated. The other contributions of this writer may, perhaps, be considered by some critics as somewhat too metaphysical. Mr. Robert Patterson's *Lessons on Natural History* will, we believe, form one of the most attractive portions of the series, notwithstanding a somewhat apocryphal story related of a chacma baboon, who, by the way, was an old friend of ours.

Where so many excellent articles are found it is difficult to select for approval; but it would be unjust not to record our opinion of the peculiar

excellence of that on Natural Philosophy, by Professor Tyndal, who has treated his difficult subject with uncommon skill and with a rare felicity of illustration. We regret that we cannot speak of the Lessons on Mineralogy and Geology in similar terms of praise, although contributed by a gentleman holding, we understand, the responsible position of a Government lecturer on Geological Science in Dublin. If we be not greatly mistaken, he has misunderstood altogether the nature and requirements of his task, and supposed that as he wrote for boys, accuracy was not needed. We are at a loss to understand how a person occupying his high position could possibly fall into mistakes of the character of those which unfortunately abound in his contribution to Mr. Hughes's stock of knowledge. In the second page of his first Lesson, the inquirer after knowledge is informed that iodine, bromine and fluorine, are "always found in the state of gas or æriform fluid." We had thought there was not a druggist's porter in this city who did not know that iodine was solid, and bromine liquid. We are at a loss to know from what quarter our Government lecturer derived his information. Had he turned to any book on chemistry, he would have found iodine described as "a soft, friable, opaque *solid*, of a blueish-black colour, and metallic lustre;" and bromine, as "a *liquid*, the colour of which is blackish-red," and that "it is three times heavier than water." As to fluorine, we know not what it is, except from the obscure guesses of Baudrimont, or the unpublished and unproved discoveries of an Irish chemist. It is needless for us to point out the bad effects of such an inexplicable blunder upon the mind of learners; it either educates and leaves them in error, or the discovery of the error teaches them the dangerous lesson to distrust their teachers, and destroys the mutual confidence which should subsist between the teachers and the taught.

We have searched, but in vain, for some explanation which would serve to remove this statement from the category of ignorant assertions; and regret

to add that it is only a fair sample of the inaccuracies with which the article abounds. If we add one or two instances, it is not from a desire to draw unnecessary attention to a serious defect in Mr. Hughes's book; but to prove the fairness of our criticism, and, at the same time, to show how slight a guarantee of general scientific knowledge the possession of a professional chair, appointed to by Government nomination, may become.

The learner is informed, in the course of the second lesson, that "potash and soda both occur native," an assertion which is contrary to fact, and also inconceivable. Chloride of sodium is described as muriate of soda, and fluoride of calcium as fluorate of lime; the metals, occurring as metallic ores, are said to be commonly combined with carbonic, sulphuric, and nitric acids; the fact being, that they are sometimes combined with carbonic, rarely with sulphuric, and never with nitric acid; the various modifications of crystalline form are stated to be derivable from cleavage, a statement which every sciolist in crystallography knows to be erroneous.

We turn, however, and with pleasure, from the disagreeable duty of finding fault, to the more pleasing task of examining the literary portions of Mr. Hughes's Lessons.

In the department of Scientific Biography there are notices of the lives of some eminent men. The selection is somewhat arbitrary, though some of them, such as Magalhaens and Ferguson, find with propriety a place in connexion with the subjects of Physical Geography, Mechanics, and Astronomy. We should have wished to have included in this volume the lives of some of those whose names are associated with Natural History and Natural Philosophy, both treated in its pages—Cuvier and Newton, for instance. This, however, we mention incidentally: what has been done is done well, though somewhat too briefly. Yet the biographies have all the merit of bringing simply and prominently forward the distinctive features and the leading facts in each character. Biography, like all history, suffers from over-

* It would be unjust to omit that, some years since, a candidate for a chair of philosophy in an Irish institution, during his canvass, exhibited, to the admiration of his supporters, a phial, supposed to contain the long-sought fluorine in an insulated state.

abridgement. There is always a risk of conveying either a false or an inadequate idea of the subject. Though every fact stated be true, the omission of some others may render the whole an untruth—the portrait is false in which every feature that is painted is correct, but an eye omitted; the sketch which is done in black or in profile is true so far as it goes, but is inadequate to convey to the mind of the beholder what manner of man he whom it represents may be in temper and disposition. There is nothing of the former fault in the biographies in the volume before us, though of necessity there is somewhat of the latter. This, however, is inevitable, and we very willingly accept the outlines as sufficient for the purpose for which they were designed.

There are two papers upon the Fine Arts, both in relation to Painting; the former is contributed by Mr. Wornum. It contains some excellent observations on art-criticism. The following, for instance:—

“To view, then, a picture with the utmost advantage to the painter and to ourselves, we must first divest the mind of all prejudice and predilection; then endeavour to master the subject, and, if possible, realise it in our minds, which it is only difficult to do when a picture is decidedly mannered and false: we may then allow incidents in detail to tell their own story; satisfaction will soon grow into approval, pleasure and instruction will be evolved; and admiration for the art and artist will be the natural result.”—p. 379.

The styles and schools of painting are briefly noticed, with sufficient of illustration to make them generally comprehensible. The following criticism is, in our judgment, very sound:—

“As an illustration of the application of these principles of observation to a picture, let us assume an inspection of the ‘Last Supper,’ by Leonardo Da Vinci, in the refectory of the convent of Santa Maria delle Grazie at Milan, not in its present decayed state, but in its original perfect condition at the close of the fifteenth century. The subject of the picture is not thirteen men at supper, but the sentiment supplied in the words of the Lord, ‘One of you will betray me,’ and the sudden effect of such an extraordinary announcement on the minds of the Apostles. We are therefore to look for the representation of expression and the illustration of varieties of character; by such method the subject will be easily and powerfully realised, and the greatness of this celebrated work at once intelligible; but if, on the other

hand, we look for illusion or good objective imitation, an illustration of Jewish customs, or the ordinary incidents of a meal, we shall be disappointed with this great work, though justly creating an era in art. In all these minor respects this celebrated picture would bear no comparison with even very ordinary productions of modern times: all objects introduced, and the whole arrangement of the figures are accessory to the one great aim of expression. This picture illustrates, to a certain extent, the subjective treatment, and had the subordinate elements been made more prominent, means would be mistaken for ends, and its higher qualities would have wholly escaped those observers, whose minds, by experience or otherwise, had never been disciplined into the proper methods of looking at a picture. All the processes here indicated must be the habit of a good observer.”—pp. 381, 382.

The second paper on this subject is by Mr. Mitchell. It is written more in the fervid spirit of a lover of the art than in the didactic tone of a teacher. We do not like it the worse for this, nor perhaps will the pupils for whom it is intended. If the Fine Arts have legitimately a place in a publication such as this, of which we are not quite sure, they may be treated in a freer style than exact sciences or pure history. At the same time, as the rules of taste and canons of criticism are less easily ascertained and more questionable, he who takes upon him to expound them deals with a task that requires both caution and judgment, as well as learning. These are just the subjects that we should be most fearful of meddling with, lest the pupil may acquire and recognise false standards of art-criticism—a thing to be especially avoided. To reject an exploded theory in science is easy: when the true one is presented, its truth becomes apparent, and commands adoption. To unlearn a false notion upon matters of taste is infinitely more difficult, for the faculty of judging is often itself warped and prejudiced. The effect on the mind is somewhat similar to what occurs to the eye. When it has been for some time looking at one colour, and then suddenly turn away, it views new objects not in their true light, but affected by the objects of its previous contemplation.

To one paper, consisting of four lessons, we can accord our hearty commendation—we refer to that upon English Literature, contributed by Mr.

Craik, than whom we know few more competent to deal with the subject. His remarks upon the true nature of the literature of a language appear to us to be true, as well in the manner of elucidation, as somewhat original :—

“The Literature of a people is a thing of the same kind with their music, their painting, their sculpture, and their architecture. All are alike products of that peculiar kind of working which is specially denominated the artistic, and of which the different modes of manifestation are distinguished by the name of the Fine Arts. Now the constituent element, or what we may call the soul, of every production of the fine arts is its form or shape. Of course, form is also a quality of such productions as are purely useful and mechanical ; but in these it is either of no importance whatever, or of consequence only for the sake of something else which it involves, or to which it is essential or subservient. In itself it is nothing. In an artistic production, on the contrary, the form is either the principal thing, or it is all in all ; it is valued for itself ; and it produces its effect by its own direct and immediate action upon the mind or the senses. Form here, and here only, addresses itself to a particular part of our constitution, our sense of the Beautiful, which has been given to us for its appreciation ; and through that capacity it affects us, not after any process of calculation or inference, but at once with admiration and delight.

“What is to be regarded as the literature of a language, then, is only so much of all that has been written in it as has more or less of this character. It follows that nothing which admits either of being perfectly translated, or of being otherwise transformed or recast without injury, can be held to make any part of the national literature. All books of mere information are in that predicament. In them the particular form is nothing in itself, but is valued by us only, if at all, for certain conveniences which it may bring along with it. Only let us retain these results, the same lucidity of exposition, and the same commodious arrangement for consultation or reference, with some other form, and it makes no difference to us. We have lost nothing. Works of this description, therefore, are not of the nature of eternal and unchangeable monuments, but are rather to be accounted as belonging to the class of those articles of various kinds which must be continually produced for constant use and consumption. They may be compared to the ordinary dwelling-houses of a country, in the construction of which convenience is the first thing or the one thing that is regarded, and which, having been designed for only a temporary purpose, are altered and renewed, or swept away altogether, without hesitation or regret, on any change of circumstances or even of

fashion ; the national architecture does not consist in these, but in those structures of an essentially ornamental character, many of them being purely ornamental, which are created to last, if possible, for ever, and which no one ever dreams of improving or in any way remodelling. So a national literature consists, not in works, which however serviceable for the moment, are, from their nature, liable, with the advance of knowledge, to be superseded, and to have their places supplied with advantage by others, but in such as are not to be thus either supplanted or mended.”—pp. 393-5.

This inquiry forms the subject of the first lesson, while the subsequent ones are devoted to a chronological history of the progress of our literature, from the time that it first emerged from the Anglo-Saxon down to the present day. In the progress of this sketch, Mr. Craik necessarily discusses, very briefly and generally, it is true, the styles and genius of the great literary men which from time to time have appeared to form or advance the literature of England. With his criticism upon these we may say that we are well satisfied. If they do not convey a full and entire estimate, they are just, so far as they go. With the writer's observations upon the prose of Bishop Jeremy Taylor and Edmund Burke, and the high places he assigns them in our literature, we heartily concur. If there be anything which is left us to desire in these Lessons, it is that the writer had accompanied his observations by short extracts from the various authors. This would have had the double advantage of illustrating both the style and comparative merits of the writers, and the progress of the language itself. The concluding paragraph we quote with great pleasure :—

“Nor in any survey of what English literature has now become ought the authorship of our brethren of the same blood and the same speech on the other shore of the Atlantic to be forgotten. Their Irvings, and Emersons, their Prescotts, and Bancrofts, their Coopers and Hawthornes, their Poes and Longfellows, are ours as well as theirs. The literature to which a work of genius belongs, and of which it makes part, is that of the language in which it is written. The part of the world in which it may have been composed, or the country in which the writer may have been born, is immaterial. Their common tongue, the result of their common descent, must ever keep the English and the Americans essentially one people. Such bonds,—‘lighter than air, but stronger

than iron,' as Burke has finely described them—no revolution, no political separation, can destroy. Nor need it be apprehended that the English language will gradually change and become corrupted in America; the probability rather is that it will speedily work off whatever of provincial peculiarity it may have acquired, and be written with more and more purity, till little or nothing shall remain, in the style or idiom at least of any writer of the first class, to indicate whether he is an American or an Englishman."—pp. 417, 418.

Before dismissing this volume, we cannot avoid expressing our regret at the manner in which the Etymological and Explanatory Index has been executed. It was in the first place, we think, a mistake to postpone such information to the end of the volume, instead of giving the portion appertaining to each subject in its proper place as foot-notes. Had this been done, the result would have been that in each case the person most competent would have given the explanation. Now, however, it turns out that the whole has been committed to a single person, whose knowledge seems not only very far short of universal, but is absolutely, if we are to judge from this sample, somewhat below the usual average of an educated man. Thus we are told, in the way of etymological information, that humanity is derived from homo; luxuriance from lux; operation from *Opera*! a work. And in scientific knowledge we learn that another name for alumina is *argil*, or argillaceous earth, and that charcoal is half-burned wood, while a very luminous and definite idea of the meaning of tragedy is conveyed to the tyro, but telling him that

it is derived "from two Greek words, signifying a goat and a song, and is a species of drama in which the diction is elevated, and the catastrophe miserable." A learner would not unnaturally associate the etymology with the description, and suppose that the goat represented the elevation, and the song the misery.

We regret that the second volume did not reach us in time for as full a consideration as the subjects treated of in it would require. These are, for the most part, the same as in the former book, and in the same order; and the lessons are, with a few exceptions, continued by the same writers. Mr. Warrington Smith, however, has taken up the subject of Geology, in relation to Mining; and the Fine Arts are treated of by Mr. Digby Wyatt and Mr. Owen Jones—both well-known names connected with the decorative arrangements of the Crystal Palace. There is one omission which we notice with satisfaction—we mean that of "The Etymological and Explanatory Appendix." In its place we should recommend Mr. Hughes to substitute a general index of the subjects treated of, which, for the purpose of ready reference, would be of great value. We again congratulate Mr. Hughes upon the appearance of these Reading-lessons, and rejoice to find the first volume is in the course of a new and, we hope, an *improved* edition. Upon the whole, the work is a valuable accession to school literature, not the less welcome to us, that its originator and compiler is an Irishman by birth and education.

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THE PROGRESS OF RUSSIA.

THE annals of the world successively demonstrate the impossibility of perfect equality, or of complete personal independence, in communities of human beings. The unrestrained will of the savage of the forest can exist only in his solitude; but the eternal discord of human passions forbids the irresponsibility of conduct and action in the intercourse of man with man, because humanity, industry, probity, and wisdom, are so unequally distributed among mortals.

And so it must ever be, until the dawn of that day when the sun shall smile upon a world regenerated by a universal knowledge and love of the Creator, and man be again deemed worthy of the once glorious privilege of Israel, to have God himself for his immediate ruler.

The unanimous invitation which called the warlike Ruric to assume the sovereignty of the turbulent and ill-assorted Union formed by the adventurous founders of Novgorod the Great with sundry tribes of the aborigines, alone quelled the internal dissensions and anarchy which had left it a prey to its external enemies. The infant state quickly experienced the benefit of its voluntary submission, in the security produced by combined exertion, and prosperity and power soon marked its progress, under the firm and provident rule of the first Velikie Kniaes.

While the Novgorodians were passing through vicissitudes which resulted in the birth of an Empire, the Slavonians, who had been left by them on the banks of the Borysthenes, were

oppressed by the hostilities of the Khazares, a fierce and powerful people, originally from the Caucasian isthmus, but whose vast territories,* at this period, included the Crimean peninsula, together with what is now the South of Russia, extending to Moldavia and Wallachia. They levied tribute along this wide frontier, and at last carried their depredations to the walls of Kief.

The fame of the success and rising importance of their brethren on the Volkoff, since they had established themselves under the protecting sway of Ruric, having reached the harassed Kievians, they immediately despatched an embassy to Novgorod to solicit a Prince of the same race for themselves, under whose auspices they might hope for the like good fortune; and Ruric accepting the proposal as readily as before, his stepson, Oskold, was deputed to reign over them.

This Prince, on his arrival at Kief, formed a defensive alliance with the Uzes (or Kumanians, as they are termed by Herodotus), by which means the Khazares were totally defeated, and even ultimately driven by the Uzes from the Tauric peninsula.

Oskold having thus delivered the suppliant city by the overthrow of its enemies, speedily indicated the commencement of that system which was to distinguish the policy of Russia through succeeding ages; and annexing Kief to the Northern Union, made it dependent on, while it long prospered under, the iron sceptre of Ruric.

But the memory of a benefactor

* Tooke, i., p. 349.

rarely outlives the season of adversity ; and after the deaths of the first Grand Prince and his viceroy, Kief disdained to acknowledge the superiority of a state which she contemptuously termed an offshoot of her own. She soon found, however, how tenacious was the hold of that hand destined in after times to compress her securely in its grasp, and which proved thus early how eager it was to seize, and how firmly it could retain.

Oleg, the guardian of Igor, the successor of Ruric, on the first symptoms of revolt, resolutely asserted that the submission to Oskold had constituted Kief an inseparable portion of *Russian* territory, and, without hesitation, transferred thither the residence of the Velikie Kniazes. Yet though Kief thus became the seat of government, this first resting-place of the Dacian Slavi was ever considered by the Novgorodians, or, as they were soon styled, "Great Russians," as no more than the first addition to their dominions ; wherefore, notwithstanding its subsequent long separation from the growing Empire, during its subjection to the Crown of Poland, it has ever retained, with the surrounding districts of Tchernigof, Sivirsk, Kursk, Orel, and Tambof, the appellation of "Little Russia."

It would be taking into our hands too much of the province of the chronologist, without interesting the reader, if we were to trace minutely the reigns of the Grand Princes immediately succeeding Igor. They adhered, however, to the policy of their great founder ; the district between Novgorod and Kief was speedily incorporated, and Russian territory continued to expand on the self-same principle of the voluntary submission of isolated states, and then the certain and gradual subjugation and consolidation of those that intervened. Livonia and Esthonia were thus annexed ; and so rapid was the increase, that Russian commerce had already reached the Euxine, when the sceptre of the Velikie Kniazes fell to Vladimir the Great, A.D. 976.

An era was about to dawn under the sway of this Prince, that was to overturn the bloody temple of Upsal, and the thrones of Odin and Thor—that was to change the Deity from a sanguinary monster into a beneficent and all-pervading Spirit, and to raise his dwelling from the dismal recesses

of the forest to a world of everlasting light and glory beyond the skies.

The wisdom and energy of Vladimir found a wide field in which to display themselves ; he immediately perceived the necessity of endeavouring to enlighten his barbarous subjects, and prudently resolved to be himself the great example and means of reformation, as he alone had sagacity to perceive the great need of improvement.

An alliance with a princess of some royal house, whose subjects were conspicuous for arts and refinement, seemed to him the most powerful means of importing civilisation into the rude North. It would, indeed, have been no difficult task for him to have made a selection, among the nations of Europe, of one whose manners would have been an immeasurable advance on those of his own people ; but his ambition, or perhaps his judgment, turned his aspirations towards the famous city of Constantine.

Another irruption of the Huns would have less surprised Basilius Porphyrogenitus, who, at this period, held the dwindled sceptre of the East, than did the offer of the Northern barbarian. But the Church had now become a preponderating influence in the State, and Photius the Patriarch, perceiving, at a glance, the great advantage he might derive, by proper stipulation, for such a condescension, laboured to soothe the pride of the Emperor, and to turn his ideas into a new train.

The contest for episcopal jurisdiction and dignity was now raging fiercely between the Chair of St. Peter and the Throne of the Patriarch, and the imagination of Photius dwelt, not only on the glory of the conversion of a pagan population, but on the spiritual superiority over a country of unknown extent, and the incalculable weight it might throw into the balance, in his keen and bitter rivalry with the Bishop of Rome.

Vladimir, ignorant of this subtle policy, and impatient for his object, immediately adopted means which he deemed the most effectual for combating the prejudices of the Greek monarch. The victory of Ptolemy had wrested Taurica Chersonesus from the sway of Mithridates, and placed it under Roman rule ; and it continued so, though harassed by invaders in every age, until Adrian reduced the limits of his empire, keeping

the city of Chersonesus alone within the pale of his dominions on the northern side. The interior of the peninsula was thenceforth governed, under a republican form, by "pretevous," or magistrates, who bore the popular titles of "fathers of their country," and were the chiefs of the Senate during peace, and of the army in time of war.

But in the middle of the ninth century, A.D. 840, the Emperor Theophilus again constituted the peninsula into a Roman province, when its republican form of government ceased; and its interests and its fears causing it to submit easily to the yoke, St. Cyril was sent to convert the inhabitants.

This vulnerable point seemed to invite the stern courtship of the Russian monarch; and he determined to second his addresses for the hand of a royal bride by invading the dominions of her house. He entered the peninsula at the head of a great army, speedily overran it, and laid siege to the ancient capital of Heracleotic Chersonesus, at its southern extremity.

The account of this inroad inducing Basilus to agree quickly in the views of the Patriarch, he at once despatched ambassadors to the invader, with the richest presents, and an offer of alliance. Terms were reciprocally proposed and accepted. Vladimir was to withdraw his army, renounce the warlike gods of the North, and, being received into the Greek Church, to be then deemed worthy of a Christian wife.

The Grand Prince immediately prepared to perform his contract; but finding that Basilus, after the imminent danger was passed, was unexpectedly tardy about the other part of the engagement, he resolved to do justice to himself; and returning in haste, again besieged the city, vowing that his baptism should take place within its walls.* He stormed it after a memorable and protracted resistance from the Chersonites, and Russian arms triumphed on that famous promontory on which, after the revolution of nearly nine centuries, the swoops of the Northern eagle were to be arrested by the champions of Free-

dom — when the rampartless and secluded port of Ctenos, which sheltered the frail vessels of the victorious Grand Prince, should be surmounted by the frowning batteries of Sebastopol, the refuge of the disgraced fleet of the overweening Czar — when peaceful Cymbalo, the haven of the industrious Genoese, should become the Balaklava of trampling squadrons and bristling battalions, and when the successor of Vladimir might contrast the capture of Theodori with the bloody reverse of Inkermann.

The success of the conqueror was followed by the immediate acceptance of the suitor, and the Emperor hastened to fulfil his neglected agreement. Vladimir redeemed his vow by being publicly baptised in the captured city, together with his twelve sons, and took the name of "Basilus;" when Anne, the sister of the proud successor of the Cæsars (with the assurance of meriting heaven by the sacrifice), gave her reluctant hand to the barbarian, who magnanimously signalled his nuptials by restoring the Heracleotic peninsula to the sceptre of "his brother of the East."

Little was it imagined that a future autocrat of the North should establish his stronghold on that very Chersonesus, and from thence cast greedy eyes on the city of the Bosphorus.

At the suggestion of the Emperor Michael, Cyrus was constituted the first metropolitan of the North; and after the glory of convincing and baptising twenty thousand of the docile subjects of Vladimir on the same day, he consecrated the year 987 by the formal reception of Russia within the pale of the Greek Church. Nor must it be supposed that the Grand Prince obtained such an advantage without considerable personal concessions. The adoption of a sublime belief might not, indeed, have been either difficult or repugnant to his mind; but the extensive alterations in his domestic arrangements must have excited some feelings of commiseration, for his eight hundred wives were summarily dismissed, to make room for the Greek princess.

Scholars and artisans were now eagerly encouraged from Constantinople to Kief; and though their efforts to

* Reuilly, p. 47.

diffuse learning and inculcate industry could have been but partially successful during the reign of the first patron of the spiritual and scientific enlightenment of Russia, it must be felt that the epithet of *great* has been justly applied to Vladimir, not as a conqueror and destroyer, but as a benefactor of mankind; for he did more to evoke the energies, arouse the emulation, and dispel the ignorance of his people, than a thousand victors. Nor is he less entitled to that of *saint*, by which succeeding ages have distinguished him, for he was the first to perceive that the absurdities of paganism were insuperable obstacles to the progress of Russia.

What, therefore, his ambition suggested, his wisdom confirmed; and as he listened to and dwelt upon the precepts of the Grecian philosopher, he found that they accorded with humanity, justice, and morality; and contrasting them with the cruelties, the falsehood, and the impurities of idolatry, he was himself the first example to his subjects of temperance, chastity, and rectitude; and died A.D. 1015, having seen with satisfaction the dark clouds of heathenism, which so long overshadowed the North, burst asunder by the dawn of Christianity.

We will not travel through a weary wilderness, which added nothing to the social or territorial progress of Russia, and marked only by the bloody contentions consequent on the impolitic division of his vast dominions by Vladimir the Great, between his twelve sons, continuing until Jarislaus overpowered the rest, and at last brought them under his superior authority. This prince, however, repeated the pernicious policy, of which he might have experienced the evil, by again subdividing between his five sons; and though in both cases the injunction had been left that allegiance should be rendered to the elder branch, those princes asserted their independence as they were able, and were oftener in rebellion against, than subservient to, the Grand Prince.

Those struggles, and this extension and confusion of princes, reduced the Russian state to a deplorably weak and disjointed condition, until Yury (George) I. ascended the throne of Kief, who, though vigorously asserting his precedence, obtained little more than a nominal supremacy during his

life. His reign, however, comes within the design of our paper, he having first, A.D. 1147, raised the walls of Moscow and its Kremlin, which, after braving the storms of six centuries and a-half, echoed to the tramp of Napoleon's veteran heroes.

The semblance of universal authority, which Yury had painfully kept up, disappeared at his demise; and the princes of Vladimir on the Kliasma, Vladimir on the Bogue, and Galitsch on the Dneister, immediately endeavoured to emancipate themselves from the thrall of the Velikie Knies.

Audrey Yuryevitch finding his power thus resisted on every side, adopted the expedient which had formerly so well succeeded with Oleg, and suddenly transferred his residence from the banks of the Borysthenes to Vladimir on the Kliasma, the capital of the most powerful of the insubordinate principalities. But this resolution was not attended with the fortunate results of the first experiment, and Audrey found, to his surprise, that instead of consolidating one, he had created three grand principalities.

Novgorod had never conceded her pretensions to be the head of the Russian state, and nourished an inextinguishable jealousy towards Kief, since the days of Igor; but becoming indignant that Vladimir should be elevated into the residence of the Velikie Knies, she immediately elected a Grand Prince of her own to the chief authority. Kief would not acknowledge the control of her own peculiar prince for his desertion, and Audrey was at last made aware, that he was possessed only of the principality which he had chosen as the seat of his government.

Thus, the vast state which had taken four centuries of laborious care and dexterous policy to cement, was broken up into three absolutely independent grand powers, and a great check was given to the progress of Russia, A.D. 1157.

But we pause at this gloomy period, for the trampling of the Mongole-Tartarian cavalry shakes the East, as the innumerable hosts of the Khan of Kaptshak spread from the Volga to the Borysthenes. Those were a portion of the multitudes of Mongoles and Tartars which had been united under the banner of the famous Ghinghis, and which fell like an overwhelming

avalanche upon eastern Europe, A.D. 1237.

The early history of the Mongoles is veiled in obscurity; but, in the commencement of the thirteenth century, they were divided into several hordes, each governed by its peculiar Khan.

Temudschin, the son of Yessukai, one of those petty potentates, was only thirteen years of age when he succeeded to the sovereignty of forty thousand families, or *kabithies*, and even at this early period his restless mind conceived the notion of that formidable career which was afterwards so terribly fulfilled. As he increased in years, his wisdom, fortitude, and valour took advantage of the unceasing quarrels of his cotemporary khans; and gradually becoming the most powerful prince in Mongolia, he called in the aid of superstition for the furtherance of his ambitious designs.

At a grand council, held at the source of the Onon, or Amoor, A.D. 1206, a *Kodsha*, or sage, who was reputed amongst the people as a prophet, entered, and publicly announcing to him the dominion of the world, enjoined him, as a special direction from the deity, henceforth to assume the appellation of "Ghinghis Khan."

Having made himself absolute in Mongolia, in three years he had subdued the great Kirghises, and several hordes to the north of Bucharia, and thus was commenced that amalgamation of the Tartars which has often confounded them with their Mongolian conquerors.

Sweeping the north-western boundaries of China, he overran the nations as far as the Oxus, and adding Persia to his dominions, in the mere spirit of conquest, he despatched an army to the north of the Caspian, which penetrated into Kaptshak, causing the inhabitants to fly to the protection of the Grand Prince of Kief. A combined army, under a number of Russian princes, united by the common danger, together with the Kaptshakian fugitives (called in the Russian year-books *Polovtzes*) met the fierce invaders at the Kalka, A.D. 1223.

But the star of the Mongole was still in the ascendant; six princes of Russia were among the slain, and about a tenth of their army, which survived the contest, was chased by the victors to the banks of the Borysthenes. The Mongoles, however, did

not, at this time, cross the river, but returned by the conquered Kaptshak, to meet the great Ghinghis in Bucharia, who had led back another army from a destructive invasion of China.

The thirst of conquest being as yet unslaked, Ghinghis formed the stupendous idea of encompassing India and southern China, and bringing half the world under his sceptre; but his army, like that of the Grecian hero, absolutely refused to penetrate a continent that seemed illimitably expanding before their weary march; and chagrined and mortified by this unexpected obstruction to his glory, he hastily returned to Mongolia, where his mission, permitted for reasons beyond human conception, suddenly terminated, and that indomitable spirit was summoned, A.D. 1227, from a world, the limits of which were too narrow for his insatiable ambition.

By a settlement made in his lifetime, his empire, or rather his portion of the world, was inherited by his three sons, and his nephew Baaty, or Batu, who received Kaptshak, or the countries north of the Caspian, as far as the Volga, and to include all the conquests thenceforth to be made on the European side. A confident and imperious injunction, which Batu was soon to prove himself so fearfully suited to fulfil, when, according to the will of Ghinghis, he traced in blood his fatal advent to the doomed West.

He first overwhelmed the Circassians; the hurricane then penetrated the Bashkirey, and soon reaching Casan, the immense district was added to the Kaptshakian empire, and new hordes of Tartars to the hosts of Batu. After sacking Moscow, the conqueror pushed on towards the North, but when within one hundred versts of Novgorod, he was so deterred by the extreme cold, that he turned short for the South, and advancing upon Vladimir, the Grand Prince was glad to be confirmed as a viceroy in his government, on doing humble homage to the khan of Kaptshak.

Kief was forced to surrender after an obstinate resistance of ten weeks, when its Grand Prince, the brave but unfortunate Yury Vselovodovitch, was racked before the eyes of the savage Mongole. The noblest Russian princes offered milk to the dread Batu, and if any drops fell upon the ground while he drank, they were immediately to

soak them up with their lips, a mark of slavery that was ever exacted from them during the Mongole-Tartarian oppression.

The Novgorodians or Great Russians alone, by reason of their distance in the frigid North, escaped the fury of the storm, and even prospered during the calamities of the sister states. They had shaken off the rule of the hereditary Velikie Kniaz since Audrey Yuryevitch had transferred the seat of government from Kief to Vladimir, and under their prince, Alexander "Newsky" (who became famous, and derived his title of distinction from a great victory gained over the Swedes on the banks of the Neva), they had conquered territories still farther north, which included within them the site of the modern capital of Russia. But the birthplace of the Russian name was never subdued by a foreign foe, and remained independent until 1447, when it was finally united to the reinvigorated empire by the perseverance and activity of Ivan Vassiliovitch I. The state of Kief, however, groaned for eighty years under the Mongole-Tartar rule, ere it was seized from them by Gedimin, the valiant prince of Luthuania, in the commotions of 1320. With Lithuania it was incorporated into Poland, and the original seat of Slavian emigrants was totally cut off from Russia for three hundred and thirty-four years, until it voluntarily reunited itself in 1654.

On the reflux of the terrible inundation, Batu left most of the Russian princes as viceroys in their tributary governments, and retiring, fixed the seat of the great Kaptshakian empire in the plain now known as the Astrachan Steppe, being henceforth called "The Tartar Khan," in distinction to the Sovereign of Mongolia.

The consolidation of this great monarchy may, therefore, be dated from 1240, and extended from Casan on the north, to Astrachan and Kaptshak Proper on the Caspian, including the Kuban and Taurica-Chersonese on the south. This was the first entrance of the Tartars into a district with which they became so remarkably associated, and they there founded the ancient city of "Eski-Krym,"* which thenceforth gave a name to the peninsula.

The Academy of Sciences at St. Petersburg possesses two manuscripts of the Tartarian original of Abu'l Gasi Bahatur Khan, Prince of Khorasm, from which Professor Kher made a translation into German about a century ago. The Tartars, or *Tatars*, derive their origin, says the prince-historian, from a horde of Turcomans, which in ancient times spread from the Oxus into the Orenburg territory, where they served for ages as a rampart against eastern inundation, until the overwhelming inroad of the Mongoles swept away all opposition. Herodotus mentions them as "Massegetes," and Strabo calls them "Brothers of the Khorasmes," but their general appellation (according to Abu'l Gasi) was derived from *Tatar*, their most celebrated Khan.

Their extraction seems to be corroborated by their language being still the old Turkish, which is spoken by the Ottomans, with but a slight variation of dialect, and is as different from the Mongolian as their manners and appearance.

From the time of the subjugation of the Kirghises, the first enterprise of Ghinghis, the Tartars, of whom the former people were a portion, only began to acquire notoriety, and from that moment their history ceases to be exclusive, on account of their being distributed under the banners of the Mongoles, and identified with their conquests, which has made some doubt whether they ever were a peculiar people. They formed a great part of the army of Batu; and when Kaptshak, Astrachan, and Casan were overrun, the Tartars of these districts found brethren among the troops of the Mongolian Khan. When Batu fixed the seat of his government on the Astrachan Steppe, the inhabitants of his new empire were Tartars, all but the army of Mongolian warriors who followed him from the East; and those, far from their original country, marrying Tartarian women, their children caught the words of the mothers, rather than the more difficult dialect of the sires, which was entirely forgotten by their descendants.

On the withdrawal of the army of Batu from tributary Russia, Michael Vselovodovitch, the brother of Yury

* Reuilly, p. 52.

(who had for his patriotism been sacrificed to the vindictive fury of his conqueror), endeavoured to rescue his country from thralldom, but his devotion was quickly extinguished in death; and the fatal contentions of his three sons, proving equally destructive to them all, their Tartar rulers placed his grandson, Alexander Alexandrovitch, on the throne of Vladimir, which still continued the mightiest of all the principalities, and the seat of the Velikie Knïes. Alexander was succeeded by his son Daniel, whose era we more particularly notice, he being the first Grand Prince who made Moscow the royal residence, and renouncing the ancient title of Velikie Knïes, assumed that of Grand Duke of Vladimir and Moscow, A. D. 1328.

Ivan Ivanovitch, the grandson of Daniel, endeavoured in vain to make some head against the bondage under which the Russians groaned, but his successor, Demetrius, gained the surname of "Donskoi," from having boldly met the Tartars on the banks of the Don, and gained the first great victory ever obtained over them by the Russians.

The mighty Empire of Kaptshak had subsisted up to this period in unbroken grandeur, governed by an uninterrupted line of the descendants of Batu; but the symptoms of decay in the unwieldy body became but too evident from internal disturbances, created by the increasing number of competitors for the throne upon every vacancy, until the reverse sustained by Mamay, one of the last of the Grand Khans, from their once despised vassal, seemed to foreshadow its approaching dissolution. The success of Donskoi, however, was not attended with immediate beneficial results to Russia; for two years after Moscow was again invested and laid waste, and a Tartarian army revenged the former disgrace by the total annihilation of Demetrius, and two hundred and forty thousand of his followers. Yet this advantage saved not the Kaptshakian empire from the consequences of those evils that must ever cause the disruption of states, and it finally crumbled, A. D. 1441, into the four inferior Khanates of Kaptshak Proper, Casan, Astrachan, and the Krim. The first lost its Khan, in 1506, and three others were gradually absorbed in the progress of Russia.

Basilius, changed by Russian pronunciation into Vassili, revenged the death of his father by a predatory incursion into the northern province of Kaptshak; but after his brief reign, his dominions were thrown into confusion by his having selected his brother Gregory as his heir, to the prejudice of his son Vassili, whose legitimacy he suspected. His subjects rebelled against this unjust decision, and the paramount Khan, once more taking cognizance of those contentions, determined in favour of Vassili. A furious collision ensued between the opposing parties; and Vassili, being expelled by arms, was unable to return to Moscow until the death of Gregory, whose sons, Andrew and Demetrius, immediately seizing and shutting him up in a monastery, cruelly deprived him of his sight. The incensed Russians rose upon the perpetrators of this inhuman act, and driving them from Moscow, seated Vassili Vassilievitch, "the blind," on the throne, A. D., 1426.

Ivan Vassilievitch I., the restorer of his country and the founder of the Russian Empire, was the son of this Grand Duke, and came to the throne indignant in spirit at the narrow bounds which circumscribed his power, while tradition sounded in his ears the once broad and glorious dominion of Vladimir the Great. His influence and his resources were, at this period, far too limited to give him any hope of enlarging his territories by the success of his arms, but he had before him the example of what his sagacious ancestor had achieved by no less efficacious means, and he wisely resolved upon marriage.

With the offer of disinterested friendship and alliance, he obtained the hand of Maria, sister of Michael Duke of Twer, in whose dominions, having established an unsuspected influence, he actively busied himself in undermining the authority of its sovereign. Succeeding beyond his expectations, he seemed suddenly to remember that Michael had inflicted great injuries on his father, Vassili the Blind, which demanded strict reparation. The Duke was summarily deposed, Twer at once annexed to the grand principality of Moscow, and the subtle aggressor congratulated himself on his first important acquisition.

Maria did not long survive the perfidious act of her husband; but Ivan was consoled for his loss by an opportunity for prospective advantage in a second alliance.

Thomas Palæologus, having been driven from Constantinople, had taken shelter at Rome; and the proposal of the Grand Duke of Moscow for his daughter Sophia was eagerly encouraged by the Pope, who liberally portioned the Princess, in the hope of gaining her husband and his dominions from the domination of the Patriarch. Ivan took the bride and the dower; but the Pope had the mortification to find that Sophia, on her arrival in Russia, had no alternative but conforming to the Greek communion, a rule that has been invariably adhered to, on such occasions, to the present day.

Thomas Palæologus being next heir to the throne of the East, the Grand Duke now, doubtless for the first time, turned a wistful eye towards the Bosphorus; but though the marriage with Sophia did not realise any expectations of that kind, it led immediately to the throwing off of the Tartarian yoke.

Sophia's notions of royal dignity were shocked by the servile homage exacted still even by the ambassadors of the Khan of Casan, and she reproached Ivan with her marriage to a slave. Nettled by the taunt, he avoided the usual ceremonial on the next occasion; and Sophia, encouraged by her success, was soon after favoured by a vision, enjoining her to build a church on the very spot where the houses of the ambassadors stood, within the walls of the Kremlin. A message was immediately despatched, informing Ahmet of the interposition of heaven, which was not to be contended with. And his reluctant consent being obtained to the overturning of those particular habitations, no others were erected; while his ministers, who had been resident at Moscow, were obliged to depart.

But the attention of Ahmet was happily engaged in aiding the southern Khans in a sanguinary war with Poland, which prevented his revenging the insult. And Ivan, taking advantage of so favourable a circumstance, collected forces which he had long prepared, and considerably increased, by the addition of Twer, disclaimed all

subjection to the Tartars, marched suddenly into ancient Bulgaria, besieged and took the capital of Casan, and caused himself to be crowned with the very diadem still used in the coronations of the monarchs of Russia.

Emboldened by this important success, he carried his arms into the remoter province of Permia; and receiving its submission, continued his victorious way through the immense region extending to the northern ocean, which thenceforward became the boundary of the Russian dominions, from the Ural Mountains to the shores of Lapland.

This broad tract was inhabited by tribes of Finns, who had gradually spread from their original district of "mountains, morasses, and lakes," situated between the sixtieth and sixty-fifth degrees of latitude, comprising an area of about thirty thousand versts, between the Bothnic and Finnish gulfs.

"The original denomination of this people is uncertain," says Schlætzer, but they were known to Tacitus by the name of *Finni*. In their own language they call themselves "Suoma Lainen," the people who live in morasses; and their native land, "Suomen Sari," the country of the islands; but by the Russians they are usually designated "Maimisti," or the nasty people.

Dispersed over the north, from Sweden to Siberia, no primitive stock is so widely diffused, except the Sclavonians. Yet have the Finns ever existed in the most degraded subjection; and their history, therefore, cannot be exclusive, being wound up in the annals of the Norwegians, Swedes, and Russians, who successively dominated over them.

The Permians were the most remarkable and powerful, though the most remote of all the Finnish tribes. They extended from the Dwina to the great mountains that separate Europe from Asia; and over them the Novgorodians maintained a precarious ascendancy, until their submission to Ivan Vassilievitch I., who gave them a viceroy, fixing the seat of his government at Kholmoger; and flushed with success, turned his arms towards the ancient city of Ruric, the reduction of which he had long contemplated.

Seven years did the Novgorodians hold out against this famous siege;

but the perseverance of Ivan was rewarded by three hundred cartloads of gold and silver, which he removed with the other spoil.

The Great Russians enjoyed now a doubtful independence of two years more, when Ivan again appeared before their city, under pretence of showing his devotion to the Greek Church, he being accused of a partiality to the Romish supremacy. Theophilus the Archbishop was deceived by the artifice, and aided the entry of the Muscovite prince, who rewarded him by instant deposition; and having appointed governors and magistrates of his own, Novgorod was inseparably united to the territories of the Great Duke of Moscow.

Elated with his victories and his riches, Ivan now invaded Lithuania, which, amid the convulsions consequent on the assumption of independence by the principalities after the accession of Audrey Yuryevitch, had shaken off its allegiance, and under Ringold, its elected prince, had enlarged its borders at the expense of its hereditary sovereign. Mendag, the son of Ringold, had profited by the Mongole inundation to usurp Volhynia; and Gedimin, the most renowned of his successors, having wrested Kief from the Tartars, annexed it to Lithuania. Yaghello, his descendant, married the Polish queen, Hedvig, A.D. 1386, and the whole had thus passed, for a long interval, to the crown of Poland.

The Grand Duke overran Volhynia, and entering southern Lithuania, or "Red Russia" (a designation both then and afterwards so applicable to its sanguinary plains), and having taken several of its towns, Alexander, the brother of John Albert, King of Poland (whom the Lithuanians had chosen for their Duke), hoping to appease the victor, solicited the hand of Helena, daughter of Ivan and Sophia. The Duke of Moscow consented to the union, and the Lithuanians were happy in the prospect of tranquillity; but the same policy which had been so successful over the unfortunate Michael of Twer, was reserved by the crafty Russian to be tried against the husband of Helena. Ivan speedily alleged, that the whole of Polish Russia, as far as the Berezina, belonged to his ancestors, and was therefore his by right, and that Alexander had not

only broken his agreement to build a Greek church for his consort at Wilna, but had forced Polish Russians to become Roman Catholics, both of which reasons compelled him to resume the ancient territories of his family, and to regard Alexander in the light of an enemy.

Marching three armies into the dominions of his son-in-law, he immediately took possession of the country about Smolensko and Vitepsk, on both sides of the upper Dnieper, and the entire north of Lithuania, comprising, with Wilna and Grodno, what is known as "White Russia."

The Great Duke now saw around him an immense territory, acquired by unscrupulous exertions during a long reign of fifty-five years, and retained by unwearied energy and activity. Ambition had been gratified and hope more than realised; but the time was rapidly approaching when the hand which had indefatigably raised the pile must yield to the pressure of age and infirmities, and Ivan wept that he was sinking into the grave while he contemplated an empire.

Such an example might moderate the absorbing desires of a bustling world, and would be salutary, if the future of mankind could be influenced by the past.

Gabriel, the son of Ivan and Sophia, was crowned by the name of Basilus, A.D., 1505, whose reign has been rendered remarkable by an invasion of eighty thousand of the Tartars, under Machmet Gerei, Khan of the Crimea, whom the Poles had incited to attack Russia, in revenge of the successes of Ivan Vassilievitch I.

The Tartars, equally treacherous to both parties, first ravaged Podolia, and then entering Russia, defeated the army of Basilus, and made themselves masters of Moscow, in 1521. Basilus fled, but being overtaken, was compelled to sign an acknowledgment of his vassalage, and returning to Moscow, to prostrate himself before the statue of the haughty Tartar. The invaders then departed, laden with booty, and dragging after them a multitude of prisoners, exceeding their own numbers, whom they sold, like cattle, to the Turks; and the Muscovites consoled themselves by overturning and breaking the statue of their absent conqueror.

We have noticed the reign of this

Basilus, his name having afforded a patronymic for his son, and which was not unworthily borne by Ivan Vassilievitch II., who ascended the throne of Moscow, A.D. 1533.

The minority of this celebrated prince was protected by faithful guardians; and he had scarcely reached his nineteenth year, when he evinced symptoms of the spirit of his grandfather, in his desire for conquest and dominion. The empire of the Turks first exciting his covetousness, he despatched a splendid embassy to Charles V., at Augsburg, anxiously endeavouring to draw him thus early into a league against the Ottomans, as enemies of the Christian name, and a secret agreement to divide, for their mutual aggrandisement, whatever territories they might seize from the infidels.

But the Emperor of Germany did not view with complacency the rising power of Russia, and while he readily accepted the offer of "two tons of gold by the year, to carry on the war against the Sultan," he contrived to evade the important items of the treaty, and affected to attach all the consideration to sending three hundred Germans artists, which Ivan solicited for the instruction of his people. These artists never went farther than Lubeck, from whence they were induced to return, and the jealousies of the Germans forced Ivan to suspend his designs upon Turkey, and his plans for internal improvement. But while he revolved visions of future aggression and extension of territory, he was careful to consolidate that which had been acquired by his grandsire, and to establish an absolute authority by the most vigorous rule.

The unlimited power of an autocrat, which had been possessed by Ruric and Vladimir, but which had fallen into abeyance in succeeding reigns, and had not even been exercised by his great predecessor, was assumed and exerted to the utmost by Ivan Vassilievitch II. over his subjects. His despotic severity gained him the surname of "the Terrible;" and while the Russians obeyed and trembled, he added to his dignity by the adoption of a new and more important style and title.

Since the time of Daniel Alexandrovitch, who discontinued the appellation of Velikie Kniaz, the Muscovite throne had been occupied by "Great

Dukes," until Ivan the Terrible first announced himself, in 1547, as "The Czar of all the Russias."

This title, not originally Russian, has been derived, with the greatest probability, from *Kesar* or *Cesar*, a word introduced with the Greek Bible, and often used to signify *Imperator*. It may have been suggested to Ivan as the most royal distinction he could assume, the Greeks associating the greatest ideas of dignity with "Cæsar," which the Russians, in common with the Germans, pronounce "Tsezar," easily abbreviated into Czar. The word "korol" signifies a king, and "korolevstvo" a kingdom; but Czar is applied in a more exalted sense, for "Czartsvo," though also expressing kingdom, is far more comprehensive in its meaning (extending even to the animal and vegetable kingdoms), and conveying thereby the idea of unlimited power, such as pertained to the Roman monarchs, and conceded by the Russians, after their own sovereign, only to the German Emperor, whom they designate as "Rymski Czar," or the Roman Cæsar, to which they acknowledge his hereditary claim.

Czar Ivan Vassilievitch, at the same period, selected for his armorial bearings a black spread eagle, with a crown on each head, a larger crown between them on a golden field, and holding in one claw a sceptre, in the other an imperial mound, having also the arms of Moscow on the breast. He adopted the eagle, as being also borne by the Emperor of Germany, as he did St. George and the Dragon, on being sent the Order of the Garter, after his memorable treaty with Elizabeth of England.

Though disappointed in his early project against the Ottomans, Ivan did not neglect to try his fortune in another direction, and to break, for ever, the Mongole-Tartar power, which his grandfather had so signally curbed. A persevering war made him master of the territory of Casan, but its capital being well fortified, and bravely defended, opposed an obstinate resistance to the besiegers. Resorting to a device totally unknown to the Tartars, Ivan had the walls undermined, and a quantity of gunpowder conveyed to the excavations.

To excite the fanaticism of the Russian soldier has ever been a powerful stimulant to his valour; and a solemn

mass having been read by the priests for the whole army, the Czar was as yet imploring the favour of heaven on his arms, when an explosion burst from the ground, and a large portion of the wall of Casan was shattered by the effect. Rushing in through the sudden breach, the besiegers slaughtered all before them, and a remnant of the terrified Tartars, flying through the opposite gate, sought safety in the forest, from whence they escaped over the Ural Mountains, and the Khanate of Casan was permanently absorbed in the progress of Russia.

Encouraged by this important conquest, which freed him from such dangerous enemies on the eastern frontier, Ivan once more turned his views towards the South, and descending the Volga, invested the city of Astrachan. In two years it shared the fate of Casan, with the whole district extending along the shores of the Caspian; and the Czar pressing forward to the conquest of Kabardey, the eagle, for the first time, peered covetously into the recesses of the Caucasus.

This rugged barrier was pronounced by Ivan the south-eastern boundary of his dominions, to which having made such mighty additions, he returned in triumph to Moscow. But resentment spurring ambition did not allow of long repose ere he turned his attention to the north-west, where he eagerly desired to extend his sway to the Baltic, and thus have the remote extremities of his empire washed by two seas.

The provinces of Livonia and Esthonia had formed part of the Russian monarchy, in its earliest period,* but under the successors of the great Vladimir, they had gradually broken their connexion with the parent state, until, in 1558, one hundred thousand Russians entered the district of Dorpt, and laid waste the country to the city of Riga. But these provinces were not destined to be added to Russia during the reign of Ivan Vassilievitch II., continuing, for a century from this era, the objects for which Sweden, Russia, and Poland, exhausted themselves in bloody contests, which were only ended when the treaty of Nystadt finally ceded them to Peter I. in 1721. They now form the viceroyalties of Riga and Revel, and include that portion of the

empire distinguished as "Black Russia."

We have alluded to the particular appellations by which different districts of Russia are denominated, and while it is impossible to determine whether the origin of these names arose from accidental circumstances, or were mere arbitrary terms for certain tracts, we may mention as parallel instances, that Illyrian Servia was anciently called "Red Servia;" German Sorbenland, "White Servia;" and the territory of Servitza, "the Black Servia." We also find, that as long as the Croats dwelt in Bohemia, they designated it as "Bielo Crobatia," or "White Croatia," while a part of Dalmatia was known to them as "Red Croatia."

The Russian distinctions may, therefore, have been the result of precedent, if not of accident, or local peculiarity.

Though foiled in securing the maritime provinces, by the possession of which he hoped to counteract the jealous influence of the Hanseatic League, the Czar was compensated by an unexpected opening for the trade and improvement of his dominions in another direction.

The closed gates of the Bosphorus prevented commerce from reaching Southern Russia, and the traffic of the Baltic was monopolised by the merchants of the Hanse, who would only permit the rude exports of a huge empire to issue through their single depôt at Novgorod. By the importation of the manufactures of civilised Europe, through the same narrow channel, did they steadily enrich themselves alone, arbitrarily taxing the wants and desires of the Russians.

This League, the commencement of which dates so far back as 1164, was made between a number of commercial cities for their mutual protection and benefit, and excluding all others from the participation, or even opportunity of trade. The ships of the League were bound to assist each other in every difficulty, and to expel unprivileged vessels from any countries they might discover. By the command of the Baltic they debarred the rest of the world from any intercourse with Russia, and Ivan had the mortification of feeling his inability to break this tyrannical blockade. But the year 1553†

* "Nestor's Chronicles."

† Robertson, B. 9, p. 278.

was destined to witness one of those events which mark the unmistakeable hand of heaven in the progress of the world. Baffling human speculation by their apparent fortuity, such occurrences involve the fate of empires; and it may give rise to curious reflections at the present day, that Russia should be indebted for the emancipation of her commerce to British enterprise and courage.

While the Czar despaired of effecting his great object, he received intelligence that a strange vessel had anchored in the mouth of the Dwina, and immediately giving orders that the adventurers should be conducted to Moscow, Englishmen for the first time entered the capital of Russia.*

Their arrival was occasioned by a memorable attempt to discover a north-east passage to the Indian Ocean, for almost the same restriction which the League imposed upon Russia, was experienced by the then weak navy of England, in its attempts to trade with the East, at the hands of the Portuguese, by their possession of the Cape of Good Hope."

The spirit of enterprise which the success of Columbus had aroused, was at length excited in the English, and the tardy cross of St. George had already reached the shores of the New World. But a western passage to India not having rewarded their exertions, they determined, at the persuasion of Sebastian Cabot, to attempt sailing round the north of Europe, as the Portuguese had doubled the African Cape.

Several noblemen and principal merchants having formed a company for this purpose, they were incorporated by charter from King Edward VI., as "The Merchant Adventurers for the Discovery of Regions, Dominions, Islands, and Places unknown."

Two ships and a bark were fitted out by this association, the chief command being given to Sir Hugh Willoughby, who sailed from Deptford, on the 10th of May, and steering along the coast of Norway, doubled the North Cape, and reached the seventy-second degree of latitude. Here his small squadron was separated by a violent storm, and Willoughby's ship and the bark having put into an obscure harbour of Russian Lapland, he

and the crews were unfortunately frozen to death.

But the other ship, commanded by Captain Richard Chancelour, reached the White Sea in safety, and the Bonaventura dropped her anchor opposite the monastery of St. Nicholas, where the harbour of the Archangel Michael was afterwards constructed.

The inhabitants of this remote region received and sheltered their visitors with a hospitality that would have done credit to a more civilised people. From them the English learned that they had landed on the territories of the great Duke or Czar of Muscovy, who resided in a city twelve hundred miles from St. Nicholas.

This appeared to Chancelour as some compensation for the failure of the original project; and having waited in vain, during the greater part of the winter, for the arrival of Willoughby, he gladly obeyed the summons of the Czar, to whom he presented a letter from his sovereign, directed to all the northern and oriental princes, expressing a desire to enter into a treaty of amity and commerce, and written in several languages.

At this critical juncture nothing could have appeared to Ivan so fortunate or opportune. Incessantly occupied with the idea of raising the importance of his dominions, he had been vexatiously obstructed by the League, and by his failure in Livonia, from creating an intercourse with foreign nations, which he ardently desired.

Delighted with the unlooked-for prospect of benefit which was now afforded, he treated Chancelour with the greatest respect, and by a letter to the King of England, February, 1554, invited his subjects to trade in Russia, with the most ample promises of protection and favour.†

This letter, written in the Russian language, he accompanied with a German translation. Chancelour had sailed in the reign of Edward VI., but on his return he found Mary on the throne, who, guided implicitly by her husband, shared the more in the lively satisfaction with which the account of this new course of navigation was heard in England, that it enabled her

* Robertson, B. 2, p. 47.

† Hackluyt, 1, p. 226.

to turn the commercial activity of her kingdom from the new world, towards a quarter less likely to cause any jealousy on the part of Spain.

She confirmed the charter of Edward, and granted, according to the spirit of that age, to the "Merchant Adventurers" the exclusive right to trade with a vast empire, the name of which, until then, was scarce known in the west of Europe.

Provided with this charter, Chancelour made a second voyage to Russia in 1555, when the Czar granted to the Company large privileges and immunities, set forth in a charter.

Chancelour left Archangel the same year, with four ships and a cargo worth twenty-six thousand pounds, being accompanied by a Russian ambassador, with sixteen noblemen in his suite.

He was not, however, fated to receive the reward of his zeal and perseverance; for three of his vessels foundered on the passage home, and the discoverer of the White Sea perished with them, to the universal regret of his country. But the ambassador of the Czar escaped, and arriving in London, was received with the greatest distinction by the royal Court and the company of Merchant Adventurers.

The great encouragement which they continued to receive from this period at length induced the Company to conceive the design of transporting their commodities across Russia to the Caspian Sea, and thus extend their trade to the interior of Asia. They accordingly fitted out an expedition well laden for this purpose, the place of Chancelour being supplied by Anthony Jenkinson, a man of great experience and activity, whom they commissioned to solicit a free passage across the dominions of the Czar. Ivan granted this request without hesitation, the extreme value he set upon the intercourse of the English with his semi-barbarous subjects, and on the importation of their merchandise, being evidenced by his charter of 1567. Indeed his prepossession for English connexion and alliance resulted in a secret correspondence with the Queen of England, and a proposal of marriage to Lady Anne Hastings, daughter of the Earl of Huntingdon. But though gratitude and policy may have dictated this, another and powerful reason influenced the mind of Ivan the Terrible.

His tyrannical severity, and the numerous innovations which were directly opposed to the prejudices of his people, had worked them up to a discontent that was not to be regarded without disquietude; and putting little confidence in their apparent submissiveness, Ivan actually procured an assurance from Elizabeth of an asylum in her dominions, in case of a revolution in his own.

This curious fact has been discovered in the records of the College of Foreign Affairs at Moscow, and is a striking proof that no such thing as absolute despotism exists on earth—that is, that a monarch can carry out to the utmost his caprice or his will, without the possibility of resistance. It is true the liberty, the honour, and the life of the subject, may be in the power of the sovereign; but the most unlimited ruler must admit a counterpoise in his own breast. He must feel that the governed may unite to defy his commands; they may rise against him, dethrone him, and execute him, or he may fall by private assassination. The latter has been the case in Russia, and is the ready resource of nations oppressed and goaded by arbitrary caprice.

The commerce with England, however, was not carried on without a certain degree of obstruction. The Kings of Denmark and Sweden saw, with extreme dislike, a trade which must be of such advantage to Russia, whose rising power they dreaded; and the former forced the merchants to pay a heavy toll for the navigation of the North Sea, and the liberty of putting into the harbours of Norway in stress of weather.

Gustavus I. of Sweden and the King of Poland earnestly remonstrated with Elizabeth on her great error in supplying the Duke of Moscow with arms and ammunition, and so greatly enlightening his millions; but their representations were ineffectual, and another expedition left England under the command of Arthur Edwards, who conveyed his merchandise to Bucharja, and extending his travels into Persia, experienced a most favourable reception from Shah Thamas at Casbin.

On the return of the mission across the Caspian, in 1573, it was attacked by the Cossacks, who, after encountering a firm resistance, possessed themselves of the ship and its freight,

and putting the crew into a small boat, left them to their fate.

The English, with difficulty, made their way to Astrachan, from whence two armed vessels were, on their representation, sent in quest of the pirates, who were soon discovered, and expiated their crimes with their lives. This incident led immediately to another vast addition to the Russian Empire, and British merchants were indirectly the cause of the conquest of Siberia.

Incensed at any interruption to his favourite scheme, which had as yet scarce taken root, the Czar assembled an army and a fleet to chastise those warlike robbers, who were at this time spreading terror on every side. Alarmed at the extent of his preparations, the Cossacks fled into the neighbouring regions, but about seven thousand remaining together, under their Hetman, Yermack Timofeiyeff, departed along the rivers Kama and Tschusovaiya, and proceeding northwards by Permian, ascended the Ural Mountains. Never was a great achievement accomplished by such inadequate means as on this memorable occasion, and the forgotten Conqueror of Siberia might be handed down to posterity as a hero.

Yermack beheld before him an immense region, inhabited by wild and ferocious tribes, which seemed to oppose an irresistible barrier to his further progress. But animated by noble courage, and inspired with the idea of founding a new Empire, the brave Hetman and his small force marched down the side of the great Ural chain, and defeating, in this wonderful expedition, Vogules, Samoieds, and Ostiaks, penetrated to the Tobol, the Irtysh, and the Oby.

Fortune had so far favoured the arms of the victorious Yermack, and his valour deserved her smiles, but she denied him the reward of his heroic enterprise. His little army, wasted by battles and fatigues, was totally unequal to maintain the great country of Siberia, or to keep in subjection such a number of conquered nations. With a sigh, therefore, at the impossibility of completing his unparalleled undertaking, he at last resolved to secure repose for himself and his followers, and to hand over his conquest to Ivan Vassilievitch II., that it might at least remain a monument of his genius and

daring. The Czar rewarded his magnanimity by giving him a province of the Empire in return for this magnificent acquisition, and the Russian Eagle first stretching beyond the limits of Europe, waved his shadowy pinions over Northern Asia.

The long reign of Ivan the Terrible, from 1534 to 1584, is conspicuous for remarkable events; his energy and capacity raised Russia in the scale of nations, and gave her an European importance; he added extensive and unknown districts to her sway, and he instructed and enriched his subjects by encouraging English intercourse and commerce, which increased and flourished to his death. The British merchants had their grand settlement at Moscow, and their shipping port at Kholmogor, which they retained under succeeding sovereigns, until it was destroyed by fire in 1637, when it was entirely rebuilt of brick by two foreigners, Peter Marsellis and Wm. Scharf, and received the name of "Archangel," from the adjoining monastery of the Archangel Michael.

Ivan the Terrible was succeeded by his son, Feodor Ivanovitch, who was deficient in ability, resolution, and sagacity. His reign was the commencement of a long series of troubles to Russia, for his weakness allowed the complete ascendancy of Boris Feodorovitch Gudenof, whose sister he had married. The incapacity of Feodor Ivanovitch enabled Gudenof to appropriate the supreme power, which speedily tempted him to aspire to the actual possession of the royal dignity. For this purpose he procured the assassination of the young Czar, and with him that of his brother Demetrius, to whom we the more particularly allude, as his asserted escape, and subsequent personation, caused troubles similar to those of the period of Perkin Warbeck in British history, but leading to far more important results.

They were the only sons of Ivan Vassilievitch II.; and the long line of Ruric, coeval with the birth of the empire, which had ruled the destinies of Russia, as Grand Princes, Great Dukes, and Czars, for over seven hundred years, were extinct with their deaths.

After the removal of Feodor, the influence of Gudenof easily procured his own election by the Boyars and the people. And we may here men-

tion, that the former* were the ancient and only nobility of Russia. Their origin cannot now be known, but they are always spoken of, in the old historians, as the great persons of distinction. Their dignity emanated from the sovereign, and was entirely personal, not descending from father to son. The title is now obsolete, having merged into that of Prince, which the old Boyars most probably all received on the change, ranking next the princes of the royal blood. The modern nobility are far more numerous, less powerful, and consist of several classes. Princes, of which there are many, are connexions of the reigning family, or created, which often happens, for State reasons. The pre-eminent among the latter, however, are those who receive their "diplomas" from the German Emperor. Among the rest may be classed the Khans of various tribes subject to Russia, and the Ataman, or Hetman, of the Cossacks.

Counts are much fewer in number, and their creation recent, dating from the commencement of the eighteenth century, the German title of "Graf" being adopted into the Russian language.

Barons, or "Freyhern" (free lords), are contemporaneous with the Counts, and also of very limited extent.

Simple noblemen, which is a very large class, including some remarkably wealthy families, and others in the greatest poverty, some villages in Siberia being entirely inhabited by these noblemen, who perform their own hand labour, like the "petty noblesse" in Poland.

The Russian nobility are much more numerous than that of other states, for patents can be obtained by military service, by alien pedigree, and by foreign diploma.

Boris Feodorovitch Gudenof, being elected Czar, ascended the throne in 1598; but the hand of heaven, as if indignant at the national complicity in his crime, marked his reign by one of the most dreadful famines† ever visited upon any country in the world.

The sufferings of the Jews during their memorable siege were equalled, if not exceeded; and Gudenof soon felt the disquietude of a usurped and

unrighteous crown, for a youth appeared, in 1694, pretending to be Demetrius, whom he asserted Gudenof had vainly attempted to murder. Being supported by the Poles, he troubled and perplexed Boris during his life, and caused that disastrous period known as "the attempt of the false Demetrius," during which Russia was harassed and torn by sanguinary broils.

But heaven had also decreed that the punishment of the murderer should be complete, for Demetrius finally succeeded in driving the son and successor of Boris from the throne, and in seizing the sceptre for himself. Yet the instrument of Divine vengeance, having fulfilled his mission, was destined to experience that falsehood and violence cannot meet the success of truth and right; for though he had been fully acknowledged, and had even obtained the hand of a Polish princess, he fell in a tumult of the populace, which had been excited against him by a confederate of his own. This new adventurer was Vassili Ivanovitch Zuskoi, "the stranger," who, in his turn, did not long enjoy the reward of his treachery, being in a short time deposed by a now irritated and feverish nation.

The Poles had taken advantage of all those miseries and contentions to make greater aggressions on Russia; and gained so firm a footing, by causing and increasing the storms that agitated the nation, that they resolved now to seriously interfere with the unsettled succession.

Having gained a portion of the Boyars, on holding out great hopes and promises, they forced the election of Uladislof, son of Sigismund their king. The ambition of the latter rose extravagantly with an unhopèd for success; and conceiving that the favourable opportunity had arrived for annexing the entire of Russia, he prepared, with cruel deliberation, for this grand consummation. The Poles in Russia being well armed, and nearly all soldiers, had greatly the advantage; and Sigismund, that he might create the greater confusion, ordered Moscow to be set on fire in several parts, which left the terrified inhabitants an easier prey to their enemies. But the

* Lomonof, p. 37.

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† Petrieus.

exasperated Russians, turning with the fury of despair on their destroyers, the merited result was the final overthrow and expulsion of Sigismund and his son.

The Russians now resolved to end their distractions, and to solemnly elect a Czar by universal suffrage, whose sway should be indisputably recognised by common consent; and with their choice commences a new era and a new line.

"In a general assembly of the Boyars and other states of the country,"* it was decreed that as the male line of Ruric was extinct, the nearest relative to the old Czarian family should be immediately selected, when Mikhaila Feodorovitch Romanof, a youth of seventeen, without either expecting or soliciting so great a dignity, was raised to the throne in 1613, having "a charter of it executed to him and all his posterity,"† which they hold to the present day.

This complete union in the election of a sovereign has long been as conducive to the progress of Russia, as the peculiar family fixed upon to rule her destinies has been suited to act upon her expansive powers; and though previously but little known, she has, under the Romanof dynasty, appeared all at once, in full character, as it were, upon the great European theatre, and, after a short trial of her powers, become the umpire and arbitress of the North.

But though elected by the unanimous voice of his country, the founder of the Romanof line, in consequence of his recent elevation, was compelled to purchase the repose of his dominions by the sacrifice of Ingria and Karelia to the Swedes, and Smolensko and Tchernikof to the Poles. But this was the last occasion on which the Russian empire had to temporarily retrograde, or submit to the misfortune of any diminution. Those losses were recovered after the death of Mikhaila, which happened in 1646, by his son Alexey Mikhailovitch, and from that period Russia has steadily exceeded her ancient possessions.

While the reign of Alexey was disquieted by enemies from without, it was, in reality, more disturbed by internal struggles, caused by the rising power and pride of an ambitious clergy,

who ever took advantage of the difficulties of the empire to add to their own influence and authority. The people paid them more reverence than their princes, by which they gained so much of the ascendant, that while Alexey deposed the haughty patriarch Nikon, he could never fully recover absolute dominion. Tumults and confusion also arose from the contradictory and uncertain state of the law, and the jarring claims of the border nobles. An "Emmanoy ukase," or order of the sovereign, signed by his own hand, had ever been the supreme law of Russia, and superseded all others. Successive monarchs, therefore, having granted ukases at different periods, and under various prejudices, it is not surprising that the legal code should often have been found both conflicting and perplexing.

It was the clear mind of Alexey that first perceived the necessity of a settled digest of laws for the guidance and regulation of the courts, and for this purpose, having "assembled the Boyars and clergy," he selected from the edicts of his predecessors such as had been generally current for one hundred years before. Supposing these to be founded on the greatest justice, and adapted to the people, he had them arranged in an intelligible form, and this celebrated and useful compilation was called the "Uloshenie," or *selection*, and remains to this day the common law of Russia, as it is also a lasting memorial of the wisdom and ability of Alexey Mikhailovitch.

The contentions of the Boyars were occasioned by some families having been charged with the defence of the old borders; but when, by the conquest of Casan, the frontier was so greatly extended, those nobles being relieved of the great burden, found the former scanty allowance profitable under the altered circumstances. Disputes about the right of guarding certain districts were the results, and the proofs of the titles were both tedious and intricate.

The Czar ordered the family archives of all the nobility, as those of the disputants, and all references establishing their respective claims, to be brought to Moscow, where he lodged them in a large wooden edifice erected for the purpose. While his decision was yet

* Lomonof.

† Schläezer, p. 10.

eagerly looked for, he took care that the wooden receptacle and all its contents should be consumed by fire; and in the morning he calmly informed the Boyars, that "since their much-prized documents were unfortunately lost, from that moment the several ranks and degrees were no longer *private* but *national*, and that he was the dispenser of rewards and justice for all, and to all;" and from thenceforth honours, titles, and precedence, remained for ever vested in the Crown.

But the grand event which distinguishes the reign of this remarkable Czar, was the voluntary reunion of the principality of Kief, which had been torn from the empire by Gedimin, in 1320, and subsequently with Lithuania, incorporated with Poland.

The Kievians, since their separation from Russia, had ever found the domination of the Polish kings extremely tyrannical and severe; a multitude of them, therefore, abandoned their country, and settling in the lower region of the Dnieper, speedily formed a petty state. By degrees they spread as far as the Bug and Dniester, being perpetually engaged, like the Knights of St. John, in wars with the Turks and Tartars. King Sigismund immediately perceived the importance of a military community as a barrier to Poland against the infidels, and fostering and encouraging the Cossacks, made over to them a vast tract above the cataracts of the Dnieper; and Stephen Battori gave them a "Hetman," or supreme commander. But their successors departed from this wise policy, they forbade the Cossacks to quarrel with the Turks, and forcing themselves into the Republic, obliged it to renounce the Patriarch of Constantinople, and to acknowledge the supremacy of the Pope.

Irritated by this persecuting intrusion, the Cossacks determined upon throwing off the Polish yoke, and accordingly, under their Hetman Bogdan Khmelnitzki, they formally submitted themselves to Czar Alexey Mikhailovitch, A.D. 1654.

This example was soon followed by their kinsmen on the other side of the Dnieper, and thus Kief, with all the towns and villages of "Little Russia," was once more added to the progress of the great empire.

If Alexey Mikhailovitch was not a warlike monarch, he had the good for-

tune to make an extensive and bloodless addition to his dominions, and he is as distinguished for his wise and successful administration, as for being the father of the first and most illustrious Emperor of Russia. He was succeeded in 1676 by his son, Feodor Alexeyvitch, whose partiality fixed upon his youngest brother, Peter, as heir to the throne. But his sister, the Princess Sophia, having formed a strong party in favour of his other brother, Ivan, they were both proclaimed joint sovereigns on the death of Feodor, with Sophia for their guardian, and the regent of the nation. Sophia soon employed her influence in forming a conspiracy against the life of Peter, which being discovered, she was condemned to perpetual confinement in a convent, and Ivan, an infirm prince, afflicted with epilepsy, continued a nominal sovereign until 1696, when by his demise the sole and supreme power reverted to his immortal brother.

The good genius of Russia presided over the birth of Peter, and for his hand it was reserved to effectually shape the unwieldy Colossus of the empire into a vigorous and powerful form.

His was one of those wonderful and comprehensive minds, that appear the special instruments of Providence, in accomplishing its decrees, and developing the course of time; that create new eras for nations, and rising above the past, act conspicuously upon the present, while they throw that influence over the future which makes posterity familiar with the existence of a great man, and writes his name indelibly in the annals of the world.

Previous to the accession of this remarkable prince, Russia had neither regular navy nor standing army; but in 1698, the Czar went in the suite of his own ambassador into Holland, where "Peter Mikhailof" worked as a humble ship carpenter at Amsterdam.

Not conceiving, however, that he was afforded the means of deriving in this place the benefit and information that he desired, he transferred himself to the dockyards of England, where he laboured assiduously, by permission of King William III., and returned to Russia with a sixty-gun ship, the commencement of his navy, and built principally by his own hands.

The nucleus of his army was a com-

pany of fifty men, which he equipped after the German manner, and placed over them foreign officers, becoming himself their drummer, as the lowest grade, and never promoting himself to any rank, except in his unquestionable turn as a soldier of fortune.

By strenuous personal exertions, and liberally rewarding artisans from all parts of Europe, he added vessel after vessel to his fleet, and incessantly reinforcing and exercising his army, he soon got together a considerable body of disciplined troops (which he knew were alone valuable), until, in 1700, he reviewed thirty thousand of his guards. With this force, trained under himself, he defeated the Turks in a bloody engagement at Azove, depriving them of that important fortress; and while he viewed with satisfaction his ships destroying those of the enemy on the neighbouring sea, he emphatically exclaimed, that "if Russia owed her navy to him, he owed his knowledge, and the art of constructing it, to *England*."

His success, in a sea which was shut up by the Dardenelles, turned the eyes of the indefatigable Czar to the Baltic, and in 1703, a low, fenny, uncultivated island, formed by the branches of the Neva before they fall into the Gulf of Finland, resounded with the hum and the labour of three hundred thousand men. Dreary forests were opened, swamps drained, dykes raised, causeways laid, and with them the foundations of a new city. The fort of Nattenbourg was taken, and the town of Nuschanz being demolished, the materials and the inhabitants were the first transported to the chosen locality. One hundred thousand men perished under the severity of the labour, but the work was pressed on with such incredible vigour, that in little more than one year the fortress, which is encircled on all sides by the Neva, was the centre of a city containing thirty thousand habitations. To these were invited merchants, mechanics, and artificers, from all parts of the civilised world; a thousand families were withdrawn from Moscow, the nobility were compelled to quit their palaces and their villas for a comfortless climate, and an ukase was issued directing the merchandise hitherto landed at Archangel, to be conveyed through the Baltic to St. Petersburg.

The bold firmness and superior ability of Peter had fully recovered the despotic authority of the ancient Czars, and at the same time that he had opened his dominions to all foreigners of intelligence and enterprise, the wealthiest and most important of his own subjects were ordered to travel into other countries, to improve their knowledge and their learning. These innovations caused serious discontents among a people wedded to their ignorance and barbarism, but the murmurings were fatally suppressed by the discovery of a conspiracy to dethrone the Czar, which was punished with terrifying rigour.

Once only was Peter I. in imminent danger, and the star of Russia near setting in irreparable gloom. In 1712, he was completely surrounded by the Turks on the banks of the Pruth, and nothing could have saved him and his army from destruction, had not the address and prudence of Catherine, his consort, bribed the vizier, and delivered the Russians.

The alliance which Peter had entered into with Gustavus of Poland against Charles XII., had been followed by the battle of Pultowa, so disastrous to the arms of the Scandinavian monarch; but it was not until after a celebrated and protracted war of twenty years, which our limits admit not of tracing, that Livonia and Esthonia, the old causes of blood and discord, which Ivan Vassilievitch had contended for in vain, together with Ingria, Kexholm, and Vyborg, were finally ceded to the sceptre of the Czar; and this consolidation, so long aimed at, was soon followed by the annexation of Lapland, and the northern extension of Russia was completed to the shores of the Frozen Ocean.

The Czar was ably assisted in all his enterprises by Alexander Menschikoff, one of those peculiar children of fortune who improve the great advantages she affords, by a talent to perceive, and an address to seize, every favourable and happy opportunity. To these qualities, possessed in an eminent degree, Menschikoff owed much of his rise, having been originally an humble apprentice to a pastry-cook, near the palace in Moscow. From this proximity he contrived to gain a subordinate situation in the household of Peter I., where he first

became remarkable for his proficiency as a linguist, to which attractive acquirement he had judiciously and successfully devoted his natural powers. A happy occasion made the Czar acquainted with this convenient accomplishment, and Menschikoff was advanced to personal attendance on a sovereign who valued industry and ability above every attribute.

The cautious and plausible domestic soon made himself agreeable to his master, and gradually became useful and necessary. His capacity was equal to his advancement, and did credit to the judgment of Peter; for on being raised to the rank of major-general, Menschikoff signalised himself by his successes in Poland, in 1708.

But another and secret influence promoted the rise of the fortunate favourite. A young female, named Martha, had accidentally entered his service during his first prosperity, whose eventful career brought her into singular contact with another individual, marked out for a lofty and unlooked-for destiny.

This girl was the daughter of a peasant woman, and born at Ringen, in Livonia, April 5th, 1687, while that province belonged to Sweden. The mother and daughter were supported, according to custom, by Count Rosan, a colonel in the Swedish service, and the proprietor of the village, who was also supposed to be the father of Martha.

When only three years of age, the child lost her mother, and the Count dying about the same time, she was left so destitute, that the parish clerk of the village charitably received her into his house. From this she was taken by M. Gluck, the Lutheran minister of Marienburgh, as an attendant on his children, in which capacity she remained until she married a dragoon of the garrison, in her fourteenth year. This man soon deserted her, and when Marienburgh surrendered to the Russians, Martha was taken possession of by General Baur, from whose service she passed into the establishment of Menschikoff, where, at the age of seventeen, she was first accidentally beheld by the Czar, and transferred to the palace in 1704.

Peter I. had been early married to Ottokessa Lapuchin, from whom he had been long divorced, and on the 29th of May, 1711, Martha, having

been received into the Greek Church, and baptised by the name of Catherine, became the Czarina of Russia, and Menschikoff was created a prince, and gratified with the government of Ingria.

It was now that Peter, at the summit of fortune, with a victorious army modelled after the most military nations, and a fleet of his own creating in every sea that washed a shore of his dominions, assumed, A.D. 1721, at the instance of his principal subjects, the highest title of dignity known to mankind, and became the first, as he was the greatest, Emperor of Russia. But earthly elevation, magnificence, and prosperity, cannot free man from the taint and yellow clay of our fallen nature, and Peter, with all his magnanimity and greatness, was addicted to intemperance and cruelty.

The unhappy Czarevitch, Alexey, had ever been an object of aversion to his sire, who at length sacrificed him to his dislike, violating the sacred tribunal of justice with the mock form that preceded his execution, and the unnatural plea on which the Emperor dilated in his speech to the council, "that his son was totally unfit to occupy the throne."

The unfortunate Lapuchin, the brother of Ottokessa, shared the same fate; nor did the hatred of Peter spare his own confessor, whose only crime had been a noble remonstrance on behalf of the condemned Prince.

This black transaction is contrasted with the gratitude and tenderness which caused Catherine to be publicly crowned at Moscow, in 1724, when the Emperor particularly specified her conduct at the Pruth, on which critical occasion her judicious interference alone gave him an opportunity to sign a truce, which rescued him from defeat and disgrace.

Soon after her coronation, the influence of Catherine saved her friend Menschikoff from degradation; for, being accused and convicted of embezzling public money, he was fined three hundred thousand crowns; but the deserved punishment was remitted, and he got the command of the army of the Ukraine. Notwithstanding her interest, however, Menschikoff was again near forfeiting his position and his fortune, in his over-zeal to make sure of preserving them, when his now visibly declining master should be finally

removed. He was detected in the prying attempt to discover who was named as successor, in that acknowledged guide of all future sovereigns of Russia, the celebrated will of Peter the Great, and his curiosity cost the principality of Pleskow.

He had, however, sufficiently attained his object to commence his preparations; and as soon as the Emperor had ceased to exist, Menschikoff was busily employed in bringing several parties in Russia to agree to the accession of Catherine I., and to obey the injunctions of the departed monarch. His exertions were successful, and the first Empress and Autocratrix of all the Russias testified her friendship and appreciation of his services by commanding the son of the murdered Alexey (subsequently Peter II.) to marry the daughter of Menschikoff, while she gave the Grand Princess to the son of her early friend. The parties were formally betrothed, and Menschikoff was created Duke of Cogel, having his ambition and avarice gratified by the greatest importance and wealth in the Empire.

But this grand elevation, unstable as water, and fleeting as the passing hour, was only the prelude to an unlooked-for fall. Catherine I., who had passed through so many vicissitudes, from a destitute and homeless orphan to the throne of the Czars, for the short space of two years only survived her husband, by whom she left a daughter, Elizabeth, afterwards Empress; but she was immediately succeeded by Peter II., the grandson of Peter the Great, in 1727.

The friendship of this Prince had been neglected by the otherwise astute Menschikoff, who little anticipated the sudden demise of his patroness; while his mortal enemies, the Dolgoroukis, had obtained a paramount influence over the mind of the new Emperor. This was soon exerted for the overthrow of Menschikoff, with the willing consent of Peter, who had thoroughly disliked the arbitrary order he had once received to ally himself to the family of the Imperial favourite.

It required but little management on the part of the Dolgoroukis to procure the banishment of Menschikoff, and that of his entire family, to a dis-

tant estate; but the vanity of the latter overcoming his prudence in his dangerous position, he had the temerity to set out from the capital with such pomp and parade, as to excite the envy and anger of his enemies. They easily prevailed on the Emperor to send after him a party of soldiers, with an order for his reduction to the rank of a peasant, when he was stripped of his fine garments, and being arrayed in a suitable dress, was transferred to a cart, and conveyed without delay to Siberia. Menschikoff lost his wife and one of his daughters during this distressing journey, and died himself in that dreary region, November 2, 1729. The young Emperor did not long outlive this severity, falling a victim to the small-pox, in 1730, at the early age of fifteen, and the direct line of the male succession was once more extinct in Russia.

The Duke of Holstein Gottorp, son of Anne, eldest daughter of Peter the Great, was now clearly entitled to the crown, but the Council took upon themselves by a manifesto, on the 4th of February, to select another, Princess Anne, Duchess of Courland, and second daughter of Ivan, the brother of Peter, though her elder sister, the Duchess of Courland, was still alive. By this choice they supposed they would have secured a more pliant sovereign; and though they declared she was elected by the unanimous will of the Russian nation,* they proposed to her, on her accession, to subscribe to a set of articles materially curtailing the royal power.

But she was relieved from the greater part of this difficulty by an address from the principal nobility, who, apprehensive that a divided authority between the throne and the council might bring back former confusions, besought her "to reject anything so indecent and derogatory, and to use the power that was her due to the benefit and glory of the Empire."†

This she afterwards did to the full, repudiating every reservation and restriction to which she had at first consented, and using that complete controul which has continued unaltered to the present day.

No sooner had she firmly established

* Schlœtzer.

† Tattischtschhof.

her sway, than the aspiring Dolgoroukis, who had been the foremost in the attempt to impose limitations upon her, felt the fatal effects of her resentment. In order to punish them the more bitterly, she recollected the exiled Menschikoffs, who had been ruined at their instigation in the last reign, and the same conveyance which transported the Dolgoroukis to their banishment, brought back the son and daughter of Alexander Menschikoff, who had the satisfaction of handing over to their enemies the very cottage they had inhabited in Siberia. Young Menschikoff was made a captain on his return, and restored a great portion of his father's possessions; but the principal favour of the Empress was engrossed by Biron, whom she raised to the duchy of Courland, and her continued partiality for him caused the greatest vexations of her reign. She evinced her preference for him even at her death, by naming him in her last testament as the guardian and administrator of the kingdom during the minority of Ivan, whom she destined for her successor, being the son of her niece, the Princess of Mecklenburgh, and Anthony Ulric of Brunswick Wolfenbuttel. But Ivan being only two years of age, the government of Biron was extremely distasteful to the Princess of Mecklenburgh, and disliked among all the Russians, wherefore Count Munich undertook to arrest him, and he was at once tried and condemned to death, but had his sentence commuted into perpetual exile.

The Mecklenburgh administration becoming unpopular in its turn, more especially from its German connexion, although the Princess and her husband had effected many improvements, and were even carrying on a successful war against Sweden, Elizabeth, the daughter of Peter the Great and Catherine, was able to excite such a revolution in one night, as to overwhelm her opponents, whom she threw into prison with her infant son, and had herself proclaimed Empress of all the Russias.

The firmness and ability of her father were remarkable in Elizabeth, and her reign might be said to emulate his in glory and utility. She was completely victorious over the Swedes, who made a bold struggle to regain the conquest which Peter I. had

wrested from them; but she magnanimously used her influence only to settle the succession of their monarchy upon the most equitable foundation, which rule she also applied to her own family, by declaring her nephew, Peter, Duke of Holstein Gottorp, as her heir. She called him to her court, created him Grand Duke of Russia, caused him to renounce his pretensions to the crown of Sweden (to which he otherwise had an undoubted right), and arranged his marriage with Sophia Augusta, daughter of Christian Augustus, Prince of Anhalt Zerbst, which was solemnised September 1st, 1745. Sophia took the name of Catherine on embracing the faith of Russia, the throne of which she was destined so remarkably to fill, and instinctively obeyed the will of the Great Peter, towards the attainment of universal dominion, by placing that ominous addition on the towering fabric, deliberately designed to throw its baneful shade over the liberties of Europe.

We have now sketched the wonderful progress and gradual extension of this colossal empire, from its original and comparatively diminutive limits of "Russia Proper," while state after state was added, as with the growing proportions of increasing years, until the giant stretches his sceptre from the Frozen Ocean to the sea of Azove; from Lithuania to far Kamschatska, when the Varangians, the torments of his youth, are the suppliants of his manhood; when the country of the persecuting Khazares is but a province of his dominions, and the proud extent of Kaptshak, the habitation of his slavish vassals; and we shall briefly contemplate the result of this immense development.

From its very nature, Russia is, of all nations, capable of aggression, and defensive resistance, with inherent and alarming advantages.

Its enormous magnitude is consolidated, not scattered over the world like the possessions of Great Britain; while, stretching from the Caspian to the Baltic, from Memel to Odessa, it leans with preponderating weight upon the smaller part of Europe.

Russia can profit by the weakness or disunion of the nations that lie along her narrowest boundary, while they, separately, are powerless against the solidly-connected frontier. Every

fragment added to the mighty mass is secured by its proximity to the great engulpher behind, which makes each addition widely different from a distant or isolated conquest.

The vast extent comprised within the limits of the empire, its situation in the equatorial and meridional degrees, and consequent variation of climate and temperature, suitable for almost every production of nature, make it independent of foreign aid. Huge armies can be secretly concentrated for aggression, either in Europe or Asia; their advance may gain acquisition, while they have an illimitable retreat through their own country, with the certainty of never being attacked in the rear. The great and important element must also be remembered, that in any expeditionary or defensive war, the fanaticism of these armies can be always worked upon with powerful effect, for they are almost exclusively devotees to the Greek Church, and cannot cross their own borders without encountering opponents to, or unbelievers in, their own notions of faith.

The nations abutting upon every side of Russia are either pagan, infidel, or what they call heretical Christians; and when to this feeling is added the incitement of plunder and free indulgence in blood, such influence may be imagined on a people in a semi-barbarous, or transitional state, so favourable to the designs of conquest and ambition, if directed by reasonable skill.

Europe can never be too watchful or suspicious of the approaches of the rough and superincumbent giant, who pants for the possession of the Sound as well as the Dardanelles, and to compress the West with capacious arms. The progress of such a state may be checked by a defeat, or succession of defeats, from this or that gallant alliance, but, from its position, it cannot be annihilated, nor can they even maintain their advantage. It will rise again, hydra-like, to renew the self-same attempts, if hostile and independent nations be not erected and planted, like sentries, on its frontiers, inspired by patriotism, and ever ready to give the watchword of its movements to the world.

Nor should the East be neglected; for if baffled in Europe for the while, the weight will inevitably be turned upon Asia. The strengthening and

alliance of the Shah of Persia, creating with him a free communication from British India (long an object of Russian covetousness), instructing him in the development of his resources, and the training of his vast army, which, by making him confident of support in the hour of need, will be the truest safeguard on that side.

With regard to invasion, the hyperborean winter of Russia was fatal to three hundred thousand men in 1812; but at any time that its armies were incapable to act upon the defensive, it still would find a powerful ally in its unparalleled extent. The Roman Empire contained 1,600,000 square miles, when at the zenith of its grandeur; its length, from the Euphrates to the western ocean, included a measurement of 3,000 miles, while 2,000 divided the wall of Antoninus from the pillars of Hercules.

European Russia alone comprises exactly the same area, while Riga is separated from Andyskoiostrog, in Asia, by 9,684 miles, and 1,750 more extend to the haven of Peter and Paul, in Kamschatska.

The Roman monarchy was comprehended under something less than thirty-two degrees of latitude; the Russian exceeds thirty-five.

This broadest portion of the earth, with its resources, its energies, and its natural advantages, is subject to the sway and to the will of one man, and therefore capable of the greatest, because united, exertion for any single or momentous object. Perhaps supreme power in the hands of one individual, if accompanied by ordinary firmness, virtue, and humanity, together with a settled law, might not be the worst form of government, even for the most civilised country. Justice, for instance, might be less venal, and more obtainable by the poor against the rich; the vacillations, suspense, and procrastinations in public affairs, occasioned by the tactics of parties and the selfish contests of faction, might be replaced by a prompt adoption and steady perseverance in a course, the errors of which might be proved and rectified by experience, or the benefits placed beyond controversy or doubt. But assuredly what is termed "constitutional government" could not now be successful with a conglomeration of races that are associated under the Russian sceptre. They may all

look up to and reverence a common head, obey his commands, each regarding him as their ruler, without reference to the rest, but they could not legislate by popular assembly for so great an extent of the world. Men from the extremities of such an empire would be incapable of comprehending the mutual advantage, appreciating the wants, or redressing the peculiar grievances of each other. A Cossack could not understand a Tongou, a Lithuanian might in vain address a Kondish Ostiak, and the persuasions of a Vogule would be lost upon a Finn.

The era of Catherine II. forms a memorable and peculiar period, in which aggrandisement and aggression

were steadily pursued by means previously unappreciable to the rude monarchs of the north. The empire, culminated to its zenith by diplomacy and intrigue, no less than by the success of its arms and territorial advancement, was stealthily added to that influence which the sagacious Princess and her astute and able minister acquired in the councils of Europe, to be confirmed by the passive triumph of 1812, and increasingly exercised under the obscured vision of her slumbering cotemporaries, until the chivalrous powers of the West were at last aroused, by the cries of oppressed patriotism, to check the overweening progress of Russia.

SULTAN AKBAR'S LOVE ; OR, THE SIEGE OF CHITTORE.

A TALE FROM ORIENTAL HISTORY.

CHAPTER I.

IN the country of Rajpootana, on a stony plain at the foot of a steep mountain, stands the old Hindoo City of Chittore,* now much dilapidated ; but at the period of which we write (sixteenth century) it was the capital of the Rajah, or more properly the *Ranah*, of Mewar. The city had its bazaar ; its showy pagodas rising above the mass of heavy-looking houses ; its walls and narrow gates ; its handsome bridge, with a tower at each end, spanning the clear stream of the River Bunnass ; and its deep boolee,† or well, with ever bright and unpolluted waters.

The mountain that rises immediately above the city, part bare and rocky, part covered with patches of grass, scattered trees, and thick bushes, was (and still is) crowned by a strong and extensive fortress, with walls winding along the irregularities of the summit, and strengthened at intervals by semi-

circular bastions ; and containing, in fact, another town, with streets, and temples, and the palaces of the *Ranah* and his family. A silvery rill springing from a rock within the fortress, fell in a cascade, sparkling and foaming over a precipitous part of the crags, and then wound its way down the mountain, to reach the region below.

It was daybreak. The mountain and the lower town were alive with a mighty army, the troops of the Mogul, encamped there to blockade the fortress above. In the lower town was the rear-guard, with all its baggage, and beasts of burden, and accompanying rabble. There might be seen the turbaned and full-robed Mussulman soldiers, mingling with the slender Hindoos, with the streak designating their castes marked on the forehead ; war-horses picketted ; camels lying down ; shaggy Indian poneys straggling about ; and a few majestic looking

* In the old province of Ajmeer, in Upper India, eighty-two miles west of Madras. It is thought to have been the city of the Indian prince, Porus, who so long withstood Alexander the Great.

† Boolees are square wells from fifteen to twenty feet in diameter, and from sixty to seventy feet deep, and lined with hewn stone, with a broad flight of steps down to the water.

elephants drinking at the river, attended by their drivers. And glittering in the morning light, in many parts of the city, shone the Mahometan crescent, the ensign of that invading power which, from the days of Tamerlane, had seated itself on the throne of Delhi, and had subdued so many of the native princes of Upper India.

At about the distance of half a coss* from the city, along the mountain, was pitched the Mogul camp, extending upwards for a considerable space ; and the communication between it and the city was preserved by a chain of sentinels and detached guards. The Mogul army had evidently invested the mountain-fortress with a strict blockade, but at this time there was no appearance of active siege. All was quiet, and the Mussulman camp itself was decorated with such extraordinary splendour and costliness,† that it seemed as prepared for some great festival, and not for warlike purposes. The humblest of the tents were of gaudy chintzes ; those of the omrahs, emirs, officers, &c., were magnificent in proportion to their ranks, some of bright silks, others richly brocaded with gold or silver. The tent-ropes were of twisted silk, the tent-pins of silver, and numerous glittering banners and gilded crescents shone in the rising sunbeams. On a grassy spot, beside the falling stream, and shaded by a peepul tree,‡ stood one large tent, which was at once perceived to be that of the Grand Mogul, by its superior gorgeousness, and by the devices on the banners planted round it. It was of the richest gold brocade, adorned with arabesques, traced in countless small gems of various colours, giving out their rainbow gleamings to the light. The tent-pins were of gold, with jewelled heads, the tent-ropes of golden cords twined together, and above this magnificent pavilion shone a crescent set with emeralds. Among the brilliant banners floating round, the most conspicuous was the ensign called *mahi muratib*, or the dignity of the fish, being the emblem of good fortune. On a gilded pole was displayed a large

fish, made of salmon-coloured silk ; the eyes were emeralds ; the hollow body ended in a tail of golden tassels ; the golden jaws were open, and the air entering into them, inflated the body, which wavered about like a fish floating in clear waters.

When the eye turned away from this wondrous camp to the dark stern fortress above, it discovered on the walls the dusky figures of the Hindoo soldiers, in their snow-white cotton dresses ; the points of their weapons, and the bosses of their shields, gleaming as they moved slowly at their posts.

There was, at length, a movement in the Mogul's camp ; the soldiers issued from their tents, and formed into their respective troops, under sumptuously-apparelled officers. In a few minutes the Great Mogul himself appeared, the Sultan Akbar, famed for his magnificence, his talents, and his victories. He was in the prime of life, a prince of a noble presence, with a clear brown complexion, raven-black beard and whiskers, and a face of much masculine beauty. His dress was of cloth of gold ; a shawl of the sacred green was folded round his waist, and held his jewelled dagger. His turban of green silk, ribbed with gold, was surmounted by a crescent and plume of diamonds ; the handle and sheath of his scimitar were encrusted with gems ; round his throat was a triple collar of diamonds ; and a long string of matchless pearls hung down from his neck below his waist. He carried a rich bow, and a gilded arrow without a head. On the unbarbed end of the arrow was fastened a natural rose, with a chain of diamonds, and a slip of white silk inscribed with verses. He mounted a beautiful black horse, with housings of crimson velvet, tasselled with small jewels, and placed himself at the head of his glittering army ; then all the troops, cavalry and infantry, marched forward, advancing up toward the fortress.

And now the Hindoo soldiers on the ramparts appeared alert to watch the

* The Indian coss is about two English miles.

† Historical. Father Catrou says, in his "History of the Mogul Empire," that Akbar, when he appeared before Chittore, spared no expense in displaying his glory. His camp was of a splendour which cannot be conceived in Europe.

‡ The *ficus religiosa*, a sacred tree among those Hindoos who worship Siva.

proceedings of the Moslems, and to act vigorously on the defensive, if attacked. A tall slender figure, wearing a red rajpoot turban, with a shining badge, or ornament, round his neck, stood conspicuous among them, and was easily guessed, even at a distance, from his majestic air, to be the Ranah of Mewar, the sovereign of Chittore.

The Mogul army halted within bow-shot of the walls; the trumpeters raised silver trumpets to their lips, and sounded—not a point of war, but a tender and amorous-toned melody, which was echoed from every crag and every hollow of the mountain. When the strain had ceased, the troops formed into line. Each man was armed with a bow and one gilded arrow, fledged with gaily coloured feathers. The arrows were all without barbs, but had attached to the top some one beautiful, natural flower, with a slip of white silk, on which a short poem was written. The Sultan raised his bow, and shot his rose-headed dart over the walls of the fortress. His example was immediately followed by all his troops, and the air was filled with a variegated flying cloud of flowers of every hue, with their silken pennants fluttering; and as it fell in a fragrant shower within the fortress, the noblest among the Mogul's omrahs rode up to the closed gate, and proclaimed in a loud voice—"Honour to Padmani, the most beautiful, most beloved princess! May she smile on the homage of Akbar the Great, the most magnificent of monarchs, but *her* humblest slave."*

The Hindoos on the ramparts answered with a loud and insulting shout of derision, and immediately hurled back again over the walls the flower-laden arrows. The haughty Moslems seemed insensible to the insult; and, with true Mahometan gravity, formed into marching order, and returned to their camp. There all the military duties were regularly performed, with every demonstration of maintaining a rigorous blockade. For notwithstanding all the display of courtesy towards the fortress, the Mogul had invested it

so closely that no human being could issue from it unchallenged by the beleaguers.

The siege of Chittore, like that of Troy, had been caused by a woman's charms. Not like the Trojan siege, however, to restore an erring wife to her husband; but on the contrary, to allure (if possible) a wife *from* her husband—to induce the beautiful Princess of Mewar to exchange the palace of the Ranah for the harem of the Mogul.

The Rajah, or rather Ranah, of Mewar, was of that proud rajpoot caste that called itself *Suryasvanti*, or Children of the Sun; boasting its descent from *Surya*, the Indian Apollo, and reckoning among its mortal ancestry Porus, who so bravely resisted the arms of Alexander the Great. The royal race of Mewar was too haughty to ally itself with any of mere earthly lineage, and intermarried, therefore, only with its own kindred. The reigning Ranah had espoused his cousin Padmani—a princess of such surpassing beauty and endowments, that she was the favourite theme of the *Bhâts* (or bards of the rajpoots), who wandered about Upper India, singing the praises of their gods, the valour of their heroes, and the charms of their women. Some of these bards had visited Delhi, and had sung before the Emperor Akbar, and their descriptions of Padmani had awakened in his excitable Oriental heart a violent passion for the beautiful Hindoo. Stimulated by curiosity and heated fancy, he inquired concerning her from all who had seen her, or heard of her; and the reiterated praises of her rare loveliness which filled, but never wearied, his ear, enslaved him to the charms of the unseen Princess.† He said to himself:—"To whom should the most beautiful of princesses belong but to the greatest of monarchs! A gem is wanting in the crown of Akbar, while yon Indian unbeliever keeps in his own paltry circlet the brightest diadem of the East." And with a Mahometan contempt for the feelings of a man of another creed, the haughty Sultan wrote to the Ranah,‡ soliciting him to separate from his wife and yield

* "The Mogul at the beginning of the siege made war like a prince passionately enamoured. He ordered arrows to be shot into the fortress, to which were attached letters for Padmani."—See *Catrou's History of the Mogul*.

† Absurd as this may seem to European ideas, Oriental history asserts that Akbar became enamoured of Padmani from description alone.

‡ Historical.

her to Akbar ; offering to the Hindoo Prince in return the hand of a lovely relative of the Mogul, together with a vast treasure and a large accession of territories. The Sultan, at the same time, addressed letters to Padmani, offering his hand, and the throne of Delhi, with undying love, and all imaginable wealth and power ; and gently reproaching her with injustice to her own beauty, in sharing the musnud of a petty prince while the first throne in Asia awaited her.

The joint reply of the Ranah and his wife was haughty and determined. They loved each other too well to weigh ambition or wealth against affection ; they scorned as an insult the offer of alliance with Akbar, as a man far inferior to the Children of the Sun ; and reminded the Mogul it was the law of honour among the rajpoots that their women should die rather than fall into the hands of the alien.

Stung with rage, Akbar wrote again, but in a different tone. He threatened the destruction of Chittore and all the *Suryavanta*, and reminded the Ranah of the irresistible progress of his mighty arms in India. The only reply of the Hindoo was a contemptuous defiance.

Indignation prompted the Sultan to march against Chittore, but his ardent love (so he termed his insane passion) made him pause ere he attacked that royal fortress with the weapons of war. He feared for the consequences to the Rannee, the beautiful Padmani. He knew that the rajpoots were not only a brave and chivalrous, but also a ferocious people. They worshipped Siva the Destroyer and his cruel consort Kali, who, according to their dark creed, delighted in human sacrifices. To avert the danger of their women falling into captivity, a mortal disgrace to their nation, they would plunge their daggers into the fairest and fondest bosoms, though their own hearts should burst with anguish. And in impending calamities the rajpoot females often devoted themselves to death, to propitiate their stern and cruel gods by the performance of the *Joar*, a self-sacrifice by suffocation. If the Mogul arms shook Chittore, what might be the fate of the lovely Rannee amid such fearful superstitions ?

The Sultan then resolved, ere he made a final appeal to arms, on attempting to influence the fair Rannee in his favour, by exalting her imagination (for thus are women often won). He thought to attract her by the mingling of ambition and romance, and to dazzle her by his incomparable magnificence. Hence all the gorgeousness of his camp, all the extravagances of his military courtship. Bands of men were constantly employed in collecting the emblem-flowers, which, with their accompanying amatory verses (the labours of countless poets and transcribers), were daily shot into the fortress, as we have seen, in the wild hope that some of them, at least, would meet the eye of Padmani ; that the flattering tale of his magnificent wooing would reach her ears. And though his floral homage was daily hurled back by order of the offended Princess, still Akbar had persisted for nearly a month in his strange and costly siege, trusting in female curiosity and female vanity.

The Mogul was reclining in the door of his tent, shaded by the peepul-tree, in deep consultation with his friend and confidant, the Sheik Soliman, who sat on the ground before him—a ruddy visaged, keen-eyed old man, in a plain green turban ; his hands drawn back into the ample sleeves of his coarse brown woollen garment, for he was a devotee.

“Soliman, my hopes begin to flag ; my homage avails not—the beautiful Indian is unmoved. By thine eyes ! canst thou not devise some expedient before I am forced to bare the scimitar in wrath, and to endanger the life of my soul's sultana by the horrible superstitions of her race.”

“Let the Asylum of the Universe no longer waste time and treasures on the thankless daughter of the infidels. Forget her, my Sultan ; as fair can be found to share the throne of Delhi.”

“Earth holds none so worthy of my throne as Padmani. Do not all agree in her perfections ? Say they not that she is beautiful as a houri, graceful as the twining liana, light-footed as the antelope, gentle as the dove, wise as Lokman,* good as the Daughter of Imran ;† with a voice sweet as that of the angel Israfil, and a smile like the

* Lokman, the Indian Æsop.

† The Virgin Mary, who is highly esteemed by the Mahometans.—*Koran*, ch. iii.

ripple on the river of Paradise. She is a priceless gem, and my crown is imperfect without her."

"Draw then the invincible scimitar. Take the fortress, slay the Ranah—his spoils will be thine."

"But not his widow! Madness, Sheik! Knowest thou not, that to slay the Ranah is to slay my love? She would be compelled by her religion to sacrifice herself upon her husband's burning funeral pile."

The Sheik mused for a time with his eyes fixed on the ground, while Akbar gazed anxiously upon him. After a silence of some minutes Soliman looked up.

"If thy condescension would hear me without anger, I would say, let the Sultan prepare to leave Chittore."

Akbar stared angrily at the speaker.

"Leave Chittore like a baffled hound! Give the infidel leave to say, Ha! the face of the Sultan is blackened, we laugh at his beard! By thy head, O Sheik! I scorn such counsel."

"Yet, my Sultan," resumed the old man quietly, "I still counsel thee to proclaim that thou dost yield up the siege. Also demand graciously a fare-

well meeting with yon idolatrous prince; and I would pray thee present to him, as a parting gift of reconciliation, that string of matchless pearls that hangs round thy tower-like neck."

"Akbar's rage would have burst forth with vehemence, but for a peculiar smile on the Sheik's countenance, which told that he meant more than he expressed. The old man continued—

"But I fear the string is scarcely strong enough *for its purpose*. It might break on the Ranah's neck, and some of the pearls be lost. With the Sultan's leave I would crave to show how such valuable pearls *ought to be strung*, so that the string *shall run no risk of breaking*."

The Sultan observed the emphasis of the Sheik on the last words.

"Come into my tent, O Sheik, in the name of the Prophet, and turn jeweller if thou wilt. And while thou art stringing my pearls anew, explain the secret of thy unwonted counsels."

So spake Akbar, hurrying Soliman into the royal tent, and closing the entrance, after commanding the sentinel to prohibit the approach of any intruder whatever.

CHAPTER II.

WITHIN the mountain-fortress of Chittore was a small lake, covered with the leaves and flowers of the blue water-lotos, and in its centre, on a rocky islet, stood the palace of the Rannee Padmani, a low, heavy, stone building, adorned with a quantity of mythological sculpture. The communication with the mainland was maintained by means of two decorated boats. In the favourite apartment of Padmani, the small windows were set round with a frame of shining mica; the smoothly plastered walls and ceiling were painted with subjects from the most agreeable Hindoo legends. There was *Cama*, the Indian Cupid, with his bow of sugar-cane, and its string of bees, and his five arrows tipped with flowers, accompanied by his consort, *Reti* (affection), and his friend, *Vasanta* (the spring). There was *Nareda*, son of the god Brahma, inventing the vina, or Indian guitar; and *Parvati*, in the guise of a mountain girl, winning back the estranged affections of her consort, the god Iswara. The floor was covered with striped cotton, lined and quilted,

so that the foot-tread fell noiseless; cushions of brocade were laid upon it, and two musnuds covered with rich shawls. In a niche stood a silver idol of *Surya*, or the sun, before which lay, as a votive offering, a garland of mougrees, purely white fragrant flowers, resembling jessamine. The room was cool and darkened; and wetted mats, of an odoriferous grass, were laid wherever the rays of the sun sought to penetrate.

On a pile of cushions sat Padmani. Her under robe was of white silk; the upper, of silver gauze. A chaplet of emerald leaves and pearl berries bound the luxuriant knot of her shining black hair, and splendid ornaments encircled her slender arms, waist, and ankles. Her figure was the perfection of symmetry and grace; and her face was so exquisitely beautiful as to surpass even the imaginings of Sultan Akbar. She held a vina, or Indian guitar, whose melancholy music she accompanied with a voice of infinite sweetness, but of deep sadness, often interrupted by tears.

PADMANI'S SONG.

Who will be with thee at the rest of Even
 (Those sacred hours, so tranquil and so
 lone),
 Gazing with thee upon the dark'ning heaven,
 Breathing soft thoughts by tender impulse
 given,

When I am gone ?

Who will be with thee by the murmuring
 fountain,
 List'ning to mellow horn at distance
 blown ;
 Or sigh of breeze awaking on the mountain,
 Or the wild night-bird all his bliss recount-
 ing,

When I am gone ?

Day, active day, its aspect ever changing,
 With hopes pursued, or needful duties
 done,
 Will lure thro' varied scenes thy spirit rang-
 ing,
 Thy busy thoughts awhile from me estrang-
 ing,

When I am gone.

But thou wilt miss me in the evening's
 leisure,
 When all the hopes and cares of day
 have flown ;
 Who then for thee will search out fancy's
 treasure,
 Or sing to thee in strain of tranquil pleasure,
 When I am gone ?

Be happy in the day's meridian splendor ;
 Take up each flower that on thy path
 is strown ;
 But still at eve to me thy heart surrender ;
 Call back our love in mem'ry true and tender,
 When I am gone.

While she sang, the Ranah appeared at the door of the apartment. Like the rajpoots of high birth, he was taller and fairer than the other Hindoos. He was young and handsome, and bore a striking resemblance to Padmani. His dress was of cream-coloured silk, embroidered with gold ; his turban and sash were of the national colour, bright red. The rajpoot badge, a gold medallion representing a man on horseback, hung from a gold chain round his neck. The rajpoot string of twisted cotton threads was passed across his breast and shoulder, and his forehead was marked with the streak of high caste. In his hand he held the rose-headed arrow that had been shot by Akbar. His countenance grew sad as he listened to Padmani. When she had ceased to sing he approached her. She gazed

on him with a tender but melancholy smile, and dropped the vina.

Clasping her delicate hands in his he inquired—

“Why is thy song so sad, my Padmani? What hath grieved thee *this* day more than the preceding days? Even yet the invaders shew no intention of actual aggression, but still continue their extravagant courtesies.”

“But how soon, my Ranah, may not these insulting courtesies be exchanged for cruel war? The Moslems are countless ; the fortress is closely surrounded ; we must yield at length to famine, if not to the sword. And I—I am the cause of threatened ruin to Chittore and its prince. Am I not a degenerate daughter of the sun to have lived so long? Ah! if *I* were gone, Akbar would no longer desire the conquest of Chittore.”

The Ranah uttered a cry of horror, for he perceived that she was contemplating self-sacrifice to propitiate the gods, who, according to their dark creed, were best pleased by human victims.

“What, Padmani! wouldst thou forsake me? Wouldst thou fly to another world, and leave *me* alone among my enemies? Or canst thou think I would survive thee? Rannee! dost thou forget our people? We must not desert them in the hour of danger. *I* must live to encourage and direct them ; *thou* must live to soothe my cares.”

Padmani replied only by tears. The Ranah saw that she had some unusual cause for depression. He drew her closer to his heart, and soothed her with caressing words, till he won from her a confession that she had been alarmed by an ominous dream.

“I dreamed,” she said, “that Kali, the awful goddess, stood before me. Her necklace of skulls rattled ; she brandished the weapons in her many hands, and her black countenance loomed upon me as she exclaimed, ‘Daughter of the *Suryasvanta*! why is Kali's image dry so long? When was it bathed last in the warm crimson tide?’ Ah, Zalim! she demands a sacrifice of blood for Chittore.”

“And she shall have it, Padmani! The battle-field shall be the altar, and yon Moslems the victims. Smile, then, my Rannee, thy dream is good, and shall be fulfilled. We have flung back Akbar's last insult in disdain ;

but the next we will answer with a fierce volley from our ramparts. We have cleared our fortress from the flight of flower-laden shafts; but this gem-freighted arrow, shot by the Sultan himself, the Brahmin Madeo has reserved to offer upon the shrine of *Surya*, while he calls on the sun-god to deliver his children from the *Bel-latee* (Barbarian). Let us see what this scroll says of the rose and its diamond chain—

“Be mine, O fairest! be but mine,
And I along thy path will strew
Wealth's gems, with purest ray that shine,
And love's own flowers of brightest hue.
The richest gem, the fairest flower,
Seem they not well united?
So I the monarch, chief in power,
And thou the loveliest —”

“Cease, Ranah, cease! It beseems not a faithful wife to hear the flatteries of a stranger.”

The Ranah smiled with pleasure.

“What, my Princess! art thou afraid of being bewitched by the spells of the Mogul? Yet I see among the flowers in yonder vase some sprigs of the imperial tree,* a sure preservative against magic.”

“Here,” replied Padmani, returning his smile, “here is a flower that is a more certain preservative from Akbar's spells,” and she gave him a mougree. “This is my favourite flower, for it was the first interpreter of thy love, Zalim. Can any of Akbar's flowers speak to my heart as the mougree spoke when first given to me by thee.”

The Ranah was pressing the hand that held the mougree, when a voice without craved admittance.

“Enter!” cried the Prince, impatiently, and an old muktar, or chamberlain, approached with profound respect, and laid at his sovereign's feet a splendid bag of brocade, saying—

“From the Mogul,” and retired.

The Ranah hastily cut the string of gold-twist, and took out a letter, written on a gold-besprinkled paper, having the impression of the Sultan's signet at the side (a conciliatory token of equality), and addressed “To the Maha-Rajah of Mewar, from Akbar, the servant of Allah, and Emperor of Delhi.”

Padmani, almost breathless with anxiety, leaned on her husband's shoulder as he read it aloud for her. It was couched in the inflated style of the Orientals, but its purport in plain terms was, that the Mogul, perceiving that the offers of his magnificence, and the menaces of his hostility, were alike disregarded by the Ranah and Rannee, admired their constancy too much to molest them farther. He withdrew his unsuccessful suit, and would retire from before Chittore on the following morning. But he desired previously to clasp in friendship the hand of a prince whom he had learned to esteem; and he requested permission to visit the Ranah in his fortress, pledging the faith of a true believer, and the word of an Emperor, that he would be attended only by a train of forty persons; and that no Moslem should quit the camp during the Mogul's visit to the Hindoo prince, with whom henceforth he would be allied in amity.

“Praised be our Father Surya for the barbarian's departure!” exclaimed Padmani, raising her eyes with a look of joy. “But O, my Ranah, let not the Mogul come hither, to profane with his footsteps the dwelling of the rajpoots.”

“Nay, Padmani, I may not refuse a demand upon my hospitality; he would think I feared his presence. Let him come and behold the strength of our position, and look upon the defying eyes of our defenders.”

“Be it as thou wilt, Zalim. Still I feel an instinct of some impending evil—may Surya avert it!—but surely, I think, some trial is before us. We may be placed in circumstances that will force us to dissemble with the world. Let us, then, establish a sign of private intelligence between us; let the mougree-flower be our secret token. When we are apart from each other, let no embassy, no request from the one to the other be of weight, or be conceded, or obeyed, unless it comes accompanied by a mougree; this flower alone shall give it validity — this shall be the token of earnestness and truth. Take some mougrees, Zalim, ere thou leavest me.”

He placed some mougrees in his bo-

* The *mimosa*, or sensitive plant, esteemed in India a preservative against witchcraft.

som, with the smile and the manner of one who humours a favourite child.

"Fear nothing, Padmani. I will go to Kali's altar and promise her

thirsty image the blood of sheep and goats. Be happy, and have a smile, and a cheerful song for Zalim, when he has given the *ruksut** to his self-invited guest."

CHAPTER III.

ON the mainland, at the north side of the lake, stood the Ranah's palace, where the banqueting-hall was prepared to receive the Mogul. The hall was open at all sides to admit air. The roof was supported by colonnades of massy pillars, round whose bases ran a stone balustrade. The ceiling was covered with an awning of blue silk, spangled with silver stars, to hide the fresco paintings of the Hindoo deities; for the laws of the Rajpoots forbade their eating with persons of another creed in the presence of their own gods. At one end of the hall was a recess, enclosed in a lattice-work of bamboos, within which were curtains of silver gauze, drawn closely together. Blazing torches were fixed on each side of this veiled recess, and lamps were gleaming all round the building. The marble floor was spread with cushions adapted to the different ranks of the guests. There were two magnificent musnuds for the Ranah and the Sultan, with a small Persian carpet before each. The Hindoo prince and his guests were seated at a banquet, served of rich and highly-spiced dishes, sweetmeats, and fruits. Nor was wine wanting, for the Ranah knew that Akbar was no scrupulous Mahometan. There were sherbets for the more strict Moslems, and *Madvat*† for the Hindoos. Akbar was arrayed with more than usual splendour, and the string of priceless pearls, which had occupied Sheik Soliman's attention, was hanging round his neck. The Sheik was placed a little behind the Sultan, who sat beside the Ranah. The evening music had been performed, the bards had sung, and the *Py-levans* (wrestlers) had shown their feats, and the Nautch girls had concluded their slow, pantomimic dance,

and the Ranah and his visitor were left to converse at pleasure.

The Indian prince, raising his cup, said to Akbar—

"This, my brother, we rajpoots call 'The Cup of Requests.' In this it is our custom to drown all enmities. I drink to thy friendship, O Sultan Akbar!"

The Mogul pledged the Ranah with a suitable compliment, and skilfully induced his entertainer to drink freely, observing him, with a secret pleasure, becoming flushed and excited, while the Sultan himself, a more experienced votary of the wine-cup, remained as cool as ever. At first the conversation was of the league to exist between the sovereigns of Delhi and Chittore; but by degrees, as the wine and the *madva* affected the Ranah, Akbar ventured to speak of Padmani.

"It grows late, and I must soon break the chain of pleasure in which my brother holds my soul. To-morrow I leave his territories; but before I depart, will not the Rannee permit me to ask her forgiveness for the presumption that led me to Chittore?"

"I will promise thee, O Sultan, the Rannee's pardon. But she will the more easily forget the siege of Chittore if she never beholds the besieger."

"I trusted in thy courtesy, O Ranah! that thou wouldst not refuse a guest the privilege he might hope from the liberal laws of thy nation, which do not, like ours, require the seclusion of your females."

"We may learn prudence from the stranger," replied the Hindoo. "His custom may prove worthy of imitation."‡

"My brother is a wise man," observed Akbar, with a slight sneer. "He will not let us behold the Flower

* Ruksut, i. e., dismissal.

† An intoxicating drink, made from the flowers of a tree called Mhowe, somewhat resembling an oak.

‡ It was in fact from their Mahometan conquerors that the Hindoos adopted stricter customs with regard to their females.

of his Garden, which his bards call the Rose of the Universe, lest we say, 'Walhah, Billah!' Those *Bhâts* spoke large words; what know *they* of roses? Flowers as fair bloom in our own garden, praise be to the prophet,"

The Ranah was piqued by this insinuation against the supremacy of his Rannee's beauty. His delicacy and prudence were overpowered by the festal cup, and he replied—

"The Sultan shall see that our *Bhâts* are men of truth. Fair buds may bloom round the throne of Delhi; but the Queen of Flowers reigns on the mountain of Chittore."

Padmani was in her island palace, impatiently awaiting the intelligence of the Mogul's departure, when the ancient chamberlain respectfully delivered to her the Ranah's request,* that she would visit the hall of banquet, even were it but for a moment. The Rannee was startled and displeased at the Ranah's strange deviation from discretion; but, on a moment's reflection, she forgave him, believing he had been, by some means, compelled to send the message as a mere formal compliment, to which he did not intend she should accede; and, accordingly, she charged the envoy with a decided, but polite, refusal.

The Ranah was disconcerted by the sarcastic smile which Akbar purposely affected when the Rannee's refusal was delivered, and he became doubly anxious for her appearance. He recollected the token flower; and taking the mougree from his bosom, said to the aged envoy—

"Repeat as before to the Rannee, and add, that I send her this flower."

The quick mind of Akbar conceived at once, that the mougree was a private and important token of mutual intelligence, and he treasured up his observation in his memory.

Great was the dismay of Padmani on the repetition of the Ranah's request, enforced by the token of the mougree. She could no longer decline the summons; and dismissing the old Hindoo without reply, she summoned her women to prepare her for the hateful interview with the Sultan. She determined to lay aside all decorations of dress. "Yon proud

alien (thought she) must not believe I sought to dazzle him." And with an uncommon, and even heroic, desire to detract from her own charms, she rejected her royal apparel, and arrayed herself in plain muslin of a spotless white. Not a single ornament would she retain; but round her raven hair she twined a wreath of snowy mougrees, to show the Ranah that it was the influence exercised on her heart by that messenger-flower (the remembrancer of their early love) that brought her into the presence of his undesired guest. The innocent young Hindoo was no coquette. Accustomed to associate the ideas of splendour and beauty, she little guessed that the novelty of her style of attire, its contrast with the gorgeousness to which Akbar was habituated, might but enhance her loveliness in his eyes; for beauty is often more indebted to novelty than to magnificence.

Amid the circling of the cups, Akbar sat anxiously expecting the result of the Ranah's last embassy, and his eyes were riveted unconsciously on the latticed and curtained recess before him. Suddenly the upper part of the lattice opened, the curtains of silver gauze were drawn back, and there stood Padmani, in her pure white robe and chaplet, her eyes cast on the ground, her arms folded over her bosom, and the flush of offended modesty mantling on her cheek. It was an exquisite vision. Never had Padmani looked so transcendently beautiful. The thin, silvery curtains hanging on each side of her like a shining mist, and the blaze of the torches around her, gave her a supernatural appearance. She might have been deemed a lovely *Apsara* descending from the Hindoo heaven.

But the Ranah was startled. He remembered her dream, and was struck with a feeling of dread, a perception of an evil omen. To him she looked like an Indian widow stripped of her ornaments, and arrayed for the fatal pile. The mist-like curtain-folds seemed as the enveloping smoke-wreaths, and the blaze of the torches like the fire of the terrible suttee.

And Akbar? — notwithstanding the absence of royal ornament, he knew Padmani at once. She was like

* Historical.

the pictures his imagination had drawn, but infinitely more lovely. He thought that earth could produce nothing worthy to compare with her. His soul was gazing in his eyes, and he enjoyed, with a species of rapture, the sight of that charming object that had surpassed expectation. He wished to speak, but found no words, and sunk into a kind of intoxication of delight, which he would fain have prolonged for hours.

Once Padmani raised her eyes, and cast on the Ranah a look of tender reproach. The eloquent glance of that expressive eye electrified the Mogul. He started up, and was approaching the recess, when, in an instant, the silvery curtains were closed, and the beautiful vision vanished, as if that hasty movement had broken the spell by which it was held.

The Sultan returned to his seat; and the removal of the object of his overpowering admiration allowed him to collect his thoughts, and compose his behaviour. He turned to the Ranah, and said, with a peculiar emphasis on his words—

“I regret, my brother, that the Rannee has withdrawn before I could assure her that Akbar is *effectually cured of his presumption.*”

The Ranah felt this insinuation, that the Sultan was disappointed in his anticipation of the Rannee's charms.

“My Princess did herself injustice,” he observed (though he secretly thought she had never appeared so lovely); “her dress was unsuited to her rank.”

“But too well suited to enchant my senses,” thought the enraptured Mogul.

And now the Ranah deemed it time to give his guests the *ruksut* (dismissal). The presents (of more than ordinary magnificence) were offered and accepted at each side, the attar of rose was scattered, and the *pawn** distributed. The Mogul, professing a reluctance to separate from the Ranah till the last moment, requested his host to accompany him to the gate of the fortress; and the Hindoo prince, willing to conciliate, readily consented, and they set forward on foot for the convenience of conversation. The

Ranah was attended by his silver mace-bearers; the bearer of his standard, the tail of the mountain cow; his umbrella bearer; and a small number of armed men. A train of forty Moslems followed Akbar. Their horses were led by grooms; and among them was a noble and well-trained animal, understood to be intended for the Sultan's last gift to his entertainer, at the gate of the fortress.

The lights of the torchbearers showed the illustrious personages to advantage to the crowds in the streets, and on the flat roofs of the houses. There were martial rajpoots, with their silver badges and red turbans; fanatics, with matted hair, and half-naked bodies streaked with ashes; wild-looking bheels from the mountains; low-caste Indians, with no clothing save the waist-cloth; women in their long, loose cotton scarfs—their limbs encircled with silver ornaments, and the knot of their black hair wreathed with flowers. There were all gradations of colour, from the black hue of the low castes to the comparative fairness of the rajpoots; and all the foreheads bore the various streaks of caste—chalk, vermilion, sandal-wood, or ashes.

And now the procession reached the gate of the fortress, and stopped at the threshold to take leave. Akbar repeated his thanks for the Ranah's hospitality, and requested his acceptance of the noble horse, which, in proof of his temper and training, knelt down at the word of command. The Sultan took from his neck the string of pearls—

“Now, my brother, let this be the chain to bind our souls in friendship; let my memory be precious to thee as pearls.”

He doubled the long necklace, and threw it over the Ranah's head, drawing one part tight round his throat, while the other part hung down below; of this loose part Akbar still kept hold, and the Sheik came close behind the Hindoo prince. Akbar suddenly pulled the string so forcibly that he drew his host outside the gate, aided by the Sheik, who pushed the prince forward. The latter, taking alarm, called to his train, and tried to break from the treacherous pearls; but they had been

* Betell leaves, prepared with areka-nut and quicklime, for chewing as a stimulant.

purposely strung, by Soliman's care, on a firm cord, strengthened with fine wire. The Hindoo guard sprang to arms at their sovereign's call, but were held in check, at the weapon's point, by the Mussulmans; and while a sharp conflict was waged between the two parties, Akbar and Soliman, still dragging their prisoner, and assisted by some omrahs, forced him upon the kneeling horse, which then immediately rose, and all the Mogul train mounting in haste, they spurred down the steep at full speed, Akbar holding the Ranah by the fatal string of pearls, while well-armed men galloped before, behind, and beside him. The Indian guard sallied out after the treacherous guests; but being on foot, and fearing

to discharge shot or shaft, lest they should slay their prince, they returned, helpless and dispirited, from the unavailing pursuit.*

On dashed the Moslems along the descent to their camp, where all was in readiness for furthering the Mogul's design, without losing a moment. Akbar, escorted by a select detachment from his army, set out with the unfortunate Ranah from Chittore, in the direction of Agra, entrusting the army that he left behind to the command of an experienced general; and consigning to the management of Sheik Soliman the furtherance of his views respecting Padmani, whose firmness he now hoped to subdue in the absence of her husband.

CHAPTER IV.

THE princess was watching at a window of her island-palace for the Ranah's return, when she saw groups running together, and the wavering light of torches tossed to and fro, and heard loud and various cries of terror, grief, and rage. Then a number of afflicted women, regardless of ceremony, burst into her apartment, shrieking and tearing their hair. When Padmani gathered, at last, from their incoherent exclamations, the misfortune that had befallen her husband, she burst into a storm of grief, flinging herself upon the floor, accusing herself as the cause of the calamity, and exclaiming that she had lived too long. Then, as a sudden idea darted through her mind, she sprang up, crying out—

"I owe him more than useless tears. Why do I waste precious moments in lamenting him, while I have still duties to perform for him? Quick!—prepare the boat!—let me go hence!"

She was promptly obeyed; and instantly repairing to the Ranah's palace, she mounted his horse, and rode rapidly to the main guard, followed by a body of martial rajpoots. Amid the light of the torches, and arrayed still in her white robe and her chaplet of mougrees, she sat erect on the war-horse, and addressed the troops in an animating speech,† exhorting them by

their religion, their loyalty, and the ancient and unsullied rajpoot honour, to rescue or avenge their Ranah.

They gazed on the beautiful princess; they beheld her like one clad for the funeral pile; pity, admiration, and superstition touched them, and they shouted aloud for battle. The troops were quickly set in array, and the command taken by Lall Singh, the brother of Padmani: the gate was opened, and with cries of rage and defiance, they rushed towards the camp of the Mogul; but the Mohamedans were prepared for the sortie. That night a deadly combat was waged; the midnight silence was broken by war-cries; the clear obscure of the heavens was darkened at times by arrow-flights, and illuminated at times by flashes of fire-arms. Many a brave man fell from the brow of a crag, or sank amid the trampled brushwood; and the clear crystal stream, as it gurgled downwards, was polluted with human blood. The Hindoos fought desperately; but the Mahomedans had a decided advantage in numbers, coolness, and discipline, and they drove back the Indians to their fortress with considerable loss. Padmani on the walls, like a white phantom amid dusky shadows, ordered the rude artillery to cover the retreat of her subjects, and directed

* The stratagem by which the Ranah was made prisoner will appear extraordinary and improbable; but it is related as fact in Oriental history.

† Historical.

several charges against the Mahomedans. That night sealed the fiery doom of many a new-made Indian widow in Chittore.

On the following day a Hindoo, who had been taken prisoner in the night-battle, was sent into the fortress by Sheik Soliman, with a letter to Padmani, which had been left by the Sultan. Akbar wrote justifying his stratagem by the vehemence of his passion, assuring the princess that he would never release his rival till she purchased his freedom by renouncing him for Akbar; and hinting that not only the Ranah's liberty, but his life also, depended on her conduct to her Imperial suitor.

"Shame on the base Mogul!" said Padmani, in her reply. "Is this he who engraved on his seal, 'No man was ever lost on a straight road?'"* Yet into what crooked paths has he now entered! Shame on the foul trai-

tor to hospitality! Rejected before, he is now despised and loathed. Akbar knows nothing of rajpoot honour, or he could never dream that the Ranah of Mewar would accept of liberty or life purchased by his wife's disgrace. The Rannee views her husband as already dead, since he has fallen into the hands of the treacherous and the cruel. But she will pass through the purifying fire to rejoin him in the heaven of Indra, where no false Mussulman can ever come to disturb their freed spirits."

The siege of Chittore was now carried forward in earnest by the Mogul army, and the thunders and lightnings of war roared and flashed, with little intermission, from the ramparts of the besieged and the lines of the besiegers. Padmani was the life of the garrison, constantly appearing on the walls, visiting the posts, and animating the soldiers.

CHAPTER V.

MEANWHILE the unhappy Ranah was kept in rigorous confinement in a castle near Agra, about twelve days' journey from Chittore; and Akbar, influenced by jealousy, and eager to obtain Padmani at any cost of honour, treated his royal captive with a severity foreign to the Sultan's usual magnanimity. The Ranah was rendered miserable by his absence from his beloved wife, and his ignorance of her fate and that of his capital. And his life was further embittered by the insults of his Mahomedan guards, who soon learned that they were free to gratify their bigotry against the unbeliever. At length, when his spirit was deemed sufficiently broken, the Mogul came from Agra to visit him in his prison, and commanded him to write with his own hand to Padmani, declaring his willingness to surrender her to Akbar as the price of his life and liberty, and of the safety of his people; and entreating her to yield to the great Emperor, who had sworn, otherwise, the destruction, not only of Chittore, but of all the *Suryasvanta*.

At first the royal rajpoot glowed with rage, and felt that he would rather rush on Akbar's sword than de-

grade himself in the eyes of his noble and loving Padmani; but, on reflection, he thought it well to dissemble with the Sultan. Time would be gained; he might learn something of his wife and his fortress, and Padmani would know, by the absence of the token-mougree, that the letter had been forced from an unwilling hand, and was of no validity. The scroll, as dictated, was written, not without many a pause, many a blush of shame, and was handed to the Mogul. What was the Ranah's consternation, when he saw Akbar, with an exulting smile, produce a mougree, saying—

"I saw the Ranah send this flower once before with good effect; it seemed to possess some spell to ensure the obedience of the Rannee; with thy condescension, we will try its power yet again."

He placed the flower in the folds of the letter, and the horror-stricken Prince sank back upon his cushions, overcome with anguish, surprise, and apprehension.

When the letter reached Padmani, she was sitting with the Ranah's mother, the Majee, in a circle of her royal kinswomen, lamenting the cap-

* Akbar's celebrated motto.

tive and distant prince. The sight of the characters traced by his hand threw her into an ecstasy.

"He lives! he still lives, my mother!"

As she opened the letter, she saw the mougree, and placed it on her heart. But while she read her brow clouded; she paused, took out the mougree, gazed on it, read again, and grew deadly pale. After a short silence she said to the Majee—

"Listen, my mother, to the letter of thy son," and she calmly read it aloud.

"Ah, my poor son! my unhappy Zalim!" cried the Majee; "captivity has overthrown his reason. But thou, Padmani, wilt not forget that thou art a daughter of the sun."

The Rannee made no answer, but sat silent, revolving many thoughts, with her eyes cast down, and her lips compressed. At length she rose, moved to another end of the apartment, wrote a letter with much deliberation, then returned to her place, and read aloud what she had written to the astonished and indignant Majee. The letter was addressed, not to her husband, but to Akbar, and its tenor ran, that the Ranah of Mewar having renounced her as his wife, she had no longer the same grounds for rejecting the suit of the Mogul. But she had bound herself by a solemn vow, before her gods, never to separate from her husband without a formal release from her ties, spoken to her by his own lips, and accompanied by the mutual performance of the rites of their religion. Let Akbar grant her a last interview with the Ranah for the purpose of this release, and he might expect her at Agra immediately after the divorce had been solemnised.

The relatives of Padmani wept aloud, and tore their hair at the perversion of one of their pure and lofty race.

"Shame to our blood!" cried the Majee; "canst thou, indeed, be a daughter of *Surya*? thou who art basely allured by the pomp of a barbarian to forsake thy husband and sovereign in his days of darkness?"

"Mother!" replied Padmani, "has he not forgotten that he is a rajpoot? and shalt thou blame me, a weak woman? Has he not commanded me to renounce him? and is it not my duty to obey my husband, and my sovereign?"

"But that letter has been wrung from him, we know not how; and he trusts in thy love to discern that, like a false mirror, it distorts the features of thy Ranah's soul."

"Ah, my mother! would that I could discern thus! But he has sent me a token of earnestness, a private token, known only to himself and me. But let me send for the wise Brahmin Madeo; and for Lall Singh, my brother, thy brother's son; let them hear me, and speak judgment. And ye, my kindred and sisters, I pray you retire, and leave me with the Majee, in this my hour of blackness!"

Long and secret was the conference between Padmani, her brother, the Brahmin, and the Majee; and when it broke up traces of weeping were visible on their faces.

The Rannee now opened a communication with Sheik Soliman, as Akbar's representative. She demanded a free egress for herself and a suitable company, and an uninterrupted journey from Chittore to the Ranah's prison; and insisted that the Mogul should make no attempt to see her while she continued the wife of the Prince of Mewar; and that immediately on her departure the Mogul's army should quit Chittore, and return to their own country. The Sheik had received full powers to act for his master; he thought the Rannee's demands reasonable, and acceded to them.

And now Padmani proved to her people that she loved them, even while leaving them. She placed the administration of all affairs in the ablest hands, took every precaution for the happiness of her subjects, and arranged all things provisionally, till the anticipated return of the Ranah.

On the morning of her departure, the fortress resounded with cries and lamentations, and the gate was thronged by all the inhabitants, to see the sad procession pass. There came peons, proclaiming the titles of the Rannee; standard-bearers; the royal kettle-drums of silver; *chobdars*, with their silver sticks; the large and superb palanquin of the princess, with its bamboo-lattice, and silken curtains, closely drawn all round; and followed by three other capacious palanquins, appropriated to her women. There was an armed escort of an hundred-and-fifty chosen rajpoots; grooms, leading sixteen beautiful horses, in-

tended for sacrifice;* and the procession was closed by all the numerous and various servants and attendants of a Hindoo of high rank.

The train passed out amid loud cries and low salaams; and after it had descended the mountain, and reached the plain below, the Moslem troops, which had previously struck their tents, set forward on their return to Agra, and the city and fortress of Chittore were left in unwonted solitude.

The distance from Chittore to the Ranah's prison was about twelve days' journey. The train never halted in town or village, but only in some solitary spots that afforded shade and water. The curtains of the palanquins were never drawn aside to afford the inmates even a transient view of the country: it seemed as though female curiosity had been wholly absorbed in sorrow. Those secluded travellers were never seen to leave their veiled litters; but the necessary orders were issued from the royal palanquin to a confidential officer, who usually rode beside it, and for whom a curtain was sometimes partially unclosed for a moment.

As the train came into the vicinity of Agra, it was met by couriers from Akbar, with letters and magnificent gifts for Padmani; but when they approached her palanquin, a jewelled hand, shrouded in a veil, held forth a poinard, and a mournful voice from within declared, that if the sad hours of her pilgrimage were thus disturbed, she would end her sorrows and her life with that weapon; and the couriers were obliged to return to Agra with the unopened letters, and the unaccepted presents.†

At length the train arrived within a short distance of the Ranah's prison, and halted a while on the verge of a forest, where all the inferior attendants were ordered to remain till the escort should return to them, after leaving the princess in charge with the Mogul's guards; then the dismissed Indians would return all together to Chittore.

Then the palanquins, the rajpoot escort, and the victim-horses, with their grooms, set forward, and soon

arrived at the gate of the prison-castle, where the Royal vehicle was received with every demonstration of respect, and admitted inside the walls. But all the rest of the retinue were stopped on the outside by the Mussulman guard; while the bearers of the inferior palanquins set down their burdens just on the threshold of the gate. A tremulous voice, speaking from the interior of the princess's litter, demanded that the Rannee's interview with her husband should be private, without the restraint of the presence of any other person. In compliance with this reasonable request of the unhappy wife, her palanquin was carried into the Ranah's apartment, and set down, and the guards and bearers retired.

The miserable Prince stood in an agony of mingled feelings, eager to embrace his beloved Rannee, and entreat her not to forsake him, yet fearing to find her either indignant or estranged for ever. As he awaited her appearance with a throbbing heart, the curtains of the vehicle were torn aside, and out sprang—not Padmani—but the young and gallant Lall Singh, and three others of the bravest rajpoots, all fully armed.

"Away, Ranah!" cried Lall Singh. "Take this sword and shield, cut thy way to the gate, mount the white horse there, and gallop on to the forest, where friends and guides await thee."

The astonished Ranah felt like one in a dream; but Lall Singh opening the door, and calling on him to follow, the Ranah and his friends rushed out, sword in hand, cut down the Mahomedan sentinels, and reached the gate, where a number of warlike young rajpoots, leaping from the palanquins in which they had been concealed, closed round their sovereign. One or two of the guards, amazed as they were, attempted to shut the gate, but were prevented by the palanquins that stood on the threshold. There was a momentary confusion and clashing of weapons; but the Ranah vaulted on his horse, his companions springing on the others that had been led as victims, and they galloped unhurt from the fortress, before the Mussulman soldiers were sufficiently recovered

* Horses are esteemed a peculiarly acceptable sacrifice among the Hindoos.

† Historical.

from their surprise to offer any effectual opposition.*

The Ranah and his subjects were soon too far in advance to be successfully pursued, though pursuit was for a while attempted. They reached in safety the territories of a friendly Hindoo Prince, whose troops, as previously arranged by Padmani, came forth to meet them, and conduct them to a walled and well-guarded city. The first hour that the liberated Ranah could rest in peace, he devoted to hearing from Lall Singh the details of his faithful wife's stratagem, during the execution of which she had resigned herself to a close imprisonment in a private chamber within the palace of the Majee, to whom and to her Brahmin, Madeo, only, was the fact of Padmani's concealment in the fortress known—the most perfect secrecy being necessary to deceive the spies whom Akbar had left in the lower town of Chittore.

After days of fatigue and anxiety, but of comparative safety, the Ranah beheld once more the walls of his fortress, far up in dark relief against the sky. Eagerly he pressed his horse up the mountain; at the gate, on the spot where he had been made prisoner by treacherous hands, he was clasped to a faithful heart.

"My own!" he cried; "my own!"

What do I not owe thee? Life—liberty—honour—love."

Padmani had now attained the highest pinnacle of woman's happiness and pride—she had bestowed a benefit on her husband, and he had acknowledged it. Could life ever again offer to her lips the same delicious draught? *She* might, indeed, again and again toil, meditate, and endure for *him*; that is a common destiny and common happiness of woman; but would *he* ever again compromise man's dignity by the rare generosity of acknowledgment to a woman?

Once more in the Island Palace, alone together, in the heart-luxury of dual solitude—

"Ah! Padmani, I bless the penetration, the trustful affection, that guessed my real feelings, and confided in me, when I was forced to be false to thee and to myself."

"When a man is false to himself, Zalim, then it is doubly needed that his friends be true to *him*."

"And the messenger-mougree!—how was it that thine own appointed token did not mislead thee?"

"My poor mougree was still faithful; it died on its reluctant errand, and was silent when it reached me. It had exhaled its last fragrant breath, ere bidding me be false to thee."

CHAPTER VI.

Who shall tell the disappointment, the fury of Akbar, when he found himself mocked by a woman, and his own wiles repaid to him! The trembling messenger, who brought to Agra the intelligence of the Ranah's escape, would have forfeited his life, but for the interference of the Mogul's celebrated vizier, Abul Fazl;† yet even *his* influence availed not to make Akbar relinquish his criminal pursuit. In vain Abul Fazl quoted to him the precept of the Koran‡—"Ye are forbidden to take to wife free women who are married."

"Except those whom your right hand shall possess as slaves," inter-

rupted Akbar, finishing the quotation. "And Padmani (he added) shall be my captive, won by my sword, if not by my love."

And now, "On to Chittore!" was the cry in the Mogul army. "Honour and reward to him who first plants the Sultan's standard on its walls!"

The fortress was again closely invested; but now Akbar's trumpets, instead of gentle music, breathed vehement charges, and balls and bullets were aimed, instead of flowers, and gems, and verses, against the abode of the Indian Princess; and the siege was pressed by the Sultan with all the vehemence of disappointed pas-

* The escape of the Ranah is narrated as above in "The History of the Mogul."

† It was Abul Fazl who wrote the celebrated "*Ayecn Akbery*," a geographical and statistical account of the Mogul Empire under Akbar.

‡ See chapter iv. of the Koran.

sion, and all the bitterness of revenge. Yet his orders were strict to respect the Ranah's life, still fearing that Padmani, if her husband fell, would sacrifice herself upon his funeral pile.

One evening a group of rajpoots appeared on the ramparts above the gate, reconnoitring the dispositions of the enemy. It was a closely-pressed group, and attracted the Sultan's attention.

"They seem to be some principal officers met together," said he. "If we could, by one discharge, deprive the Ranah of some of his best chiefs—I do not perceive *him* among them—it is a fortunate conjuncture. Fire upon them! Sons of Islam, fire!"

He was obeyed. A shriek of dismay rent the air. The Hindoos threw down their arms, and closed hastily together. There was a movement, a mingling crowd, an evident confusion and alarm. Akbar gazed intently. The dense mass divided; a lifeless form was raised on the shoulders of some of the Hindoos: it was the Ranah.

A dreadful apprehension thrilled Akbar; for a moment he was silent, then shouted to his omrahs—

"The fortress must be taken at once, no matter at what expenditure of life. It *must* be taken at once, or the heads of my chief officers shall fall. On, men of Islam! On, true believers! He who first effects an entrance shall henceforth be the brother of Akbar."

All night the Mahomedans were prodigal of life, energy, and stratagem, in their attempts to reduce the fortress. All night Akbar superintended the siege, with untiring vigilance and excessive anxiety. Through the intervals of the clamours of war, he thought he heard, at times, on the mountain breeze, female voices, cries of lamentation. He thought he saw, at times, through the blaze of the musketry and artillery, a red, lurid light, like the flames of a suttee.

Soon after sunrise, a loud, exulting shout, "Allah Hu!" rose among the besiegers. Part of the wall that was undermined had fallen. The last sad

relics of the Indian garrison left after the murderous cannonade of the Moslems, stood in the breach. There they fought with unflinching resolution, sternly refusing quarter, and dropping where they stood, till all had perished, till the last man was cut down.

Akbar, in a tremor of eagerness and apprehension, spurred his horse through the breach, and galloped into the fortress, heedless of everything but his desire to find Padmani alive. His guards dashed after him in full career. On they rushed through the depopulated streets, through a fearful scene of desolation and carnage. Yet Akbar scarcely glanced at the smoking ruins and the ghastly corpses all along his way. He reached the lake. The island-palace was enveloped in smoke; yet it was not apparently on fire. With a choking sensation he plunged on horseback into the lake. His guards followed; their horses brought them safely across. At the landing-place they dismounted, gained the palace, and forced open the door. There was a dense and oppressive smoke rising from the lower apartments, which were evidently filled with some smouldering fuel.

"Burst open those windows! Fling water here! Force the door of that chamber!"

There was a hideous sight within: a multitude of female corpses lay stretched upon the floor in heaps, suffocated by the rising smoke, purposely admitted from below through perforations. This voluntary death was the self-sacrifice called "*the Joar*;" to this all the rajpoot women had devoted themselves rather than fall alive into the hands of the victors.

"Padmani! Padmani!" cried Akbar, in a mixture of grief and horror. "Seek her! oh, seek her among these corpses. Let me see her but once more, even though in death."

They raised the bodies, brought them forth, and scanned their blackened features. There were all the women of the fortress, from the Majee to the humblest servant. There lay the old and the young, the noblest and the meanest.*

* Historical. From this fatal *Joar* only two females escaped, young girls, who, when found by the conquerors, showed some signs of life, and were recovered. They were humanely treated by Akbar, and subsequently given by him in marriage to two of his principal officers.

The last corpse was removed; but where was Padmani? She was not found among her kindred and her subjects. Hope sprang up in Akbar's bosom. He mounted, and swam his horse back again across the lake. He hastened towards the Ranah's palace. Beside the way, leaning against a fallen pillar, sat the ancient Brahmin, Madeo, his head drooping to his knees.

"Where is Padmani?" cried Akbar, impatiently.

The old man looked up; death was in his face, and delirium in his eye. He began to repeat incoherently verses from the sacred books of his religion.

"There is no other way for a virtuous woman (he recited) but ascending the pile of her husband. There is no other duty whatever after the death of her husband. The woman who follows her husband expiates the sins of three races. A pigeon devoted to her husband, after his death, entered the flames, and ascending to heaven, she there found her husband."*

"He raves," said the Sultan; "the hand of death is upon him."

Akbar spurred on to the palace of the deceased Ranah. In front of the building he saw the charred fragments of a funeral pile, and perceived the fetid smell of burned flesh. Amid the embers was a shapeless mass; on the ground were the relics of some royal insignia, and a wreath of scorched mougrees. Beside the extinguished pile lay Lall Singh, the brother of Padmani, his life-blood welling from a mortal wound.

"Oh! what is this?" groaned Akbar, clasping his hands in an agony of apprehension. "Oh! what is this?"

"The funeral pile of the Ranah of Mewar, and his devoted Rannee," replied Lall Singh, rallying his last energies. "Look, tyrant, at yon black mass! *That* is all that remains of Padmani—the beautiful, the faithful, the beloved. *That* is the prize of thy conquest. Was it well to sacrifice thousands of brave men merely to blight the innocent happiness of one loving and constant woman? Go, baffled conqueror! thy victim will not be unavenged. The flames of that fatal pile will be often rekindled in thy own bosom by the hand of remorse, to sear all thy future pleasures; thy sons will descend to the grave before thee; thou wilt die blighted by useless sorrow; and the history of thy many glories will be marred by the black page that tells the tale of Sultan Akbar's baneful love."

NOTE. — The story of Padmani is related, with some little difference, by various historians, who all, however, agree as to the tragical catastrophe. Todd's "*Annals of Rajasthan*" fix the date at A.D., 1290, and make Alla-o-din, the Patan Emperor, the suitor of the Rannee and the conqueror of Chittore. But that character is more commonly ascribed to the Great Mogul, Akbar, who lived three centuries after Alla-o-din. Akbar's closing years (after all his splendour and glories) were embittered by many sorrows, aggravated by the loss of his sons. The authority we have followed in the foregoing tale is the French author of "*The History of the Mogul Emperors*," Father Catrou.

M. E. M.

* From the translation of the Hindoo Vedas, by the Rajah Rammohun Roy.

THE DRAMATIC WRITERS OF IRELAND.—NO. IX.

RICHARD LALOR SHEIL—JOHN BANIM—GERALD GRIFFIN.

"If anything be overlooked, or not accurately inserted, let no one find fault, but take into consideration that this history is compiled from all quarters."—TRANSLATION FROM EVAGRIUS.

MUCH has been lately written about Sheil—two volumes of "Memoirs," and two more containing a republication of his "Legal and Political Sketches," with notes by the editor.* Both are able and authentic works, containing much information, indited in a friendly spirit. They have been generally read, and elaborately reviewed. We cannot add anything that is new on the leading events of a life so completely familiar to the public; while it is extremely difficult to collect or express impartial opinions on the political character of an individual whose feelings and views, as reflected in his speeches, were so frequently in the extreme. On such points, posterity is a more equal judge than the living generation. Talleyrand did wisely when he directed that his memoirs should not be given to the world until a certain number of years had elapsed. He thought he should be better understood, and more fairly estimated, when what he said or did was no longer the topic of yesterday, but had passed into an historical record. Sheil plunged deep into the stormy sea of politics, during a period when the waves ran high, and the current was overwhelmingly impetuous. For a long time, it was much more likely that he would be hunted down as the mark for a criminal prosecution, than that his name would figure in the Red Book as a Privy Councillor, a Commissioner of Greenwich Hospital, a Vice-President of the Board of Trade, a Judge-Advocate-General, or her Majesty's Ambassador at a foreign court. Yet he successively filled all those offices, although always an enthusiastic emancipator, and an advocate for Repeal, until he saw that the word was a mockery, and the realisation of the chimera impossible. In the present notice, as in the case of Moore, and for similar reasons, it is

purposed to pass over what has been already so amply discussed, and to confine our remarks more immediately to the leading object of the series to which they belong. In some of the statements that have appeared from time to time, respecting Sheil's dramatic productions, there have been omissions and inaccuracies—not very important perhaps, but even in trifles it is better to be correct than erroneous.

RICHARD LALOR SHEIL was born at the country-residence of his father, near Waterford, on the 17th of August, 1791. He received his principal education at the Jesuit Seminary of Stonyhurst, in Lancashire, and at Trinity College, Dublin. He cared little for mathematics, but distinguished himself in classical learning. His poetical, imaginative temperament, decided the preference. In his twenty-third year, he produced his first tragedy, *Adelaide, or the Emigrants*, which he was inspired to write by admiration of Miss O'Neill, then the leading goddess of the Dublin Theatre. The talents of this great actress, more than the intrinsic merit of the play—which was first acted at Crowstreet, on the 19th February, 1814—carried through this early attempt of the young author with flattering success. In 1816, Miss O'Neill, remembering her Dublin laurels, anxious to serve Sheil, and above all, desirous of an original character in London, obtained from the management of Covent Garden the production of *Adelaide*. The two leading parts, next in importance to her own, were sustained by Young and Charles Kemble; and great efforts were made to ensure a favourable verdict. On the 23rd of May the trial came off; but the sentence was one of condemnation, not loudly expressed, but conveyed by inference. The play was announced for

* "Memoirs." By Torrens M'Cullagh, Esq. "Legal and Political Sketches." Edited, with Notes, by M. W. Savage, Esq.

repetition on three evenings, but was never acted a second time. The extraordinary exertion attending Miss O'Neill's performance of the heroine, was alleged in the play-bills as the reason for indefinite postponement; but the absence of names in the box-plan afforded a more feasible solution. In this case the decision of the public can scarcely be objected to. There were some passages of true poetic beauty, particularly that which describes the personal charms of Adelaide (drawn from her fair representative); but they were overloaded by others of unnatural exaggeration. The entire drama was rather an effort of promise than an instance of realised talent. The plot and incidents are too meagre for a five-act play. The action is supposed to take place at the time of the first French Revolution. St. Evermont, a noble Royalist, has escaped into Germany with his wife, Adelaide his daughter, and Julia, his niece. Count Lunenburg has given them a cottage to reside in, on his domains. He and Adelaide fall mutually in love, and are privately married, as she supposes; but, in the third act, Lunenburg acknowledges that he has imposed on her by a false ceremony, and offers to repair all by a public union. Adelaide, instead of acceding to his proposal, says she will wed despair, and stigmatises herself as the vilest of women; whereas in fact she has been guilty of no crime, except that of contracting a clandestine marriage. Adelaide poisons herself. Albert, her brother, challenges Lunenburg, who flings away his own sword, and rushes on the weapon of his opponent. The tragedy concludes with this double suicide, which a little temper and explanation might have rendered unnecessary. St. Evermont, *père*, has a very questionable speech, which must have escaped the vigilant eyes of the licenser, or assuredly he would have expunged it. The venerable exile says he saw "his lawful monarch's bleeding head, and yet he prayed;" he saw "his castle-walls crumbled into ashes by the devouring flames, and yet he prayed;" but when he finds his daughter betrayed by one of his most trusted friends, "he can pray no more!" Young was greatly applauded in this

tirade, which he uttered with such energy and feeling, that the blasphemy passed over unobserved.

Hazlitt — at that time the critic of the day, *par excellence* — wrote with characteristic bitterness of Sheil's first dramatic attempt, without knowing the author. He says* :—

"A tragedy, to succeed, should be either uniformly excellent, or uniformly dull. Either will do almost equally well. We are convinced that it would be possible to write a tragedy which should be a tissue of unintelligible commonplaces from beginning to end, in which not one word that is *said* shall be understood by the audience; and yet, provided appearances are saved, and nothing is *done* to trip up the heels of the imposture, it would go down. *Adelaide, or the Emigrants*, is an instance in point. If there had been one good passage in this play, it would infallibly have been damned. But it was all of a piece; one absurdity justified another. The first scene was like the second; the second act no worse than the first; the third like the second, and so on to the end. The mind accommodates itself to circumstances. The author never once roused the indignation of his hearers by the disappointment of their expectations. He startled the slumbering furies of the pit by no dangerous inequalities. We were quite resigned by the middle of the third simile, and equally thankful when the whole was over. The language of this tragedy is made up of nonsense and indecency; mixed metaphors abound in it. The 'torrent of passion rolls along precipices.' Pleasure is said to gleam upon despair, 'like moss upon the desolate rock.' The death of a hero is compared to the peak of a mountain setting in seas of glory, or some such dreadful simile, built up with ladders and scaffolding. Then the thunder and lightning are mingled with bursts of fury and revenge in inextricable confusion. There are such unmeaning phrases as *contagious gentleness*; and the heroes and the heroine, in their transports, as a common practice, set both worlds at defiance."

All this comes rather under the head of smart, pungent writing, than sound criticism, or clear reasoning; but it was very discouraging to a young dramatic aspirant when he found it on his breakfast-table, the following morning, in the columns of an influential journal. It would scarcely whet his appetite more than the parting consolation suggested to Wolsey by his angry

* "View of the English Stage," p. 295.

master. Sheil felt his disappointment, but he exhibited no outward tokens of chagrin. Being behind the scenes during the performance, he saw that his play produced silence rather than applause, and anticipating the result, asked, abruptly, "When do they usually begin to damn a new piece here?"* A London success would have been very gratifying to him. He had lately married, or was on the point of marrying, his first wife, Miss O'Halloran, a niece of Sir Wm. M'Mahon, Master of the Rolls, and might anticipate a young family. His father had lost much of his property in unlucky speculations, and his own means were restricted. He disliked the dull drudgery of the law, to which he was professionally condemned, and courted Apollo, equally from inclination and the hope of more agreeable profit. He knew that many living dramatists had received large sums for popular plays. At that very moment his countryman, Maturin, was emerging from toilsome obscurity, and the town rang with the praises of *Bertram*, while *Adelaide* was consigned to oblivion. In spite of the condemnation of Hazlitt, he tried his luck again, and within twelve months after his first failure. On the 3rd of May, 1817, his tragedy of *The Apostate* appeared at Covent Garden, and was received with most decided approbation. It was repeated twelve times during that season; and between the sum paid from the treasury of the theatre, and the profits of the copyright, placed seven hundred pounds in the hands of the author. It is unquestionably a better play than *Adelaide*, constructed with more attention to dramatic rules, and far superior in interest and incident. The occasional inflation of the poetry is less apparent, as the action passes during the romantic period, in Spain, the peculiar land of romance, and about the time of the revolt of the Moors from Philip the Second. The acting was superb. No tragedy of common pretensions could fail with such a cast as the following:—Hemeya (the descendant of the Moorish kings), C. Kemble; Malec (an old Moor), Mr. Young; Pescara (Governor of Grenada), Macready; Alvarez (a Spanish nobleman), Murray; Comez (an inquisitor), Eger-

ton; Florinda (daughter to Alvarez), Miss O'Neill.

The writer of this article was present on the first representation, and well remembers the enthusiasm of the audience. Miss O'Neill played with an intensity of feeling and power, of which those who never saw that fascinating actress can form but a very faint conception. Macready, at that time working his way, found a good stepping-stone in a very repulsive character, which no other actor could have invested with the same consequence. Charles Kemble presented a perfect *beau ideal* of the heroic apostate; and Young, as the old Moor, topped them all. He had a fulminating speech against the Inquisition, then recently restored by the amiable Ferdinand the Seventh, which he delivered *con amore*, and with an effect that produced peals upon peals of applause, such as cold-blooded or more fastidious moderns never indulge in now, within the walls of any theatre. The passage is admirable in itself, and may be selected as a good characteristic specimen of the author's style, which a very qualified notice in the *Quarterly Review* admitted to be original, and not borrowed from any popular school. Hemeya has warned his friend to be cautious in speech, and pointing to the terrible prison-house, before which they are conversing, says—

"Look at yon gloomy towers; e'en now we stand
Within the shadows of the Inquisition."

Malec replies, indignantly—

"Art thou afraid? Look at yon gloomy towers!
Has thy fair minion told thee to beware
Of damps and rheums caught in the dungeon's
vapours?
Or has she said those dainty limbs of thine
Were only made for love? Look at yon towers!
Ay! I will look upon them, not to fear,
But deeply curse them. There ye stand aloft,
Frowning in all your black and dreary pride,
Monastic monuments of human misery—
Houses of torment—palaces of horror!
Oft have you echoed to the lengthened shriek
Of midnight murder; often have you heard
The deep choked groan of stifled agony
Burst in its dying whisper. Curses on ye!
Curse on the tyrant that sustains you, too!
Oh! may ye one day from your tow'ring height
Fall on the wretches that uphold your domes,
And crush them in your ruins!—"

The Apostate continued an attractive play at Covent Garden as long as Miss O'Neill remained a member of the company; but it has never been

* We are not sure that this did not occur at the later representation of *The Apostate*.

revived at any London theatre since her secession in 1819.

On the 22nd of April, 1818, Sheil's third tragedy, entitled *Bellamira, or the Fall of Tunis*, was produced at Covent Garden, with the same powerful cast which had supported *The Apostate*, but with very inferior success. It was said that Miss O'Neill disliked her part, and this was the reason assigned for the speedy withdrawal of the play from the bills. She acted the character once afterwards in Bath, and to a very bad house. Nevertheless, the author again received four hundred pounds, while the treasury of the theatre must have sustained a loss. Sheil's fourth and best tragedy, *Evadne, or the Statue*, came out on the 10th of February, 1819, only five months before Miss O'Neill retired from the London boards.* Again he had the advantage of her brilliant talents, supported as before by Young, Macready, and Charles Kemble. *Evadne* ran for thirty nights to crowded houses. The author dedicated it to Thomas Moore, and his profits amounted to five hundred pounds. The tragedy is founded on Shirley's *Traytor* (written in 1635),† but modified to suit the more refined notions of the nineteenth century. Sheil, in his preface, almost claims the merit of original conception for a skilful adaptation. He says, "No one contests the originality of *Douglas*, because Home took his plot from an old ballad, and even profited by the *Merope* of Voltaire. Rowe's *Fair Penitent* is a still stronger case; that fine tragedy is modelled on Massinger's *Fatal Dowry*. Otway and Southern rarely invented their plots." Many more parallel instances were ready, had he cared to cite them. He might have ascended to Shakspeare, who usually built on history, old legends, or popular novels of his day.

Evadne is a well-constructed drama, less nervous in diction than *The Traytor*, but freed as much as possible from the indelicacy inherent to the subject, and infinitely more agreeable in the

catastrophe, which winds up happily, while just retribution overtakes the villain Ludovico (the Lorenzo of *The Traytor*). In Shirley's play, the innocent and guilty fall together, and the concluding scene exhibits a perfect shambles. We are dull enough not to feel keenly the intense beauty and strength of the elder dramatists, always excepting Shakspeare, and a very few selections from his contemporaries and immediate successors. Their plots turn on the most revolting crimes, incidents, and situations, and are for the most part compounded of disgusting variations of murder, butchery, incest, violation, and adultery, carried out with broad brutality, and scantily redeemed by an occasional passage of harmonious or pathetic versification, which cannot be uttered to refined ears, from the objectionable nature of the inference or context. The general impression with which we rise from the perusal of these highly vaunted masters of the olden times, is one of surprise and regret that so much power should be combined with so little taste, and such executive talent thrown away on impracticable subjects. The morbid eccentricities of genius are very unaccountable. Within the last ninety years, Horace Walpole, a wit, a courtier, and a coxcomb, wrote and printed a revolting tragedy, called *The Mysterious Mother*, which Lord Byron praises to the echo, while he eulogises the author as the *Ultimus Romanorum*. The play is undoubtedly clever, and contains some fine didactic and descriptive poetry; but the subject shuts it out from the stage, although Walpole evidently wished to try the experiment, and coquetted for that purpose, while he affected to disclaim it. He even wrote an epilogue in character, to be spoken by his neighbour and close ally, Mrs. Clive, who in all probability would have rebelled in that instance, had the ungracious task been pressed upon her. During the summer which has just concluded, Madame Ristori has been attracting

* She acted subsequently, in the same year, in Dublin and Edinburgh, and finally with the amateur company at Kilkenny.

† Shirley's *Traytor* is not original, but taken, with very considerable alterations and improvements, from a still earlier play, bearing the same name, written (but apparently never acted) by a Jesuit named Rivers, who lived in the reign of James the First. Rivers composed his piece while he was in confinement in Newgate, on account of some religious and political meddlings, and in that prison he died.

all Paris to the *Mirra* of Alfieri, which an English audience would not tolerate for half an act—that is, if they happened to understand it. But with them, *omne ignotum pro magnifico* is a maxim which has not yet entirely lost its influence.

Sheil delighted in describing the beauty of his heroines. He had done so in *Adelaide*, and again in *Evadne* he paints from the same representative, in the following fine passage, in which Vicentio contemplates the lady of his choice, believing that her affection is changed, while her personal attractions retain all their unequalled brilliancy:—

“But you do not look altered—would you did !
Let me peruse the face where loveliness
Stays, like the light after the sun is set.
Sphered in the stillness of those heaven-blue eyes,
The soul sits beautiful ; the high white front,
Smooth as the brow of Pallas, seems a temple
Sacred to holy thinking ; and those lips
Wear the small smile of sleeping infancy,
They are so innocent. Ah, thou art still
The same soft creature, in whose lovely form
Virtue and beauty seemed as if they tried
Which should exceed the other. Thou hast got
That brightness all around thee, that appeared
An emanation of the soul, that loved
To adorn its habitation with itself ;
And in thy body was like light, that looks
More beautiful in the reflecting cloud
It lives in, in the evening. Oh, Evadne,
Thou art not altered—would thou wert !”

If we judge *Evadne* with critical severity, the exchange of pictures in the second act must be pronounced a clumsy incident. The trick is too common-place and transparent. Evadne lends Olivia Vicentio's miniature to look at for a moment. On Vicentio's almost immediate approach, she demands it back, and does not perceive, in her hurry, that Olivia has treacherously substituted the king's, with which she has been provided by Ludovico for that express purpose. Vicentio, after some altercation with Evadne, calls on her to produce his picture. She takes that of the king from her bosom, supposing it to be Vicentio's, and this drives the quarrel between the two lovers to the point of frenzy. If Evadne had acted on the principles of common sense or reflection, she must at once have perceived that the false Olivia had played her a trick. The short space of time which intervenes between the change of the pictures and the discovery of that change, precludes the possibility of any other supposition on rational principles. But Evadne, unlike a woman, and very much in the strain of a true tragedy

heroine, disclaims reason, and rhapsodises into nonsense:—

“Sure some dark spell, some fearful witchery—
Some dæmon paints it on the coloured air—
’Tis not reality that stares upon me !”

Miss O'Neill performed Evadne twice in Dublin, in July, 1819, after the close of the Covent Garden season, but the play was not then attractive. It has more recently been revived by Miss Helen Faucit, who added much to her fame by her admirable impersonation of the heroine.

On the 3rd of May, 1820, a drama in three acts, entitled *Montoni, or the Phantom*, appeared at Covent Garden. It was only acted twice, and never printed. On the second night it was performed as an afterpiece—a certain indication of failure. The characters and actors were as follows:—Baron Montoni, Macready ; Sebastian, Abbott ; Calatro, Yates ; Gregorio, an abbot, Egerton ; Rosaline, Miss Foote. Sheil was known to be the author, but he had no desire to be much identified with a piece which diminished rather than increased his reputation. As in the earlier case of *Bertram* and *Adelaide*, he was again overshadowed by the superior *eclat* of Knowles's *Virginus*, which was produced at the same theatre within a fortnight after. In the following year, Sheil materially assisted Banim in *Damon and Pythias*, first acted at Covent Garden on the 28th of May, 1821. This play has been sometimes printed with the names of both, but the exact share to which the two authors could lay claim has never been distinctly ascertained. Sheil, more than once, in conversation on the subject with the writer of this notice, told him that he had contributed several speeches, and much general supervision and advice as to the construction of the drama.

On the 11th December, 1822, Sheil's last tragedy, *The Huguenot*, appeared in the same theatre which had witnessed his earlier efforts, but without the success which maturer experience might have looked for. It was written three years before, in 1819, and the heroine intended for Miss O'Neill, whose absence was severely felt, and her place inadequately supplied. Macready alone remained of the leading performers who had so distinguished themselves in *The Apostate*, *Bellamira*, and *Evadne*. Three nights terminated the short

career of this play, which was handled by the diurnal critics (one or two excepted) with unmitigated severity. Sheil had made altogether something above two thousand pounds by his tragedies, but his dramatic ardour was now cooled; the stage had lost the bright star for whom he delighted to write, and he turned his time and abilities thenceforward more exclusively to law and politics.

In 1824, Sheil, at the request of his friend Mr. Macready, altered and adapted to the stage Massinger's tragedy of *The Fatal Dowry*, without reference to Rowe's previous transformation of *The Fair Penitent*. The alterations are judicious, the chief point being to heighten the character of Romont, which has been ably accomplished. With the exception of Macready and Wallack, the actors were unequal to their parts, and the play only commanded seven repetitions at Drury-lane. The first performance took place on the 5th of January, 1825, but the run was interrupted by the sudden and severe illness of Mr. Macready, which suspended his performances for three months. In the following year *The Fatal Dowry* was acted twice in Dublin without attraction.* It was a bold imposition of Rowe to put forth *The Fair Penitent* as his own, without the slightest hint as to whence he had derived the plot, incidents, and characters; but in those comparatively dark days there were few readers and fewer periodicals, and piracy ran little danger of detection. Where was *The Spectator* that he did not discover and castigate the fraud? Cumberland, in *The Observer*, has compared the two plays in a long discussion. He gives the palm to *The Fatal Dowry*. Gifford does the same in the introduction to his edition of Massinger; but, in matters of critical taste, every one has a right to judge for himself, and opinions will always continue to be divided. Massinger has drawn the character of Charalois in a masterly manner, while Rowe has shrunk him up into the insignificant Altamont. But he has invested the heroine and her seducer, Calista and Lothario, with infinitely more spirit than

Massinger has bestowed on their prototypes, Beaumelle and Novall. With Calista we sympathise, although we can scarcely call her a penitent. She is sorry when she can no longer help herself, but she may plead some faint apology in the attractive qualities of her betrayer, the "haughty, gallant, gay Lothario," who, as Dr. Johnson says, "with gaiety which cannot be hated, and bravery which cannot be despised, retains too much of the spectator's kindness." The guilt of Beaumelle is greater than that of Calista, with less shadow of excuse. She is an absolute wanton, and sacrifices her honour to a contemptible wretch, who has nothing to recommend him in mind or person—deficient even in the vulgar attribute of courage. In *The Fatal Dowry*, Rochfort, the father, excites more interest than Sciolto in *The Fair Penitent*. Gifford says that Rowe's Horatio sinks into perfect insignificance in comparison with Massinger's Romont. Cumberland observes, that as Rowe had bestowed the fire and impetuosity of Romont on his Lothario, it was a very judicious opposition to contrast it with the cool deliberate courage of the sententious Horatio. As regards the language of the two plays, the superiority rests with Rowe. He does not soar so high as some of the flights of Massinger; but, on the other hand, he never sinks so low. Massinger has contaminated some of his best scenes with vulgar comic expressions. On the score of prurient descriptions and allusions, there is not much to choose between them. Sheil has expunged all these with skill and judgment, although the pertinacious admirers of antiquity will contend that he has done so by the sacrifice of original vigour.

Gifford says—

"It is told in the preface to *The Bondman*, 1719, that Rowe had revised the whole of Massinger's works, with a view to their publication; unfortunately, however, he was seduced from his purpose by the merits of *The Fatal Dowry*. He conceived the ungenerous idea of appropriating the whole of its merits, and from that instant appears not only to have given up all thoughts of Massinger, but to have avoided all mention of

* Poor Abbott seems to have been a stumbling-block to Sheil. He materially injured *The Huguenot* in London by being imperfect in an important character, and in Dublin completely broke down in Charalois, from the same cause.

his name. It may appear strange that Rowe should flatter himself with the hope of evading detection. That hope, however, was not so extravagant as it may appear at present. The works of Massinger, few of which had reached a second edition, lay scattered in single plays, and might be appropriated without fear.*

As Rowe grew older, his conscience smote him for his robbery of Massinger, or he became more scrupulous in his ideas of literary fair-dealing, or perhaps more apprehensive of discovery. In the preface to his *Lady Jane Grey* he says, that Smith† had designed to write a play on the same subject, and that Smith's papers had been put into his hands, but that he could not take from them more than thirty lines at the most. He adds—

"I should have made no scruple of taking three, four, or even the whole five acts from him; but then I hope I should have had the honesty to let the world know they were his, and not take another man's reputation to myself."‡

The Fatal Dowry, as altered by Sheil, has not taken permanent possession of the stage, and does not appear likely to be again revived. The play is too deeply imbued with the besetting sin of the old dramatists, indecency and an objectionable plot, which no power of writing or acting can render palatable to a modern audience.

Sheil had none of the petty jealousies of authorship. When he left off writing for the stage himself, he was ever ready with pen or influence to assist others, and hailed the success of Sheridan Knowles with loudly expressed satisfaction. When *William Tell* was first acted in Dublin, in 1826, and met with great success, although his own alteration of *The Fatal Dowry* had been coldly received a week before, he wrote the following notice of Knowles's play, which appeared in a leading paper of the Irish metropolis, and deserves reproduction as a good sample of amateur criticism, divested of the conventional style and peculiar phraseology which seem to be the natural in-

heritance of every professed disciple of Zoilus and Aristarchus:—

"On Saturday (18th February, 1826) the new drama of *William Tell* was acted at our theatre. The production of an admirable writer was assisted by the performance of an actor of whom it may be justly said, that he is 'Tragicus Spirans.' It is somewhat remarkable that Mr. Sheridan Knowles (we like his prenomens) should have been the first dramatic author who has done justice to two of the grandest incidents in the chronicle of liberty. Although Alfieri was of opinion that the story of *Virginius* afforded him the most noble materials, his tragedy upon the subject is ponderous and declamatory. Mr. Knowles's play approaches more nearly to the pathetic majesty of that tender and lofty theme. After the production of *Virginius*, its author sought amongst the mountains of Switzerland new materials for the exercise of his genius, and found in the market-place of Altorff as moving, and perhaps as grand an incident, as in the forum of Rome. Schiller had anticipated Mr. Knowles. Madame de Stäel, in her 'Germany,' has given large extracts from the play of that great dramatist, but they do not appear to us to be deserving of the praises which she has lavished upon them. Schiller has made a metaphysician of William Tell. His hero of the mountains would make an excellent teacher of scholastic logic in the Alpine monastery of Mount Saint Bernard, but has little of the rugged spirit which should characterise the immortal peasant by whom his country was delivered. Mr. Knowles has drawn William Tell with more fidelity and force. He has made use of Florian's novel, and could not have drawn from a better source. His romance upon liberty was written by the unfortunate Frenchman in a gaol. He had never interfered in the sanguinary politics of the revolution. His birth, which happened to be aristocratic, was his only crime. After remaining for several months in prison, when 'death had forgotten to strike him,' in the hope of obtaining his release, he resolved to compose a panegyric upon freedom. He was weak enough to imagine that the Geslers of the Directory would be moved to compassion by an encomium upon liberty, in whose name so many atrocities had been committed. The unfortunate nobleman sat down in his dungeon, and by the feeble light that gleamed through the grated window, painted (for his works are paintings of nature), the immeasurable mountains and the lonely valleys, where

* Introduction to Gifford's edition of Massinger.

† The author of *Phædra and Hyppolitus*, an unsuccessful tragedy, founded on the *Phædre* and *Bajazet* of Racine.

‡ Long after Rowe, Aaron Hill perpetrated a second robbery of *The Fatal Dowry*, which he produced at the Haymarket in 1758, under the title of *The Insolvent, or Filial Piety*.

freedom and the eagle reside together. Poor Florian! His manuscript was not even opened by the democratic tyrant to whom it was transmitted. Not long after he died of a broken heart. We have said this much of Florian, because the principal scenes in Mr. Knowles's play are founded upon suggestions in the tale of the French novelist. It is, however, but justice to add, that Mr. Knowles has greatly surpassed his original, and from mere hints in the French work our Irish dramatist has drawn many pathetic effects. This observation is particularly applicable to the second act, in which Tell instructs his boy in archery. It must be confessed that the admirable acting of Mr. Macready greatly contributes to bring the beauty of the scene into high relief. Indeed many of the finest touches belonged exclusively to that originating and creative actor. But putting aside all consideration of the performer's merit, the composition is most admirable in itself, and is entitled, in our mind, to unqualified panegyric. We are disposed, after an attentive perusal of Mr. Knowles's play, and having reflected upon the nature of the materials of which his work is constructed, and the singular skill, as well as genius, with which the passions are gradually and insensibly raised into intensity, to pronounce the author to be a dramatist of the very first order.* We make, of course, no reference to Shakspeare, but we do think that there are scenes in *Virginus* and in *William Tell* which Otway and Southern have scarcely surpassed. The tears of a silent and breathless audience outweigh all the cavils of criticism; and when we see persons of all classes and conditions, the refined and the uneducated, the hoary matron and the rosy-cheeked girl, the haughty lord and the poor mechanic, the man of business and the man of pleasure, the caustic critic and the frivolous coxcomb, all equally under the influence of that assimilating power, which it is the property of genius to exercise over the heart—when, during the representation of a tragedy, we see tears hanging upon the wrinkled eyelids of the old, and upon the long lashes of the young—when we perceive the quick emotions in the dry and rigid, as well as in the soft and vermilion lip—when we see the loquacious hushed into attention, and the grave and taciturn roused into exclamations of sympathy—when we see the habitual vanity, foppery, impertinence, and self-conceit, which are generally observable in the theatre, giving way to deep and unaffected sorrow—we then dismiss the measured dogmas of criticism with disregard, and becoming careless about an obscure phrase or a rugged and in-

artificial line, we assign the highest place to the writer, who realises the description which Horace has given of a genuine dramatist:—

“ Ille per extensum funem mihi prope videtur,
Ire poeta, meum qui pectus inaniter angit,
Irritat, mulcet; falsis terroribus implet,
Ut magus.”

“The praise (and it is most genuine) which we have given to Mr. Knowles, may justly be extended to the gentleman who has been the means of familiarising the public with his works. It has been said of Mr. Macready, that his features want symmetry and grace, and that he has not the classical expression which many consider necessary for the representation of lofty tragedy. He has what is much better than a classical countenance—a mind deeply imbued with the spirit of ancient literature, and has applied his intellectual endowments to his profession. We admit that his face is not made like one of those tragic masks which the Athenians used to employ in their theatres, and without which John Kemble might have played in the tragedies of Sophocles. The extraordinary physical qualifications of Kemble have led the public to require a countenance like sculpture upon the stage; but it should not be forgotten that some of the greatest performers of ancient or of modern times were deficient in this particular. There hangs in Voltaire's bedroom at Ferney a picture of the famous Le Kain.† The face is not unlike that of Curran, whose expression must be acknowledged to have been of an anti-heroic order; yet Le Kain, who was called ‘*Le Convulsionnaire*,’ was one of the greatest masters of the passions that ever lived. We are free to confess that Mr. Macready labours more or less under the imperfection to which we have adverted, and we are not blind to his other faults. His cadences are sometimes too elaborately fine; his transitions of voice have too much purpose in them. He uses the circumflex accent too frequently. He gives his hearer an admonition of the art by which his effects are produced, and forgets that its concealment is the supremacy of skill—‘*ars est celare artem*.’ The quotation is trite, but apposite. There is also at times a precipitation in his utterance, which renders him inaudible. He is too deep and guttural, and descends too rapidly from the loftiest pitch of declamation to the dead level of ordinary discourse. The trick is certain to catch applause; but genius ought not to have recourse to tricks. In the headlong fury of passion, Mr. Macready comes too instantaneously to a sudden stop, and looks as if he was struck on a sudden by some cataleptic power. The eagle shot by the magic

* Many of Knowles's subsequent plays were far superior to *William Tell*.

† There is a very fine one in the collection of the Garrick Club, presented by the late Charles Kemble.

ball in *Der Freischütz* does not come to the ground with a more precipitous fall. These are defects which, with all our partiality to a powerful and original actor, we perceive as clearly as any critic of the pit. But imperfections of this kind vanish before transcendent merit, and when we see an auditory compounded of many elements, alternately melted and appalled by such a master of pathetic as well as of terrible emotions, we care little about the science of his tones, or the symmetry of his countenance. 'Macready has not got a Roman nose,' exclaims the critic, and yet Macready can fill the critic's eyes with tears. We think it right to observe, that in *William Tell* his countenance, however in other characters it might be more felicitously constructed, presents an expression in perfect conformity with the ideal picture of the mountain hero. Although deficient in grace, it is full of manly energy and power. In the scene where Tell meets his son, and the son and father mutually conceal their knowledge of each other, the expression of subdued agony, intermingled with the fondness of paternal affection, were beyond all praise. The concluding portion of this scene was moving in the highest degree; and when Tell at length discloses that the boy who is doomed to death is his offspring, the simple phrase, 'he is my child,' went into the core of every heart. We are not acquainted with any incident in the whole range of the British drama more affecting than that to which we have referred; and we have no hesitation in saying that there is no other actor upon our stage who is capable of producing effects more powerful than resulted from the performance of Mr. Macready in that admirable scene.

"Mr. Southwell performed the part of Gesler. Mr. Southwell* is a well educated, a very modest, and a very clever man, and is greatly superior to actors upon the London boards to whom the parts of villains are generally assigned. This gentleman went through a difficult character with much

ability, but not sufficient skill. He did not husband his resources, and in the very first scene, in which he appears amidst a tempest in the Alps, became hoarse in shouting after his attendants for relief. It is very true that a man in a snow-storm will roar with all his might and main; but an actor should recollect that it is not his business to enter into competition with the stage-thunder; and that by too great a physical exertion, his voice becomes harsh, obscure, and dissonant, and that he thus disqualifies himself for the due performance of the residue of his part. It is, however, but justice to say, that Mr. Southwell evinced in the tempest no ordinary talent. He gave a strong picture of exhaustion and dismay; his acting throughout in a repulsive part was very creditable to him; but with a view to the general effect of the play we shall give him an advice, which is not unkindly meant. In those scenes where Gesler and Tell meet together, the latter is so situated that much of his emotion is necessarily of a subdued and secret kind. He does not dare to give vent to his feelings, and speaks in the low tones of a man whose agony fears its own disclosure. In order to give a full effect to the acting of such a part, stillness is required—there must not be any noise or clatter upon the stage.† The attention of the audience, which should be riveted upon Tell, must not be distracted by the boisterous ferocity of Gesler, and the person who represents the latter should be as calm as the nature of his character will admit.‡ Now, it is not necessary that every tyrant should be in 'King Cambyses' vein.' Cruelty is not of necessity always turbulent. It seems it is not only calm, but even merry. A judge in one of Scott's novels (mind, we are speaking of a judge in Scott's novels) cracks jokes on a man who is undergoing acute torture. Since mirth is consistent with atrocity, so is repose. A villain can murder with a smile, and the utmost savageness of the heart may be reconciled with a calm forehead and an unim-

* This promising actor, not long afterwards, made a successful *debut* at Drury-lane, from whence he went to the West Indies, where he died young. He was remarkably handsome. On one occasion, during a Dublin recess, when he was starring in the country, he acted Romeo at Sligo. An enthusiastic critic, in a local paper, said—"That Providence had specially made him for the part, and Shakspeare had him in his eye when he conceived the character."

† The prevailing faults of careless or defective actors are perpetual motion, interruption, and star-gazing round the front of the house. Often, in our managerial days, have we said to novices, "You must observe three fundamental canons before you can hope to be an actor—Stand still; don't speak until the person addressing you has finished; and look him in the face while he is talking to you." The rules appear simple, but they are very difficult to practice. "My hands puzzle me sadly," said Bensley, a stiff, formal actor of the ramrod school, who was taking lessons in elocution from Thelwall; "what am I to do with them?" "I can only instruct you there negatively," replied the teacher. "Don't keep them, as you generally do, thrust into your breeches-pockets."

‡ Acting is animated painting; no one can expect to excel in the one art who does not feel the other, and understand the principles of light and shade, with the harmony of correct grouping.

passioned aspect. Robespierre was an accomplished gentleman, whose manners were as polished as the wedge of steel of his favourite guillotine.* It is not, therefore, at all requisite, in the fictitious delineation of atrocity, to stamp, and foam, and tear a passion into tatters. The main business and end of the scene should be paramount in the mind of every actor who bears in it a subordinate part.† We do not mean to say that the performer of Gesler fell into any excess of stormy emotions, which were not warranted by his part. The character itself is not very happily drawn, the whole genius of the writer having been concentrated in his hero, Tell; but it is the business of a judicious actor to correct any mistakes of this nature into which an author may have fallen. The part of Tell's child was admirably played by Master Webster, who gives great promise of future excellence. Mr. Abbott and Mr. Calcraft played subordinate characters, and did everything for them which could be effected. It does these gentlemen great credit, that in a theatre where they have the selection of their parts, they should consent to place themselves occasionally in inferior positions, and thus hold out a useful example to every member of the company. Upon the whole, the play was admirably got up, and was far better acted at our theatre than upon its original representation at Drury-lane."

William Tell was repeated seven times during the engagement of Mr. Macready above alluded to, and always to crowded houses. Thirty years have rolled on since Sheil penned the criticism inserted above, and which we have preserved as a specimen of his style in that line of writing, as an instance of the warmth with which he rendered full justice to superior genius, and as a record of how plays were sometimes acted in Dublin, before what may be now called a departed generation, who flourished *sub Consule Planco*. Great changes have taken place since then. Young, at eighty, asks for the world in which he was born. Lord Byron says that a tenth

portion of the time suffices for a complete revolution of everything. The rapidity of universal mutation has assuredly not diminished since he wrote—

"Statesmen, chiefs, orators, queens, patriots, kings,
And actors—all are gone on the wind's wings."

Sheil, in 1827, when the Dublin theatre opened under a new management, wrote a poetical address for the occasion, which was delivered with happy effect. Some bitter lines were omitted, much to the dissatisfaction of the writer, who printed and disseminated them amongst his friends. They were not considered eligible for public recitation, as bearing with heavy satire on those who vehemently oppose the theatre on what are called religious objections.‡

In 1830, Sheil, as we have mentioned in the preceding number of this series, took a very active part, in conjunction with Mr. Macready, in the preparation and production of Maturin's posthumous tragedy of *Osmyn the Renegade*; and again, in 1835, in conjunction with many others, exerted himself warmly to promote a benefit for Banim, which took place in the Dublin theatre on the 21st of July, under the immediate patronage of the Marquis of Normanby, at that time Lord Lieutenant, and the warmest patron of all connected with the drama which the Irish metropolis had ever seen.

Our record of Sheil's principal dramatic doings closes here. This is no place to discuss his politics, in which he was undoubtedly sincere, although, as in the case of the unlucky speech on the death of the Duke of York, and the attack on Archbishop Magee, he sometimes suffered himself to be carried away into extremes, which it is idle for personal partiality to attempt to justify, and over which, if possible, his true friends should desire to throw a

* Lord Byron says that the relentless Ali Pacha, of Yanina, was the mildest-mannered man he had ever met with.

† On the French stage, this doctrine is better understood than on ours. It is, nevertheless, well inculcated and practised at the Princess's Theatre, under the management of Mr. C. Kean, who has lately given a Shakspearian play for one hundred successive nights. Nothing is more difficult in dramatic drilling than to prevent the actors of second and third-rate parts from marring the general effect by ambitious attempts at undue prominence. They have read the "instructions" (in imitation of Swift's jocular advice to servants), in which it is thus laid down—"If your friend, the hero, is dying at one end of the stage, let him die, and ——. You have a benefit to make as well as he, and must have an eye upon your patrons in the boxes, and draw a little attention to yourself."

‡ See DUBLIN UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE, No. CCXXXIV., June, 1852, in which the address is inserted.

curtain of oblivion. Controversy of any kind indurates the feelings, and inclines the gentlest natures to asperity. Literary, political, or religious warfare, has often rendered men—otherwise uniformly and constitutionally amiable—callous and uncharitable on an insulated question. Sheil, after the death of his first wife, married, in 1830, the widow of Edmund Power, Esq., of Gurteen, in the county of Waterford, with whom he received a large accession of fortune and interest. He died at Florence, where he was minister plenipotentiary, on the 25th May, 1852. The immediate cause of his decease was a sudden attack of gout in the stomach. His remains were brought home, and consigned to the earth at Long Orchard, in Tippe-

rary. His son, by his first marriage, had died of decline at Madeira, in November, 1845, and left him without descendants.

It is difficult to fix the exact rank which, as a dramatic writer, Sheil is entitled to hold. He cannot for a moment be placed on a level with Knowles, and is, perhaps, not superior to Maturin. As an orator he takes much higher ground. In private, no man was ever more loved by his intimate friends, or more esteemed as a social companion. He possessed a rich vein of natural humour, a fund of information, a delightful mode of conveying what he knew, and a kind heart, ever ready to acknowledge and assist the merit which required help while struggling into notoriety.

JOHN BANIM.

JOHN BANIM was born at Kilkenny, on 3rd April, 1798, and died in the neighbourhood of his native city, in August, 1842, when he can scarcely be said to have reached the prime of ordinary life; but privation, disease, and disappointment had done their work upon him, and had rendered him prematurely old. Some years before his death, general sympathy was attracted to the manly, persevering struggle he was making against the many combined attacks, which, while they paralysed his frame, rendered him totally incapable of literary exertion. Sir Robert Peel stepped in to the rescue of the sinking author, restored him to his country, and smoothed his declining years by a pension of £150 from the civil list, to which an addition of £40 was afterwards made for the education of his daughter, an only-surviving child. Banim began life as a miniature or portrait-painter, but nature intended him for a votary of literature, and her promptings were too powerful to be resisted. Perhaps the early success of *Damon and Pythias* had an important influence on his future course. This drama—in which, however, Sheil is usually supposed to have had some participation, and was certainly the organ through which it forced its way to the London boards—was first acted at Covent Garden, on the 28th of May, 1821. Banim, at that time, had only just entered into his twenty-fourth year. He had

previously presented a tragedy called *Turgesius*, first to Elliston, and then to Harris, but by both it had been declined. *Damon and Pythias* came out late in the season, and was only repeated seven times; but it gave great satisfaction, is still on the acting-list in Dublin, as in many of the first provincial theatres, and will very probably be revived in London, if a rising actor should happen (which is not unlikely) to take a fancy to the leading character. The two friends, Damon and Pythias, were originally sustained by Macready and Charles Kemble. The ladies, Calanthe, the betrothed of Pythias, and Hermion, the wife of Damon, by Miss Dance and Miss Foote. Both had extreme beauty to recommend them, in compensation for the absence of exalted talent.

The recent *Damon and Pythias* was preceded by a very ancient drama, written as far back as 1571, by Richard Edwards, who was a student of Christ Church, Oxford, and may be considered as amongst the very earliest of our theatrical writers. His play is reprinted in the first volume of "Dodsley's Collection of Old Plays," published in 1744. The title is quaint, and runs as follows:—

"The most excellent Comedie of two the moste faithfulest Freends, Damon and Pythias; Newly imprinted as the same was shewn before the Queene's Majestie by the

children of her Grace's Chapell; except the prologue, that is somewhat altered to the proper use of them that shall hereafter have occasion to plaie it, either in private or open audience. Made by Maister Edwards, then being maister of the children, 1571. Printed by Richard Jones, 4to, N. D.; also, 4to, 1582."

Banim might have been acquainted with this play, although he took the groundwork of his own more immediately from passages in Pliny's letters. Edwards's play is in rhyme, and not divided into acts. The story on which it is founded is related at length by Polyænus, in the twenty-second chapter of his fifth book.* Dionysius of Syracuse, being offended at Euephenus, contrived to get him into his power, and condemned him to death. Euephenus asked permission for an interval between sentence and execution, to return to his own country, as he had an unmarried sister whom he wished to settle in life, and promised to return. All who were present derided the proposal, but Dionysius demanded who would be his security. Euephenus named Encritus, who at once, being sent for, accepted the responsibility. Euephenus, according to his engagement, returned and surrendered himself up at the end of six months, the stipulated period of his absence. Dionysius, struck by the virtue of the two friends, set them both at liberty, and requested to be accepted by them as a third companion in amity. The generosity of the tyrant gained him the friendship of many of the Italians. Valerius Maximus relates the same story in the seventh chapter of his fourth book, but more concisely. Cicero calls the two friends Damon and Phintias.†

In the play, as constructed by Edwards, Damon and Pythias land together at Syracuse. Carisophus, who is a parasite and a sycophant, accuses Damon to Dionysius as a spy. The rest proceeds as in the story. At the conclusion, Carisophus is banished from the court. Aristippus, the founder of the Cyrenaic sect of philosophers, and disciple of Socrates, is included amongst the characters. Grim the cobbler is

most ridiculously introduced, for the sake of a scene of low buffoonery. Jack and Will make him half drunk. Grim asks if it be true that the king forces his daughters to shave him? They answer, yes, and offer to practise on him in the same fashion that the royal ladies handle Dionysius. While shaving him they pick his pocket. Grim is not absolutely called Grim the Cobbler of Croydon, but he seems to be meant for that personage, as he is said to have a Croydon complexion.

There was a *Damon and Pythias*, by Henry Chettle, acted in 1599, but it was in all probability only Edwards's under the name of another author. The additions and alterations to the old play by the modern dramatist are managed with much taste and effect, but one has been objected to by hypercritics as not being an improvement. According to the original story, the condemned friend was allowed an absence of six months, and consequently, there was a good reason why the other should be made answerable for his return. But in Banim's play there is no such cogent reason, as Dionysius might just as well have permitted Damon's wife to come to Syracuse, as have allowed Damon six hours to go and take farewell of his wife. We do not feel the force of this criticism, but think, on the contrary, that the shortness of the intervening time increases while it condenses the dramatic interest. But there was a mistake as the play originally stood, which we may call an impossibility. Hermion and her child were brought in at the end to complete the happy group. The author forgot that Damon had only just arrived in time, by riding for life and death on a fiery steed, and that no possible conveyance could bring the rest of his family to Syracuse with the same electric rapidity.

A short time before the success of *Damon and Pythias*, Banim had published a poem called "The Celt's Paradise," and afterwards gradually carried his reputation as a novelist to a very distinguished and enduring height, by his "Tales of the O'Hara Family,"

* For the benefit of lazy readers, who dislike to pore over musty Greek, it is well to observe that an English translation of Polyænus is not unfrequently stumbled upon at old book-stalls in London and Dublin.

† Cic. Offic. lib. iii. cap. 10.

"The Croppy," "The Denounced," "The Boyne Water," "Father Connell," and many other able and original delineations of national character. His strength lay in the exhibition of strong passion, feeling, and impulse, in the inferior orders and uneducated peasantry. His attempts at painting fashionable manners must be considered as comparative failures. There is perhaps a sameness in his works, which are confined to one peculiar class of subjects, and treated after the prevailing bent of his own fancy. But this objection applies to almost every prolific writer, and is a small blemish where there is so much intrinsic beauty. A play by Banim, called *The Prodigal*, was accepted at Drury-lane in 1823, and although in rehearsal, was withdrawn in consequence of some disagreement between Kean and Young, who were then acting together in that theatre. No copy appears to have been found amongst the author's papers after his death.

Banim found time to contribute largely to periodicals and magazines. His novels have, like Walter Scott's, furnished matter for many successful dramatisations, and occasionally he adapted them himself. Amongst the latter were *The Death Fetch*, *The Last Guerilla*, and *The Sergeant's Wife*, acted at the English Opera House with marked success, between 1825 and 1827. When the first of these pieces was played in Dublin, from a pirated copy, obtained without the author's permission, and taken by a short-hand writer, Banim published the following letter in the *Dublin Morning Register*:—

"London, 24, Mount-street, Grosvenor-square,
"March 12th, 1827.

"SIR,—Some months ago Mr. Harris applied at the Theatre Royal English Opera House here, for authentic copies of two dramas of mine, *The Last Guerilla* and *The Death Fetch*, produced last summer, and was informed that I had reserved to myself the right of replying to his application. Subsequently I wrote to Mr. H., to the effect that I was prepared to attend to any offer that he might make. My note did not receive the honor of an answer, and the matter seemed ended; but now learning that *The Death Fetch* has come out with little effect in Dublin, I beg leave, through the medium of your journal, respectfully and anxiously so state, that, inasmuch as I have supplied no copy to the Dublin theatre, the drama has not there appeared in the

form (whatever that form may be) in which it succeeded in London, and in which alone I could have ventured to encounter the responsibility of its presentation to the public. Taking into account the flattering and kindly encouragement I had, upon a former occasion, gratefully received from the enlightened audience of Dublin, and also recollecting how unprotected by legal enactment are the interests of dramatic authors, your numerous readers will decide, sir, whether or no I have been very liberally or justly dealt with in this transaction, when my character as a writer, my legitimate claims to humble advantage from my writings, and perhaps, my private feelings appear to be sacrificed to what, under the circumstances, must have proved only a trifling consideration, and, I consider, not an undeserved one.

"I have the honor to be, sir, your most obedient servant,

"JOHN BANIM."

The want of legal protection, to which Banim alludes, was remedied a few years after by the "Dramatic Authors' Bill," in many respects a just and valuable enactment, although the retrospective clause was a novelty in legislation which pressed unfairly on managers who had previously entered on leases of theatres, under the idea that they possessed the right of acting certain old pieces, which was now taken from them. Until the passing of that act, any printed drama was open to be represented anywhere; and this had its corresponding advantages, as it increased the publicity and attraction of the author's name, and helped to sell his work. Although he might lose in one way, he gained in another. Mr. Arnold, at that time manager of the English Opera House, was very jealous of any of his pieces being acted elsewhere, and for that reason seldom printed them when he had the power of keeping them in manuscript. It was thought at the time that the objection in the present instance lay with Arnold, but Banim's letter shows that he was the obstacle. How far he had a right to complain is another question. But if *The Death Fetch* had been printed and acted in every theatre in the three kingdoms, it is reasonable to suppose that its publicity and popularity would induce many readers to look after the original series of "Tales by the O'Hara Family," who had not thought of purchasing that work before, and by doing so, add to the profits of the author by circulating a new edition. The case appears to re-

semble a knife which cuts with a double-edge. In one particular Banim was misinformed. His drama did produce a very powerful effect when acted in Dublin.

In 1830, Banim produced an original drama in two acts, at the English Opera House, entitled *The Sister of Charity*, which was received with much approbation, and owed its success in great part to the inimitable acting of Miss Kelly. This was followed, in 1832, by *The Conscript's Sister*, which, though frequently repeated, brought no profit to the author.

In 1835, Banim happened to be in Dublin, in miserable health and embarrassed circumstances. His friends thought the opportunity a favourable one for bestowing on him a testimony of their esteem in the legitimate form of a benefit in the Theatre Royal, as a dramatic and national writer who had well deserved a compliment at their hands. The night took place on the 21st of July, under the immediate patronage of the popular viceroy, the Marquis of Normanby. All the leading proprietors and editors of the different papers came forward with anxious zeal to promote the object in view, and a host of well-wishers formed themselves into an active committee. The performances consisted of his own dramas of *The Sergeant's Wife* and *The Sister of Charity*, with an Occasional Address, and the farce of *The Irish Widow*. The selection was weak certainly, and there were no actors of first-rate celebrity included, with the exception of David Rees; but none were available at the time, which happened to fall after the close of the regular season. The house, nevertheless, was crowded, and a large and welcome sum, exceeding £200, was handed over to the *beneficiare* by his zealous friend, Mr. G. Mulvany, who had been foremost and indefatigable in his exertions.

A considerable period before this, Banim had written an historical drama on the subject of *Sylla the Dictator*, which had been offered to the London managers without success. On the 18th of May, 1837, this play was brought out in the Dublin theatre, with a view, as on the preceding occasion named above, to the author's advantage. The result

proved less favourable than before. It was only performed twice, and has never been revived. There is much vigour in the writing, and the leading character is powerfully and truthfully drawn, but the winding-up is undramatic and ineffective. The abdication of Sylla is one of the most extraordinary events in history, and a strange anomaly in personal ambition. It reads, too, with an imposing air in poetry:—

"The Roman, when his burning heart
Was slaked with blood of Rome,
Threw down the dagger—dared depart,
In savage grandeur home."*

Reduced to action on the stage, the scene becomes an anti-climax, and the curtain falls flatly as the crimson dictator, after a laboured harangue, descends from the rostrum, and walks quietly off to his private residence. A play requires a more imposing tableau at the end, either of marriage, murder, battle, victory, or enthronement.

A tragedy on the subject of Sylla, by Jouy, was acted in Paris during the reign of Charles X., but some of the political sentiments occasioned such a ferment that the authorities interfered, and suspended the representation. It was translated into English, and printed in London, in 1834. Banim appears to have made considerable use of this version, which is but a flimsy affair, and a perusal excites surprise at the slight foundation from whence serious political mischief is sometimes supposed to emanate. As far back as 1753, no less a litterateur than Frederic the Great converted the grim Roman autocrat into the hero of a musical romance, and gave him three songs to sing. A vocal Sylla is not much more preposterous than an operatic Othello. This dramatic entertainment, as it is called in the title-page, was translated by Samuel Derrick, an Irishman, alternately actor, author, and adventurer, and successor of the famous Beau Nash as master of the ceremonies at Bath and Tunbridge Wells. If John Banim had not written his national tales, replete and glowing as they are with imagination, power, pathos, startling incident, alternations of gloom, terror, and agonising excitement, joined to a graphic minuteness of detail, which stamps reality upon fiction, his poetry might

* Lord Byron. "Ode to Napoleon Bonaparte."

have been forgotten, and his dramas would scarcely have elevated him above the ranks of mediocrity. His best and most agreeable works are those which he composed the latest, when suffering

under the combined evils of poverty, sickness, and extinguished hopes. In the vivid portraiture of Irish character, habits, customs, and feelings, he has never been surpassed.

GERALD GRIFFIN.

GERALD GRIFFIN, the author of the tragedy of *Gisippus*, is more generally known and recognised by his national stories, illustrative of Irish character and manners. "The Collegians," and the series of "Tales of the Munster Festivals," acquired a wide-spread popularity in their day, and the author was placed, by general consent, as an Irish novelist, by the side of Banim and Carleton. Griffin was born at Limerick, on the 12th of December, 1803. His first schoolmaster, who rejoiced in the euphonious cognomen of Mac-Eligot, appears to have been a genuine Milesian Pangloss, one of the species who have often sat as models to humorous caricaturists, but whose singularities could not easily be exaggerated. One of his advertisements began thus:—"When ponderous polysyllables promulgate professional powers." He boasted of being one of the only *three* persons in Ireland who could read correctly—the other two being the Bishop of Killaloe and the Earl of Clare. The future novelist and dramatist was not allowed to benefit himself long under the tuition of this "learned pundit," but was placed first under a private tutor, and finished his education at a school in his native city. His turn for literature developed itself in early boyhood. While a mere youth, he wrote in the *Limerick Advertiser* newspaper; and before he had completed his twentieth year, he had a dramatic stock-in-trade of four tragedies, the last of which was *Gisippus*. Urged by the praises of his friends, and burning with the hope of literary distinction, he betook himself to the great arena, where there is supposed to be room and opportunity for every description of persevering talent; but being a stranger in London, without influential introductions, he found it more difficult than he had anticipated to obtain from any of the managers a perusal of his tragedy. Disappointed in his leading expectation, he employed himself in reporting for the daily press, and in occasional contribu-

tions to the magazines. In 1825, he procured the representation of an operatic melo-drama at the Lyceum, or English Opera-house, in the Strand, but the result does not appear to have been very encouraging, for he wrote no more for the theatre. In 1827 appeared his "Holland-Tide, or Munster Popular Tales," a work of much promise, which raised high expectations as to his future efforts. This was followed by "Tales of the Munster Festivals," containing "Card-Drawing," "The Half-Sir," and "Suil Duiv, the Coiner," in three volumes. The second publication greatly surpassed the popularity of the first; and, in 1829, his reputation received an important increase from "The Collegians," which is generally considered his masterpiece. A writer in the *Edinburgh Review* praises this work in liberal terms. He says—

"'The Collegians' is a very interesting and well-constructed tale, full of incident and natural passion. It is the history of the clandestine union of a young man of good birth and fortune with a girl of far inferior rank, and of the consequences which too naturally result. The gradual decay of an attachment which was scarcely based on anything better than sensual love—the irksomeness of concealment—the goadings of wounded pride—the suggestions of self-interest, which had been hastily neglected for an object which proves inadequate when gained—all these combining to produce, first neglect, and lastly aversion, are interestingly and vividly described. An attachment to another, superior both in mind and station, springs up at the same time; and to effect a union with *her*, the unhappy wife is sacrificed. It is a terrible representation of the course of crime; and it is not only forcibly, but naturally displayed. The characters sometimes express their feelings with unnecessary energy, strong emotions are too long dwelt upon, and incidents rather slowly developed; but there is no common skill and power evinced in the conduct of the tale."

The story was afterwards moulded into a very effective drama, acted with

good success, under the title of *Eily O'Connor*. In 1830, Griffin put forth two more Irish sketches, entitled "The Rivals" and "Tracey's Ambition," which were evidently written in a hurry, and on the whole inferior to their predecessors. His last production, "Tales of the Five Senses," appeared in 1832. They must be pronounced inferior to "The Collegians" and "The Munster Tales," although by no means deficient in the "dark, touching power," which Carleton has spoken of as the distinguishing excellence of his countryman and brother-labourer in the same field.

In that same year, Griffin was deputed by his townsmen of Limerick to wait upon Thomas Moore at his cottage in England, and invite him to stand for the representation of that city in Parliament. The poet declined the proffered honour, but gave a warm reception to his visitant, and his brother, who accompanied him. Griffin, although successful as a writer, and enjoying full reputation, began to grow tired of the world, its cares, anxieties, disturbing passions, and unsatisfactory pleasures. He had been educated in the Roman Catholic faith, and one of his sisters had already taken the veil. After mature deliberation, he determined to seclude himself in a sort of semi-monastic life, in one of those retreats set apart in Ireland for devotees of the church to which he belonged. In 1838 he carried his design into execution, and joined the Society of the "Christian Brotherhood" (whose duty it is to instruct the poor), in their establishment at Cork. During the second year of his novitiate, he was attacked with typhus fever, and died on the 12th of June, 1840, at the early age of thirty-six and a few months. The stone which covers his remains is marked by the simple words, "Brother Gerald Griffin."

After Griffin's death, the tragedy of *Gisippus* was found amongst his papers. When acted at Drury-lane, in 1842, the subjoined preface appeared with the printed copies, and told the

manner in which, after a long suppression, it had at last found its way to the stage:—

"The following play has been brought before the public under rather peculiar circumstances. The author of '*The Collegians*,' to whom it owed its origin, had, in the early part of his literary career, a strong turn for dramatic writing; and, so long ago as the year 1823, had produced no less than four tragedies. The first of these was begun while he was yet in his eighteenth year, and *Gisippus*, the last of them, before he had completed his twentieth. He went to London in the summer of that year, filled with the high aspirings after literary fame which are characteristic of that passion in early youth, and which were strengthened in his case by a temperament peculiarly ardent and sanguine, and by his want of experience of the difficulties with which its attainment is usually beset. His intention was to get one of them performed at one of the great theatres, if possible; but, at that time, the public taste was vitiated by managers who yielded to the depraved appetites of the multitude, instead of endeavouring to correct them.* Mechanical wonders, cataracts of real water, brilliant scenic representations, and sights of an amphitheatrical and popular character, usurped the place of the legitimate drama, and after many distressing difficulties, and much valuable time sacrificed in the attempt, he gave it up as hopeless. *Gisippus* is the only one of these plays that has been preserved amongst his papers; the rest there is no trace of, and it is presumed they have been destroyed. It may, perhaps, be interesting to notice what the author himself says of it in a letter to his friends in Ireland, a short time before he came to the determination above-named:—'But what gives me the greatest satisfaction respecting it, is the consciousness that I have written an original play. That passion of revenge you know was threadbare.' (He alludes to the subject of one of his former pieces.) 'Banim has made some suggestions which I have adopted; I will finish it immediately, place it in his hands, and abide the result in following other pursuits.'"

The preface goes on to say that *Gisippus* was submitted to more than one competent professional authority, who admitted the high merit of the work, but feared its success in repre-

* This is easily written, and has long been the popular outcry, but practically it is a mistake. Managers, unless they aspire to be martyrs, must *follow*, and cannot *lead*, the public taste. Dr. Johnson said, and truly, more than one hundred years ago, "The stage but echoes back the public voice." Does any one suppose that the classic John Kemble would have introduced *Horses* and *Madame Saqui*, if the state of the exchequer had not given him a broad hint that something eccentric was necessary to prop up high legitimacy?

sentation. Finally, it was placed in the hands of Mr. Macready, who, after having perused it, pronounced a decided opinion in its favour, and determined to sustain the principal character. The play was acted with success, undoubtedly, and received warm approbation from successive audiences; but the treasury did not fill, the repetitions were not numerous, and *Gisippus*, with all its acknowledged merit, remains no longer on the acting-list. During Mr. Macready's engagement in Dublin, in the early part of the summer of 1842, *Gisippus* was the first novelty, but was only acted twice. Those who came admired and applauded, and the papers were lavish of their praise, but the most substantial indications of success, full houses, were reserved for another opportunity. Yet many a play of much inferior pretensions has crammed a theatre to the ceiling, and commanded a lasting attraction.

It has been laid down as an axiom in theatricals, that good plays generally succeed, and bad ones are usually unsuccessful. There are, however, so many exceptions to this general rule, that success cannot with propriety be considered as the criterion of merit. Many plays offend the judicious few while they gratify the million, and *vice versa*. Dennis, writing above a hundred-and-fifty years ago, in a treatise called "The Impartial Critic," observes—"To say that a play is good because it pleases the generality of an audience is absurd. Before a play can be concluded to be good, because it pleases, we ought to consider who is pleased by it—they who understand, or they who do not. They who understand! Alas! they are but few. He who writes to the many at present, writes only to them, and his works are sure never to survive his admirers. But he who writes to the knowing few at present, writes to the race of mankind in all succeeding ages." Holcroft, in the advertisement prefixed to his comedy of *The Vindictive Man*, which was condemned in representation, says—"It is published with no hope of deriving profit, but to afford any person, who shall be so disposed, an opportunity to inquire how far it merits the oblivion to which it was consigned by the audience." He adds, that "a revival of the public sentences passed at our theatres on pieces approved and

condemned, might greatly promote the progress of good taste."

A few examples of the caprice of audiences, as regards the acceptance or rejection of different plays, may illustrate the question more convincingly than argument. Otway's *Don Carlos* is a poor tragedy in rhyme, but it was infinitely more applauded, and better followed for many years, than either *The Orphan*, or *Venice Preserved*. A coarse lampoon by Rochester, written at the time in his "Trial of the Poets for the Bays," attests this extraordinary success of a piece with very little merit. *The Provoked Wife* was a failure, and Congreve's *Way of the World*, his best comedy, was coldly received. *The Distressed Mother*, a weak translation of Racine's *Andromaque*, kept the stage with popularity for more than a hundred and twenty years. *The Wonder* of Mrs. Centlivre, one of the best comedies in the language, was only acted six times the first season, and was completely laid aside after the second. It only became a favourite when Garrick assumed Don Felix in 1756, since which its attraction has never declined, if well performed. Jones's *Earl of Essex* superseded Banks's and Brooke's, although inferior to either. *Douglas* was rejected by Garrick, and when afterwards produced at Covent Garden, commanded only nine repetitions. Yet it is one of the select few destined for immortality. *The Minor* was utterly condemned in Dublin, but subsequently received with immense applause at the Haymarket. *Cymon*, a poor operatic piece, met with great success, while a revival of Ben Jonson's *Silent Woman* proved a failure. Cobb's opera of *The Haunted Tower* was acted above eighty times during the two first seasons, and now would fail to command a single audience. Towards the conclusion of the piece, the Baron of Oakland enters with his sword drawn, and some old armour ridiculously put on. The low comedian, to whom the part is assigned, always makes the most of this. We have seen Downton descend to the disreputable mummery. Mrs. Cowley seems to allude to this stage business, when she says in her preface to the "Town before You"—"In a popular piece a favourite actor, holding a huge sword in his left hand, and making awkward passes with it, charms the audience, and brings down such ap-

plauses as the bewitching dialogue of Farquhar pants for in vain."* Shadwell, in his preface to "The Humorist," says—"The rabble of little people are pleased with Jack Pudding; and the rabble of fine people are more pleased with the trifles and fripperies of a play, or the trappings and ornaments of nonsense, than with all the wit in the world." The opinion would apply now as justly as in the reign of Charles II. A miserable opera called *The Woodman*, written by the Rev. Bate Dudley, music by Shield, ran upwards of thirty nights. *Speculation*, one of Reynolds's worst comedies, was acted thirty-six times, and *The Castle Spectre* drew forty-seven crowded houses during the first season. It is still on the living list, and generally comes forth at Christmas to usher in the humours of the pantomime. Howard Payne's cento from many plays, which he called *The Tragedy of Brutus*, met with a great success, entirely owing to the powerful acting of Edmund Kean. It had a run of fifty-two nights, and for a time completely retrieved the failing exchequer of the theatre. *Paul Pry* was acted forty-one times during the season of 1825, in which it was first produced at the Haymarket, and about seventy-three in the next. After this let us be silent as to success being a fair criterion of merit. We could go on multiplying instances, but enough have been adduced.

The leading (perhaps the only important) defect in *Gisippus* lies in the utter insignificance of the heroine, and the total want of female interest. The language is highly poetical, the versification fervid, harmonious, and expressive; there is abundance of highly-wrought passion naturally depicted, and enough of incident, while the construction of the play is essentially dramatic. But the action centres too exclusively in one character. Fulvius is a good second, but Sophronia is re-

duced almost to a nonentity, particularly in the latter portion of the drama. This is a mistake in a young author which practice would have rectified, had the opportunity been afforded. Admitting the errors and crudities of inexperience, it would be difficult in the whole range of the English drama to produce so good a play from any other writer at the same period of youth. It is much to be regretted, that the mind which was capable of conceiving and completing *Gisippus* at the unripe age of twenty, did not meet at once with fostering encouragement in the line to which it was at first so strongly turned. If Shakspeare's early plays had been rejected, the world, in all probability, would not have possessed those rare models of his maturer genius, which stand alone on an unapproachable elevation, and have never been equalled by any uninspired pen.

In concluding this paper, it is necessary to correct two or three preceding omissions and mistakes. Mrs. Lefanu, sister of Richard Brinsley Sheridan, was the authoress of a good and successful comedy, entitled *The Sons of Erin*, acted by the Drury-lane company at the Lyceum, and afterwards at their new theatre, in 1812. Amongst Leonard Macnally's dramas should have been included an opera called *The Tornado*, produced at Crow-street, in Dublin, in 1819, but only acted three times, the last being the author's night. Maturin's *Renegade* was brought forward in Edinburgh, in 1831, under the management of Mr. W. Murray, who obtained a copy through Sir Walter Scott. The play was repeated nine times, the last performance being for the benefit of the widow and family of the author. Murray at first informed his public that the *Renegade* had "never been acted on any stage," but withdrew the announcement when he found that it had been anticipated in Dublin.

J. W. C.

* Downton, in *Major Sturgeon*, always carried his sword strapped on his *right side*, and this was tolerated by a London audience. His adjutant or serjeant-major might have taught the train-band major better, and not have suffered him thus to expose himself.

ALBERICO PORRO; A TALE OF THE MILANESE REVOLUTION OF 1848.—PART V.

BY AN OFFICER OF THE SARDINIAN SERVICE.

CHAPTER XX.

THE BATTLE OF NOVARA.

"The Piedmontese army, and especially its body of officers, was entitled to look back with pride to Novara. Under a consciousness of inferior force in the struggle, it showed a persevering sense of duty: some of its brigades fought with distinguished valour, and the artillery supported the high reputation which it had earned in the previous campaign."—*Military Events in Italy*.

"Fina che gh'è fina in corp, gh'è anniò speranza."—*Poesie Scelte in Dialecto*.

SCARCELY had the first rays of light commenced to tinge the horizon, when Porro was awakened from his restless sleep by the shrill tones of the bugle, calling the men to arms. Instantly arising, he was preparing to leave the room, when the door opened, and the Baron Pinaldi entered, armed and accoutred for the field of battle.

"So, Porro," he exclaimed, "you have returned once more to join your gallant countrymen in arms, and fight the fierce Austrian foe. I knew full well you would never desert the standard of liberty so long as it waved in the breeze."

"Desert it! never!" answered Porro, with strong emotion. "As long as I have life within me, an arm to raise, my sword shall flash in the broad daylight of heaven, to crush the demon ferocity of our implacable foe. Learn, Baron, if I had cause formerly to fight the Austrian — country, humanity, claiming me as their son — now I have private wrongs, deep, terrible, to revenge. The bride of my heart — imprisoned — lashed — a minion of the Hapsburg, the atrocious enemy of my peace — she, in her grave now, calls upon me — do you hear? — to avenge her wrongs! And shall I — I who so long and fondly looked forward to that moment when I could call her my own — shall I be deaf to that sacred call? No. Imprisoned by the fierce and cruel oppressor; my escape accomplished, I instantly fled to join our noble monarch — to revenge the wrongs of Nina Ezzelinni — to die, if need be. My last prayer: may that power, reared in human blood, be crushed and for ever annihilated! But enough; let us

to the street; if I think longer on the memory of the past, I shall go mad."

Porro, followed by the Baron in silence, left the room, and descended to the street, where, mounting two horses, they galloped through the narrow streets of Novara, already filled with all the life and activity consequent on so large an army being collected in its neighbourhood, and proceeded towards the scene, where soon were to be decided the destinies of Italy. Alas! how few thought how fearful and disastrous was to be the close of that mournful day — day for ever to be remembered and wept over!

Novara is a small town, situated between two rivers—the Adogna and Terdopio—running almost parallel to the Po. It is partly surrounded by a number of fortifications, which, however, from the condition in which they were in from want of repair and age, would contribute little to the defences of the town. Before Novara extended a beautiful plain, on which was erected the dwellings of many a signor, and through which meandered, in all the calmness of their placid beauty, several small streams. As a field of battle, it presented many advantages: a rising here and there, allowing a good position for the artillery to fire from, and the numerous garden-walls acted as a kind of fortifications to assist in repelling an enemy. During the whole night, General Chrzanowski had been indefatigable in endeavouring to concentrate his forces before Novara, in the expectation of giving battle to the enemy. In the centre was posted General Bes, with his division; and on the left of

him, forming the wing of the line of battle, was the third one, under the command of General Perrone. On the right, under the command of General Durando, was posted the brigade of Aosta, supported by two battalions of the queen; and the position was further strengthened by nature, and by a large canal running in front, on which stood a massive building, the Villa Citadella. A short distance from the town of Novara, at San Mazzaro, was formed, in deep columns, the division commanded by the Duke of Genoa, aided by having the advantage of several guns; while further onwards, to defend the bank of the river Terdopio, was posted the Lombard Dragoons, and several battalions, under the immediate command of General Saloroli.

Towards the small town of Olengo, a short distance beyond San Mazzaro, Porro and the Baron pursued their journey. On their arrival there, they found a small body of Lombard volunteers strongly posted, and of which the command had been delegated to the Baron Pinaldi. The arrival of Porro and the Baron was greeted by that small and compact band of cavalry with loud vivas and shouts of "*Viva l'Italia! Viva il Ré!*" The whole of that small body was composed of young men of noble birth, the most part of them members of the order of the *Vengatori*. It was a noble sight, indeed, to gaze upon them, and know they were all brought there animated by one sole hope, one single feeling—the pure and holy love of country. Ah! had every man that day been filled with the same indomitable energy and spirit—had not the treachery of the Republican party betrayed the high and chivalrous King, who had risked his all at the shrine of Patriotism—a different tale might be recorded, and that day have been, not loaded with disastrous and fatal evils, but full of brave and glorious results. Alas! for the hour when Italy too readily gave ear to the vain dreams of wild theorists, whose only ambition was their own selfish and personal aggrandizement: passion, vanity, the aim; ruin, disorder, the end!

After carefully inspecting the small body under the command of the Baron, Pinaldi and Porro determined on reconnoitering the country beyond Olengo. Directly they had refreshed themselves with a hasty breakfast, they

started on their perilous expedition, to gain whatever news they could of the movements of the enemy. In silence, for a time, they pursued their journey towards Garbayna, keeping a careful look over the fairy plains before them, which soon were to become scenes of desolation and misery.

"I know not how it is, Porro," exclaimed the Baron, breaking the silence; "I have over me a feeling of depression I cannot account for. May it not be, is my earnest prayer, the forerunner of misfortune."

"I, too, since I became assured of the positive orders given to General Ramorino by the Commander-in-chief to guard carefully the road to La Cava, and which I discovered yesterday he had most shamefully neglected to do, have the same dismal foreboding of evil. Before my mind's eye comes a shadow—a gloom—a doubt; treachery has been at work, casting around us its omens of sinister events."

"Too true, I fear, are your prognostications. I have learnt, however, and it may be a satisfaction for you to know the fact, General Ramorino has been recalled, and General Fanti appointed to the command of the fifth division. What a misfortune that our noble monarch, yielding to the storms of the Republican faction, appointed to so important a post their idol, Ramorino, who, we had too many reasons to believe, was more friendly to the Austrian than to his country. However, the fault has been repaired; and let us hope our evil foreboding will vanish at the sight of the Austrian barbarians; and our deeds show we are worthy to uphold the standard of Italy's freedom."

"You are wrong, Pinaldi; the treachery of Ramorino is almost irreparable. I allude not to the terrible disadvantage we will fight under, nor to the loss sustained in not checking the Austrian sooner on his hitherto triumphant march, but to the anxiety, the doubt that has spread amongst the Sardinian ranks, of treachery being at work. The army will no longer fight with the same valour and confidence in their own strength, whilst brother disbelieves in the honour of his brother."

The two companions had now passed Garbayna, and yet not a sign of the enemy appeared in sight. Turning to the right, they rode towards the steep

ridge which rises by the side of the river Adoyna; and the moment they had ascended it, a large force appeared in the distance, their muskets glittering in the faint rays of the sun. It was the corps of the Baron d'Aspre, advancing on the road towards Novara. After carefully surveying the distant foe, Pinaldi and Porro turned their horses, and at full speed galloped back to their post at Olengo, where they instantly sent word to General Chrzanowski of the approach of the enemy. A body of Piedmontese sharpshooters they found was stationed in a group of houses along the road, which must form the first place of attack. The two friends rode along the ranks of the small body of cavalry, endeavouring to while away the time which must elapse before the enemy approached near enough to commence the deadly strife, by uttering words of encouragement to the brave hearts before them. They were, however, but little needed amongst them, for their every pulse beat with anxiety to meet their common foe. Glorious band! in thee Italy beheld sons worthy of her pride!

In a short time the enemy made his appearance, and instantly formed in line of battle. With ardour the Austrians advanced to the attack of the houses, where were stationed the Piedmontese sharpshooters, and drove them, after a short contest, from the buildings. The Savona regiment, that had arrived to the aid of their Italian brothers, rushed onwards to prevent their flight; but numbers prevailed, and they also were forced to retreat. The second Savoy regiment, remarkable for its courage and discipline, now appeared marching hastily to the scene. The instant the Baron perceived its approach, he gave orders to the trumpeters to sound the order to prepare to charge:—

“Italians! now is the moment to show yourselves worthy your country! Be ready! Justice fights on your side!”

Again shrilly blew the trumpets, and with loud shouts of “Viva l'Indipendenza Italiana! Morte ai Tedeschi!” onwards, in serried columns, like a mighty avalanche, dashed that noble band, driving the foe before them, and giving time to the Savona regiment to form again their disordered ranks. Bravely, too, advanced the

Savoyards, singing the Marseillaise Hymn, to the combat, and, despite a terrible flank fire, vomited forth from the Austrian artillery, they made good every inch of ground, and boldly drove the enemy before them. Their career was, however, presently stopped by the advance of the division of the Count Kielmansegges, and again in their turn they were forced to retreat. Fresh troops poured in on each side, and the combat became a general one. Count Kollourat, with a large force of the enemy, aided by a powerful artillery, had stormed, near San Mazzaro, several Casine; while the Kaiser Jägers had extended themselves to the right of Olengo. The sixteenth regiment of Savona, that had nobly distinguished itself there, against fearful odds, was at length forced to retreat, and the Duke of Genoa, learning its situation, instantly led forward his whole division to its support. The gallant Marquis of Passalacqua also hastened to the same post, and wading with his troops through the Arboyna, turned the flank of the Austrians, and, with fearful loss of life, drove them back on Olengo, which the division under the Austrian Archduke had succeeded in occupying. But not long did they retain that position; for the Duke of Genoa, disengaging the fourth regiment, pushed forward to the assault, and, amidst a storm of missiles, drove the enemy from Olengo. This momentary victory was dearly bought, as here fell the gallant Perrone and the Marquis Passalacqua, covered with wounds.

The day was now far advanced, and almost the entire of the Piedmontese army was engaged with the divisions of Baron d'Aspre and the corps under the command of the Archduke Albert and his brother, the Sardinians victorious on every side, when the third Austrian division, under General Appel, appeared on the field of battle to give fresh courage to their dismayed friends. Again, with fresh vigour and renewed force, advanced the Austrians to the combat; again pealed forth the thunder of artillery; again echoed the shouts of command—the groans of the dying. In vain did the enemy pour fresh battalion after battalion on the Sardinian forces—vain the charges made with desperate courage; they were met with a gallantry and devotion worthy the noblest and brightest

cause. Once more did victory gild the banners of the Savoy Cross, and had night fallen but then, a new impulse would have been given to the Italian hope of nationality. The fire of Novara would have extended throughout Lombardy, and raised on the rear of the Austrian a hundred thousand foes—unarmed, it is true, but yet formidable in their imposing numbers. Providence willed the sufferings of Italy should still continue—its want of faith its own curse.

At this hour, when Heaven seemed smiling hope on the destinies of Italy, General Chrzanowski ordered the final blow to be struck, and the division of General Bes, which hitherto had been kept in reserve, to advance to the attack. In close columns they were preparing for the decisive charge, when Marshal Radetzky, with a formidable body of artillery, accompanied by six battalions of grenadiers, made his appearance on the field of battle, and instantly the movement was checked by the fire of thirty guns. At the same period also the fourth division, under Count Thurn, had crossed the Agogna, and, unknown to Chrzanowski, attacked his rear. Secured in their strength now—in their powerful field of artillery—in the reinforcements which thus unexpectedly arrived to their assistance—the Austrians on every side rushed to the attack of their disheartened but yet unbeaten foe. For six long hours had the Sardinian army been now engaged, their numbers thinned, their strength almost exhausted. Now were seen in their ranks, as the order was given to retreat, deeds worthy of being chronicled in the page of history—danger despised—honour, patriotism, animating still their courage. The Duke of Genoa exposed himself in the very thickest of the fight—now charging on horseback, now battling on foot—his example giving courage to the weary troops wherever he appeared. And where during all this time was the ill-fated monarch, who had so nobly risked his throne for Italy's sake? He, too; throughout the entire day, had endured the same hardships and danger as the commonest soldier in his ranks, rushing wherever it was most to be found, and often carrying victory wherever he came. Amongst a storm of bullets that had twice killed horses under him, he seemed to bear a

charmed life. His sabre reeking with the blood of the foe, his noble form towering above all, the plumes of his helmet hacked to pieces, he still fought on, undaunted, amidst the carnage. Once more, brave King—worthy of a nobler fate!—dash thyself on the advancing enemy; see how he shrinks before thy blood-stained sabre! The day is lost; but thy deeds of devoted heroism will remain embalmed within the hearts of thy army. Thou seekest death, yet cannot find him. See! thou art surrounded, and thy hour may be nigh; still, fight on—fight to the last! What a glorious moment to fall, stricken on that gory field where the blood of many a high spirit devoted to thee flows in streams!—thy last deed, combatting for the cause of humanity. But see, who is that who stands by thy side, warding off from thy head many a blow, his body covered with wounds, yet, dauntless, unmindful of his self, regarding alone thy own safety? It is the Baron Pinaldi. Through the field, dashing over the bodies of the living and the dead, onwards advance—to the rescue! to the rescue!—the last remnant of the gallant band of Pinaldi, led by Alberico Porro. Their noble monarch is in danger—what care they for the fearful odds against them! With desperation they charge the astonished foe, who thought the kingly prize his own, and in an instant the space is clear. A moment more, and it would have been too late—the Baron Pinaldi has sunk to the ground, a sabre-cut severing his head from his body. But quick!—the danger is not yet past. In a close column, the King in their centre, they retreat, fighting every inch of ground against the fearful foe that pressed upon their steps. In a moment more, they are comparatively safe; they have joined the troops of General Durando, who, in good order, are effecting their retreat. Amidst the prayers of those around him, the King refuses to leave the field. “General!” exclaimed he to Durando, “let me die on the field—this should be my last day!” Alas! his destiny was not there—he was to offer still the mournful spectacle of fallen majesty. Not till near eight o'clock that evening did Carlo Alberto leave the fatal field, on which was wrecked the last hopes of poor Italy. Weep! weep! Italy, the stranger still exults in thy slavery, misery, degradation!

CHAPTER XXI.

CONCLUSION.

"And when he saddest sits in homely cell,
 He'll teach his swains this carol for a song—
 'Blessed be the hearts that wish my Sovereign well,
 Cursed be the souls that think her any wrong.'
 Goddess, allow this aged man his right,
 To be your beadsman now, that was your knight."

—THE AGED MAN-AT-ARMS.

"Your glorious father, in consummating his last and lamentable sacrifice, has crowned the virtues which will ever render great in Italy the name of the restorer of our liberties."—*Address of the Sardinian Senate to King Victor Emmanuel, 29th March, 1849.*

It was night. The dark hand of Time slowly and mournfully had passed onward since our last chapter. Another few hours and the town of Novara was enshrouded in a darkness, lit only here and there by a few solitary stars, whose mild beams lent a still sadder look to the field of carnage, desolation, and death. Night!—ah, who can forget that night? In its short space fell the hopes of thousands of brave and noble hearts—hearts that but the night previous beat high and quick with earnest fervour for country and home. Those same scenes then echoed with the heart-stirring martial song of war, carrying in its notes the brightest inspirations of the human mind, and teeming with a thousand wishes, wildly and joyously uttered, for the independence of their native land. Where now were the sounds of those happy songs? Gone; and in their place were heard on every side the wail of lamentation and despair, the groans of the wounded, the prayers of the dying, the efforts of officers to conduct and array their soldiers in order, the struggling, the shouts of command—all presenting a mass of horror and confusion impossible to describe. Those alone who were present could form a picture of the scene of heart-sickening despair; and how bitter and terrible was the disappointment felt, far more even in that scene of agony, of those bright hopes of national emancipation, so long wished for, and which were carried out with a boldness, and energy, and virtue, perhaps the world will never witness again. Night!—yes, it was night indeed. The exile, torn from his home, banished from his country, plundered of all most dear to him in life, never hears that fatal night mentioned but his heart becomes that of a child, and in vain he weeps over the memory of those brave-hearted companions who fell on the field of battle, manfully combating for the cause of

Civilisation, of Justice, and of Right. Novara! thy name will never be forgotten, for time can never erase thy mournful and disastrous remembrance.

In a saloon of the Belliori's Palace, at Novara, with irregular paces, strode Carlo Alberto, the true, the brave, and virtuous. The tottering form, the countenance overcast with care and sorrow, the nervous twitching of the frame, told how terribly he felt the reverses of his army and of his country. Who could believe that in the space of a few hours such a change could have come over him, as if years had passed over his head? The bold and erect frame was there no longer; the bright, intelligent glance of the eye was gone; the cheerful tone had fled—all departed, never to return. And in their stead was beheld the old and infirm step of age, bowed down by grief and despair. Frightful it is to see the effect of mind over body—the giant spirit triumphing over matter, and asserting his imperial sway. The most acute pain, the most intense agony, can never accomplish in years what despair effects in hours. Nor did I ever see it realised to such a terrible extent, as I did in the person of the late ill-fated King of Sardinia.

Kind reader, pardon me, if at this period, when my tale draws to a conclusion, I pause for a few moments to offer my tribute of respect to him who is beyond human censure, and to defend the memory of the dead from the calumnies that have been, with no sparing hand, heaped on the head of one, whose memory has, and ever will be, retained by his countrymen in grateful remembrance. That Carlo Alberto had his failings, as I have before observed in this tale, is not to be denied; but where is the man who is perfect? That over him stole at times a gloom of character, from which it was difficult to draw him; that in these moments a bigotry of disposition marked

his course, cannot be denied ; but then stand forth, in bold relief, many and many noble virtues, making us forget the imperfections, whilst admiring those qualities so worthy a king. The asylum he always afforded in his kingdom to exiles from every other part of Italy—the noble manliness with which he always resisted the efforts of Austria and the other adjoining despotic states to deliver them up to their tender mercies—should alone be sufficient to endear his memory in the mind of every true Italian whose heart beats responsive to the call of liberty. But apart from this consideration—the attention he paid to commerce, to the encouragement of art and science, to the wants of agriculturists, his gift of a liberal constitution to his people, and the flourishing position Sardinia was in throughout his reign, so different to antecedents—tend to prove he was a monarch not merely in name, but also in mind. Nor would there be need for me, were the history of my country, with its religious, social, and political position, read and understood in the United Kingdom, to place here on record my humble assertion of well-known facts ; for then they would in themselves at once repel, and with indignation, the efforts made by disappointed ambition to sully the character of the departed. And who are these parties who are continually tearing away the veil of decency which should cover the unfortunate and the grave—where should rest for ever the private animosities of our nature—the good only to be remembered, the wrong forgotten—who are these men, I ask ? The answer is, a small section of Red Republicans or modern Socialists, who I deny, and deny emphatically, are the

true exponents of the genius of modern Italian liberty. Mazzini and his small party, for small it is, may stand forth and assert such to be the case ; but facts are not to be controverted and gainsayed by boastful assertions. The votes of the people of Milan, of Parma, of Piacenza, and of other towns—the votes of the Venetian Assembly at the period of the Revolution—all tend to prove the truth of what I advance, that *Italy is not Republican in heart, but earnestly panting for a liberal monarchical government, headed by the House of Sardinia.** Even the legions who fought so valiantly in Rome were not Republicans. The one of Manara, the best and bravest, openly wore the cross of Savoy on their sword-belts, and continually declared they were not Republicans.† Mazzini, aware of this fact, in asserting all the volunteers in Rome were special partisans of his dogmas, must knowingly have asserted a falsehood. Mariotti, in his able work, justly observes, Mazzini's "*faith is in God and the people*—he alone God's interpreter—the people his blind instruments." And it was because the Revolution of Lombardy broke out, independent of any agency of his—every act of the drama of it concocted unknown to him—Mazzini's pride took umbrage at what he considered an insult to his dignity, and forgetting *principle and country*, he determined, from the instant he put foot on Lombard soil—the soil freed from the hands of its oppressors by its own gallant sons—the soil where *he* himself was prevented from showing his person for many a long year—to mark his gratitude by doing all which lay within his power to stab Italy to the heart.‡ His every act pursued during the existence of the

* On the 9th of June, 1848, the result of the voting at Milan was as follows :—561,000 for immediate annexation to Piedmont ; 681 for putting off the question until the war had terminated. The votes of the Venetian Assembly for immediate annexation to Lombardy and Piedmont, 127 ; against, 6. At Piacenza, for a union with Piedmont, 37,000 ; with Lombardy, 69 ; with the States of the Church, 300 ; with Parma, 10. At Parma, only one voted for a Republic.

† Mazzini says, "The heroes of the barricades, the volunteers in Tyrol and Friuli, the Roman and Swiss auxiliaries, were all Republican. The Manara Legion, the bravest and best organised of these free corps, served at Rome for the Republic, always declaring they were no Republicans, insisting on bearing the 'Cross of Savoy on their sword-belts,' and went consequently by the name of aristocrats."—See *Dandolo*.

‡ "Verily we say it, from the depth of our soul, by that ill-timed protest (in which he declared the Provisional Government had betrayed their mission)—by that still more unseasonable vindication of his principles, by which the ardour of the Lombard population was thus miserably wasted in worse than unprofitable discussion—Mazzini, so far as lay in his power, stabbed Italy to the heart."—*Mariotti*.

provisional government, proved such to be the fact. Allowing his opinions differed from those of the Milanese people* and their government, yet if he was a true patriot in heart, and desired but the good of his country, as he has often asserted, he should, without hesitation, have sacrificed those opinions for a time, and endeavoured, instead of sowing discord and dissension, to advance by his utmost efforts the independence of his native land, by overthrowing the foreigner and oppressor, and binding in closer bonds the minds of Italy, until danger had entirely disappeared. Instead of doing this, he aided in the formation of a conspiracy against the provisional government of Milan; his speeches and his writings were full of discontent; preaching for ever "*divide ! divide !*" as if division, instead of insuring ruin, created success: he and his particular partisans deserted, in the very first hour of danger, when the Austrians were marching against Milan, and in short never fired a single shot to ensure the glories of victory, or to lessen the disasters of defeat. The opinions of General Pepe, an ardent Republican, those of Mariotti, Dandolo, Farini,† General Bara, and others, bear out fully my assertions; but even if further evidence was wanted, the words of Mazzini himself prove it is not by him or his theories the liberties of Italy will ever be secured, but by the same honest hearts who gained the first victories in Lombardy, at the sacrifice of their fortunes and blood, and who first proved to Europe and the world at large that the elements of a nation are still existing on the plains of the Garden of Europe. Mazzini's endeavours to blacken the memory of Carlo Alberto but tend to expose the extraordinary inconsistency of his own character, for the ill-fated King, who to-day is everything miserable and des-

picable, was, but a short time prior, held up by him as a model and pattern of virtue.

To the kind reader who has perused my story, and who has thus become acquainted with all the secret ramifications of the Revolution of 1848, I commit the task of doing justice to the memory of him who to-day is before a mightier and more glorious tribunal than the one of frail and weak man. The grave has received the wreck of ruined and blighted hopes—the hearts of Italy preserve their memory. *Requiescat in pace !*

To return to our narrative.

Many and many a long minute passed away as Carlo Alberto paced the saloon backwards and forwards, his mind a chaos, his thoughts impossible to be collected. Vividly, like a meteor illumining for an instant the horizon, flashed to his mind the memory of past years. The dream conceived in youth, nourished by the soft touching strains of Petrarch, wrought into reality by the fiery genius of a friend of the poet, Rienzi, who twice almost realised, in the middle ages, the inspirations of his imaginative mind—that dream which he too had, in a similar manner, twice dared to realise—was crushed, broken by a climax of disasters he could never have foreseen—a dream which he now was forced to abandon for ever. *For ever !*—sad and fatal word. The dear wish, the fond dream was fled, and not even Hope, the magic star of human existence—the sweet consoler of man's disappointments—remained to cheer him up, and bid him again summon every energy for the struggle, where lay prostrate all the bright prospects of his country's happiness. Oh ! could he but call again to life the hundreds who were now beyond his reach, lying calmly in the cold earth—those who, by their bravery, and at the sacrifice of their lives, had won the glorious

* Mazzini admitted to Capponi that Italy did not seem inclined for a republic; yet the effort should be made.

† Farini thus describes Mazzini:—"In theology he is a deist, a pantheist, and a rationalist, by turns, or a compound of all. He might seem a Christian, but none can tell whether Catholic or Protestant, or of what denomination. At one time he appeared in everything to copy La Mennais—another man without a system. He was not always a republican, or did not show it, at any rate, when, in 1832, he invited King Charles Albert to act the liberator. If republican he were, it was a strange kind of republic he fancied, when, in '47, he exhorted Pius IX. 'to have faith,' and thought him capable of every rational, humanitarian effort. At another time he wrote against the theories of what is called socialism; then, when the wheel went round, he concocted a fresh essay, and allied with the socialists of all nations."

victory of Giotto, besieged and successfully gained the strong fortress of Peschiera, hope would still remain to illumine the atmosphere of darkness; or, could he but yet summon to his banners the men of Brescia, of Padua, the thousands of hearts beating loudly in every part of Italy for the claims of nationality, and place arms in their hands, undisciplined as they may be, the hour of victory might still be his, the world proclaim—"V'e un nome più grande di Washington e di Kosciusko, vi fu un trono eretto da venti milioni di uomini liberi che scrissero nella base: 'A Carlo Alberto nato il re, l'Italia renata per lui!'" . . .

Vain wishes!—fruitless surmises! Before him stood the grim hand of Reality, withering and motionless—the giant figure of Despair, gaunt and stern. Hope there was none. In agony he clenched his hands; his lips moved as if they fain would have uttered a prayer; and, exhausted in mind and body, he sank on a chair. Oh! Italy—dear land!—how many a heart has felt for thee the same.

Time, bitter and swift in its flight, passed on, and it was necessary to act. To act! kind Heaven. How? Must *he*, for no crime but for the glorious ambition of freeing his native land from the cursed tread of the stranger, and whose career was marked in characters of blood—must *he* resign his sceptre, give up his country, fly from the scenes he had acted so conspicuous a part in, desert the remnant of his brave army? Yes, for their sake, for the happiness of his people, it must be done. Yet there is one thread on which yet hangs his destiny. A few minutes longer, and fate will have decided his future career. Kind Providence, look down in mercy, and nerve his heart for every reverse!

A knock gently given on the door, and repeated several times louder, at length roused Carlo Alberto from his reverie of horror. Uttering a faint command to enter, the door opened, and an aide-de-camp appeared.

"Sire, General Cossato waits without."

"Admit him instantly. General," exclaimed the King, as Cossato entered, and he nervously clasped a table which stood near him, with one hand, "speak!—let me know the result of your mission."

"Sire, it is with painful regret I have to inform your Majesty ——"

"Stop, General; it is enough. My offer is, then, rejected by Marshal Radetzky?"

"I have not seen him, sire; but Field-Marshal Hess, who commands in Marshal Radetzky's place, he having, before I arrived, retired to his quarters. The former bade me inform your Majesty all terms were inadmissible if they came from your Majesty, and no time would be lost in compelling the Sardinian army and yourself, sire, to surrender at discretion."

"Enough, enough—the cup of misery is full. General, retire, and summon immediately to the council-room the members of our family, and the different generals of division. For your services, I have but thanks to offer you."

"They are sufficient, sire, and far more than I desire. May God bless your Majesty!" uttered the General, fervently, as, bending a knee, he pressed the hand which was extended towards him to his lips; and a tear, springing from a source he could not controul, trickled down his cheek, and fell upon the trembling hand which he slowly resigned, and rising, retired from the room.

Again, for a second time since he retired from the battle-field, stood the aged King alone. Had he anticipated his fate? Had he foreseen the result of his offer? The proud Austrian foe, triumphant, implacable in his hatred, and in his hour of victory, was already preparing, in the early morn, to annihilate the remnant of his brave and devoted army. To resist successfully was impossible. His army, the principal part of it scattered and disunited, would require some two days, if even in that time it could be achieved, to be collected, to meet the foe again. That time was refused him; and to save the kingdom for his son, the lives of his soldiers, the sceptre, which he had held for nearly nineteen long years, must be resigned, himself become a fugitive, an exile from his land. Farewell, Hope! The *night of the heart* had begun.

By a strong effort of a powerful mind, he collected his scattered thoughts, and, passing his hand over his feverish brow, he strode from the room in which he was in to another,

where were assembled the Dukes of Savoy and Genoa, General Chrzanowski, the different commanders of his various divisions, the Minister Cadorna, and two or three other members of his household. What a scene presented itself there! It required every effort Carlo Alberto was capable of summoning to his aid to meet those sad, mournful, and tearful faces. A thought, a suspicion had already gone forth, that he intended to resign his crown, and every heart present, bound to him by many a kind act, looking upon him for years as a father to his people, bled inwardly and bitterly at the spectacle of fallen majesty. For an instant, as Carlo Alberto entered, he paused and hesitated. His eyes quickly wandered over each countenance, and sad was the sight they presented. A slight shiver passed through his frame, and then, with firm step, with head erect, his face lighted once more with kingly pride, he took a few paces further, and waved his hand—

“Signori!” he exclaimed, “the fate of war has disappointed the bright hopes we all in concert felt, and your bravery has failed before a destiny you cannot avoid. I have summoned you, from your faithful attachment to our person, to inform you that the struggle can no longer last, for an army to sustain our united efforts exists no more but in name. The sceptre I have held so long for the sake of my country, and as a last proof of devotion to the interests of my people, I resign in favour of my son, Victor Emmanuel, Duke of Savoy. To him, now your Sovereign, Austria will accord those terms of peace she has and will ever refuse to me.”

For a few instants after Carlo Alberto had finished speaking, a deep silence reigned in the council-room. The emotions of many present, however, could not be contained; nature could withhold no longer, and sobs bitter and terrible burst forth. The veteran soldiers, who had beheld, almost unmoved, the fields of carnage and death—who had gazed upon many and many a scene of horror—who had

trodden through the sad vicissitudes of life, stern and inflexible in mien—could not repress their feelings, while gazing on the fine and noble form of their sovereign, whose every wish, in private and in public, beat responsive to their own. His invariable kindness of manner, his generous sacrifice of self, his indifference to personal danger, all endeared him to his people; and forgetting ceremony, and listening only to the impulse of their hearts, they crowded around his person, and, with tears and prayers, conjured him to alter his decision. His son, the Duke of Savoy, also implored him, by every filial term of affection, to revoke his resolution. A slight working of the muscles of the countenance was the only emotion Carlo Alberto exhibited, and again he reiterated his determination to resign.

“Signori, if it were possible, consistent with my vows, with the duty I owe my people and my country, to retain the throne, the affection, deep and solemn, you have shown for my person, would be sufficient to induce me to alter my decision. But when I reflect, if I retain a day longer the sceptre, thousands of brave men will fall a sacrifice to support my dignity, I cannot, and deeply do I regret it, accede to your prayer. To you, each and all, I return the affection of my heart; and the generous feeling you have shown this day will at my last hour be remembered as a bright consolation for the disasters which have overwhelmed me and my people. Signori, from this hour I am no longer your king; be honest, faithful, and devoted to my son, as you have ever, in the time of safety or danger, been to me.”

Turning from one to another, the king embraced each; and amidst the bitter sobs of many, the king quitted the council-room and returned to his private room. Then, in the silence of his room, apart and alone, with no prying eye to watch his demeanour but the all-seeing One, the pride of the fallen monarch gave way, and bursts of agony issued from his lips.* No one who has not felt the fall from high and lofty station to poverty and ignomi-

* Carlo Alberto, in conversation at Tolosa with a friend of the author, owned he could scarcely contain his feelings at the grief of his generals, and was glad when he was able, when alone, to give vent to his emotions.

ny, the sudden crush of some long and cherished hope, can possibly imagine the pain—terrible and intense—which breaks down and bows to the earth the spirit, however bold and soaring. The exiles of Italy, wanderers and fugitives, know well the agonising feelings of riches lost, of hopes crushed, of country and friends, perhaps for ever gone! Let the reader not then in mockery smile, nor laugh at what he or she may call a folly: there are feelings which even displayed, and given loose to in tears, draw their inspiration from the very fountain of life itself, pure, noble, and true, as the light of heaven!

Midnight had long passed away. In the room still sat the *fallen hope of Italy*. He had evidently been writing, for before him was a letter addressed to the queen. The husband who had cherished her in the hour of prosperity, when rank, riches, power were his own, now fallen and heartbroken, deserted her for *her* sake, for *his* children, for *his* country! Direful fate! To abandon, and for humanity's sake itself, the best, dearest, and holiest ties of life, how fearful and reading to the mind! The throne, with its cold ceremonies of life, with its appendages of riches and power, becomes, when brought to the inward heart, a mockery of mockeries. *Beauty, home, love*—where are they? Forced to yield before the cold and heartless usages of a people! The heart a slave! custom the idol!

Into the room enters Alberico Porro. With limbs trembling beneath him he advances to the king, and with a voice choking with emotion he throws himself on his knees before him.

"Sire!" he exclaims, "may I dare venture to supplicate at your hands a last favour?"

"Signor Porro, little remains in my power to grant you; the days of my prosperity have already flown, and are now numbered with the past."

"Sire, I implore you, refuse me not!"

"Well, signor, your wish is granted, if the favour is still within my power to bestow."

"Thanks! sire, thanks! my sole wish, my dearest object, is to accompany your Majesty wherever you go, should you, sire, deem it necessary to withdraw from the army."

"Porro," replied the king, "my word is plighted, and you have rightly divined my thoughts. The preparations for my departure are already made, and the foolish feeling of indecision which at times will steal over the strongest mind, alone has delayed my departure. It has gone now, and I will at once quit this scene of my misery. God knows how soon the grave I opened for others, with no wrong motive, will too receive my body. Assist me on with this cloak; and mind, signor, I am no longer Carlo Alberto, but a simple gentleman."

With a mind, notwithstanding its sadness, full of joy at the trust reposed in him, Porro assisted to place over the shoulders of the king a common soldier's cloak. A low sized hat, which partly covered his eyes, was placed on his head, and taking the arm of Porro, he, after passing through several rooms, descended a private staircase. At the bottom of it stood a man, as if waiting for somebody, and on a sign from the king he at once moved on towards the street. A carriage here awaited him, and with a firm pace he mounted the step and seated himself within. Porro in silence mounted the box, in company with the person who had preceded the king and himself, and the carriage, drawn by two horses, and guided by a postilion, immediately was driven onwards towards the gates of Novara. Passing through the streets, crowded here and there with troops, even at that hour of night, the carriage was driven forward to the walls with some difficulty. Confusion seemed to reign around on every side, and not until an hour had passed over were they able to reach the open country. The utmost caution was now necessary, for they were approaching the Austrian lines, and soon the king and his companions in danger were assured of the fact, by a shower of bullets which came whistling by them. Luckily they did no harm, and Porro, at the first notice of danger, springing from his seat, rushed forward, and in German requested to speak with the officer in command. At the sound of his voice the firing at once ceased, and after interchanging a few words with two or three of the soldiers, an officer, commanding the post, came near to

Porro, and requested to know his pleasure. Before he could reply Carlo Alberto stood by his side, and demanded from the officer the name of the commander of his division.

"Count Thurn," replied the Austrian.

"Inform the count, then, a messenger bearing an important message desires an immediate interview."

"If such is your request, sir, you had better follow me; but I cannot permit any other person to cross our lines with the exception of the gentleman who is with you."

"Be it so; I am ready to follow you, sir."

Guided by the officer, the King and Porro pursued their path through the Austrian lines, and in a short time arrived at the headquarters of Count Thurn. On the king's demand for a private interview it was at once accorded, and in a few minutes more Carlo Alberto stood in the presence of the Count. The last hope of Italy was in the power of its greatest enslaver, seeking at his hands a retreat from kingly power. How strange Providence are thy ways! the mighty of to-day becoming the beggar to-morrow.

"Count Thurn," exclaimed the king, his voice yet full of kingly power, "before you behold him who but a few hours ago was in possession of the throne of Sardinia. He comes to you a suppliant, requesting as a last favour the privilege of passing through your lines to seek a retreat from scenes in which he can no longer figure but as a mourner for the misfortunes of his kingdom."

For an instant astonishment prevented the Count Thurn from answering, so astounded was he at the revelation made. Bearing a character far from the brightest, yet the truth I am bound to utter, for in a moment after the Count started from the seat on which he was reclining, and his look of surprise succeeded to one of deep regret.

"I entreat your Majesty's pardon, if for an instant I have forgotten the respect I owe you. I trust your Majesty will honour me by seating yourself, while I listen to the reasons which

have induced your Majesty to honour me with your presence."

"No, Count, I wish to depart as soon as possible, if it be not your intention to detain me here a prisoner."

"God forbid I should do so! Let your Majesty but express your wish, and if it interferes not with the duty I owe the Emperor, there is no one who would more willingly fulfil any command of your Majesty."

"My only request, Count Thurn, is to be allowed to pass through the Emperor's forces on my way to Bayonne. From the moment I quit Italy, if my path be not impeded, my poor country sees me no more. Victor Emmanuel is now king of Piedmont."

"Willingly, your Majesty, willingly shall your request be immediately complied with. I will take the entire responsibility on myself, and will order at once an officer to conduct your Majesty on your journey beyond the reach of danger."

"Thank you, count, for thanks alone I can offer you."

"They are sufficient, your Majesty," replied the count, in a tremulous tone as, bowing respectfully, he quitted the room to order a fit and proper escort for him whose last hour in this world was quickly approaching.

A few months after, on the 28th of July, at a convent in Oporto, died Carlo Alberto, of a broken heart. Crushed in spirit, from which all the efforts of Porro could not arouse him, he gradually sank from day to day, and died breathing his last hope for Italy's emancipation. That hope, uttered in the silent room, fervently speaking the *thought* of his life, is felt deeply in the hearts of his countrymen. And may his spirit yet see that his misfortunes have not been thrown away in vain, but, forming another of those many mournful remembrances which render the garden of Europe all the dearer to her sons in her sorrow, these sons will yet arise again, powerful in justice, in truth, and in might, to plant on high the standard of liberty in heaven's light, dyed with the blood of those martyrs who implanted on Italian soil the love of freedom!

HELPS' SPANISH CONQUESTS IN AMERICA.

FEW of our readers can be ignorant of a series of works, commencing with a volume entitled "Essays Written in the Intervals of Business," and closing with "Companions of my Solitude," which, if we have not in each instance formally noticed, as the successive volumes appeared, our silence proceeded from our knowledge that, without any aid from reviews, their circulation was far more extensive than that which periodical publications can command; that their influence on opinion is greater at the moment, and likely to be more permanent; in short, that to most of the readers to whom we could hope to introduce a new publication, the writings of this author were already favourably known.

The name of the author of these books has not been hitherto placed in the titlepage of any of them, and may not even be known to many of his admirers. It is now for the first time given with any of his publications. The titlepage of the volumes before us bears the name of Arthur Helps. To this ought to have been added, author of "Friends in Council," and "The Claims of Labour."

The "History of the Spanish Conquest in America"* has in some degree grown out of the two books the names of which we have last written; but this is best told by the author himself:—

"Some years ago, being much interested in the general subject of slavery, and engaged in writing upon it, I began to investigate the origin of modern slavery. I soon found that the works commonly referred to gave me no sufficient insight into the matter. Questions, moreover, arose in my mind, not immediately connected with slavery, but bearing closely upon it, with respect to the distribution of races in the New World. 'Why,' said I to myself, 'are there none but black men in this island; why are there none but copper-coloured men on that line of coast; how is it that in one town the white population predominates, while in another the aborigines still hold their ground? There

must be a series of historical events which, if brought to light, would solve all these questions; and I will endeavour to trace this out for myself."

No man has ever investigated a subject without finding that former abstracts do little more for him than refer him to authorities. Mr. Helps commenced the study of this subject with the notion, that the few facts which he sought to ascertain might be easily found stated with sufficient accuracy for his purpose. What he looked for, however, was not what former students of the same period of history had sought, and in modern books he found little or nothing of use to him. It was not that his proper subject had not been written upon, but it had not been, in any true sense of the word, investigated. A subject which he thought might be mastered, as far as its ascertained facts were concerned, by a few days or a few hours' study in his library, was, he found, one, of which the mere preliminary knowledge could not be acquired without the study of years, and rendering himself familiar—not with the language and literature of Spain, for this would be a comparatively light labour, accompanied by its own immediate reward of present enjoyment, but—with numerous manuscripts of a remote period, painfully deciphered; and even to consult which involved long journeys, occasional residence in Spain, and the trouble which, in spite of any courtesy from librarians, must be felt in study not conducted in one's own house. Mr. Helps, we learn from occasional notes through these volumes, has had several of the manuscripts relating to his subject transcribed for him. These difficulties, like most difficulties which we overcome, have not been without some advantage. Had our author easily found what he sought for in any modern compilation, we should most probably have him calling his *friends*

* "The Spanish Conquest in America, and its Relation to the History of Slavery and to the Government of Colonies." Vol. I. By Arthur Helps. London: John W. Parker and Son, West Strand. 1855.

in council together; one of them reading aloud an essay, containing a few inferences from admitted facts, and these affirmed or denied according to their respective parts in the domestic drama, by the several interlocutors in that pleasant little romance. A chapter would have been added to an agreeable book, and a few propositions enforced, calculated to make men wiser and better, if, after all, men are rendered wiser and better by books. Instead of an essay comparatively unimportant, and the statement of a few facts introductory of such essay, we now have an important portion of the history of Spanish America:—

“To bring before the reader, not conquest only, but the results of conquest—the mode of colonial government which ultimately prevailed—the extirpation of native races—the introduction of other races—the growth of slavery—and the settlement of the *encomiendas*, on which all Indian society depended—has been the object of this history.”

The universal interest of the subject is gracefully expressed in the opening sentence of the work, by the supposition of the inhabitant of another world, placed at some distance above our earth, and beholding from such elevation the events passing here, or who learns them from communicated records. Such spectator, our author imagines, would not improbably be led to infer that man differs from other intellectual beings by his world being the only one distinguished by slavery and its degrading consequences:—

“The history of almost every nation tells of some great transaction peculiar to that nation, something which aptly illustrates the particular characteristics of the people, and proclaims, as we may say, the part in human nature which that nation was to explain and render visible. In English history, the contest between the Crown and the Parliament; in that of France, the French Revolution; in that of Germany, the religious wars, are such transactions. All nations of the same standing have portions of their several histories much alike. There are border wars, intestine divisions, contests about the succession to the throne, uprisings against favourites, in respect of which, if only different names be applied to the account of one and the same transaction, it will serve very well for the history of various nations, and nobody would feel any strangeness or irrelevancy in the story, whether it were that of France, England, Germany, or

Spain. Carrying on this idea to the history of our system, if the other worlds around us are peopled with beings not essentially unlike ourselves, there may be amongst them many Alexanders, Cæsars, and Napoleons: the ordinary routine of conquest may be commonplace enough in many planets. And thus the thing most worthy to be noticed in the records of our Earth, may be its commercial slavery and its slave trade. For we may hope, though the difference may be to our shame, that they have not had these calamities elsewhere.

“The peculiar phase of slavery that will be brought forward in this history is not the first and most natural one, in which the slave was merely the captive in war, ‘the fruit of the spear,’ as he has figuratively been called, who lived in the house of his conqueror, and laboured at his lands. This system culminated amongst the Romans; partook of the fortunes of the Empire; was gradually modified by Christianity and advancing civilization; declined by slow and almost imperceptible degrees into serfage and vassalage; and was extinct, or nearly so, when the second great period of slavery suddenly uprose. This second period was marked by a commercial character. The slave was no longer an accident of war. He had become the object of war. He was no longer a mere accidental subject of barter. He was to be sought for, to be hunted out, to be produced; and this change accordingly gave rise to a new branch of commerce. Slavery became at once a much more momentous question than it ever had been; and thenceforth, indeed, claims for itself a history of its own.” —pp. 3, 4.

The author has, in one of his previous essays on the subject, intimated, in rather quaint language, that his object was to show to an inquirer, “how the black people came to the New World—how the brown people faded away from certain countries in it; and what part the white people had in these doings.”

The work has originated in a deep feeling of—indignation shall we call it?—subdued indignation, veiling itself in sorrow, at the misery which man has created for man, and in the belief that much, if not all, of the suffering which has been endured, not alone by the vanquished but by the victor, might have been altogether avoided. In those who suffer, our author everywhere finds his heroes, chiefly therefore in the trampled down and oppressed Indians; but—so much of what we call wrong is in reality error and mistake—there is in his mind no absence of human sympathy with the conquer-

ors. The narrative of the Conquest has been told by former writers with reference rather to the Spaniards militant in America, and their relation to Spain, than with respect to the natives of the conquered countries. It has been the history of a colony in its first struggles for existence. The natives are but picturesque incidents of the narrative—described as the birds and fishes of a new region are described; or when serious resistance to the arms of the conquerors has to be mentioned, we have the historian telling of them as of some inferior race destined to be swept away, or preserved only to be hewers of wood and drawers of water for men who deem themselves merciful in sparing their lives on such conditions, or the yet harder one of working in the mines. Such narrative is not without its importance; but, with Mr. Helps, we cannot but feel that a more important lesson is to be found in the portions of the story which have been hitherto disguised or slurred over, and that “in the history of slavery, if it be well worked out, lie the means of considering questions of the first importance respecting colonisation, agriculture, social order, and government.”

The history which Mr. Helps has undertaken to relate will, in addition to its proper interest, have that which cannot but surround a subject in which the names of persons, familiarly known as among those whom nations delight to honour, must for ever occur—“the Royal Family of Portugal with Prince Henry at their head”—and even more than Prince Henry, the adventurous navigators whom he sent forth. What a period was that fourteenth century! How like romance the very names of its heroes come to the ear! And then the discoveries themselves, each day illustrating that remarkable era, when mankind seemed to awake from a sleep of ages. While Portugal was the first to reap the fruits of discovery, a Norman baron was the bold adventurer who we are told, in modern days, discovered the Canaries—known to the ancients as their “Elysian Fields,” “Fortunate Islands,” and “Gardens of the Hesperides;” but forgotten almost as entirely as the dreams of the mythology with which they were confused. In 1402, Juan de Bethencourt, chamberlain to Charles the Sixth of France, fled from the distrac-

tions of his country, and sought a home in the Canary Islands. With the assistance of Henry the Third of Castile, he conquered five of the Islands—did homage for them to the Crown of Castile—thus admitting the title of Spain. He returned to the Islands—continued his course of conquest—“reduced the natives to slavery—introduced the Christian faith—built churches, and established vassalage.” What is a church without a bishop? De Bethencourt left the Islands once more; told his vassals that he was going but for a season; that when he returned, he would bring them a bishop from Rome. He and his vassals parted affectionately; but they parted not again to meet. De Bethencourt died in his paternal domains in Normandy, when arranging his affairs for a last journey to his colony. His descendants, at the close of the eighteenth century, were still in the Islands; but the rights of the first colonist of the name were sold, in some short time after his death, to Prince Henry of Portugal.

Prince Henry is a favourite with our author. He was the third son of John the First of Portugal; but his mother's blood is that which is here dwelt on. She was daughter of John of Gaunt. “That good Plantagenet blood on the mother's side was, doubtless, not without avail to a man whose life was to be spent in continuous and insatiate efforts to work out a great idea.”

There is some convenience in our giving from Heeren a few dates connected with the Portuguese voyages of discovery in the fifteenth century, before we accompany Mr. Helps in his details. In 1419, Madeira was discovered; in 1439, Cape Bojador was doubled; and in 1446, Cape Verd. The discovery of the Azores dates in 1448, and in the next year, that of the Cape Verd Islands; 1471, St. Thomas and Annobon. The Pope's bull gave Portugal all it might discover beyond Cape Bojador. In 1484, Congo was discovered. But, long before these last discoveries, Prince Henry had gone to his rest.

Mr. Helps, whose proper subject is the History of Slavery—of the conquered, not of the conquerors—is not unwilling to seek relief from scenes that are calculated to depress the imagination, in dwelling upon all such matters as are incidental to his theme.

Whatever is picturesque, is sure to catch his eye; whatever has moral elevation, never addresses itself to him in vain. His heroes, we have said, are the native tribes—a people rather than individuals; for, among the native tribes, how can individuals be distinguished? If the shepherd knows each particular animal in his flock, there are no words by which he can communicate his knowledge to others; and such records as must be the chief authorities from which any modern narrative of the conquest of the Spaniards can be woven, can preserve nothing that, properly speaking, distinguishes one native from another. It is not, therefore, surprising that our author should, were it on this account alone, arrange the parts of his story around some great European names; but there are other reasons almost as strong influencing him. The immediate conquerors were, for the most part, cruel, rapacious, villainous—men with whom no thoughtful man can sympathise—least of all, a man with such disciplined feelings as Mr. Helps. And it would seem to be certain that the legislation of the parent countries was often benevolent and wise; at times, that it was altogether defeated by those who represented them in the colonies. The details of that legislation, and the circumstances—often of pardonable error, more often of fraudulent selfishness—which defeated it, are here told:—

“The remarkable persons connected with the history of modern slavery are alone sufficient to give it some interest. There are the members of the royal family of Portugal throughout the fifteenth century, with Prince Henry at their head; then there are Ferdinand and Isabella, Columbus, and the whole band of brave captains who succeeded him in the discovery and conquest of Spanish America; there are Charles the Fifth, Ximenes, Las Casas, Vieyra, and hosts of churchmen and statesmen from those times down to the present.”—p. 5.

The part of the work now published is divided into eleven books, each of which is again subdivided into chapters. The portions of a subject which, from its nature, would be apt to become confused, are thus kept distinct before the author's mind and that of his reader. The first book is entitled, “Prince Henry of Portugal.”

Our author is fond of tracing, in the earliest life of great men, something

predictive of their future greatness—as if the scenes of after life served but to exhibit peculiarities of character and genius which had existed from the first—as if those who do anything to distinguish themselves from others, to “mark them from mankind,” are but realising conceptions which had already existed for them in ideal dreams. Of the absolute truth of this thought, we think little doubt will be entertained by those who bring to mind to what an extent even the humblest, through choice of residence and companionship, create the world in which they live.

Prince Henry was born in 1394. He was a younger son. To the accomplishments of a cavalier he added those of scholarship. It is hard to realise to ourselves the passionate feeling which at that period was called Christianity in southern Europe. If hatred of Mahometanism was not the inspiring principle, as it certainly was not, it yet blended with it indivisibly. If it was not, it yet seemed to be the religion of Portugal, which existed as a kingdom only for the purpose of warring with the Moors. It was more than religion; it was more than patriotism. It was with princes and people, and even with the priesthood, the point of honour in both Spain and Portugal. The purpose of the early voyages of discovery along the coast of Africa were connected with the hope of extirpating Mahometanism. The wars with the Moors suggested the examination of the coast of Africa; and as early as 1412, Prince Henry sent out a vessel to explore it. In 1415, the city of Ceuta was taken from the Moors. Prince Henry was at the capture, and was made governor of the conquered parts of Africa. His connexion with this part of the world probably determined him to continue his course of discovery, and each year he fitted out expeditions for the purpose. He was “skilled in mathematical and geographical knowledge.” He conversed much with “Moors from Fez and Morocco,” and heard of “the Azeneques, a people bordering on the negroes of Jalof.”

He fixed his abode in the southern part of Portugal, about a league and a-half from St. Vincent's. Here he built his town of Sagres. “Here, where the view of the ocean,” says Faria, “inspired his hopes and endeavours, he

erected his arsenal, and built and harboured his ships." "Here," says Mr. Helps, "he could watch for the rising specks of white sails bringing back his captains to tell him of new countries and new men."

How the Prince's imagination converted everything which he heard or read into aliment, which fed the fire within, it would be in vain to describe. Mr. Helps tells us that "the story of Prester John, which had spread over Europe since the Crusades, was well known to the Portuguese Prince. A mysterious voyage of a wandering saint, called St. Brendan, was not without its influence on an imaginative mind." Washington Irving, in a note to his "*Companions of Columbus*," gives us a strange legend of "The Island of the Seven Cities," which was as likely to have influenced the Prince as the stories of Prester John or St. Brendan. Several sailors made their appearance before the prince, when he was busy with his projects of discovery, and stated that they were just returned from an island where seven Spanish bishops, with their congregations, who had fled Moorish persecution, had taken up their abode. The bishops, on reaching it, destroyed the vessels in which they came, to prevent the return of their followers, who, finding themselves obliged to remain, built seven cities. The sailors who told this to the Prince said, that the inhabitants were, as might be expected, good Catholics, and took them to church; that the sands of the seashore were one-third gold. It would appear that some credit was given to the story by Prince Henry; but when he proposed to make some strict inquiry into its truth, the sailors had disappeared.

The great value of Mr. Helps' book is, the way in which it compels us to think. It is probable the artistic effect of completeness is somewhat diminished by the author's frequent interruption of the story, while he anxiously presses its moral upon us. The play-wright of modern days will not admit the chorus to interfere in the business of the drama, and it would seem that in narrative—so fastidious has criticism become—the narrator must wholly withdraw from view. We are far from sure that much has not been lost to the drama by the with-

drawal of the chorus; and we are quite sure that it would be absolutely impossible to construct a narrative from such materials as those which the modern historian must use, without his being perpetually compelled to discuss their value as evidence, and in such discussion necessarily commenting on them. To express occasionally feelings which, whether stated or not, cannot but be suggested, is scarcely going farther than this. To ourselves, who remember with more distinctness the passages of Milton's great poem, in which he speaks of himself, than almost any others in it, and who would be glad that, instead of being but one or two, they were of frequent recurrence, the paragraphs in which strong indignation or intense sympathy is expressed by Mr. Helps, seem of great value. The story of the Conquest has been too often told to have it possible to excite attention, if the historian is to shrink into the mere annalist. Shall the thoughts never be expressed in distinct words, for its power of suggesting which the narrative is chiefly valuable?

We have to guard against the deceptions of words. Ancient Rome was for instance described as the Mistress of the World. But in her day what was the world. What was it before the days of modern maritime discovery? This is well put by Mr. Helps:—

"The map of the world being before us, let us reduce it to the proportions it filled in Prince Henry's time: let us look at our infant world. First, take away those two continents, for so we may almost call them, each much larger than a Europe, to the far West. Then cancel that square massive-looking piece to the extreme South-East; happily there are no penal settlements there yet. Then turn to Africa: instead of that form of inverted cone which it presents, and which we now know there are physical reasons for its presenting, make a scimitar shape of it, by running a slightly-curved line from Juba on the eastern side to Cape Nam on the western. Declare all below that line unknown. Hitherto, we have only been doing the work of destruction; but now scatter emblems of Hippogriffs and Anthropophagi on the outskirts of what is left in the map, obeying a maxim, not confined to the ancient geographers only:—where you know nothing, place terrors. Looking at the map thus completed, we can hardly help thinking to ourselves with a smile, what a small space, comparatively speaking, the known history

of the world has been transacted in, up to the last four hundred years. The idea of the universality of the Roman dominion shrinks a little; and we begin to fancy that Ovid might have escaped his tyrant. The ascertained confines of the world were now, however, to be more than doubled in the course of one century; and to Prince Henry of Portugal, as to the first promoter of these vast discoveries, our attention must be directed."—p. 17, 18.

In all the old voyagers, and in those who, without sharing the perils of the seas, and the yet greater perils of land-adventurers, assisted in fitting out these expeditions, there was among the influencing motives a strong feeling of religion; and in that day the religious feeling was always connected in thought with church communion. Christianity, as distinct from the forms in which it was externally expressed, was a thing which no one shaped in his mind any conception of. A "Christian unattached" has even now very doubtful claims to be regarded as sound in the faith—at the period the thing could not be imagined. A man belonged to the visible Church, or he was an infidel. On returning from his first voyage, Columbus brought home with him nine native Indians—of whom one died after having been baptised. The contemporary record states that he was the first of that nation who entered heaven.

In all the voyages of discovery along the coast of Africa, conducted in Prince Henry's time, we have the strongest evidence that he was animated by the desire of converting to the Christian faith, and thus saving from certain perdition, the natives of such countries as might be discovered. One instance is given—the feeling being embodied in an expressive picture. A navigator brings home with him plants from Southern Africa, "much like those which bear in Portugal the roses of Santa Maria. The Prince rejoiced to see them, and gave thanks to God, as if they had been the fruit and sign of the promised land; and besought our Lady, whose name the plants bore, that she would set forth the doings in this discovery to the praise and glory of God, and to the increase of His holy faith!" In one of these voyages, a daring adventurer brings home not only the skins of sea-wolves, but some actual live Moors—princes, it would seem, or

great men in their own land. They propose to give black slaves as the price of their liberty, and this is at once assented to by Prince Henry. The negroes, he hoped, might be converted to the true faith—with Moors, long experience had shown there was but little chance. The bargain was soon struck, and for two Moors ten black slaves, some gold dust, a target of buffalo hide, and some ostriches' eggs were cheerfully given and accepted.

A great part of the value of Mr. Helps's book is, that he is never content with quoting at second-hand. In his account of these African discoveries, we have the advantage of his translating largely from an old contemporary chronicle, which was only found in the year 1837. Azurara, the chronicler, was himself present at the sale of a cargo of slaves. "Some were of a reasonable degree of whiteness, handsome and well made; others less white, resembling leopards in their colour; others as black as Ethiopians, and so ill-formed, as well in their faces as their bodies, that it seemed to the beholders as if they saw the forms of a lower hemisphere. . . . The Infante was there upon a powerful horse, accompanied by his people, looking out his share, but as a man who, for his part, did not care for gain." Of his fifth he speedily made choice, his only object being "the salvation of those souls which before were lost." Azurara adds, "that as soon as these negroes learned the language of Portugal they became Christians, and their sons and grandsons were as good Christians as if they had lineally descended, since the commencement of the law of Christ, from those who were first baptised."

The year 1454 is remarkable for an expedition in which Ca Da Mosto, a Venetian, was employed by the Prince. Da Mosto gives an intelligent narrative of his travels; and from him we have an account of the beginnings of the modern slave trade. The Arabs, as he calls them, meaning the Moorish inhabitants of the country opposite the Island of Arguim, where the Portuguese had a factory, traded extensively with the coast of Barbary, and also with the Negro country. They exchanged silver, Barbary horses, and silks of Granada and of Tunis, for slaves. From ten to eighteen slaves

was the price of a horse. Of the slaves, they sold some at Tunis, and along that coast. The rest they took to Arguim, where the Portuguese traders purchased between seven and eight hundred every year. Before the trade fell into this regular course, the Portuguese used each year to send three or four caravels to seize upon the Moors themselves.

Da Mosto gives an account of the manners of the people along the western coast of Africa. Most savages are the same; and there is no object in our abridging Mr. Helps's extracts from Da Mosto, still less in ourselves adding anything to his selections from this very entertaining writer, till we come to his account of a negro chief, whom he calls King Budomel. From Budomel he made some purchases of slaves. Budomel was a Mahometan, and took Da Mosto to the mosque. A conversation on religion followed. Da Mosto said, the Pope's religion was true, and Mahomet's false. The Moors were enraged; but Budomel laughingly said, that the Christian's must be a good religion, seeing they were so well off in this world, but that the negroes had a better chance in the next, as the Christian's heaven seemed to be in this world.

During parts of Da Mosto's voyage, the natives along the coast took his ships, when they saw them under sail, for large foreign birds, with white wings; when the sails were furled they thought them fishes. Others, from the swiftness with which they passed from place to place, believed them to be wandering spirits.

The coast of Africa, as far as Sierra Leone, or nearly as far, was discovered in Prince Henry's time. He died in 1463.

We have a description of his person and of his character from Faria y Sousa: it brings the man before us. "He was bulky and strong—his complexion red and white—his hair coarse, almost hirsute. His aspect produced fear in those who were not accustomed to him." But his courtesy was habitual. He had, from an early period, taken the vows of one of the military orders of knighthood. To this, perhaps, was to be ascribed his never marrying. He is described as a man having "a grave serenity in all his movements." Azurara doubts whether to refer this to the prevalence of

the phlegmatic temperament in his constitution, or to intentional deliberation, being moved to some end which men did not perceive.

The most thoughtful poet of modern times has described this power of concealing important purposes till the moment in which they can be manifested in act, as the distinguishing attribute of those who would exercise sovereignty over the minds of men—

"Wer befehlen soll
Muss im Befehlen Seligkeit empfinden.
Ihm ist die Brnst von hohem Willen voll,
Doch was er will, es darf kein Mensch ergründen.
Was er der Truisten in das Ohr geraunt,
Es ist gethan und alle Welt erstaunt.
So wird er stets der Allerhöchste seyn,
Der Wurdigste."

Mr. Helps tells us that the portrait of Prince Henry confirms the hypothesis that he was a man of this character. His first expedition was sent out suddenly; and as some motive must be assigned for everything, this expedition was said to have been sent out in consequence of some prophetic dream—in itself a proof that the subject had not been discussed in council with others. He is described as unsuspecting and forgiving. His house was frequented by all who had any good in them, whether natives of Portugal or foreigners. "Often," says Azurara, "the sun found him in that same place where it had left him the day before, he having watched throughout the whole arc of the night without taking any rest."

The successive voyages of the Portuguese are related. In that of Diaz, Bartholemew Columbus was engaged, and thus are connected African and American discovery. Mr. Helps, after stating this, says, the voyage of Diaz was also remarkable, "as it presented an occasion for the writing of one of the most celebrated passages in modern poetry"—the description of the Spirit of the Cape in Camöens' "*Lusiad*."

The current of his narrative now brings our author to the story of Columbus, whose birth he dates in 1447 or 1448. The date assigned for his birth by Washington Irving is 1435 or 1436. Mr. Helps says, that he has determined the date for himself, on the evidence of ancient authorities. As doubt is thus thrown upon the matter, the authorities ought to be stated. There is no other great man upon whose personal character and exertions, the acts with which he is connected more

entirely depended; and in picturing to ourselves the scenes in which he was engaged, or even in rendering them tolerably intelligible, a difference of so many as twelve years in his age is a matter of essential moment.

We are told by one of Columbus's recent biographers, not Mr. Helps, who does not undertake to write his life, that while quite a child he was taught to read and write—that he did write so well, that in this line he could have earned his bread. The same is said with respect to his knowledge of arithmetic, of drawing, and of painting. That he was then sent to Pavia, where he learned Latin, geometry, geography, astronomy, and navigation. The authority of Las Casas is mentioned for this important fact; but except we have the opportunity of consulting Las Casas for ourselves, it will be impossible for us to make out precisely what he has communicated. Las Casas may only have said, that in such a year Columbus was placed at school; and it may be a mere inference of the modern compiler, from the supposed date of his birth, that this was in his childhood. Thus every part of his life may be misunderstood from this matter of the date of his birth being unfixed. In a case such as this, we wish that Mr. Helps had stated distinctly the evidence on which he rested in settling the date.

The way in which Columbus was likely to be affected by the Portuguese voyages, in Prince Henry's days, would be very different, if we suppose him merely hearing of them as incidents which had already past, or if they were actually passing before his own eyes. The statement that he was grey at thirty from the effect of care, becomes a fact somewhat different, if we find that for thirty we are to read forty-two. The feeling with which we think of his great enterprise is varied, if, with Washington Irving, we imagine him departing from Spain, on his first voyage, at the age of fifty-six, or assuming Mr. Helps's date of Columbus's birth to be—as from his great accuracy we think probable—the true one, we find him to be but forty-four. The true date is of moment to enable us to bring any part of the story fully before the imagination; and we trust that in some future edition the evidence with respect to it may be given. We ought to add that,

in fixing the date of his birth, Helps and Robertson are agreed.

In early life Columbus had made many voyages. Of these the account is not very distinct, and, in some instances, there is reason to think it likely he has been confused with others of the same name.

After a wandering life, in which his chief means of support is in the preparation of maps and charts, he finds himself in Portugal, where he marries the daughter of a person employed in Prince Henry's expeditions along the African coast, and who had been for some years the Governor of Porto Santo, it having been the policy of the Portuguese Government to reward in this way the adventurers who were fortunate in their voyages of discovery. Columbus lived at Porto Santo till his wife's death. It seems to us not improbable, that Prince Henry's system of rewarding his captains, exemplified in the case of his father-in-law, suggested the kind of demands which Columbus made; when proposing his plans of discovery to the sovereigns with whom we find him afterwards in treaty.

“At what precise period his great idea came into his mind there are no records to show. The continuous current of Portuguese discoveries had excited the mind of Europe, and must have greatly influenced Columbus, living in the midst of them. This may be said without in the least detracting from the merits of Columbus as a discoverer. In real life men do not spring from something baseless to something substantial, as people in sick dreams. A great invention or discovery is often like a daring leap, but it is from land to land, not from nothing to something: and if we look at the subject with this consideration fully before us, we shall probably admit that Columbus had as large a share in the merit of his discovery as most inventors, or discoverers, can lay claim to. If the idea which has rendered him famous was not in his mind at the outset of his career of investigation, at any rate he had from the first a desire for discovery, or, as he says himself, the wish to know the secrets of this world. It may be a question whether this impulse soon brought him to his utmost height of survey, and that he then only applied to learning in order to confirm his first views; or whether the impulse merely carried him along, with growing perception of the great truth he was to prove, into deep thinking upon cosmographical studies, Portuguese discoveries, the dreams of learned men, the labours of former geographers, the dim prophetic notices of great unknown lands, and

vague reports amongst mariners of drift wood seen on the seas. But at any rate, we know that he arrived at a fixed conclusion that there was a way by the West to the Indies, that he could discover this way, and so come to Cipango, Cathay, the Grand Khan and all he had met with in the gorgeous descriptions of Marco Polo and other ancient authorities. We may not pretend to lay down the exact chronological order of the formation of the idea in his mind,—in fact to know more about it than he would probably have been able to tell us himself.”—pp. 86, 87, 88.

Columbus himself referred the fixed persuasion which he had, of being the person “through whom what he called the marvels and secrets of the universe shall be revealed to mankind,” to Divine inspiration. He was, he firmly believed, the ordained instrument by whom the veil which separated nations was to be removed—who was destined to introduce Christianity and civilisation to peoples ruled over by malignant spirits. His belief of this was to himself its own evidence of the truth of what he believed. “It has pleased the Lord,” he said, “to grant me faith and assurance for this enterprise. *He* has opened my understanding, and made me willing to go.” When the great thought had once obtained possession of his imagination, it is astonishing how many things served to confirm it—to confirm it to himself—for though he conversed with many scientific persons, he was unable to convince any one of them; their minds were wrapped up in triple folds of prejudice, and learning, and religion. “There is,” says Mr. Helps, “a peculiar conservative ignorance belonging to the learned, which has always stood firmly in the way of the advancement of the world in true knowledge.”

Columbus's first proposals were to the Genoese, who refused to have anything to say to the matter. This does not surprise us; for whatever reasons might be assigned by them for their refusal, we cannot imagine them fully understanding Columbus's plan of a new route to India, without its occurring to them that it must disturb all the existing relations of commerce which, at that period, were, in every respect, so advantageous to the Genoese, that nothing could be gained for them by any change. He next submitted his proposals to Portugal, where he obtained an audience, and succeeded in getting them referred to cosmographers,

who reported against the project. Notwithstanding this report, the matter is taken into consideration in a council of state, where very strong feeling is expressed, even against the African discoveries, which are described as a useless waste of money, that might be better expended in converting Jews, or expelling Moors. In reply to this, the African discoveries are defended; but no one will say a word for Columbus's plan.

His plan is not, however, altogether neglected. The scoundrels learn Columbus's plans, and secretly employ others to execute them. The adventure fails in the hands of those others. “It was not,” says Mr. Helps, “an enterprise to be carried out successfully by men who had only stolen the idea of it.” About this time Columbus's wife dies, and this enables him, without domestic inconvenience, to disunite himself from Portugal.

Soon after Columbus arrives in Spain, and visits the monastery of Rabida, near Palos, in Andalusia. The scene is strikingly described in Washington Irving's “*Life of Columbus*,” and an account of a visit which he himself made in 1828, to Palos, is well worth perusal. He tells us that a stranger asks bread and water at the gate of this Franciscan convent for his child, who is faint and fatigued with travel. The stranger was Columbus, the child his son Diego. He was on his way to seek out a brother-in-law, a man who had married a sister of his deceased wife.

The prior Juan Perez de Marchena sees him; brings a physician, Garci Hernandez, to meet him, and they discuss together Columbus's plans and projects. Difficulties occur to the prior, as it is not easy to reconcile Columbus's idea of the earth being a sphere with anything he had before believed; but these difficulties are removed or diminished. Columbus had examined every part of his subject; whatever old maps could have suggested was familiar to him, and whatever was to be found in the ancient writers. He had read of Plato's vast continent, of which it was not impossible that the Canaries and Azores were but fragments. There were the reports of navigators of land seen to the West; perhaps those who reported of such land were deceived by strong imagination: perhaps it was some optical illusion. Still, from the West there had, at times, drifted carved wood, which it

would appear had not been worked with iron; reeds were now and then brought, in which Columbus did not fail to recognise the immense reeds described by Ptolemy as growing in India; the wrecks of canoes were every now and then found driven from the West against the Azores; dead bodies, too, were occasionally found, which appeared to be those of men of another race.

All these incidents, and others for which we have not room, were indications of land to be reached by a voyage to the West. But the truth of Columbus's great and leading idea, though thus confirmed, was presented to his own mind in the following form, and was in this way stated to his friends—

The circumference of the earth at the equator, he divided into twenty-four hours of fifteen degrees each. Of these he thought the ancients knew fifteen, from the Canaries to Thinae in Asia. The Portuguese advanced the knowledge to the West an hour more. Eight hours were unexplored, equal to one-third of the circumference of the earth. This space he imagined might be filled up by the ocean and the eastern regions of Asia; granting these premises, it was manifest that by pursuing a direct course from east to west, a navigator would arrive at Asia and discover any intervening land. The ocean between India and Western Europe he regarded as of small extent. This to himself diminished the hazards of the voyage. It is probable, too, that the familiarity of everything relating to India, derived both from the works of the ancients and from Marco Polo's Travels, rendered his friends more willing to listen to his project, than if the subject before his imagination was an unknown land, separated from the living world by unknown seas. The thought once mastered, at a period when the compass and the astrolabe were already used by mariners, the dangers could not have appeared of a very serious character. The theoretical difficulties opposed to Columbus's projects chiefly arose from false imaginations as to the figure of the earth, and from the imperfect science of the time. The law of gravitation was unknown, and scientific men said, if Columbus's hypothesis of the earth being spherical

were true, that when he had descended the hemisphere he would not be able to reascend—it would be like climbing up a mountain. Columbus's mind was supported by his having early seized upon a view substantially true, and therefore, like everything which rests on a substantial basis of truth, finding support in a thousand accessory things at first undreamt of.

The prior, once convinced himself, or perhaps only thinking that it was not impossible Columbus might be right, gives him a letter introducing him to Hernando de Talavera, Prior of Prado, the confessor of Queen Isabella of Castile, a man whom Perez justly considered as of great power and influence.

We pass over our author's account of Columbus at the Court of Spain, his difficulties, and his finally obtaining the sanction of the sovereigns for his adventure.

It is written in the tone of a man who sympathises both with the unfortunate persons who have any suit to prefer at court, and who is not without yet stronger sympathies with the official persons, whose duty it seems to be to receive civilly, and baffle and deceive all manner of projectors—a race of men, no doubt, in general very troublesome, and very unpromising customers.

Columbus's suit at court occupied full seven years. Hernando de Talavera received courteously Perez's letter of introduction—admired the simplicity of his old friend, who could give any faith to Columbus's wild and impossible theories. At court, his pretensions were at first derided and disregarded—"Because he was a stranger, and went but in simple apparel, nor otherwise credited than by the letter of a grey friar, they believed him not, neither gave ear to his word, whereby he was greatly tormented in his imagination."* It was a time in which the Court of Spain had, to say truth, much to excuse it for not giving particular encouragement to plans of distant discovery. It was busy with its wars with the Moors, the King and Queen being in person at many of these campaigns. The war of many centuries was approaching its close. The Moors, who had at one time possessed most of the country, were now confined within the

* Oviedo, book ii., c. 5; and Irving, vol. i., 110.

mountains which surrounded Granada. The armies of Ferdinand and Isabella were actively engaged in the details of a warfare in which they occasionally besieged the last places of strength which the Moors held, or met their forces in the field. The Queen, on whom the historians of Spain lavish all manner of praises, was entitled, among others, to the credit of being an intrepid warrior. Suits of armour, *cap-a-pie*, worn by her, are shown in the royal arsenal at Madrid. Columbus's was not fatiguing attendance at a stationary court. He moved with the sovereigns, and their movements were, for the most part, those of the army. His expenses were, in part, provided for by the Treasury of Castile—in part were supplied by his own labour; for at no time, except when at sea, did he abandon his occupation of making maps and charts. The personal character of the sovereigns of Arragon and Castile, in a great degree, influenced Columbus's fortunes. Ferdinand, King of Arragon, was not insensible of the importance to Spain of the acquisition which Columbus's project promised; but he was distrustful and avaricious; and he felt more strongly even than the theologians of his country, the class of objections arising from what were regarded as Columbus's heretical opinions on the figure of the earth. His pride connected itself with his orthodoxy. He held distinctly before him three objects—the conquest of the Moors, the expulsion of the Jews, and the establishment of an Inquisition in his dominions. He accomplished all, and he had his reward in his title of the "Most Catholic," conferred by Pope Innocent the Eighth. He was selfish, bigoted, and cunning. He was called the Wise and Prudent in Spain; in Italy, the Pious; in France and in London, the Perfidious.* Ferdinand was not the man to understand or encourage Columbus; and we feel little surprise at Columbus's demands seeming to him extravagant, even to a degree of absurdity. His demands were, says Mr. Helps, who, we think, understates them—"That he was to be made an admiral at once, to be appointed viceroy of the countries he should discover, and to have an eighth of the profits of the

expedition." This statement does not express what we believe was among Columbus's conditions—a grant of high hereditary rank for himself and his descendants. Such a demand from an indigent and obscure stranger—from a man who had no claims whatever, except what might arise from the success of an adventure, upon which all men looked with more than doubt—was likely to be felt even more objectionable than anything that could be expressed in numbered monies. That such a demand was made there can be little doubt; for by the capitulation signed by Ferdinand and Isabella in the plain of Granada, it was conceded, and there can be no doubt, from the ungenerous nature of Ferdinand, that there was no disposition to originate such a clause. Columbus was right in insisting upon it. On his conventional rank depended, in a great degree, his power over the persons associated with him in the expedition. Even with this advantage, he found it difficult to preserve them for a few months in anything of due subordination; and one of his chief difficulties arose from the claims of superiority of social rank made by some of his fellow-voyagers, over any which an obscure foreigner could put forward.

Never were there two minds more incapable of understanding each other than those of Ferdinand and Columbus. In one thing, however, they were sincerely agreed—which was, in a strong desire for the conversion of the natives of such countries as Columbus should discover; and we see no reason to think that Columbus was less averse than Ferdinand to effecting this object through slavery, or any other evil which afforded a chance of the object being effected. Indeed, we think the evidence on this subject goes further to criminate the admiral than the King. Much of the evil done was for the sake of anticipated good. This is well stated by Mr. Helps, not in one passage alone, but so frequently, that it may be described as the sentiment prevalent throughout—the very soul of his book. We must make room for his picture of Isabella, which is introduced after a passage strongly expressive of the feeling to which we have

* "Ou l'appellait en Espagne *le Sage, le Prudent*; en Italie, *le Pieux*; en France et a Londres, *le Perfide*."—*Essai sur les Mœurs*, chap. 94.

referred. The sketch which we are about to transcribe is one characteristic of Mr. Helps's manner. His language seems subdued by the very strength of the feeling, in which the reader, however apathetic, is compelled to participate. The introduction of the painting at Granada, and its effect on beholders, is one of those illustrations which, with seeming simplicity, is conceived in the spirit of very high art:—

"As for Queen Isabella, there can be no doubt about her motives. Even in the lamentably unjust things in which she was too often concerned, she had what to her mind was compelling reason to act as she did. Perhaps there is hardly any great personage whose name and authority are found in connexion with so much that is strikingly evil, all of it done, or rather assented to, upon the highest and purest motives. Whether we refer to the expulsion of the Jews, the treatment of the Moorish converts, or the establishment of the Inquisition, all her proceedings in these matters were entirely sincere and noble-minded. Methinks I can still see her beautiful, majestic face (with broad brow, and clear, honest, loving eye), as it looks down upon the beholder from one of the chapels in the cathedral at Granada: a countenance too expressive and individual to be what painters give as that of an angel, and yet the next thing to it. Now, I could almost fancy, she looks down reproachfully, and yet with conscious sadness. What she would say in her defence, could we interrogate her, is, that she obeyed the voice of Heaven—taking the wise and good men of her day as its interpreters. Oh! that she had but persisted in listening to it, as it spoke in her own kindly heart, when with womanly pity she was wont to intercede in favour of the poor cooped-up inmates of some closely-beleaguered town or fortress! But at least the poor Indian can utter nothing but blessings on her. He might have needed no other 'protector,' had she lived; nor would slavery have found in his fate one of the darkest and most fatal chapters in its history."—p. 112, 113.

It is probable that Columbus's undertaking would have been rejected by the Spanish Court, in conformity with the advice of every one to whom it was referred, but for the Queen. Though Isabella and Ferdinand acted always together, yet their kingdoms of Arragon and Castile were distinct; each had its own sources of income—its own separate expenditure; and when all hope seemed to be over for Columbus—when he had actually taken leave of the sovereigns in utter hopelessness—

the Queen, who had throughout seemed inspired by Columbus's own enthusiasm, suggested a solution of the difficulty. "I undertake," said she, "the enterprise for my own crown of Castile, and will pledge my jewels for the necessary funds."

The difficulties were not immediately removed, even by the royal mandates which, upon this, were issued. The port of Palos de Moguer, in Andalusia, was that from which the little armada was to sail. Why this port was chosen we do not know; but to Columbus it presented some conveniences. It was the place where the family of Pinzon resided, through whom Columbus was enabled to supply his eighth of the necessary funds for his adventure. In its immediate neighbourhood was the Convent of Rabida, where his good friend, Perez, still presided, and where his sons were at the time receiving their education; and it so happened that one of the obligations which this port owed to the State was to furnish two caravels for the service of the Crown during three months of the year. An order was issued, dated 30th April, 1492, commanding the authorities at Palos to have the two vessels ready within ten days for Columbus. Columbus was empowered to provide a third vessel. Of these vessels, but one was decked. The number of mariners who went with Columbus was ninety; adding to these physician, surgeon, and private adventurers, the whole number of persons was one hundred and twenty.

The details of the voyage are given from "Columbus's Journal;" and Las Casas's "Manuscript History of the Indies" supplies our author with his narrative of the admiral's adventures in Cuba and Hispaniola. These manuscripts were no doubt in the hands of Herrera, and thus a good deal of what we find in our author is not essentially different from the popular accounts of the discovery of America. The documents published by Navarrete more often confirm than disprove the stories of the first discoverers and conquerors of the New World. In addition to whatever has been of late years published, Mr. Helps has availed himself of the vast collections made by the historian Munnos, and now in the Royal Academy of Madrid. It would appear that there is no longer in Spain the jealousy which concealed its ma-

nuscripts, and made state secrets of all its dealings with its colonies. We incline to think the story of the conquest of America, as told by Robertson and Raynal, is substantially true. Still it is of the utmost moment that original documents shall be from time to time re-examined. There is no person at all familiar with books who does not know how the accidental mistake of one writer is adopted by crowds of followers, and a deceptive legend substituted for the facts as originally told. In the case of such a story as that of the European colonies in the New World, which everybody must read, we rejoice in the subject having been taken up by a writer such as is now before us, who patiently weighs evidence, conscientiously exhibits its bearing, and who writes in a style at all times lucid, and often exceedingly beautiful. This book must displace many of very high character, which are deservedly admired. It will, we have little doubt, be henceforth the History of the Spanish Conquest in America most generally read, certainly that which persons anxious for accurate information will most often recur to.

Columbus returns to Spain and arrives at Palos, the port from which he had set out, on the 15th of March, 1493. His reception by the King and Queen at Barcelona is well told. The exhibition was one which probably never has been equalled. The coronation of emperor or king is a pantomime in comparison of what was here represented. Wherever Columbus passed, and his route lay through the finest provinces of Spain, the surrounding country poured forth from hill and valley its congratulating multitudes. Never was royal progress, never triumphal procession, such as this. It was scarcely possible for report to exaggerate the importance of Columbus's discovery, but such details as report could exaggerate, it did. Crowds thronged to see the strange birds, the strange plants, the gold, exhibited in unwrought masses, or shaped into ornaments "by the rude art of the natives." Oh, what wealth—such was the thought—did it not promise for Spain. The natives themselves were looked upon with such delighted surprise and curiosity, as if they were beings of another planet. They were looked upon also as if they

too had better cause of rejoicing than they could yet know. Was there not a promise of the heathen being to be given to the Lord as an inheritance? Was not the prophecy now fulfilled, or its fulfilment approaching?—

"The captives that accompanied a Roman general's car might be strange barbarians, of a tribe from which Rome had not before had slaves. But barbarians were not unknown creatures. Here, with Columbus, were beings of a new world. We may imagine the rumours that must have gone before his coming. And now he was there. Ferdinand and Isabella had their thrones placed in the presence of the assembled court. Columbus approached the Monarchs, and then, his countenance beaming with modest satisfaction (*modesta risa*), knelt at the King's feet, and begged leave to kiss their Highnesses' hands. They gave their hands: then they bade him rise, and be seated before them. He recounted, briefly, the events of his voyage—a story more interesting than the tale told by Æneas in the court of Dido—and he concluded his unpretending narrative by showing what new things and creatures he had brought with him."—p. 128.

Columbus left the bay of Cadiz, on his second voyage, on the 25th of September, 1493, having with him seventeen vessels and fifteen hundred men. On his first voyage, nothing could be more dispiriting to him than the reluctance with which his mariners, compelled to a dangerous service, and one which they felt to be hopeless, embarked. Had they a choice, they would have elected any other occupation, but they were coerced to obey the mandate of the Crown. How different was his case now. All ominous anticipations of evil had been disproved by the event—every one now crowded to embark. Columbus had, through the whole time of his stay at Cuba and Hispaniola, imagined that the lands which he discovered were islands on the coast of Asia. This was the universal belief. The cavalier who now joined his enterprise, thought of brilliant adventure in glorious warfare among the old civilised nations of the East. The missionary who came, regarded himself not as a person who was to communicate the first germs of civilisation to a people utterly savage, but one who was to meet Jews and Mahometans, and perhaps also heathens, who had never heard of revelation, but had been brought

up in some old idolatries of India, discussing, with the Christian divines of Prester John, dark abstractions, such as would have split the skull of St. Thomas Aquinas, but which were destined to yield before his own more prevailing logic. The spirit of commerce, which, now and then, is very like the spirit of robbery, inspired others. Crimson caps were hastily stitched together, and glass beads, of all colours, blown as thin as the spider's web, for the purpose of being exchanged with the natives for gold, and gold dust. There were men tempted by the promise of three wives each—such was the plentiful supply which those who voyaged with Columbus before had found in these islands; and among the adventurers a man might here and there be found who fled to escape some single domestic bond, and even more eagerly joined the expedition—

"More like a man
Flying from something that he dreads, than one
Who sought the thing he loved."

There were those, too, who now embarked, who had friends in that New World whom they thought to re-join, for on departing from it for Europe, Columbus had left a little garrison of thirty-nine men, not alone at peace with the natives, but even under the peculiar protection of a powerful chief, with whom circumstances had linked Columbus in more than common friendship.

Columbus's preparations for his second voyage differed essentially from those of his first. It was not now a voyage of discovery and exploration. A colony was contemplated, and the fleet took with it whatever suggested itself as desirable for men seeking to establish themselves in a new country. The admiral put such plants and trees on board as he thought fitted for the climate—wheat, oats, rye, and all sorts of seeds. He took with him from Spain cows. At the Canaries he added goats, sheep. Eight swine are particularly mentioned; "from which," says Herrera, "afterwards increased those that have been since in the Indies." They also took in hens. Lime, bricks, and materials for building were also here supplied. The hens are worth mentioning, if it were only to give a sentence from Herrera. An Indian being asked what was the best thing they got by the Spaniards, an-

swered, hen's eggs. The bird itself was often tough. The eggs were always tender. The next best thing was the horse. The third was artificial light, for time was added to the day by oil, by wax or tallow candles.

In his second voyage, Columbus steered more south than in his first, and was carried by the trade-winds to the Caribbee islands, a cluster to the east of those which he had before discovered. This cluster he called *De-seada*, thus expressing the impatience with which the sight of land was desired by his crew. In these islands he found a warlike people, whom he had reason to believe to be cannibals—a fact which he afterwards used as an argument to establish a trade in slaves, to be supplied from those islands.

Of those who thus joined the enterprise many must have been disappointed. But the first blow which their excited hopes received, and that most felt by Columbus, was inflicted by his discovering, on his arrival at the place where this little garrison had been left, that no one of them was living. The precise circumstances of their destruction have never been accurately discovered. As Columbus coasted along the shore, before coming to the fortress where he had placed his people, he was told of a dead body being found with a cord, made of Spanish grass, round his neck. This suggested serious suspicions. Soon after another body was found, and there could be no doubt that this was an European; for though the body was much decomposed, the beard was plainly to be distinguished.

It was evening when he arrived opposite San Navidad, the fortress of the garrison. The rocks by which the shore is defended rendered his going into the harbour by uncertain light a dangerous risk. He saw no signs of the fortress. He thought he knew the landmarks, but yet it was night. He might mistake them. It was possible also that the Spaniards might have seen some reason to move their station. He orders signal shots to be fired. There is no reply—no answering light. It was strangely suspicious, too, that none of the natives, with whom Columbus had parted on such friendly terms, approached the fleet.

"As closer to the shore they drew,
To hail them came no light canoe ;

The beach was silent and forsaken :
 Nor clothed, nor naked forms appeared,
 Nor sound of human voice was heard ;
 Nought but the seabirds from the rock,
 With busy stir that fluttering broke ;
 Sad sign which in his mind portentous fears
 awaken."*

The first account which he received of the loss of the garrison was from a visit made him by command of the friendly chief under whose protection they had been placed. The canoe came to the fleet at midnight. The Indians on board demanded to see Columbus. As far as their narrative could be understood, it did not leave the case free from the suspicion of some treachery of the chieftain's own people against the Spaniards. Their narrative, however, might be that of persons who wish to diminish the pain with which unpleasant truth must be received, by partial concealment. The number to be accounted for were thirty-nine; several, they said, died of sickness. This, surely, was not improbable, when we remember that the situation was afterward abandoned by Columbus as moist and unhealthy. The climate and the food were not unlikely to have made short work of men unused to both. Some, they said, had been killed in quarrels among themselves; some had gone to other parts of the islands, having taken to themselves Indian wives; the fortress itself, they said, was attacked by Cinabao, the chief of the golden mountain of Cibao, and the governor and such of the garrison as had remained here, slain by him. Such assistance as could be afforded to the Spaniards, was given, and their chief was, at the moment, suffering from a wound received in their cause. How much or how little of this was true, Columbus had no way of knowing. He appears to have believed a narrative which had nothing in it at all improbable, and, at all events, he showed good sense in not exhibiting distrust. With many of his associates, distrust amounted to absolute disbelief; and Columbus was regarded by them as an unwise man for not at once breaking off all intercourse with the natives, and revenging on them what they called their murder of the Spaniards. There was strong reason to believe that the Spaniards owed their deaths to their own dissoluteness, and ill-conduct of every kind, when

relieved from the eye of Columbus. The suspicions against the Indians, among whom Columbus had left them living in security, arose chiefly from property of the Spaniards being found in their huts, under circumstances which showed it had not come to them in the ordinary course of barter. All such inferences could not but be regarded by reasonable persons as very doubtful. In any case, nothing but evil could arise from Columbus's assuming the narrative told him to be false. It is not unlikely, that the title of "Chief of the Golden Mountain," which he found given to the supposed destroyer of the fortress, was one calculated to fix itself on his imagination, and awaken, with feelings of revenge, the accompanying thought of abundant reprisals on this wealthy potentate.

Columbus abandons the part of the island where his first fortress had been; he commences the building of Isabella; sends twenty men to examine the interior of the country; and, in January, 1494, sends home a favourable account of its wealth; but states several reasons why the colony must still be a source of expense and not of income, to the parent country. He suggests a branch of trade, which, however, the sovereigns reject. The colony is in want of a great many articles of consumption, which he proposes to be supplied by the parent country, and paid for in slaves, taken from amongst the natives of the windward islands, whom he described as cannibals. The captives thus taken, will have the advantage of being made Christians. The honour of Spain will also be increased in the islands where cannibalism does not prevail, and with the inhabitants of which the cannibals are for ever at war. A trade in slaves could not have been more distinctly proposed, nor, even in later days, been more plausibly defended.

It would, perhaps, have been impossible that the dreams of Columbus's colonists should not have been disappointed, even had there not been the unfortunate element of deception, which arose from Columbus's own fixed persuasion that they were among the islands on the coast of India. This delusion was common to all, and Columbus died without ever having been undeceived. Circumstances were very

* Joanna Baillie. "Metrical Legends.—Christopher Columbus."

different from what they would have been had they found themselves, as they had expected, in countries where there had been anything of an old civilisation. A way to support, if not to distinction, might then have been won by the sword. The danger here which had stared them in the face, was the fear of actual starvation. They were as yet unaccustomed to the food of the natives, nor could it be supplied to them in sufficient quantity. The stores brought from Europe had begun to fail; some were bad from the first, through the fraud of those with whom contracts had been made; more was wasted through improvidence. Columbus had no means of supporting his fifteen hundred men. "Provisions and medicines began to fail; sickness pervaded the whole armament, and men of all ranks and stations—hidalgos, people of the court, and ecclesiastics—were obliged to labour manually under regulations strictly enforced." A mutiny is the consequence, which is discovered in time, and suppressed. Columbus, for a while, entrusts the government to his brother, and visits the mountainous district in the centre of the island, where he is led to expect gold. His expectation is not deceived; and he erects the fortress of St. Thomas, in the vicinity of the gold district, where he at once commences mining operations. The name of St. Thomas was chosen as a playful rebuke to some of the colonists, who would not believe in the existence of the gold, which was said to abound in the district, till they actually handled it with their hands. On his return, after his visit to the interior, which more than satisfied his expectations of the resources of the country, he found all at Isabella, that first met his eye, giving abundant promise of a happy future. The various trees and fruits brought from Spain had thriven in their new soil. The European and the native vine were both flourishing. Columbus's return was on the 29th of March, and on the next day ears of wheat were brought to him which had been sown late in January. All that nature could do promised well.

But Columbus had other duties than those of a provident agriculturist or thrifty husbandman. He was the governor of the colony, and he found that it was everywhere in alarm with apprehension that the natives would de-

stroy the settlement. The same chieftain who had destroyed the fortress at Navidad, was now collecting his warriors to assail Isabella. Columbus had but little fear from him; he trusted in his own men, still more in his bloodhounds, most of all in his horses.

We do not feel quite sure that Columbus had the talents for a good governor; at all events, he had other work to do. The duty of discovery had been imposed on him by his sovereigns—priority of discovery was that on which the rights of Spain depended as against other nations, and this consideration was Columbus's reason, perhaps his only excuse, for leaving his colony at a time when his presence would seem absolutely necessary. He remained but three weeks at Isabella, when he left it on another voyage of discovery; he now discovered Jamaica, and the islands to which he gave the name of the "Garden of the Queen." He left on the 24th of April, 1494, and returned the 29th of September, in the same year, in broken health. The position of a governor is one of anxiety; his was relieved by letters from Spain approving of his conduct. The ships which brought these letters took back with them discontented men, with formal complaints against his administration.

War with the natives follows, and shiploads of slaves are sent by Columbus to Spain. The very ships, Mr. Helps tells us, which brought the parent government's refusal of Columbus's slave-trade proposal, came back filled with slaves. Caonabó himself is taken by a daring stratagem. The natives admired Spanish metals so much, that they regarded them as descended from heaven—the church-bell at Isabella was heaven-descended. A gallant Spanish cavalier, intending to capture Caonabó, took with him highly polished manacles—"the kind," says Mr. Helps archly, "called by Spaniards, somewhat satirically, *esposas* (wives),"—succeeded in persuading him that they were ornaments such as kings of Spain wore on days of high festival, and said that they, and a spirited horse, were sent him as a present from Columbus. His vanity and delight render him wholly unsuspecting. He is placed on the horse, displayed before his own admiring tribe, and feeling as happy as a young king on his coronation day, when his captor springs behind him on the horse, and succeeds in

what would seem the desperate experiment of carrying him, thus rendered incapable of resistance, to the Spanish settlement; he was sent a prisoner to Spain, but did not survive to reach Europe. One account states the vessel in which he sailed to have been lost; another ascribes his death to illness, brought on by grief at his humiliation:—

“Never, perhaps, were little skirmishes, for such they were on the part of the Spaniards, of greater permanent importance than those above narrated, which took place in the early part of the year 1495. They must be looked upon as the origin in the Indies of slavery, vassalage, and the system of *repartimientos*. We have seen that the Admiral, after his first victory, sent off four ships with slaves to Spain. He now took occasion to impose a tribute upon the whole population of Hispaniola. It was thus arranged. Every Indian above fourteen years old, who was in the provinces of the mines, or near to these provinces, was to pay every three months a little bell-ful of gold; all other persons in the island were to pay at the same time an *arroba* of cotton for each person. Certain brass or copper tokens were made—different ones for each tribute time—and were given to the Indians when they paid tribute; and these tokens, being worn about their necks, were to show who had paid tribute. A remarkable proposal was made upon this occasion to the Admiral by Guarionéx, Cacique of the Vega Real, namely, that he would institute a huge farm for the growth of corn and manufacture of bread, stretching from Isabella to St. Domingo (i.e., from sea to sea), which would suffice to maintain all Castile with bread. The Cacique would do this on condition that his vassals were not to pay tribute in gold, as they did not know how to collect that. But this proposal was not accepted, because Columbus wished to have tribute in such things as he could send over to Spain.”—pp. 145, 146.

Columbus found himself compelled to modify the tribute which he exacted from the Indians; and, in 1496, service was, occasionally at least, substituted for it. A farm would be given to a Spaniard to be worked by a Cacique and his people.

The admiral had power to grant *repartimientos* of lands in the Indies to Spaniards. In the patent giving this power, no mention was made of Indians; and some legal doubt arose on the way in which his grants were, after this war with the natives, often made. Columbus, in addition to such rights as his commission from Spain gave,

seemed to claim those of a person who had also the rights of a conqueror. At no time, however, did he assert claims inconsistent with the obedience he owed to the sovereigns in whose name he acted.

The natives, oppressed by exactions of which they saw no end, finding the Spaniards determined to remain permanently, in their turn devised plans to get rid of them. Violence would not do. They thought by not cultivating the land to starve them out. The desperate remedy failed, or rather the evil fell chiefly on the poor natives themselves, who died everywhere in thousands. The Spaniards, though great sufferers, did not depend exclusively on the produce of the country; they had supplies from Europe.

The complaints against Columbus brought a commissioner from Spain to investigate them; evidence from every quarter was sought and found. “The stones,” says Herrera, “rose up against him and his brothers.” Columbus thought he had no choice but that of returning to Spain, to repel whatever accusations might be urged against him. He and the royal commissioner returned at the same time, but not in the same vessel. Columbus, whatever the enmity against him, seems at all times to have had the opportunity of personal communication with the sovereigns, and he again triumphed over all opposition. He obtained the means of sending vessels to the colony with such things as it required, but was unable himself to leave Spain for a period of two years.

Columbus must be judged of, not with reference to the feelings of our day, but to those of his own, when we have to speak of him and the slave-trade, or of him and his dealings with his colony. In early life he was in the crew of more than one of the Portuguese voyages along the coast of Africa; and the rightfulness of a traffic with which all men were familiar, it did not occur to him to dispute. The ministers under whose advice the sovereigns of Castile and Arragon acted, took higher views, as was natural, of the relations of the parent country to its colonies, than even the best of their colonial servants. The state papers of Ferdinand and Isabella often express just indignation at the way in which their Indian subjects—for so they regarded the natives

of the newly-discovered lands — were treated. Compassion for them, in all probability, was the principal cause of their now yielding to two measures, said to be proposed by Columbus, who could not do without labourers, and who, could he get the work of the colony done, was, probably, indifferent who the labourers might be. One was, authorising the transportation of convicted criminals to the Indies; the other, allowing criminals, unconvicted, to go to the Indies, at their own expense, and serve, for a fixed period, under the Governor's orders.

During Columbus's absence, the colony was governed by his brother Bartholomew, and wild work went on. War with the Indians was carried on. In this the Spaniards were always successful. It was admitted by all jurists, that captives taken in lawful war might be made slaves; and, at times when the colony produced nothing else, shiploads of slaves were sent to Europe to be sold. What, perhaps, was more severely felt was, that on the conquered districts a tribute was imposed—a personal tax on every one between eighteen and forty years of age, and, in addition to this, a tax on the land itself. The precise grounds of right on which the conquerors placed their demand are not, in all cases, easily ascertained; but it would appear that Columbus's deputy, in some instances, proceeded by demanding tribute from a district with which he had no previous relation. If paid, his object was attained; if not paid, he declared war; and in addition to the tribute, his victory gave him as slaves all such prisoners as he could succeed in making. That the country should rise in arms was not surprising. But that the Spaniards should say a word against it, did astonish the Adelantado—thus was the Governor's deputy styled. There were those among the Spaniards, however, who did speak against this manner of proceeding; and of those, one was the Chief Justice of the colony. Even in modern colonies something of this kind will now and then occur. Governors and chief justices, each with the very best intentions, will squabble. The Governor will seek to do what he deems right, with military dispatch, disregarding all forms of law; the magistrate, if he have any true sense of what is due to justice, will be com-

pelled to protect even the admitted criminal, by affording to him all such shelter as these forms give. Thus, without either being in fault, we may suppose continuing discord between Governor and Chief Justice, and each appealing in vain to the parent country, which is unable or unwilling to determine between them. Roldan, the chief justice, thought Bartholomew's proceedings illegal; and Bartholomew thought Roldan factious. Meanwhile Columbus returns. We wish we could pursue his third voyage, in which he discovers Paria, on the continent of America; but we must hasten with him to Hispaniola. Other work than that of discovery is before him now. He finds resistance is made to paying tribute, which, it would appear, is now demanded over the whole island, and he sends home the ships with which he had last come, loaded with slaves, captives taken in resisting those demands. Roldan and he are now at peace. "Roldan kept his chief-justiceship, and his friends received lands and slaves." They received lands, and caciques with their people to work them, and, in addition, slaves, the prisoners of war. Others of Roldan's party, who preferred returning to Spain, were given slaves—some one, some two, some three. It is not recorded that Roldan made any legal objections to this arrangement. When the Indians, however, arrived in Spain, they were ordered by the Queen of Castile to be at once sent back. Columbus had no right to dispose of *her* slaves. She seems to have felt righteous indignation at the whole transaction.

It is not unlikely that this incident led to Columbus's being deprived of the administration of the colony. Accusations numberless were made against him—the unanswerable one that he was an Italian, not a Spaniard, being, perhaps, at the root of all. That gentlemen should work for their bread, and that they should be satisfied with half rations in a time of distress—that they should be whipped like common fellows when they stole wheat;—this was intolerable, still we think he might have got over it. His wars with the Indians were more against him. They were entered into, it was said, for the purpose of making and selling slaves. He was said also, but this seems a calumny, to leave Indians unbaptised,

"because he desired slaves rather than Christians." Bovadilla, the new governor, on his arrival, threw Columbus and his brother into chains, and sent them to Spain.

There is a passage often quoted from Las Casas, in which the Admiral is made say, that the chains were placed upon him by royal authority, and that he would not suffer them to be taken off till his king and queen ordered them to be removed, and that he would ever after keep them by him "as relics and memorials of the reward of my services." "He did so," says his son Fernando. "I saw them always hanging in his cabinet; and he requested that when he died they might be buried with him."* "He would not," we transcribe from Cooley's very valuable '*History of Maritime and Inland Discovery*,' "allow his fetters to be taken off; but being sensible of his great merits, and more of future fame, he fondly wore those affecting testimonies of his vicissitudes, and even expressed a wish that when he died they might be hung on his tomb."†

We have looked at some half dozen other books, and the same turn is given to this thought. Many changes of feeling on such a subject must have passed through Columbus's mind, yet we think it likely that there was some mistake made, not unnaturally, by whatever compiler first united together the passages from Las Casas and Ferdinand Columbus. Columbus's own letter from Jamaica, written in 1504, seems to have originated all that has been written on the subject; and if we understand that letter rightly, it expresses a very different, and far higher, and juster tone of feeling. "Why did not Bovadilla kill me when he robbed me and my brother of our

dearly-purchased gold, and sent us to Spain in chains, without trial, crime, or shadow of misconduct? These chains are all the treasures I have; they shall be buried with me, if I chance to have a coffin or grave; for I would have the remembrance of so unjust an action perish with me, and, for the glory of the Spanish name, be eternally forgotten."‡ The sovereigns disclaimed the acts of Bovadilla, but thought it better that Columbus should not, at least for the present, resume the government, and Ovando is sent out.

The first act of his government was to take what is called a "*residencia*" of the former governor—an inquisition into the details of his administration. One of the results of that held on Bovadilla was the restoration of property of Columbus and his brothers, seized by the governor.

Ovando's government lasted for seven years. It is not easy to understand the precise position of the natives, either in the theory of the parent state, or in the acts of the colonial governors. In Ovando's instructions from the Court of Castile, he is told "that all the Indians in Hispaniola should be free from servitude, and unmolested by any one, and that they should live as free vassals, governed and protected by justice, as were the vassals of Castile. Like the vassals in Spain, the Indians were to pay tribute; they also were to assist in getting gold, but for this they were to be paid daily wages."§ All officials who had gone to the colony with Columbus were to return to Spain, and a new body of men to accompany Ovando. No Jews, Moors, or new converts were to go to the Indies, but "negroes born in power of Christians" might. "This," says Mr. Helps, "is the first notice

* Irving's "*Life of Columbus*," iii. 180; Helps, vol. i. 172.

† Cooley's "*Maritime Discovery*," ii. 12.

‡ "*Columbus to Ferdinand*." The letter is not in Navarette, and, perhaps, exists only in an old English translation. "There is preserved," says Bryan Edwards, "among the journals of the Honourable Council in Jamaica, a very old volume in manuscript, consisting of diaries and report of governors, which relate chiefly to the proceedings of the army, and other transactions, in the first settlement of the colony. In this book is to be found the translation of a letter to the King of Spain, said to be written by Columbus during his confinement on this island. As it appears to me to have marks of authenticity, I shall present it to my readers. It was written, probably, about eight months after the departure of his messenger, Diego Mendez, who had attempted to reach Hispaniola in an Indian canoe."—*History of W. I.* vol. i. 156.

§ Herrera, Decade i. 4; Helps, i. 179.

about negroes going to the Indies." These instructions were given in the year 1501:—

"Nicholas de Ovando arrived at St. Domingo on the 15th of April, 1502. Las Casas, now in his 28th year, came out in the same fleet; and he mentions, that as the vessels neared the shore, the Spanish colonists ran down to hear the news from home, and to tell their good news exultingly in return, which was, that an extraordinary lump of gold had been found, and that certain Indians were in revolt. 'I heard it myself,' the historian says; and he is right to chronicle the fact, showing as it does the views which prevailed among the settlers, of the advantage of an Indian revolt in furnishing slaves. This great piece of gold which they talked about, had been found accidentally by an Indian woman at the mines, while listlessly moving her rake to and fro in the water one day during dinner time. Its value was estimated at 1,350,000 maravedis, and in the festivities that took place on the occasion, was used as a dish for a roast pig, the miners saying that no king of Castile had ever feasted from a dish of such value. We do not find that the poor Indian woman had any part in the good fortune. Indeed, as Las Casas observes, she was fortunate if she had any portion of the meat, not to speak of the dish."—p. 188, 189.

The same tale of distress and famine which was the fate of this settlement for so many years, is again its history. Two thousand five hundred persons came out with Ovando. Within a short time a thousand are dead, and the rest a burthen on a society, which had not even provided sufficient food for themselves. Who should suddenly appear on the scene but Columbus? Columbus who is ordered not to land—who cannot consistently with Ovando's instructions be received on the island,—asks to be admitted into the harbour. He says that his knowledge of the appearances of the sea and sky satisfy him of an approaching hurricane. He has to depart and seek shelter where he can. His prediction is distrusted, and the return-fleet sail for Spain. Most of the vessels are lost. Roldan, our old friend the chief justice, perishes. Bovadilla has no chains to throw upon the raging sea. He, too, is gone. The worst vessel in the fleet is that on board of which Columbus's goods have been stored, and this is among the few that escape. "The men of that day saw in this the especial hand of Providence."

Our author seems to approve of what looks rather like sharp practice in the new governor. His habit was, when vessels were about returning to Spain, if any person was regarded as particularly turbulent, to invite him to dinner, talk with him about his neighbours, and inquire on what terms they lived with each other—

"The unsuspecting colonist exulted in thinking that he was now in high favour with the Governor, and likely to have more Indians allotted to him: when suddenly Ovando would turn upon him with this question: 'In which of those ships (probably visible from where they were sitting) would you like to go to Castile?' The contented look of a man who is expecting some benefit, changes to the terrified appearance of one who is about to be sent home ruined to his friends. He falteringly asks, 'Why, my Lord?' The stern Comendador Mayor answers, 'You have nothing else to do but to go.' 'But, my Lord, I have not the wherewithal, not even for my passage.' 'It shall be my care to provide for that,' replies the Governor: and in this summary manner he was wont to ship off a dangerous person at once, and thus to clear the colony of a possible nuisance."—pp. 203, 204.

Ovando was a religious man moreover; and on one occasion, Las Casas tells us of thirteen Indians being hanged "in honour and reverence of our Lord Jesus Christ and the twelve apostles." The same Las Casas says, "he was a man fit to govern, but not Indians." Of some of these horrors Queen Isabella heard, and said to the President of the Council, "I will have you take such a *residencia* of him as was never taken before."

This was Isabella's last act in connexion with the Indies. She died before the termination of Ovando's government.

We must find other opportunities of bringing Mr. Helps's important book before our readers. We regret not being able to pursue the subject at present, but we have exceeded our space. With one part of his subject, and that the most important, he has taken great pains—the *repartimiento* and *encomienda* systems. This has hitherto been insufficiently examined, and cannot be well understood in the various changes which it underwent, without a knowledge of the system of vassalage, as prevailing in Spain, more particularly in Castile,

on which Crown the Indies were regarded as depending; and also of the precise relations between the caciques and the lower classes of society in the new lands, previous to the Spanish Conquest. In some instances the demands of tax or tribute would be regulated by the first, and assent or resistance by the second. Neither is very easy of ascertainment, but by any one wishing fully to understand the subject neither can be neglected.

In the gifts of land in the Indies to the Spaniards, it would appear that at first lands only were granted—next lands, with a right to employ for a certain period of the year the labour of the natives; if only of the natives resident on the lands, this would be feudal vassalage, rather than anything properly called slavery. Then followed grants, not of lands, but of men, made to favoured individuals. They were given for a limited period, and the property reverted to the Crown. The labour to be performed was limited and defined. It was confined to the tillage of land. Soon after the Indians thus granted were compelled to work in the mines; but for this a special license was required, and during Columbus's administration the license was given but from month to month. The next governor allowed the Spaniards to employ their Indians as they pleased, as though they were beasts of burthen. "Servitude worse than what Bovadilla thus created in the island," says Charlevoix, "never existed." War and oppression now depopulated this island, which, a few years before, had seemed to Columbus the very paradise our first parents lost. Means were suggested for repeopling the solitude. Criminals from Spain were imported. This was evil, but a worse evil followed, one at least that more shocks the imagination:—

"As the Indians in Hispaniola were now beginning to grow scarce, the next thing that was almost sure to happen, was, that importations would be made from other islands to fill up the vacuum produced by the working

at the mines, and by other causes. The first large transaction of this kind furnishes us with one of the most affecting narratives in history. The King was told that the Lucayan islands were full of Indians, and that it would be a very good action to bring them to Hispaniola, 'in order that they might enjoy the preaching and political customs' which the Indians in Hispaniola enjoyed. 'Besides,' it was added, 'they might assist in getting gold, and the King be much served.' The King accordingly gave a licence, and the evil work commenced.

"It will be remembered that the first land seen by Columbus, and called by him St. Salvador, was one of these Lucayan islands; and it is peculiarly shocking to think that this spot should have been signalised by such an atrocity as that about to be recorded.

"The first Spaniards who went to entrap these poor Lucayans did it in a way that brings to mind the old proverb of 'seething a kid in its mother's milk'—for they told the simple people that they had come from the heaven of their forefathers, where these forefathers and all whom the Indians had loved in life were now drinking in the delights of heavenly ease: and the good Spaniards would convey the Lucayans to join their much-loved ancestors, and dearer ones than ancestors, who had gone thither. We may fancy how the more simple amongst them, lone women and those who felt this life to be somewhat dreary, crowded round the ships which were to take them to the regions of the blest."—pp. 223-225.

We close our notice of this, far the most interesting and instructive book which we have for a long time read, with Mr. Helps's note on this last passage:—

"I picture to myself some sad Indian, not without his doubts of these Spanish inducements, but willing to take the chance of regaining the loved past, and saying, like the King Arthur of a beautiful modern poem to his friend Sir Bedivere upon the shore—

"I am going a long way
With these thou seest — if indeed I go—
(For all my mind is clouded with a doubt)
To the island-valley of Avilion;
Where falls not hail, or rain, or any snow,
Nor ever wind blows loudly; but it lies
Deep-meadow'd, happy, fair with orchard-lawns
And bowery hollows crown'd with summer sea,
Where I will heal me of my grievous wound.'"

—ALFRED TENNYSON, *Morte d'Arthur*,
vol. II., p. 15.

THE OLD HOUSE OF DARKBROTHERS.—PART I.

A SOLITARY red lane or road running through the verdant woodland of pleasant Warwickshire. On the right hand are green banks, humped with huge and grassy knolls, from which spring spreading elm or large umbrageous oak, the growth of centuries. On the left the ground is more flat, guarded by a long, low stone wall, festooned with hanging ivy, and breached-in upon with oft-recurring gaps, the bombardments of old Time, beyond which the landscape trends away into far verdant vistas, where deer wander and water glistens. The road is winding, and now begins to fall towards a valley, which, seen from the higher ground, presents the appearance of one wide ocean of waving forest foliage. And this is Earlsdale, an English Vallombrosa, with a village embosomed in trees; on the left, a tapering church-steeple shoots above the wood; and, lower down, the grey antique of a massive hold or bawn is visible, standing up venerably amongst the foliage, rugged, stern, and time-broken, like the figure of Archibald Bell-the-Cat, illustrated in stone and timber: and this is the Old House of Darkbrothers. Half-way up the hill, on the opposite side of the valley, basks and glares in the sun a spacious mansion, built of white stone, glistening with windows relieved by green blinds, and manifestly the residence of some person of good fortune: and this is Brockholes Hall. The inseparable feature of English woodland scenery—the *genius loci*, *Stillness*—is here in perfection; and as you wander along the lane on the checquered and mottled brick-red earth, which the dancing leaves overhead, and the sun breaking through them, alternately paint like a natural encaustic pavement, you fall into dreaminess, produced by the spirit of repose around you, till the quietness of the scene is broken by a most incongruous procession, which passes along the road before your musing view. First, a large, yellow, swinging, shining, family-coach, varnished, booted, imperialed, and dickied before and behind; with heavy blue hammercloth, on both sides of which are the shields, crests, and sup-

porters of the noble owner, wrought in solid brass, the same emblazoned in exuberant heraldry on the panels. Two footmen occupy the front seat; in the rumble behind are contained her ladyship's maid and my lord's courier, a Swiss by birth, with a face bronzed to brass, physically and morally, with sun and with sauciness. Within the coach is the Earl of Pompadour—a ruddy, square-faced man, with a white hat full of his large head, and a large head full of nothing; beside him nods his lady, a sleepy mass of silk and velvet, gold chains and gauze—hard-breathing obesity, kid-leather, and self-complacency. The two young ladies occupy each an opposite corner of the carriage, and look from their silken recesses like incarnations of starch—prim, motionless, and overdressed, they might be mistaken for a purchase the peer was taking home from Madame Tussaud's gallery. The handsomest animals appertaining to the equipage were the four thoroughbreds, which, ridden by two boy-postilions, swept the carriage rapidly and almost noiselessly to Brockholes, the large house on the hillside before mentioned.

And silence once more begins to assume her reign in the sylvan lane, when the dull and intermittent rumble of a cart, and the tramp of a horse, become audible, and presently a rude and motley cavalcade are seen approaching through the trees. This was an itinerating gipsy camp, consisting of a large covered wagon, drawn by an old horse and donkey yoked by rope-harness together: the rounded roof, covered with tarnished tin plates, and ornamented with pendant kettles, and other loose ironmongery, dangling from nails; dark faces, with matted, sooty hair and bright eyes, peeping from the door of the vehicle; while behind the cart followed a few swarthy Zingaree men, with tinker implements slung at their back, or dangling from their hand. Right on the lordly trail of the peer's equipage rumbled and jolted the caird's cart; and scarcely had the unmusical demonstrations of its presence faded off, when again the tramp of cavalry

resounded up the lane, and a lady, mounted on a stately black horse, and unattended either by companion or servant, came in sight. She was much past the meridian of life—was tall, spare, and stern-looking. She sat her horse firmly and well, and with a certain air of ease and command which well suited her handsome aquiline features, upright carriage, and glancing proud grey eye; the animal she rode was aged, but high-bred and well kept. Pride and sorrow seemed to strive for mastery in the rider's countenance, and inflexibility was written in the close lip, and ploughed-in amongst the furrows which age and care had traced around the mouth. And this lonely lady was Miss Jane Beaufoy, sister to the late Vicar of Earlsdale, and occupier of the ancient house of Darkbrothers, to which domicile her steed was now conveying her at an easy canter. And as she disappeared among the trees, and again the sylvan road had resumed its air of stillness, it was fated once more to be broken by a new but gentle intruder.

This was the vision of a very young lady, who, sitting in a light phaeton, guided two fiery little ponies of the New Forest breed, which she managed with equal adroitness and grace. She was a lovely creature, with a charming expression of natural goodness, freshness, and truth in her appearance. She was not tall; was lightly formed; had very dark blue eyes, fringed with long lashes; her black hair simply braided back across her white open brow; the mouth pure, resolved, and finely cut; the complexion clear; a countenance altogether of great sweetness, "indicative," as Lavater would say, of modesty, intelligence and energy in action. And in the tiny rumble behind her, alternately sat or stood two lively little lads, her brothers. And this young lady was Grace O'Donel, daughter of the present Vicar of Earlsdale, the Rev. Henry O'Donel, to whom Ireland had given birth, England education, Scotland a fair but delicate wife (who had now been dead some years), and the Earl of Pompadour the living of Earlsdale, on the death of the late incumbent, Mr. Beaufoy. She was returning from some charitable visit to a cottager's wife, and was driving briskly in the direction of the village, when an adventure befel her in the wood. The

rapid trot of the ponies had brought her on the trail of the gipsy cart, which slowly lumbered along, occupying the centre of the road, which at that part was too narrow to suffer two carriages to pass abreast, except with difficulty. As the men looked sulky, Miss O'Donel was content to walk her team behind their wagon for some time; till at last the ponies, taking umbrage at the tintinnabulatory concert kept up by the kettles and pans aforesaid, began to fidget, and finally to plunge in the harness. The young lady then despatched the eldest of her brothers to beg for room to pass, but the youthful ambassador was received with sullen contempt by the men; and a tall and raw-boned gipsy wife, who had descended from the cart, now turned on Miss O'Donel a face as fiery brown as a withered beech-leaf, and said, in a harsh, high voice, "The gentles who made this road made it as much for the cart as for the carriage. It is their fault, not ours, that the young lady is detained. Our horse is too tired to be pulling to one side. We got the crown of the causeway first, and we will keep it;" and she laughed in a short and angry way. She to whom this rough speech was addressed suffered a momentary paleness, for she was alone in a wood with these rude people; but in a moment the bright colour came back to her cheek, as she appeared to have formed her resolution. The road just here suddenly ascended to meet a very lofty old bridge, which spanned the river running through the valley. At the right hand, curving off the road, a bridle-path, used for watering cattle, ran down steep and narrow to the water's edge; and a corresponding path climbed the opposite hill, and joined the main road again beyond the bridge. Exhorting the children to sit fast, the young lady now turned the ponies, with a sudden sweep, in upon this path, through a large gap, and drove them rapidly down to the water, through which the carriage splashed and jolted, not without danger of being upset; and now one smart application of the whip, and the spirited little animals are straining up the opposite path, and in a moment are safely out on the road, and beyond the bridge, whose key-stone the tardy wagon and its sulky drivers had not yet attained to.

"How now! Mousy!—Beauty! Pets,

do be quiet; you are the best of good boys, and performed that beautifully. So!—so! now *do* be quiet, and cease fidgeting, and get both of you into a nice gentle trot, that we may go quietly home to the Vicarage."

And the Vicarage was a good modern house, spacious, roomy, and well furnished, standing at the end of the village, on a green eminence. The church was lower down in the hollow; while in the very depths of the valley, about two hundred yards off the road, stood, in the midst of a sedgy and solitary meadow, engirdled by a plantation, "The House of Dark Brothers"—an ancient monastic building, now dilapidated by time.

Out of the ruins, at some remote period, and connected with the best-preserved portion of them, a tall, ungraceful house had been created, with immensely thick walls, long slits of windows, and high doors; wide staircases, with huge balustrades, and broad landing-places; the hall door opening on a vestibule of black oak, lofty, and deriving its light from a great window over the entrance. On the right hand ran up the old wide staircase, while an arched passage on the left led into the cloisters, which were wonderfully perfect, quadrated, and enclosing a damp, grass-grown court, whose centre exhibited a mutilated figure of stone, called by the country people "The Black Angel," but in reality a statue of Time, minus a nose, leg, and wing, which had been carried off by the ravages of its relentless antitype and namesake, probably in revenge for the original caricature of his own person. The upper part of the mansion was in keeping. A long gallery bisected the building. Here Miss Beaufoy and her housekeeper occupied a few of the best apartments; many of the others were ricketty and untenable. At the very end of this long corridor, a staircase of about ten steps sunk down, with a thick, green rope for a balustrade, to meet a remote suite of rooms, which were uninhabited and locked up, and the key carefully kept by Miss Beaufoy, who resided here in complete seclusion.

Her history was peculiar. Her brother Reginald had been vicar of this parish, and she had lived with him till his death, which had taken place some ten years ago. Descended from a long

line of well-born ancestors, she seemed to have inherited little but their pride, an untameable spirit, and a few family legends, half-fable, half-fact, to console her for the advance of age, and the world's neglect. Rumours there were in the village that the closed rooms, or "the dark wing," as they were called, contained ancestral pictures, and relics of value, especially a silver collar which Cœur de Lion had hung round the neck of the good knight Sir Guy Martenbroke, on the occasion of his having transfixed three Saracen knights successively in a tilt-yard at Acre, in acknowledgment of which truly Christian transaction, his name had been changed to Beaufoy.

The late Vicar apparently possessed but little of his ancestor's combativeness; one would have said the organs of acquisitiveness and self-esteem were more in the ascendant with him. He was an extremely gentlemanly man, but somewhat of what Davie Deans would term a graceless minister, more bent on upholding his personal dignity than performing his professional duties. His manner was high, his sermons dry, his ministrations formal; his visits to his flock were, like those of angels, short and "far between;" and in no other ways angelic save in these two qualities. And thus he lived, as such men do, unbeloved; and died unlamented, save by his sister, who, on his decease, came to reside at Darkbrothers, renting it from Lord Pompadour, and keeping up so straitened a show of housekeeping, that those who would not call her very penurious, pronounced her to be extremely poor; her *corps domestique* consisting of an old housekeeper, and her grandnephew, James Simpson, a boy of fifteen, who was a half-crazed simpleton and house-scrub, and an old groom, named Launcelot, who came each morning to dress and feed the black horse.

The parish was in the gift of Lord Pompadour. He was the lay rector, and received three-fourths of the income—viz., £600 per annum in addition to his own £20,000 a-year, an ecclesiastical drop in the golden ocean of his secularities. The Vicar—*alias* the working man—had the odd £200 for his pains, or share, out of which he had to pay a curate, answer all demands for parochial subscriptions, and support himself and his family like a gentleman. To the present incum-

bent, Mr. O'Donel, this paltry income was of little moment. He was a man of ample property; his mother had been an Englishwoman, a kinswoman of the Pompadours, and my lord was but too happy to offer his living to a man who combined character, independence, and the claim of consanguinity. True, the peer considered Mr. O'Donel as rather puritanical, seeing that he preached without a MS. on the cushion of his pulpit; was perfectly indifferent on the great surplice controversy; and frequented neither ball-room nor race-course. Yet, *malgré* these objectionable qualities, he was a particularly agreeable man, a good scholar, and a thorough gentleman. True, he was an Irishman; but his family were among the oldest gentry of that country. And so it came to pass, that in a very short time after Mr. O'Donel's induction, the church and schools were crowded, and the new vicar's name was bruited far and wide as an active, faithful minister—the poor man's friend—the sick man's comforter—the rich man's counsellor—the teacher, the guide, the pattern and the pastor of all.

Let us say a word of Brockholes Park—a perfect English residence: the grand elms towering near the house; the green velvety lawn shaven as close as an Oxford quad; the large plate-glass windows; the proud and pillared hall, lofty and long, with double fireplace; sofas and rugs, and thickest Turkey carpet, and great billiard-table, and old pictures of Jacobite warriors on the walls—for the title was a creation of Charles I.; cavaliers who had shouted and charged with Prince Rupert, now passively tolerating the attacks of Time; dead judges in lively scarlet and ermine; and bishops, who had ever been dull in the pulpit, now preaching eloquently from their canvas on the texts, "*Memento mori*," or "*Sic transit gloria*." There was an Irish lord-deputy here, famous for his rapacity, meanness, and corruption, and now looking as if he were lamenting that he could not step out of his frame, and commence again his work of spoliation, wrong, and villainy.

The family had just descended from their carriage. Unlike many in high life, who exhibit gentle manners and loveable qualities, these people were thoroughly unamiable and repulsive: the peer cold, heavy, dull-headed,

hard; the countess cold, dressy, common-place, hard; the sons at Eton; the daughters cold, vain, hard, not handsome; in fact *hardness* was the family feature. They were a petrifaction of prosperity's making. They cared not for books, for music, or for flowers. They seemed to care for nothing, but securing their own enjoyments; otherwise they were pococurantes in principle and practice, and rarely suffered an emotion, if ever they had one, to bubble to the surface of their stagnant placidity. They were, in fact, all surface. They were a dressing family, a driving-out family, a dining-out family. There was much refined carnality in all they did, and thorough, though well-bred, selfishness in all they said. They had nothing interesting to exhibit but their beautiful place; nothing intellectual, but their library; nothing picturesque, but their gallery of paintings. After breakfast my lord read the *Times*, when it had been duly smoothed out and dried by the butler with a hot iron. The countess studied the *St. James's Chronicle*, and the whole family sat in the library, surrounded by the uncongenial dead. Silent sat they amidst the eloquence of a thousand authors; ignorant, amidst unconsulted knowledge; irreligious, amidst quickening divinity; dull, amidst unread wit; prosaic, amidst unappreciated poetry; and tasteless, amidst the teachings of art; as cold and as correct as the busts on the marble plinths around them, and as soulless and mechanical as the great Louis Quatorze clock which chimed the quarters and clinked the minutes from the mantelpiece.

Between this family and Miss Beaufoy there was little intercourse, and less sympathy. Twice a-year their carriage would roll in upon the grass-grown pavé of Darkbrothers, and a visitatorial penance was inflicted, felt, and reciprocated between the parties; and in due time this half-yearly allowance of conventional courtesy was paid back by the dignified spinster, mounted on her steed, in her black riding-habit, white hat, and gold spectacles, and looking much the thorough lady; old Launcelot on such occasions walking by her bridle, in a brown and purple livery, and his hat laced with gold cord.

If I may seem to make the family at Brockholes too unamiable, and to

have sketched them with a needlessly hard pencil, I may add, as a redeeming trait, that they were not vicious; but on the contrary, coldly moral, and charitable too, by nicest rule, and in a small way. Between them and the family at the Vicarage there was some intimacy, though but little communion. My lord enjoyed Mr. O'Donnel's society; and the ladies rather liked their cousin Grace, she had such pretty natural manners, and rode and drove so well, though many of her ways they considered to be not *selon règle*, and her visitings among the poor rather Quixotic. However, about a year before the date of this story, a circumstance had taken place at Brockholes, of country-wide repute, which had the effect of drawing together the cords of what would else appear to be an incongruous kind of friendship.

About five miles northward from the park-gates of Brockholes, was the snug, and if truth must be told, the thoroughly rotten borough of Fadlingham, the election of a member for which, to vote in the Parliament of Great Britain, lay entirely in the hands of whatever noble Pompadour wore the coronet with the high pearls and leaves for the time being. Of course, and as nature directs that a due regard for one's own family should always precede any consideration of political honesty, the present patron had nominated one of his name and blood to his borough, and the member thus nominated had the good fortune to represent not only the place and the politics of my lord, but likewise, in a very singular manner, his disagreeable qualities also, being an imperious, dry, and hard-headed man. During some debates on factory questions, he had borne most heavily on the operatives, and his vote and "voice were still for war," in the discussion of a bill which was meant to secure their comforts. He was, therefore, much disliked by the inhabitants of the district which returned him, inasmuch as there were two large manufactories in the neighbourhood, the workmen of which would have been considerable gainers had the aforesaid bill passed into a law. And this odium, which he had earned justly, passed on—*proximus ardet Ucalegon*—to Lord Pompadour and the family at Brockholes.

About this time the largest of these mills was unfortunately burned down in the night of the great storm, which

took place in May, 18—. The owner had neglected to renew his insurance, and the misfortune made him a bankrupt and a fugitive; and the next morning's sun arose on two hundred men out of employment, and consequently out of bread. The times were hard, corn scarce, food of all kinds dear, and much national discontent; certain orators, too, philosophers in their own way, Birmingham button-makers were they, or wire-wovers from Wolverhampton, perambulated the country, and these democrats, with dirty faces, threadbare coats, and nothing in their pockets, lectured and ranted from village to village, spouting bad English in villainous taste, and denouncing the aristocracy; and the people were in general excited and discontented. A few days after the burning of the mill at Fadlingham, a large body of the workmen had assembled on the road which led to Earlsdale—with them were their wives and children; they were slowly proceeding southward without any special object, idle and hungry, and, therefore, ripe for mischief, when unhappily a brewer's cart, conveying sundry barrels of foaming barleycorn of the best strong Warwick brew, hove in sight; this event was hailed by the thirsty mob as a regular deodand, and they did not scruple to appropriate to their throats and stomachs a cask or two of the enlivening beverage, on the "good old rule," and poetical as well as practical principle of "take the goods the gods provide you;" doing so to the great terror and indignation of the driver of the dray, and spilling much more of the good liquor than they consumed in the natural way. With this additional stimulus to mischief—this spur in the head—they rushed on, yet still without a fixed destination, when, as chance would have it, they were overtaken on the road by one of the under-footmen at Brockholes, who, mounted on a powerful young thorough-bred, was returning from the execution of a commission of her ladyship at a neighbouring village. The crowd were at once aware of who he was, and to whom he belonged, and, without being actually violent, they seemed determined to offer every obstruction they possibly could to his passing through their ranks.

"I say, good folks, will you let me pass?" the man would say, civilly.

But the opposition was so manifest,

that both he, and the noble animal he bestrode, began to be a little excited.

"Make way, make way, I say; don't you see that my horse is young? You are frightening him. Make way, I say, or I shall be obliged to ride over some of you."

"If you ride over us," said a stern voice, "we will tramp you under our feet."

"Don't you know that I am in Lord Pompadour's service, and this is his horse?"

"We do know; and never the better are you or your beast for belonging to the same man."

"Let me pass!" cried the groom, furiously striking his horse.

The animal reared, and plunging forward cast two of the men violently to the ground; a third seized the reins, and the crowd closing round the man, would probably have handled him roughly, had he not, loosing all patience, struck out with his long whip-handle, one end of which unluckily reached the face of a woman, causing her nose to gush out bleeding. On this a loud cry arose from the crowd—

"Pull him down, pull him down!"

The women shrieked and clamoured.

"Come down!" said the stern voice which had first spoken.

"I won't; let go my rein, or the horse will kill some of you."

"Come down, I say!"

The groom answered by a blow on the man's hand which cut his knuckles, and a plunge of the spurs, which hitherto he had avoided using, into the horse's flank. With a wild snort, the animal bounded forward, the crowd giving way on each side, as he shot from among them—the servant, who had been his lordship's groom before promoted to his present station, keeping his seat well, and going down the road in racing speed, so as to bid defiance to a volley of stones which followed on his flight. The mob were now thoroughly exasperated; the woman, though not much hurt, was frightened and angry; her husband, whose hand had been bruised by the whip-handle, was pale with passion; the men whispered together and strode on doggedly; the women clacked and clamoured.

"Come on, my lads," said a navvie, who had joined the crowd, "let us go and pull that saucy chap out of the lord's stable, where he is hiding this mo-

ment behind the manger. We will duck him first in the river, and afterwards give him a *good dry-rubbing* with an oaken towel."

This was followed by a partial and faint cheer and laugh combined; but the bulk of the men were sullen and silent, and gave no other signs of being excited than frequent whispering and a quickening of their steps on the road which led to Brockholes.

And how fared they at that lovely and lordly home at this minute? Why my lord, all unconscious of coming events, had that moment *got out* of the *Times*, in which any little mind or soul he had had been absorbed since breakfast, and having just descended the long ladder of the last advertisement column, he felt a little weary, and had donned his white hat, and followed his lady, who was talking to a gardener about some flower-vases which decked the noble terrace which ran out from three sides of the beautiful mansion, descending in slopes and stone staircases to meet the velvet lawn. As they stood together in the front of the house, my lord was checked in the midst of a yawn by the sound of a horse galloping, and presently the footman appeared on the avenue—

"Seeming in running to devour the way;"

a sight which roused my lord's choler not a little.

"How dare Lawson ride the Bentineck colt at that pace. See, if he has not thoroughly heated him; the fellow must have been drinking."

"I should say," answered her ladyship, "that for any servant to ride in that fashion before our windows is *extremely improper*." This was her ladyship's expression for every shade of moral delinquency. "Johnson," said she, addressing the gardener, "go and summon Lawson here, to speak to Lord Pompadour and me this instant."

The man came, looking dreadfully pale, and in answer to his lady's somewhat imperious questionings, told his tale meekly and truly, "nothing extenuating, nor aught setting down in malice."

"In turning in on the great avenue, the colt had become unmanageable, and he could not pull him up till he reached the stable-yard. And to my mind," added honest Lawson, "those factory lads are for sartain bent on doing bad. They seemed all in a pas-

sion like, and were for murdering me because I wore your lordship's livery coat. And a bad gang is joining them. I saw long Nick, the poacher, and his two sons, whom we had in gaol last Michaelmas; and I heard one of them say that they would pay Brockholes a visit before they went home to-night."

"You may retire now," said her ladyship, as she turned to her husband, whose elongated and pale visage did not at all appear to relish the intelligence brought by his menial, or to enjoy the idea of the threatened visit conveyed in it.

"These factory mobs are ugly things; they visited my cousin D—— in Nottinghamshire last year, took his young ash-plants, and broke his glass in the garden; and carried away two cartloads of rare fruit from the pinery. I wish that hot-headed fellow had not come into collision with them. I do not think they would presume to approach *this* house, so I shall not summon the parish constables, which, after all, would be useless, as I hear they have all been sent this morning to the races at Warwick."

Whereupon my lord looked very stately, and sternly strode into the house, followed by her ladyship, majestically sailing along, like a certain bird, less dignified in the farm-yard when alive, than delicious on the table when dead.

So sidled my lady into the house, with every tuck and flounce of her ample gown seemingly dilated and swelling before the steady trade-wind of her self-complacency. And the great hot sun was high and clear in the blue heavens, shining with impartial and ordained ray on all alike—the evil and the good; the just and the unjust; the opulent noble in his hall of pride, surrounded by a thousand superfluities; and the starving mechanic, homeless, penniless, and vagrant, seeking for one morsel of meat to satisfy the demands of the sternest of all this weary life's hard creditors—hunger. The sun is in the heavens, and a shower of meridian light and glory falls over Brockholes, bathing with beauty its green lawns, and leaves, and brakes, and forest glades, and glowing on its gardens, and yellowing on its gravelled walks, and glancing from its lakes, and glittering, and burning back from its long line of graperies and cupolaed conservatories. And the

lord of all this splendour and magnificence is a poor, vulgar-minded man, straitened in the emotions of the bosom, and the stirrings of the brain; without the faculties which would enable him to enjoy his blessings; without the feelings which would prompt him to share them with others. There he sits in his study—so called, by an architectural antiphrasis, a *non studendo*—huddled up, and half-hidden in an easy-chair, yawning over a *Quarterly Review*, which he buys, but never reads; which he cuts, but could not comprehend. There he sits, waiting for the luncheon-bell, "that tocsin of the soul," which is to summon him to an extremely elegant and *recherché* little meal, for Brockholes is illustrious for the piquancy of its luncheons—there he lolls, almost forgetful of the fears of the morning, in the anticipation of the coming enjoyment, and utterly unconscious of the stern fact, that there are two hundred human beings, all of the common brotherhood of Japhet, turning in at his avenue-gate this moment, angry and resolved against him, with famine gnawing at their entrails, as the fox gnawed into the Spartan's heart beneath his robe; and the black "wolf at the door" of their homestead, howling on the threshold, and awaiting their return, if they are ever spared to see its once happy shadow again.

It was not that the Earl was a specially bad man—no, it was only that he was lifted too high on the pinnacles of prosperity to look down on the practical misery of others, and thus wanted the conscience and experience of poor Lear—

"Oh, I have taken
Too little care of this. Take physic, pomp,
Expose thyself to feel what others feel,
That thou mayest shake the superflux to them,
And show the heavens more just."

It was not that the mob, who were now violating the laws by a wilful trespass on his park grounds, were specially bad or evil people; but they were the victims at this moment of a great misfortune, and had been, as they considered the matter, insulted in their misery by the retainer of one whom they were in the habit of associating with much of their hardship, and one whom they reputed as an enemy. And so they now approached the house, determined to have vengeance from the menial for the injury which they themselves had provoked—to have

food for their craving appetites, and at all events, to threaten, and humble, perhaps terrify, the great man, by a display of physical force; and so they sped up the avenue.

The great gates were locked, but a workman's hammer, in the hand of a ready artisan, had dislodged the staple in a trice; and now they stood, a dense and angry mass, upon velvety lawn and white-gravelled avenue, which never yet, in the memory of man, had borne the weight of a crowd of low-born hinds, or taken the impress of hob-nailed and plebeian feet; and then they raised a shout—a rude, loud shout—startling the aristocratic air of Brockholes, and violating its well-bred echoes, and furthermore, interrupting the noble owner in the midst of his luncheon, while in the act of discussing a delicate *fricandeau*, and excessively alarming and horrifying his ladies.

A man advanced, and knocked loudly at the great door. My lord issued his directions that he should be answered by the butler from the parlour window.

“What do you want? Draw off your men, or my lord will send for constables and drive you away.”

“We want the body of Thomas Lawson, who has wounded one of our party, and struck a woman on the face. Furthermore, we are inhabitants of the borough of Fadlingham, are out of employment, our mill is burnt, and we are starving, and we want bread. If our wants are complied with we will draw off—not till then.”

“Draw off this moment, or my lord will make his servants fire into your body. He bids me say he will read the Riot Act. How dare you trespass here, you and your mob? You are acting against law. What do you want with Thomas Lawson? Would you murder the man?”

“We are no rioters,” answered the spokesman, “we are starving artisans, and Englishmen. If you fire among us you must take the consequences. We *must* have the man out who has misused us. We will murder no one, unless you attempt to fire upon us, when we cannot answer for what may happen.”

A very general shouting followed these words, which were heard within the splendid drawing-room, where sat the three ladies in ineffable alarm.

Everything conspired to terrify them—the sense of their unpopularity; the conviction of their unprotected state; and the sight of all they had to lose—the bright, the beautiful, and the *brittle*! and all this, mingled and enhanced by strong personal fears—for how tremendous is an English mob when once you unmuzzle that fierce bear! All their cold mannerism, their haughty indifference, was gone; and they now sat, in the very midst of their splendour, nothing more than three pale, terrified, shrinking, cowering women, with all their nature in its shallowness uncovered, without sense or principle to direct them in their difficulty, without dignity of action to conciliate their opponents, and, alas! without any inclination to ask assistance from Him who is a present help in time of trouble, and has promised that he will hear the cries of his people “what time the storm falls upon them.”

My lord, however, was too thorough an Englishman to be deficient altogether in animal pluck. He was also an extremely obstinate man; so, throwing up a window, he addressed the men below, who were now getting excited, and were pulling up some of the young ash-plants. In all he said, his manner, though a little softened by his anxiety, preserved its unwonted ungraciousness. He would *not* give them food, he would *not* deliver up his servants into the hands of a revengeful mob; and he would strongly advise them to separate and go home, or they should be punished.

All this he spoke with a loud voice; but there was no boldness in the bosom to respond to the bravado of the lips.

The men answered doggedly, that they would not separate till they had food given them; that they had been maltreated by a servant, and they required to see the man and chastise his insolence; and if in one hour they had not their wishes granted, they would take by force what they were willing now to accept quietly and peaceably.

“Take heed to yourself, for you are totally in our power, my lord, for not a man shall leave your house for succour, and no one can approach, as we have guards on all the roads. We will give you but the one hour to decide; and if you are wise you will do as we require.”

The spokesman, who was the person whose hand had been bruised, now rejoined his companions, who were dispersed over the lawn in groups, standing and lying down.

Lord Pompadour shut the window, and came back to his ladies. The house was closed and barred; the servants stood on the landing-places, or in the hall, uncomfortable and fearing, especially the unhappy Lawson, who had overheard every syllable of the oration, and was quaking in anticipation of the combined ducking and drubbing he was sentenced to receive.

My lord still would say—

"The constables must be here immediately, the races are over early. Sir John Vernon will pass our entrance on his way back. He is a magistrate, and will bring men to our rescue. The whole country will rise at this monstrous outrage, this most audacious and unheard-of villany."

At this moment who should enter the room, in hat and riding-habit, but Grace O'Donel, looking much flushed and hurried. She was welcomed with more than ordinary warmth by the party, with a cordiality *almost* natural.

"You know our state, Miss O'Donel, besieged by a villanous rabble. Yes, actually besieged, and Brockholes trodden down by a pack of greasy mechanics. But how did you get in, for they have cut off all access to this house?"

"I came through the glass-covered way from the gardens, and I reached the garden by the hillside-door, of which you know I have a key from you. My lord, you are in the greatest danger from these men; you cannot tell what they may do if their blood be further stirred. My father and I were riding on the Long Down, over Brockholes, when we thought we could see some disturbance and crowd on its lawn; and while we were thinking what it might prove, a travelling chapman came up, and told us that a mob from the burnt factory at Fadlingham were about to plunder and wreck Brockholes. Now I recollected having seen, in the morning county paper, that two troops of dragoons had been dispatched from Coventry *en route* for L—, and were to bait and water at the village of Downsridge at noon to-day, and so, as my father knows the officer who commands the dragoons, he

immediately galloped off across the Down. It is not more than a twenty minutes' canter; and he directed me to come in to you by the back way, and tell you that he had every hope that he would succeed in bringing the dragoons to your rescue; and if not, he advised you, my lord, to make the best terms you could with these angry men, and above all, to remove Lady Pompadour and your young ladies out of the house by this back door, which communicates, through the conservatories, with the hill-side, and which these men know nothing of. And before my father started, he sent his groom home, and he is to bring our little phaeton on the Long Down, to remain as near to the back gate as the plantation will admit. And so we can take your ladyship over to the glebe, where you can remain till such time as this distressing scene is over."

The cold heart of the Countess was touched by all this foresight and care for her comfort; and, for the first time in her life, she caught and kissed Grace, and the two young ladies followed, mechanically, their mamma's example. My lord looked a new man.

"'Pon my word, Miss O'Donel, you have managed admirably. I shall be proud to have the siege of Brockholes raised by my young friend, Major P., and his dragoons. I am excessively obliged to O'Donel for all his trouble; perhaps, after these factory scoundrels have been properly punished, and sent to the right about, we may have a *résumé* of our luncheon, and a *rechauffée* of the *fricandeau*, if the culinary authorities are agreeable—for, truth to say, I am very hungry. But are you not afraid to remain here, situated as we are? I wish you could impart some of your courage to Lady Pompadour; and these young friends of yours are anything but good soldiers."

"I have no fear," answered Grace; "these men, who are behaving so foolishly, are my father's parishioners, and they would not harm me for his sake. Of this my father is sure, or I should not be here. Indeed he was coming at first with me to speak to the poor misguided creatures; but, on second thoughts, he considered it the most certain mode to have them scattered by the army, and the method most likely to break up such gatherings in future."

Here she was interrupted by loud shouts and hurrahs from the beleaguers; and, on going to the window, they were aware that some new arrival had taken place. This was a miserable, ricketty old gig, or congeries of rotten wood, yellow paint, and rusty iron, of the genus formerly called Stanhope, with dirty cushions of red dimity—rather *blasé*—and drawn by an ancient steed, lean as death, lazy as lead, and vicious as sin; spavined behind, groggy before; with a wall eye, a broken knee, and yew neck; a slobbering gait, and a long draggling tail, which had never known horse-comb or brush, and had, on the present occasion, swept the mud from Birmingham to Brockholes. Within the gig sat a little dapper man, with light whiskers, pale face, and eyes of a cat-like grey; on his pert and vapid face ignorance, vulgarity, and conceit, strove for pre-eminence. He was one of the itinerating orators mentioned before—a demycraw would Edie Ochiltree have named him. He would, probably, if asked the question himself, have described his identity according as he had written in the flyleaf of his “Political Primer”—

“Joseph Simkins is my name,
England is my nation,
Brummagem is my dwelling-place —”

The fourth line we will not quote, from its excessive inapplicability to the subject in question. He had mounted the gig cushion, and was evidently about to deliver what an Irishman, who was an eager listener, entitled “a narration from the althar;” and so, having cleared his throat, he thus began:—

“Gents, hartizans, and much-suffering hoperatives, I would say to you what Julius Cæsar said to the Romans, after he had stabbed Mark Antony in the cause of liberty, at the siege of Troy—‘Lend me your ears.’ This same sacred cause of liberty has brought me ‘ere, has brought you ‘ere, has brought your wives ‘ere, has brought your little uns ‘ere. ‘Let us do or die!’ as Robert Bruce, the King of England, said to Mary Queen of Scots, at the battle of Bannockburn. That battle was fought for liberty; and, gents, we have a battle to fight, too, against the ‘earthless harrystrocity. Gents, you are now on the right spot—‘the foe you ‘ate is before you,’ as Tommy Moore says in his ‘Pleasures

of ‘ope.’ Look at his proud castle frowning o’er—ahem—ahem—the deep—that is—I mean—frowning o’er us all. Vithin its valls is titled hinsolence, bloated vealth, and hoverbearing hextravagance, and (as I understand, the Earl keeps a good larder and a large cellar), I may add, lots to eat (‘hear, hear,’ from a few), as well as lots to drink (vociferous cheers from the Irishman). Gents, we must—we shall be heard (‘one cheer more,’ from Paddy). Our ‘aughty tyrants shall bite the dust. They conquered us at ‘Astings, when the Black Prince invaded England at the Revolution, and brought in Norman hinsolence; but, gents, who have been ever since the assertors of England’s freedom, but men of our class? Who was it forced King John and his Runagate barons to give us *Magna Charta*, but honest Jack Cade and the hop-pickers of Kent? Who was it shot a harrow at King Richard, the Curdy Lion, but Wat Tyler, the blacksmith? Who fought, under King Edward, the battles of Greasy and of Potters, but the cooks and the scullions of England? Who delivered our children and our wives from Crookbacked Richard, who smothered ‘elpless hinfancy in the Tower, but Mr. Henry Tudor, a gent from Wales—and, for that matter, not much better than one of ourselves? Who hindered the Pope (‘hear, hear,’ and ‘God bless him,’ from Paddy)—the Pope, I say, from burning Henry the Eighth and his six wives for bigamy, but Cardinal Wolseley, who was a butcher’s son? What was Holiver Cromwell but a brewer of good stout, and suckled on ‘Untingdon ale? and did he not afterwards cut off King Charles’s ‘ead, when he had pulled him by the ears out of the royal hoak, where he was a-hiding of *Magna Charta* from the people? Was not Bacon a Lord? and yet did not he pick a gent’s pocket in the Court of Chancery? Was not Byron a nobleman? and yet he turned Turk. Was not Shakespear a poacher in this very shire of Warwick (‘hear, hear,’ from long Nicholas and his two sons)? and didn’t he write Sermons on Stones?—and Burns, the Irish ploughman, like one of yourselves, didn’t he compose a poem called ‘The Loves of the Angels?’ Gents, these are facts from the volume of our country’s ‘istory: these show the degeneracy of the harrystro-

cacy. They may stand on a 'aughty helevation, and may cry, in the words of Homer, the Greek poet, '*hodi profanum vulgus et hareco*,' which, being translated, means—the common sort may go and be hanged; but we will answer them with a line, found by Mr. Layard on the left paw of the winged lion, during his recent exhalations among the ruins of Nincompoop, in Abyssynia. This line is in the Chinese language, and runs thus—'*Wox populi, wox Dei*.' It was written by King Belshazzar, the night his palace was burned by Alexander the Great, when he was drunk. The story is in the Bible—a book I never read, but always recommend to my friends. These words signify—'Down with the peerage, and up with the people;' to which we will add, as an appendix—'hurrah for the ballot!' Men of Warwick, I have done. Remember your ancestor, Guy, who was only an aristocratick butcher, and killed his cow: and so never say die till the banners of Liberty, Confraternity, and Equality, float over your 'appy 'omes and 'ouses; till you have cheap beef, bread for nothing, and beer for the asking: and so once more I say—'*Wox populi, wox Dei*!' The hat will now go round among you, gents, for a collection."

The orator sat down exhausted; he was very faintly cheered by the mob, who were too tired and hungry, and perhaps, if truth were told, too anxious about how matters would end, to be tickled by mere words; and there were men among them, too, of some education, who probably thought the orator—what he was—a consummate ass.

At this moment a cry was heard from the avenue gate, and a mass of men, women, and children were seen running as if to join the main body of the malcontents who were before the house; while behind them, in gleaming brass helmets and streaming horsehair, and flashing sabres and clanking scabbards, and holstered saddles and jingling spurs, and royal scarlet, and bounding, earth-shaking, and richly caparisoned horses, rode at a steady but swift trot two troops of his Majesty's — Dragoon Guards, commanded by Major —, a young, slight, but very determined-looking officer. By his side was a full, handsome man, on a strong cob horse: this was Sir John Vernon, a magis-

trate and vice-lieutenant of the county. As the troopers formed in two lines, by the word of command, under the windows, their horses' heads towards the mob, and the major sitting like a statue on his charger, with his sword drawn in front of them, Sir John said—

"Men, you had better go home at once; if an arm is raised or a stone thrown, I have the Riot Act in my pocket, which I shall read, and then the dragoons must do their duty. As for that prating silly rascal in the gig, he shall be arrested before he leaves the village, and shall have a taste of the treadmill in Warwick gaol, or my name's not John Vernon. The rest of you may go free. You have been foolish, but I understand you had some slight provocation, which, as Englishmen, you should have passed by. I heard to-day in Warwick that your mill is immediately to be refloored and refitted by a rich master from Dudley, and you will soon be at work again. Depart instantly, now; if a man among you remains here for twenty minutes longer, I shall have him arrested on a charge of trespass, and heavily punished. My friend, Major —, remains with a troop of dragoons here to-night; the other troop will patrol the country for the next twenty-four hours. Now, men, I am glad to see you are taking my advice and breaking up."

And they *were* breaking up. Tired out, dispirited, and hungry, these sturdy mechanics had not physical strength or courage to face certain discomfort with an armed and disciplined force; besides, every man of them respected Sir John, his character and his counsel. He was a thorough Englishman—genial, honest, and sensible; the best of landlords, and the poor man's friend.

The orator, dreadfully chopfallen and yellow in the gills, whipped his rawny *Rosenante* into a trot, but was arrested outside the avenue gates by the parish constables, and in half-an-hour nothing was to be seen or heard before the stately façade of the house of Brockholes, save some half-dozen gardeners' lads, who were busy in raking the gravel, and rolling into pristine smoothness the smooth green sod which had been outraged by the clod shoon of the *Bellua multorum capitum*—the tramping multitude. A

single dragoon sat on his horse at each angle of the building, as immoveable as the living statues under the archway at Whitehall. A corporal's guard was billeted in the offices; the major, with two or three young officers, were going in to luncheon with the Pompadours, and all was peace again.

"This has been a brief and bloodless campaign, Sir John," said the young commander, as they ascended the grand staircase together, to pay their respects to the Earl and his family.

"The rogues were hungry," answered the Baronet; "and no Englishman has any stomach for fighting when that organ is empty."

"I am very happy, indeed," answered Major —, "that it ended so pacifically. I hate to draw a sword against, or in any way hurt, an Englishman. Nevertheless, in Nottingham, last year, we had wild work among these factory lads. I lost a corporal and two privates, and my charger was lamed by the blow of a musket-stock. Ha! what a handsome room is this library. I am glad the unhappy rogues were kept out, for they would have spoilt more than they would have got. Now, Sir John, will you introduce me to the ladies, whom I hear in the corridor?"

And in sailed the Countess, like a rich domestic argosy, laden with silks, laces, perfume, gold, and precious stones. Her hysterics had all passed away with the pressure from without which produced them, and her habitual expression of lofty *froideur*, which was in her a second nature, worse even than her first, had come back in all its repulsiveness. And in glided her two lady daughters, quite themselves again, looking as though they had had a bath of starch; excessively dressed, without the trace of an emotion—either fear at the past, or gratitude for the present, to disarrange the dull and well-bred set of their impenetrable features; and between them walked a fair, young, and graceful creature, in her riding-habit and gloves, her hat swinging from her hand, and her dark hair braided behind her small delicate ears, revealing a cheek of classic contour, and mantling with clearest health. Truth sits on his ivory throne in her brow. Kindness and humour alternately soften and kindle in her deep blue eye; while sweetness

and decisiveness contend to be the occupying characteristic of her mouth. Her father, who had arrived through the garden path, comes behind her with the Earl, and the other guests. His lordship is now really happy; and in the expression of his gratitude to Sir John and Major —, appears a degree more amiable than usual. The meal is served, the *fricandeau* is faultless, the Rhine wines, which Lord Pompadour imports himself specially for his luncheon, are piquant and refreshing; and in half-an-hour the greater portion of the company have forgotten the alarming scenes of the morning in the comfort and luxury of the afternoon meal.

Slowly and silently did the father and daughter pass through the gardens to gain their carriage on the upland down. Grace, though generally cheerful, and even merry, was now in the pensive vein, and gave one or two heavy sighs.

"Why are you sad?" said Mr. O'Donel. "I noticed you at luncheon abstracted, and scarcely giving heed to all the fine speeches of the young officer who sat next you."

"I was thinking," she replied, "of those poor, foolish, starving men, with their wives and children, and black, desolate hearths, and how different was their condition to ours, with such a measure of superfluity and expenditure as that meal exhibited. I confess I could not eat, of choice, at the thought of so many who could not eat of necessity."

"Well," said Mr. O'Donel, "make your mind easy, for I did not sit down to my luncheon, which I certainly enjoyed much. 'Anxiety,' says the learned Galen, 'when calmed, induces appetite,'—so I made a hearty meal, but not until, in conjunction with that kind Sir John Vernon, I had arranged with the village innkeeper that the men should have a good, substantial meal in his stable-yard, and the women and children plenty of tea and bread before they went home. They are my parishioners, and this little act of attention to them, after their behaving so very ill, will give the scolding I am preparing for them tenfold vigour and point when it explodes. The cost was not very heavy, and Sir John threw a ten pound-note into my charity-purse to help me to pay the landlord's bill."

"That is pleasant news to hear," said Grace, with a smile, her whole face brightening over with joy, "and just like my dear father."

They walked in silence on a little, when Mr. O'Donel smiled.

"Now," said Grace, "it is my turn to be an inquirer, and to ask what is it which makes you smile?"

"I was thinking," said Mr. O'Donel, "when I heard my noble lay rector and kinsman thanking the officers and Sir John, and passing over you, of an old, quaint couplet I read once in 'Quentin Durward'—

"'The page slew the boar,
The Peer had the gloire.'"

Now, Grace, you are the page—it was

you who slew the boar. Your forethought and energy brought the means which saved Brockholes this day from what might have proved a scene of riot, pillage, and bloodshed. Major — and Sir John may have the 'gloire'—and their steadiness and quiet determination were admirable and beyond all praise—but you and I, dear daughter, will give the glory to One higher still; and I do indeed thank God that so peaceful an evening has set in after a red and stormy morning."

And thus, about a twelvemonth before my narrative commences, did Mr. O'Donel and his daughter commune together in their walk across the gardens.

HOW I BECAME AN EGYPTIAN.

[The following fragments were left at home by an eccentric young man, who had given some promise in the literary way, but volunteered the other day, to the grief of his friends, and sailed for the East. We give them to our readers as they have come into our hands, leaving them to decide whether he has assigned adequate exciting causes for the strange suspicions which seem to have taken hold of his imagination. Men know but little of the psychology of this portion of our organisation: anything, therefore, which tends to illustrate it, is interesting.—ED.]

* * * * *

I fled through the streets, crowded as they were, forcing my way, with the determination of terror; for I felt that I must make my escape, whatever came of it. The avenues of the city actually roared with life and blazed with light, from a thousand voices and footsteps, a thousand wheels, and a thousand jets of vivid gas. Yet through all did I speed—speed along—I know not how, I scarcely know why, whither, or *from what*; but with some vague idea of reaching the river, as if its banks were the horns of the altar of Hope.

It was down an alley I was now pressing, narrow at first, and partially obscure, but, as it opened upon a solitary gaslight, widening into a silent street, of which the termination seemed swallowed up in darkness. As we rushed—why do I say *we*? As I rushed out of the din of the raging

city into this deserted avenue, and bounded along it, I began to hear, what I had only been intuitively conscious of before, the footsteps of one running behind me. It may be supposed that the sound added wings to my flight, which was further urged by the knowledge that I was fast approaching the banks of the river. In fact, the sullen rush of its black waters began to make itself audible, traversing at right angles the double row of grim houses, which ranked at either side off into shadow, and terminating the perspective before me. Here the ground, or street-way, too, began to descend, as the bank of the river was approached; and by some fainter lights, sparingly scattered, there came into view the shapeless hulls of barges, moored in masses along the shelving slime of the water's edge.

I suppose at any other period of my life I could not have contemplated casting myself into the gloomy and foul uncertainties of this dark region

without horror and dismay. Now the the one feeling was, *escape*. I looked forward into the blackness, as into the face of a friend. A wide wooden rail was about this time passed on my left, with oars leaning against it. Farther down, I brushed by a ring and rope. What was still lower, I could not see; and for an instant hesitated about trusting my foot down into the darkness, when one of the oars I had just left above me I heard fall—it had been touched, I felt, by the Pursuer. My mind was made up. I trod boldly forward, and found footing to make a spring on to the gunwale of a barge. I reached it; and passed with three strides across it to another, moored alongside, and then to a third, in crossing which I could discern the reflections of the dim lights of the opposite side of the river struggling, as it were, to hold their places against the rush of the black stream towards the left. My terror must have been extreme, enhanced by the bounding up of the planks behind me under the pursuing step, for I never slackened my pace, nor felt an instant's hesitation, but, fevered as I was by the hot speed of my course, sprung, as far as my wildest strength could carry me, out into the mid-stream.

Panting—wet—giddy—exhausted—reeking with slime, which booted my legs up to the knees, I leaned against a damp wall to recover breath and consciousness after my transit. Involuntarily straining my eyes back into the tide I had just crossed, I experienced a feeling of relief, as I saw that there was nothing swimming across. So I have baffled the Pursuer, I said to myself—put the river between it and me! Well done! The swim was a tough one, and the flounder out tougher still. I have been all but sucked down—an ugly death. But here I am—*alone*. The shadow of a smile stole across my features as I plashed slowly up the slope, and sought for some road or avenue that might conduct me within the lights, and towards the habitations of men. Nor was I long unsuccessful. The wall, which I had to feel along, turned abruptly to the right after a few yards, and I judged, from the difference of the footing, that I was now on a beaten path, which must have its

exit somewhere in a thoroughfare. Exhausted as I was—shocked, drenched, bemired—I could not help feeling proud of the feat I had accomplished; and a glow of exultation arising from this, joined with the feeling of safety, made me forget for an instant the sorry, sad plight I was in; and that as I approached the haunts and paths of men I should become an object of wonder, perhaps of suspicion, perhaps of ridicule—of all things the hardest to bear. Those who have dreamt (not a very uncommon sequel of indigestion) that, by some strange, whimsical misadventure, they must commit themselves to public exposure, either partially or wholly undressed, and felt all the agonising acuteness of an exaggerated moral and personal modesty penetrating their entranced nature, and quivering in the vitals of their morbid over-consciousness, may understand what my sensations must have been when I had time, as yet in safety and solitude, to reflect upon what was inevitably before me, even before I could dash myself into a reluctant cab, and get, for an immensely-augmented fare, driven home to my sofa, cigars, and astonished own people. Even my cloak was gone. I could not assume an incognito. I had flung it away early in my career. Besides, it was peculiar. I could not have hidden myself in it. There was something of the monk about it. It had a hood, and sleeves hanging outside.

Just then I found a path crossing mine at right angles, which caused a break in the continuity of wall. This path led into the one I was traversing by a turn-stile. I glanced for the instant I took in passing it through the opening to the right, behind which lights, many, though distant, gleamed. An instant sense of suffocation seized me. Some object remained photographed upon my eye, fixed there during its momentary transit. A figure was approaching the turn-stile, within three yards of it; and on this figure was *my cloak*!

Once again! Forward, forward, forward! On, on! Into or out—to anything, so that that Form, that *Thing*, be escaped from! A hundredth part of the glimpse it got of me in passing would have been enough for it. For *me*, its identity would have been revealed by the lightning's flash. It

needed not mine inky cloak to recognise it. I saw how it was. The bodily Shadow was up with me by the time I had reached the first verge of light.

A great forge, a distillery — a foundry — a house on fire, perhaps! A light before me glowed high into the murky heavens, in which a canopy of red hung over something of deeper red, like a curtain over a corpse murdered in bed. But a minute before, I had recoiled from exposure. Now, the idea of there being crowds congregated, fire-engines, police, a furious mob seeking for plunder, was a relief. Among them *might* be safety—must be bewilderment. I made straight for the glare, the fatal footfall echoing my own all the way.

Fleet—fleet was my footstep! The things I passed by seemed to pass me by in a swift procession; those nearest me flashing across me like projectiles. With my eye upon the ruddy sky before me, I sped for its centre, observing such turns, where they occurred, as would conduce to that point. For intricate ways did now offer obstacles to a direct course, and I was obliged to exercise a prompt but firm discretion at the several corners I encountered. Here and there, too, a human figure might be seen passing, at one side or the other; but not near enough either to obstruct or assist me. Indeed, I could not bring myself to wish a closer proximity to any of these single and unknown wayfarers. Rather did I experience an undefined dread of league and collusion, perhaps, with the Enemy in pursuit, under which impression I gave single figures a wide berth wherever I could. When I could not, my passage was so instantaneous, that I recognised nothing more than a startled turn of the head, or a hasty withdrawal from my path, before the individual, whoever it was, was gathered up with the great mass of things I had swept behind me.

On, on! Heavens! I hear it breathing! Short and hurried respirations come from over my shoulders, at but a few yards distance.

We are now more in the country. Strips of hedges alternate with walls; the foot-path is edged with grass; there is a freshness of smell, and less of noise. The region lies black about me,

save under the glow. Oh! for the heart of the city again!

Walls again. The road, too, is narrower — the light, growing fiercer, right a-head. Very fierce must that light be, to throw up such a reflection. I cannot be far off, I thought; yet I hear no sound, no roaring multitude, no congregating crowds, no charging engines, no stroke of the pumps. What can it be after all? Can it be—is it—is it? In short, I began to suspect that my moth-like flight might in the end prove not only unavailing but disastrous. Suppose an actual furnace reached. I enter, face the fire, and am either recognised as a bedlamite, or devoured by the grim Feature at my heels.

I was strongly inclined to take a new line, and make for another point; and with this idea made some observations on the bearings. It may be believed that by this time I was tolerably well breathed. I have said nothing of this; but I suppose human lungs and muscles were never more desperately and fearfully tasked than were mine at that moment. One by one, every encumbrance was flung off; every garment went, until I was left with scarcely more than my shirt and drawers upon me, streaming with perspiration, my veins swelled to bursting, my face all of a glow, my hair hanging in tangled mats about my ears, or floating on the dew of my forehead, and gasping sobs issuing convulsively from my over-laboured breast. It was as I turned to examine my chance of escape by some other avenue than that which led straight to the fire, that I perceived the Pursuer had insensibly gained upon me, and was now almost in contact with me! I felt his breath hot upon my shoulder, and upon the exposed part of the throat just behind the ear; and—oh, horror! just at the same instant there came upon me the conviction that escape there was really *none*; that I was caught in a *cul-de-sac*: in short, that *the way was not open before me*! I was confirmed in the former dread suspicion by distinctly perceiving that on my essaying once or twice to draw across to one side of the road or to the other, with a view to doubling, so as to return by the path I had travelled, the Thing seemed conscious of my intention, and swerved to the right or left, as the case might be, with the manifest

object of cutting off my retreat. And as to the latter, I could now see that the road, already become a lane between high walls, was blocked up a short way before me by a barrier, I could not see what, behind which glowed the fierce illumination so long my guiding-point.

So I am to be caught at last—clutched, seized, overmastered by this hideous Form, whose malignity may be measured by the desperation of his pursuit, and wrenched out of humanity, perhaps, into some horrible extravagance of agony, unutterable, inconceivable, but endurable, for the long term of vague hatred entertained for the victim by the monster that hunts it down! There! its hand was close to me that time—*has touched me!* Ah! I spring forward with supernatural energy under the mesmerism of that terrible contact, and fling myself at the broad black door before me, which opens of its own accord to receive me. Even at that wild moment, I caught at the only ray of hope left. I turned short round to draw the bolt if possible on the Pursuer. Too LATE! There was his face, close to my own—*inside*. One look was enough—I dropped to the earth insensible.

Relief? only a reprieve! The terrible mystery was made plain! I could not believe, or understand, or assent to, the horrors now around me. I refused conviction of my own identity, and abnegated the very existence of what I saw, felt, and heard. It is curious how, in extreme circumstances, the soul may thus estrange itself, under a strong and determined disclaimer, from *what is*—that is, from what the bodily senses it stands connected with report to *be*, and hold aloof, in some high sense of self-subsisting isolation, from contact with the Real and Actual of its lower nature. It is thus that martyrs at the stake have been heard to sing triumphant hymns, and seen with a visible expression of joy upon their countenances—no doubt only the exponent of the real feelings within. In these instances, the relative state of the two portions of our nature, while in its normal condition, is reversed. For whereas, under ordinary circumstances, the body is the conduit of impressions to the soul, which reflects back the feelings, passions, and sensa-

tions it has itself conducted in upon its surface, in this case, it is the soul which forces itself from within outwards, and constrains the material body to be the reflex of the immaterial spirit. These reflections are forced from me by the consciousness I felt at that trying moment of possessing the power of detaching self from self, and abandoning one to horrors under which the other would have shrivelled into annihilation. I really do not wish to take the reader by surprise; I am far from inviting him to go on with me; I hardly wish him to do so. It is my duty to pursue the thread of my narrative, and I am determined to proceed; but no corresponding obligation lies upon anybody else. What I am bound to write, no man—or woman—is bound to read. Indeed, unless with a determination to *believe*, the reader had far better stop here. There are things which lose half their terrors by being looked upon and looked into as either psychological or physiological *facts*, which, if they were hunted into the dark recesses of a morbid brain, would there put on a startling aspect, and turn round upon us like wild beasts.

The mystery of the conflagration was resolved. A brick floor, spreading out on each side more than a hundred feet, sloped slightly upwards to a series of open furnaces, or grates, ranging along the wall which faced me, and giving forth to my eyes, and into the surrounding court, and thence to the sky, a glare so intense, that I was obliged to look away, after one of those absorbing glances which the nature implanted within us all compels us to direct in the first instance towards any object, however strange or terrific, at whatever cost. While my eyes were thus, as it were, hurled back from what they had been directed to, and seemingly blinded for ever, the image had been so strongly impressed upon the retina, that I was able, in that dark and quivering chamber of vision, to look from an inner position upon the image there imprinted, and could satisfy myself that there were six distinct furnaces, of huge dimensions, at equal distances along the wall. Were this all—had I been, in short, merely a spectator of this conflagration—I might have looked on, or looked away, with some degree of calmness; or rather, with such excitement merely as so wonderful a

spectacle might be expected to produce upon a naturally sensitive and nervous temperament. But, oh! let it not be supposed for a moment that I felt free to consider myself a lounging visitor—come there to book wonders for the DUBLIN UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE. There were good reasons for this not being so. I have said nothing of the Follower—the Pursuer—the Form—the Feature—the THING. He had me now; he had me bound; he had me powerless; he had me pale, trembling, clammy with cold sweat; he had me, able to walk as he led;—he had me, WALKING UP TOWARDS THE FIRE! I could no more *now* have resisted accompanying him, than a short time previous I could have helped fleeing before him. He had my will in the grasp of his, as the mesmeriser seizes his patient by the hair of the head; and his will was—that I should advance.

Nearer! — nearer! — yet nearer! Strange to say, my eyes are able to look straight upon the glow. I can discern objects now. Shapes move to-and-fro across the mouth of the furnaces, of far tougher material than Nebuchadnezzar's guards, or they would have shrunk up into tinder. What are the wretches about? Cooking, apparently. Some of them wear nightcaps and aprons, and use ladles. A horizontal shadow, too, crosses the line of fires. It is as impossible to describe as it is to account for the loathing revulsion of feeling, the secret and horrible misgiving, with which I gazed upon this parallel of combustion—this black equator, stretching across the torrid regions of fire, and swerving and winding ever, so as to present no continuing outline to my eye—for such I soon discovered to be its characteristic. Not only did the shadow bulge out, where it opposed itself to the middle of each furnace, tapering off to each end, but changed its shape by a slow and regular transition, returning, after a certain uniform period, to the original figure; and thence passing through the same cycles, to return to the phase from whence it started. This, I concluded, could only be explained in one manner—namely, by the *rotation* of an uneven outline upon an axis. The objects, whatever they were, were *turning* horizontally and slowly round before the fires. There was also, as I soon became conscious, an occasional

click and strain, such as machinery gives, to be heard even over sounds much louder and more continuous. But this evidence of scientific mechanical application, far from lessening the sense of the wild and horrible in the aspect of the whole scene, added another element—that of mystery and design—to the simpler terrors of the raging element of fire.

Up towards this blinding wall of flame was my body led—irresistibly, slowly, continually—notwithstanding the desperate protestations of my inner spirit. I could now see. Nothing was too glowing, too scorching for my organs. I could discern particulars. The moving things were *men*. Some were busy in shovelling fuel in at the roaring throat of the furnace, and these came out in vivid portraiture of vermilion, for the instant that the brawny, naked arm dashed its load inwards; and then darted back into the blackness of spectres the next moment. Some, as I have remarked already, were occupied over the rotating bodies—how, it baffled me for a second to conjecture; but, another step, and I saw —.

And I was to undergo a *similar process*! Well, I suppose we have all of us the power to bear what cannot be escaped from. At all events, the fire, which I had expected to have broiled my brain to madness, and shrivelled my skin to tinder, strange to say had an effect of its own very different from what I had anticipated. My sufferings, instead of increasing up to the point of annihilation, arrived at a maximum just where the corporeal substance of the frame became incapable of any longer resisting the mechanical effects of the power of heat. From that point, a sensible reaction began to be experienced, and at the same time as sensible an augmentation in the perceptive and rational faculties, which appeared to undergo a process of sublimation, and expand and purify in an extraordinary degree, by the very means which dislodged them from their fleshly tabernacle, affording a parallel to the case of manuscript on paper, which, when it is cast into the flame, at first is obliterated, but, as the material is reduced to tinder, gradually resumes its legibility, until the whole thing shrivels and disappears; with this (also analogous) peculiarity

—that whereas the writing is originally black, on white paper, *now it is the paper that is black, while the characters stand out in light upon it!* Whether my conviction was philosophy or not, I will not, even now, pretend to decide; but it looked very like it at the time, and I fancied that I *understood* that all this was in conformity with certain high laws of nature, and recognised the fitness and propriety of the process as a *natural* one, quite as clearly as I did its delightful relief to myself individually.

Relief I certainly did feel; and this relief proportionate to the proximity of the destroying element:—the consequence of which was, that now, instead of resisting the conducting Genius, I myself pressed forward, and bent with preternatural curiosity over the blackening masses turning in the focus of the flame. If anything was wanting to assure me that a *change* had taken place, it was supplied by the apathy—was it *lighter* than apathy?—with which I received the conviction of what these roasting substances were. Not a thrill of horror—not a spasm of disgust did I feel as I found my eye within six inches of a scorched and blackening HUMAN BODY! Yes! there it was—there they were—*six* of them spitted on the same dismal stake, rolling over and over slowly in the glare; and six demoniac-looking wretches—*were* they demons?—actually basting the six corpses with what seemed to be the blackest pitch that ever oozed from the accursed depths of the Dead Sea! There they were, I say, turning mournfully and monotonously round, losing, at every ladleful, more and more of the semblance of humanity, and growing more and more pitchy and diabolical; while, as arm, or leg, or head fell over, the black kitchen-stuff of this infernal *cuisine* dripped into vessels prepared with a ghostly economy to receive it! Will it be believed that, in full view of all this, I stood prepared myself to take the turn which I knew was to be mine, and was even able to watch with comparative calmness the moment when one or other of the dishes—the word is irresistibly suggested, though not the most appropriate—being declared done enough, I should be trussed, spitted, and submitted to the action of the furnace, under the correction of a

similar sulphureous basting? Yet so it was—and I actually helped the cook next me to extract the stake from the body of the blackest of the martyrs, and dispose it upon a sort of bier, stretcher, or tressel, to be conveyed by a set of uncouth-looking villains through a door to the left.

Whoever has studied the physiognomy of a roasted hare may realise some conception of what must have gone through my mind during the process of cooking. I took a long time doing. The fellow who had the basting of me let me burn once or twice; besides which, the spit had not been introduced comfortably, and I scarcely felt as easy as I fancied I ought to have done under the circumstances. They had not done me justice I thought. Nevertheless, I contrived to go round like the rest, and to imbibe a tolerable quantity of the bitumen which, by degrees, filled up all cavities, and made me at last much more like a pigskin buoy than a roasted Cockney. The last feature that remained open was my mouth, and with it I was going to remonstrate, when a ladleful, piping hot, was administered with such precision, that it exactly filled it up to the level of the cheek, leaving the face pretty nearly an even surface, like the monkey-end of a cocoa-nut. My eyes had been burnt out and filled in some time previous; and it was during this last operation that another of those unforeseen yet intelligible changes supervened, of which I have already given an instance. The deprivation of my natural vision, and the substitution for the cornea and its humours of the asphaltic compound, wrought a change scarcely less vast in the visual powers of the spirit within me. I lost hold of my particular identity. I felt it go as a ship slips her moorings; and glided gradually into an abstraction—a cosmopolite representative of a species, under which metamorphosis I was able to take in the inner and primitive meaning of things, and to discover in every object presented to me, not only that more is meant than meets the eye, but that that “more” may generally be made pretty much what the observer chooses. How agreeable was this change! Such a vast deal of trouble saved! It was, I saw, a shorthand way to satisfactory conclusions on doubtful subjects, leaving the ima-

gination free to take its range through the fields formerly parked and paled up for the exclusive use of Reason, where it might flush up and bring down thoughts of every wing, without so much as a game-certificate from the *ci-devant* proprietor of the manor. In my glee at the transition, I submitted without a murmur to be unbroached and hurried off on the shoulders of a gang of sulphur-smutched wretches, through the door to the left, into another apartment.

Arrived there, the scene was changed. It was silent, gloomy, and damp, the chamber in which I found myself. A musty antiquity seemed to breathe through it, as if it was charged with the air of another era. This was health and hilarity to my present abstracted spirit, which seemed to gulp the mouldy element with as congenial a relish as the home-sick Swiss inhales the restoring breezes of his native hills. Into this apartment many roasted tenants of the spits had already been brought, and now enabled me to judge, by the operations they were undergoing, what was before me. A circulating process was here again the order of the day, and I was able to satisfy myself that the machinery which set the long and shining broaches of the furnace-room in motion, exercised its functions here, too, making certain frames revolve with similar velocity, and in the same horizontal direction.

These frames and their uses, I will describe more in detail by-and-bye; but in the meantime a particular circumstance, by its effects upon my nerves, served to convince me that I was not so completely absorbed into an adjective as to be altogether independent of the wretched piece of substantive charcoal, once my body. Along the sides of this room (which was lighted from above by dim burners) were ranged rows of upright cases, which might have passed for caryatides, so regularly did they stand, and so perfectly did they resemble those archaic representatives of fallen power and conquered pride; but which I was not long in recognising for the outer envelopes of *mummies*, not only by their actual configuration, but by the characters and symbols with which they were covered. This was nothing in itself; nor was it much, that I saw in the

process going on before me the connexion existing between the successive arrivals from the furnace-room and these silent receptacles; the sequence was completed in my mind without any extraordinary disturbance; nay, with something which might have been termed a morbid interest, in an archæological point of view, in the performance. But *one* thing I was not able to shut my eyes to, in pitch darkness as they were. The flesh I had resigned to its fate long ago. But my *bones* I had tacitly reserved my right over. They were not in the bond. I felt that I ought to do battle for my own skeleton, against antiquity itself. And here a glance told me that *there was not a case in the room into which I could fit!* My tailor had often softened my heart into paying him an instalment of my bill, by informing me that I measured *forty-two inches* round the chest. Not one of these measured so much, even sight measure; and the process going on before me enabled me to judge how much had to be allowed for besides. That process is described in a word, Endless lengths of coarse, blay linen, let down from rollers in the ceiling, were grasped in the hands of certain personages who, as the well-tarred bodies, once again set a-turning before them, went round, strained the linen with all their might, and passed it up and down, and here and there, and over and over, until the mass took gradually a form corresponding to the inner surface of the cases ranged along the walls. Now and then one of the party advanced and dropped a scarabæus, a bead, or some other trinket, in among the folds, which was instantly secured and concealed in the grasp of the next swathe which passed over the spot. The meaning of the whole thing was plain — *we were to be mummies!* But still, my chest bone! Was it to be broken down, like a lean turkey's? I here arrived at the climax of my humanity. I determined to *resist*, should the attempt be made, believing as I did that there was nothing in my having surrendered my skin to its basting and cooking which should prevent me from standing up for my bones, a point conceded, I knew, to the mummy even of the ibis and ape.

The Feature stood beside me.

"Am I to go into one of those cases?"

"Yes."

"How am I to be got in?"

"In the usual way."

"What is that?"

"By compression."

"What power is to be applied?"

"That"—pointing to the swathing process.

"What? bandaged down?"

"Precisely."

"How many inches do you suppose I am round the breast bone?"

"Let me see; thirty-six, I suppose?"

"It is plain you never made a waist-coat. *Forty-two!*"

"Forty-two?"

"Forty-two."

The Thing looked aghast. It drew one of the swaddlers aside, and whispered in his ear. He stared at me with a look of astonishment, and I heard him say to another similar official—

"Forty-two inches! we were not prepared for that! — something must be done!"

I could have smiled, but for the pitch, as I saw two or three of them go out hastily. By-and-bye (I was let alone in the meantime) they returned, bringing in a cartonage of more extraordinary dimensions than any I had ever seen, and placed it with a look of triumph standing up like a violoncello-case before me. I instantly stepped into it, and requested them to do me the favour to shut it up. They did so, and there was a good two inches to spare between my ribs and the pasteboard of its inside surface.

"Content!" I cried, and walked out again.

"This is, however, an anachronism," muttered the Form, as he glanced at the characters on the outside, and passed his hand along it. "We want you to be at least a thousand years older than your envelope. However, we can't help that now; we have only to omit the scarabæi, etcetera, and do you up a little looser, that's all."

I almost cracked my cheeks with the effort to laugh. As it was, I felt something ooze from my left eye. It really was too good a joke.

Palm trees—a low tent of black

skins—fierce sunshine—scorching sand—a blinding dust—two camels, one lying down, close to the white bones of one of its own species, and looking patient and scriptural—two bearded and turbaned Orientals, swarthy and profound, as if the secrets of the East lay hid in the depth of their melancholy dignity—and myself, in my gigantic cartonage, with my forty-two inches bandaged down at least three thousand years below the surface of the present, chuckling internally with pride and satisfaction at the idea that the ordinary dimensions of primitive humanity were so far exceeded in my instance, that only an odd giant or so of Memphis or Thebes could be found to supply me with my pasteboard.

Presently a small caravan drew nigh.

"A compatriot, by Osiris!" I exclaimed, as I descried an alpaca umbrella overshadowing a flaxen-haired, dreamy-looking young man, as he sat gracefully upon a hump. The Arabs bent low, the young Saxon touched his brim.

"Ah, yes!" he exclaimed, with a sort of drowsy enthusiasm, espying me. "A relic of the ancient world! Egypt! abode of more than men! Land of mystery, wonder, the pyramids! in which mortals have lived before history, and its very dead have not died! Salam, chiefs; you've a mummy to sell. *Quel est le prix?*"

Here his dragoman interposed, and interpreted him into Oriental phraseology, making rather a free and elevated translation of the original. The Bedouins prostrated themselves, and could scarcely be induced to raise their foreheads from the dust. When they did so, they laid their bony hands upon me, and at the same time mentioned a fabulous sum of money. It was fortunate that I was as tightly wrapped up in my antiquity as I was, or I must have burst my hieroglyphics. I never was thought worth one-tenth of the money in my life. Only think of my fetching that much in my shroud! I expected nothing less than the scornful repudiation of a bargain so absurd on the part of my countryman. My astonishment may be imagined, when I heard the Englishman say to his dragoman—

"Count out the cash to the fellows,

and balance this precious relic of a primæval world, with the last one we secured, upon the back of yonder camel. We must be off; it's growing hot."

.

A gentle undulation—easy, yet uneasy—sweeping, swaying, swelling—too high, too low, yet all soft and hushed, as the heaving of the breast of a deep sleeper. I lay on my back, pinioned, of course, but likewise jammed close to other recumbent things—all rocking away along with myself, like the low, dim, wooden ceiling a few feet above me. Had I possessed eyes in my head, I could not have turned them round to see anything. As it was, my substituted vision had the freedom of a swivel. I perceived that we were a family-party of ancient Egyptians, amongst which I was some centuries the junior; but, more than this, my glance penetrated the yarn next me, and got in through the swathings of thirty centuries to the cold-roast man inside the adjoining mummy-case. What were my feelings at finding that I knew him intimately! In fact, he and I had (in the flesh) been in the habit of frequenting the same coffee-house in town, and had actually smoked a cigar together towards dusk (not being particularly flush in wardrobe) under the Opera Colonnade, not a week previous to my — what shall I call it? mummification, I suppose. Here we were now (in the pasteboard), side by side once more, considerably reduced in the flesh, but made up in linen.

"Hallo, neighbour!"

"Hallo, again; who are you?"

"Why, don't you know me?"

"What? — why — it surely can't be —"

"Yes, it is though. And how are you, old fellow?"

"Wound up, at last."

"Well, it is trying, this sort of up-and-down work. I suppose we are at sea?"

"Yes; I take it, on our way home. How did you come out?"

"I promised not to tell. It was cruelty to animals the way we were packed."

"Made up by the gross, I suppose?"

"Ay, and stowed away in cases, as hardware."

"Birmingham goods, exactly. I was exported single."

"How so?"

"A fellow made me up as a private speculation. I came undone on board; and was near been found out, for I had been passing for plaster-of-paris, which has no bowels, you know. However, my man buttoned me together in an old pea-jacket of his own, until he got me ashore, and there the Arabs had me bandaged and dated in a twinkling."

"Are there any more of us aboard now?"

"A dozen, or so. Sir Eöthen Flimsy has five or six to his own share. The rest are for the public bodies. There, that poor fellow's sick. Its well he's tight, or we might be in a bad way."

"What a glorious thing the past is!"

"What do you call the past?"

"Why, three thousand years ago."

"Bless you, that's *my* future! I shall not be down there for half a dozen centuries, or so. Read my cover, 'King Menes.'"

"I was his bee-catcher, and had a dozen of wives to help me in the swarming season."

"A-chish-o!"

"A sneeze I vow, in the treble clef, from yonder mummy. See, a lady is in the case. Excuse us, madam, if we have been a little lax, or so."

"Oh, dear! they've put me in the draft of this port-hole, and I shall die of coryza! The impossibility, too, of getting one's pocket-handkerchief to one's nose!"

"Surely I ought to know that voice! Mrs. —"

"Oh! breath not my name, dear sir; I should never survive the disclosure. I was pressed, and sent to sea, like an able-bodied seaman; and now return, bandaged as if I were bound for Greenwich Hospital for the rest of my life. Is there no escape from such a fate?"

"Lady!" exclaimed I, in a transport of gallantry, "I cannot, as you see, lay myself at your feet. Nay, I am unable even to place my hand on my heart; but if devotion the most sincere, determination the most —"

Here a sailor sat down upon my face, and began knocking out the ashes of his pipe on the right wing of Netpé, just where the second tier of my hiero-

glyphics began, as if there was no such thing as antiquity at all.

To own that I blushed beneath the ignoble pressure of the sailcloth extremity of the tar, would be a weakness. Nevertheless, I *did* feel a sense of inferiority; and begun to think that a great many thousand years do not add so very much to one's dignity as some people imagine; while the want of a full use of the toe of the right foot, in a case of insult such as this, is scarcely compensated for by being cousin-german to King Shishak, and a lineal descendant of the sacred Bull. The fellow actually began to kick his heels against my ribs, to the tune of "Billy Taylor." I would have given anything for my fair companion's cold, so that I could only have sneezed. A barrel of gunpowder, I suppose, would not have done the work more effectually. He would have been blown up through the quarter-deck; and, had he come down again, would have taken care for the future how he came to an anchor on countenances of *my* dynasty. As it was, I had to submit, and treated the fellow's familiarities with silent contempt, feeling gratified, at least, since it was to be so (for the honour of our common nation) that it was not my female friend he had selected for his sedentary attentions.

And so we moved heavily, dreaming on, laid corpse-like in lengths together, heaving together, sinking together—luggage, freight, weighed by the ton, charged for as goods, chalked over, ticketed, corded, stowed away, creaking and groaning as we heaved, and straining with the straining timbers, damaged by bilge-water, nibbled by rats, rubbed and chafed by hard corners; in a word, left to ourselves, save when serving for cushions to the sail-cloth sterns of lubberly foremast-men, who evidently had the best of it. Thus we drove on, on, ever moveless, though advancing, helpless masses, cold, damp, dead —

A lighted hall!—as eager a set of *savans* as I have seen for a long time! The whole room actually alive with curiosity. Beaks protruding, surmounted with the flash and flicker of spectacles; parties on benches, straining their eyes with desperate eagerness towards one point; nay, in the more distant corners, pocket-glasses in requisition; grandees ushered up through

the apartment to reserved seats, to have a nearer view; and a black board, and a red arm-chair, and a president in it; and a secretary, and gentlemen of the press, with flimsy paper and stumpy pencils; and science, and authority, and pomp, and vanity, and the whole parade of antiquarianism brought to bear

ON ME!

Yes; there I was, laid along majestically in the midst, pretty much like the body of Julius Cæsar; a professor, *à la Mark Antony*, mounted on a rostrum beside me, with a wand in his hand; while two acolytes stood near, each armed with weapons of gleaming significance. I WAS TO BE UNROLLED! The professor placed his wand upon my nose, and moved it down my body to my toes. The whole room was hushed. The short-hand writers booked the evolution.

"Here," said he, "here it is at last! Behold the mummy from its Memphian bed! That which hath lain silent with its secret for its cycle of centuries, in the heart of the past, unbosoms itself in your presence, and makes its confession before the assembled science of the nineteenth century!"

An astounding clatter of applause followed this burst, so loud, that my "Hear, hear!" was unheard.

"You have before you, Mr. President, a specimen of mummification, perfect in preservation, and unique in dimensions. Observe the capacity of chest!—[Forty-two inches, tailor's measure, I murmured, but without the words being caught]. Let no man say that there were not giants in those days. If we have grown in wisdom, we have certainly not increased in stature, since the twentieth dynasty. Observe, sir, how carefully and accurately they set forth the titles of the deceased. Here, in this running band of hieroglyphics, any newspaper reporter (of which class I see such able representatives in the room) could read the name, family, profession, age, and period. To them I appeal to testify to the accuracy of my interpretations."

Both young men bent with double zeal over their pencils. I knew they might as well be asked to put the thread of the professor's discourse through the eye of Cleopatra's needle.

"The object before you," he con-

tinued, "appears, from his shell, to have been huntsman to the high-priest of Isis, in the reign of King Sheshouk, of the twenty-second dynasty. You see the several symbols—the dogs and deer—the mitre and paunch—the royal emblem inclosed in a circle, as much as to say, all round my crown—and the sacred ring with wings. Here is Netpè, you see, with a slight burn on her right pinion, caused, no doubt, by the close proximity of the lamp the embalmers used in the process. This individual, therefore, may have lived—may?—nay, *must* have lived [I actually shook with laughter at the emphasis] at least three thousand years ago, when, considering his profession, he may have helped Herodotus to kill the field-mice at Pelusium; have drawn the cover for King Cambyzes, and have even whipped the hounds from before the feet of Bucephalus!"

A buzz of mingled delight and astonishment greeted this announcement, followed by cries of—"Cut him up!"—"Unbox him!"—"Unroll him!"—"Have him out!" In the midst of which, the two myrmidons set to—saw, hammer, and chisel—and had my paste-board off in a jiffy. For a moment I felt uncertain what to do, with my linen exposed, in its not very elegant condition, and a strong *bouquet de Cleopatre* about it, to the gaze of such an assembly; but at last, feeling that a few minutes must strip me, not only of my vesture, but of my honour and dignity, and leave me no older than the spectators, I made a desperate resolve to anticipate the result, and take the matter into my own hands. I waited till they had got the bandages a little loosed about my feet, and then,

starting up with a stentorian "Now, then!" I made full drive at the assembly, who, falling back with the most frantic gestures of horror and dismay, began to tumble over each other in their endeavours to escape from the apartment. By the time the tumult was at its height, I had released my right hand; and, catching a glance of my original tormentor—the *Thing*—amongst the crowd, I rushed upon him, and, seizing him by the ear, wrung it violently, exclaiming—

"Is it possible you've the face——"

"What's all this? Why I've had a devil of a queer dream! You, my dear fellow? You, best of friends! excellent, world-famous JONATHAN FREE SLINGSBY? Is it you who have been hunting and haunting me for the last six hours?"

"Me!" replied that worthy personage. "Why, my excellent friend, it is but this instant I have dropped in, and found you fast asleep in your arm-chair, with the invitation for last night's 'unrolling' clasped firmly between your fingers. You have just made a desperate effort at one of my whiskers, which I only avoided by surrendering an ear to your discretion."

"*This instant?* Then a disputed point in the philosophy of dreams is cleared up for ever! You must know, Jonathan, a long and intricate series of adventures has been suggested by your presence. This series has, therefore, passed through my mind, and impressed itself through all its successive combinations, *in a moment of time*. Dear Jonathan, how many questions more puzzling are set at rest by simply encountering a friend!"

IRISH RIVERS.—NO. XII.

THE BARROW.—PART I.

WE believe it was the philosophic Dr. Samuel Johnson who wrote these lines—

"Whoe'er has travelled life's dull round,
Where'er his stages may have been,
Must sigh to think he still has found
His warmest welcome at an inn."

And, without meaning to dispute the conclusion which so eminent an authority has arrived at, we yet may venture to doubt the universality of the rule, especially in warm-hearted, generous, hospitable Ireland. True is it the landlady's smiles are ever dimpling her face; the landlord is all urbanity; the waiters most obsequious. Yet, if one was not forced to encounter their attentions, no person, we think, would readily leave the comforts of home for such mercenary attentions, to say nothing of dreary coffee-rooms, wearisome bed-chambers, tired-looking sitting-rooms, hard pieces of soap, and tough beef-steaks.

But man is ever restless, and the stream of life flows onward. Progress marks its path, and, in those days of railroads and electric wires, the pulse of human life throbs with a rapid beat. The physical frame, confined in the close-pent street—bound, for the greater portion of the year, within the precincts of the city—sated, it may be, with social commune, longs for a little rest; pines, like a caged bird, for the freedom of the country; loves to cast the "quiet of a loving eye" upon the mountains, and to drink, through ears tired of man's discourse, the sounds which Nature hoards in all her nooks. This is our own case; and we steal away, when vacation allows us, to revel in our native land, following the course of some historic stream, gleaning such tales as we may

"From old wellheads of haunted rills,
And the heart of purple hills,
And shadowed caves of a sunny shore,
The choicest wealth of all the earth"—

If not

"Jewel, or shell, or starry ore,"

details of the rise and progress of civilisation—the spread of commerce—the march of refinement—the great

events which make localities famous in story. We note the deeds of men renowned in war, in the senate, in literature, or in piety, who have graven their names in Ireland's history. We sketch such pictures of scenery or events as make the rivers worthy a place in the DUBLIN UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE.

It has already been our pleasant task to guide the reader of our national periodical along the course of two of the three "Sister Rivers," having their sources in the same district; and, in Spenser's words—

"All which, long sund' red, do at last accord
To join in one—ere to the sea they come;
So flowing all from one, all one at last become."

We have strayed along the banks of—

"First, the gentle Suire, that, making way
By sweet Clonmel, adorns rich Waterford;
The next, the stubborn Neure, whose waters grey
By faire Kilkenny and Rossponte bord."

And we now venture to conduct those who will favour our pages with attention along

"The goodly Barrow, which doth hoard
Great heaps of salmon in his deep bosom;"

wherein, although we may miss some of those features which gave peculiar interest to the former rivers—though no tiara of proud towers, as at Cashel, proclaims the sovereignty of olden time, or the lordly castle of the Ormond Butlers denotes the nobility of the present—yet we promise the reader the history of the Barrow, when viewed by the mellow light of its ancient splendour, with its ample store of ruined abbeys and chiefless castles, will not prove devoid of deep and lasting interest.

The recorded events connected with the history of the Barrow range from the earliest annals of this kingdom; but those which possess most interest for the general reader, date from the advent of the Anglo-Normans, at the time of the invasion. There is no lack of brave deeds claiming response from the martial breast, entwined with the ivy round each ancient castle, where now the battle-cry or mailed tread is

heard no more—where our footsteps seemed multiplied by the echoes, or our voice alone breaks the spell of silence which holds the once populous courts in its thrall. Sunshine and shower find ready access, where less resolute foes than Ireton and Cromwell retreated, baffled or defeated. There need be no reluctance to investigate the pretensions of many a war-worn tower, which now shows the decrepitude of age; but, like the veteran soldier, plainly exhibits the scars of many a hard-fought fray. No fear need be entertained, lest the charm which imagination loves to cast round the stern old walls will be dispelled by a scrutiny into its past history. Here the fame of heroic deeds still lingers, where names famous in story mingled in the death-struggle—the Kavanagh and De Lacy, the O'More and Fitzgerald, O'Dempsey and Carew, with others well known in the bead-roll of fame. Their deeds are chronicled in our pages; nor are the peaceful and learned, the good and wise, forgotten. With the history of castled wall and busy town, the mountains high and valleys lowly, the picturesque and graceful, find a place. We notice with due reverence both the chieftain's hall and anchorite's cell; and we pause to contemplate and note down every spot identified with past greatness. The bones of those who filled a large space in public estimation during life are mouldering into dust; the plough, it may be, has levelled the sanctuary of their lowly graves; but, wherever mind consecrates their home as the spot their deeds rendered remarkable, we have loitered on our way to pay our tribute at the shrine of worth.

In the wild and rugged district forming the boundary between the King's and Queen's Counties, and rising into the lofty range of Sliabh-bloom Mountains, the Barrow takes its first start into light. The northern range of these highlands is remarkable for fertility; while, singularly enough, the southern, though sheltered and open to the sun's warmth, is barren, and covered, for the most part, with heath or coarse bent. These wild and bold passes occasionally soar to a considerable elevation; and one lofty peak bears the proud title of *Urr Ean*—the Height of Ireland—from the generally-received idea it is the most elevated spot in the land.

The defile in which the river has its source is called Glen Barrow, and it flows in a direction nearly parallel to the ridge of Cappard; it forms the northern and part of the eastern boundary of the counties, receiving as tributaries the Blackwater, the Trihogue, and the Oonass, which are not very considerable streams. It is navigable for barges from Athy; but, before we get thus far, it may be well to notice its course thither. Emerging from the high society of the mountains, and flowing by Tinnehinch, it leaves behind some objects of interest to the antiquarian—in a hermit's cell near Cappard House, and the ruins of a small church at Rerymore. Here, in some fit of caprice, the river appears to have taken a dislike to its ancient bed; and, making a sweep in the direction of Lough Duff, as if with the intention of paying a visit, left the old channel, which is yet discernible.

Near the borders of the King's County it is crossed by Ballyclure bridge, and is now in a district bearing the romantic name of Rosenallis, which is said to have derived its name from Rossa Failgea, eldest son of Cathaoir O'More. This locality is remarkable for quarries of soft white sandstone, which hardens on exposure to air, and is capable of high polish. It is wrought into chimney-pieces and hearthstones; a coarser kind used to be in much demand for flagging, but now Carlow flags have preference. The village is small, containing a neat church in good repair, and close by is an enclosed burial-ground, where those peaceful and industrious people called Quakers sleep their last sleep. Some remains of round towers appear on the hills around, but it is doubtful that they are of the veritable type, differing as they do from those circular structures our eminent archæologist, Dr. Petrie, has so lucidly treated of in his learned work. From the neighbouring ridge of Cappard, a portion of which rises to the elevation of 1,114 feet over the level of the sea, an extensive view is obtained, embracing the entire district. It commands the wild scenery of the Sliabh-bloom mountains, and long tracts of verdure, with comfortable farm-houses, and fine tillage-ground; these are interspersed with patches of bog and moor. The towns of Mountmellick, Maryborough, Portarlinton, Monasterevan, and Mountrath, with

handsome country mansions peeping from their leafy screens, enliven the picture.

Leaving Mountmellick to the south, the Barrow bends in a somewhat tortuous course towards Portarlington. The country around is rather level, but numerous plantations diversify the scene. In its approach to the town it glides by the demesne of Garryhinch and Barrowbank, while about a mile south the eye is attracted by a richly-wooded mount, called Spire Hill, from the obelisk erected upon it by Lord Carlow, who employed the poor in this work during a season of scarcity. This hill has some tasteful walks around and upon it, and forms a conspicuous object throughout the country. Emo Park, the seat of Lord Portarlington, is a place worthy its noble owner.

The geographer would find some difficulty in discovering why this town is named Portarlington. Tradition records a small quay, or landing place, on the Barrow, as the source, *unde derivatur portus*, and Arlington was the title of a former Lord of the soil. The territory of Coolatederry and Kilmalooge having descended to Lewis, Lord Clanmilira, as tenant-in-tail of Terence O'Dempsey, was declared forfeited on this nobleman being attainted of treason in 1641; and by letters patent, dated 5th November, 1674, Charles II. granted the forfeited estates to Sir Henry Bennett, created Lord Arlington. Thus his title, with the prefix Port, gave the name to this town. This nobleman was a distinguished statesman, Secretary of State for twelve years, a Knight of the Garter, and Lord Chamberlain. Finding it, we suppose, much pleasanter to reside in England than among the bogs and woods of Ireland (for this district was particularly remarkable for growth of timber — *Cooletoodera* signifying the "woody nook")—Lord Arlington, about the year 1687, sold his extensive estates around Portarlington to Sir Patrick Trant, descended from the Dingle family of that name. This Sir Patrick was a zealous officer for the House of Stuart, and obtained such odium from his exertions to maintain the cause of James II., that, on the accession of William III., he was

outlawed, and attainted of treason. This, of course, left his property at the disposal of the Crown; and, on the 26th June, 1696, William III. granted the estates surrounding Portarlington to a brave and distinguished General, Henry de Massue, Marquis de Rouvigny, created Earl of Galway and Baron of Portarlington. It was this nobleman who founded here a colony of French refugees, many of whose descendants remain to the present time. These emigrés were almost entirely retired officers and soldiers of the regiments of La Mulloniere, La Caillimotte, and Du Cambou, with those of Lord Galway's own regiment of horse. Previously, the town had scarcely begun to invade the quiet of the wide-spread forest, or bog land; for, on the arrival of the colonists, they had to seek dwellings in the neighbouring villages and towns of Lea, Monasterevan, &c., until their future habitations were erected. Sir Erasmus Burrowes, who has published an interesting and minute account of the Huguenot colony here,* pleasantly notices, that, with the great Bog of Allen sweeping past it like the ocean, it escaped the imprecation of the disappointed tourist, invoked upon the other peaty towns of the ancient possessors, the O'Dempseys—

" 'Great Bog of Allen, swallow down
That odious mass called Phillipstown;
And if thy maw can swallow more,
Pray take (and welcome) Tullamore.' "

The district speedily assumed a thriving aspect from the industry and active habits of the colonists. That great boon to farmers, security of tenure, was granted by lease of lives renewable for ever, with low rents, about half-a-crown the Irish acre, a small fine on each renewal, and abundance of turf. The country, we have observed already, abounded in timber. The oak, ash, elm, and yew supplied materials which the natives of France used with advantage; and dwellings of a type casting shadows of high-pitched roofs, and wide casemented windows, upon the waters of the Garonne and the Loire, were here reflected in the flowing Barrow. To have a house without a well-stocked garden, was not thought of; and the aspect of the sitting-rooms, looking to

* Vide the "Ulster Journal of Archæology."

the plots of pleasure-ground, instead of the noisy streets, is indicative of the refined taste of the colonists. French trees were imported from their native land; the jargonelle-pear is found to this day, and even a sunny spot, facing the south, raised a hope in the breast of a native of a wine country, that by care he might cultivate the grape of Languedoc in the land of exile.

The town now is remarkable for the regularity and cleanliness of its streets. There is a good bridge on the Barrow, on the road to Mountmellick, and another on the road to Rathangan. The public buildings are well suited to their respective purposes; and of churches, one is called the English, and the other the French church, built for the colonists, and until recently, service was conducted in the French language. Portarlinton was long celebrated for its schools; and here, it is said, among other eminent pupils, were taught the late Marquis Wellesley and his Grace the Duke of Wellington.

About three miles from Portarlinton, and eight from Dunamase, is the little village and ruined Castle of Lea, one of the first settlements of the English in Ireland. Having wrested the principality of Leix from the O'Mores, William, Earl Marshal, allotted it to his youngest daughter, who had married William de Braosa, Lord of Brecknock, and a strong fortress was erected on the banks of the Barrow, which resembled, in style and structure, the Castle of Dunamase. It was well defended on one side by the waters of the Barrow, on another by a deep morass, while formidable towers completed the means of resistance. But into these massive walls the turmoil of battle rolled; its commanding position speedily marked it a fitting cause of strife between the marchers of the Pale and the native chieftains. In 1292, Camden records it in the possession of one of the Geraldines, named John Fitzthomas, who, during the hostilities then desolating the land, brought hither Richard Earl of Ulster, in captivity. In 1315, Edward Bruce penetrated thus far

"Into the bowels of the land,"

and burned the castle, with the adjoining hamlet. On the decadence of the English power, during the reign of

that feeble monarch, Edward II., the star of the O'Mores was again in the ascendant, and the wide territory of Leix once more owned their sway. The sturdy Geraldine was too near a neighbour for their peace, and in 1534, he numbered the rebuilt Castle of Lea as one of his six strongholds. It was taken by the Irish in 1642, who held it until expelled by Lord Lisle, and an ash-tree, which reached a size to earn it the sobriquet of the Great Ash of Lea, beneath the branches of which a troop of horse found shelter, was planted in commemoration. When Cromwell led the Parliamentary forces in their devastating march throughout Ireland, he caused Colonels Hewson and Reynolds to undertake dismantling the Castle, which they effectually did, and the uprise of the neighbouring town of Portarlinton completed the downfall of Lea.

As a proof that this country was formerly a dense wood, it is related that a gentleman who resided seven miles from Portarlinton used to go the entire distance between his house and the town, squirrel-like, from branch to branch.

The district around Portarlinton is rich in historic fame. Seven miles south stand the Drachenfels of Leix, Dunamase, the Dunum of Ptolemy. It is a commanding rock, inaccessible on all sides, save the east, and was first fortified by Laighseach O'More, about the beginning of the third century. At the time of the invasion, it was possessed by Dermot MacMurrough, from whom it passed to Strongbow by his marriage with MacMurrough's daughter.

The waters of the river Fegule increase the depth of the Barrow on the borders of the County Kildare; and near the junction of the King's and Queen's Counties with the former, the Barrow makes a circular sweep, whence it runs south, and preserves nearly this course until merged in the sea. The banks are occasionally diversified by trees, that cast their branches over the stream, as if in admiration of their shadow

"Floating many a rood."

While we journeyed by the flowing river, comfortable farmhouses, surrounded by fields, golden with the promise of a luxuriant harvest, studded the landscape. The cheerful azure sky

was a bright arch of hope to the agriculturist, whose brow was somewhat clouded of late by the broken weather. Soft, downy clouds appeared in mid air, like masses of fleece, and soon the hum of industry proclaimed our proximity to a town. Here the sight of the long line of railway, the snort and fume of the engine, the rush and scream of the train as it was driven onward, the activity of station-masters and porters, announced one of the stations on the Great Southern and Western Railway, Monastereven. It is prettily situated on the eastern bank of the river, to which the principal line of houses runs parallel. These have tasteful gardens in front, sloping to the stream as it flows by. Other streets run from this one, and a bridge of six arches spans the Barrow. The town derived considerable advantages from the improvements effected by the Grand Canal Company, who constructed a cast-iron drawbridge over the canal here, and carried the canal across the river by means of an aqueduct, of three arches of forty feet span, well built of limestone, surmounted by an iron balustrade. The chief source of employment is from the extensive brewery of Mr. Cassidy, whose handsome residence forms one of the chief attractions to the town. The position of Monastereven, on the line of communication between the metropolis and interior of the country, renders it a place of considerable resort, but the town itself contains little to interest the visitor. An amusing chapter might be written upon the misfortune of being compelled to dwell in a country town, where, as Albert Smith says, "you are obliged to stay there like the market-place, or the sign-posts, or, especially, the pump." Such a life would certainly have little variety, yet Monastereven has claim to a place in history. It derives the name from a monastery, which was made a place of sanctuary, tenanted by monks led hither by St. Emin, or Evin, in the sixth century. The pious inmates were not allowed to dwell in peace, for the Book of Lecan mentions the forcible seizure of this house by Cearbuil, occasioned the war in 908, between that monarch and Cormac Mac Culinan, King of Munster, in which the latter was defeated. The monastery being closed, and no longer occupied by the brotherhood, was refounded, towards the

end of the twelfth century, by one of the kings of Offaly, and though situated on the Irish side of the Pale, the abbot sat as a baron in the Anglo-Irish Parliaments. On the suppression of monasteries, *temp.* Henry VIII., the abbey and manor became the property of George Lord Audley, who assigned them to one of the most remarkable men of his time, Adam Loftus, founder of the Ely family. At present they belong to the Marquis of Drogheda, whose spacious mansion, Moore Abbey, so called from the family name, is built on the site of the ancient monastery. It is a large, roomy structure, with embattled parapet, the entrance-hall wainscotted with Irish oak. Here Loftus Viscount Ely is said to have held the High Court of Chancery during the rebellion of 1641. On the marriage of the Lord Chancellor's daughter, Alice, with Charles, second Viscount Drogheda, Monastereven came into the Moore family. There are few remains of the ancient structure now extant. Some sculptured ornaments, an old doorway in the southern front, and the great hall, being the principal. In 1767, the then Marquis of Drogheda built considerably. He walled in the demesne, which is very extensive, containing over a thousand acres. In the centre stands a high conical hill, whence an extensive view is obtained. All this land was at one time thickly wooded, and the rogues and rapparees of Offaly were accustomed to live here, in as much freedom and defiance of the laws of the land, as Robin Hood and his merry men in Sherwood Forest. In 1297, this circumstance was made ground of complaint against the abbot, who was accused of harbouring outlaws, but he proved he never, knowingly, received either felons or robbers, and as for the strangers, he had no power either to resist or detain them. The defence, however, was not quite successful, for the jury fined him half a mark for not raising the hue-and-cry, *huetson et clamore*, when offences were committed in his neighbourhood.

Although the march of centuries has obliterated most of these vast forests, where the Irish kerne found shelter, or the outlaw concealed his booty, plough or spade have not so completely uprooted brake or thicket as to divest the district of a character of na-

tive wildness. In our onward progress by the river's flow, we behold undulating slopes, and verdant inches, with high banks, thickly studded with copsewood and fern. There is little to call forth observation as we journey in this quarter. The soil at Fontstown is suitable either for tillage or pasture, and the bog of Monavolough affords fuel to the inhabitants. At Fontstown is a pretty church, with tower and spire, in the species of architecture known as the later English; also a tastefully-designed schoolhouse. Fossil remains of the Irish elk were discovered here. These are in the possession of Mr. Bruen, of Oak Park, and a coin of King Ethelred, one of the monarchs of the Saxon Heptarchy, by some chance found its way hither, probably brought by one of those Saxon youths, who, according to Camden—

"Exemplo patrum commotus amore legendi
Juvit ad Hibernos, sophia mirabile clares."

We have left behind some islands in the river, and remains of deep interest to the archæologist now attract our notice. These consist of the site of the ancient city of Rheban, mentioned by Ptolemy the Egyptian geographer, who described Ireland in the second century, whether from actual observation, or the accounts he received from the Phœnician merchants who traded here, is matter of conjecture. This place was evidently of importance, as appears from the remains of fortifications, shown by a deep quadrangular intrenchment, having a high conical mount on the west side; the name, too, *Ríġban* signifies the habitation of the king. A castle, commanding a pass over the river, was one of the outposts of the princes of Hy-Lavigseagh, or Leix, until success in the acquisition of territory enabled them to extend their boundaries. It continued a place of moment to the time of the Invasion, when the chief-seat of the O'Mores, Dunamase, having fallen, Rheban was granted, with its tributary castles and appurtenances, to William, Earl Marshal, created Lord Palatine of Leinster. He subsequently granted Rheban to Richard de St. Michael, created Baron of Rheban, who, *temp.* King John, erected a lordly castle, one of the strongholds of the Pale. For above a century

"The battled towers—the donjon-keep—
The loophole-grates, where captives weep;
The flanking towers that round it sweep,
In yellow lustre shone."

But during the decline of the English power, in the reign of Edward II., the O'Mores rose in strength, and repossessed themselves of all their old territories—among them Rheban and its castle—which they long retained. It came, by the peaceful acquisition of marriage, into the hands of the Geraldines, Thomas Fitzgerald, Lord of Offaly, afterwards seventh Earl of Kildare, having, about the year 1424, married Dorothea, daughter of Anthony O'More, and received, as her portion, the manors of Rheban and Woodstock. How long it remained the abode of peace and love, we cannot say; but when again the trumpet-horn of war sounded along the Barrow, it brought the tide of battle to the walls of Rheban. In 1642, a detachment of the army, commanded by the Marquis of Ormond, possessed themselves of the Castle, and, during the short but successful career of one of the bravest men of his time, Owen Roe O'Neil, it fell into his hands, in 1648. When forced to make terms with Lord Inchiquin, Owen Roe declared his readiness to surrender Athy, Maryborough, and Rheban, provided the confederate Catholics might be allowed the same privileges they enjoyed in the time of King James. Though ruined and neglected, the moss-grown walls show its pristine strength, and mullioned windows bespeak its ancient splendour.

The opposite district is Kilberry, and the island near the junction of the Finnelly river with the Barrow, is called Kilberry Island. There are some handsome seats along the river, in this parish, and the remains of two castles, one called Boisles' Castle. Lower down is Toberara Well, one of the holy wells of Ireland, dedicated to St. John.

It is pleasant to watch day dawn either in country or town. First, the eye perceives a rose-hued light slowly creeping over the eastern sky, and white vapours ascending from field or river; fogs, like smoke from new-lit fires, roll from the mountain-tops and house-roofs; buildings hid by the night haze are revealed; quiet tints of grey fall like snow, and form, so to speak, the groundwork of the picture, when suddenly bright beams are reflected from windows and slates, wet with the morning dews; birds sing loudly their matin hymns, and, lo! a new day has descended from heaven.

We were early a-foot in Athy,

a small town pleasantly situated on the river, which is navigable from this town to Ross, where the Nore meets it, and then the united waters are available for shipping to the sea at Waterford. The Grand Canal connects Athy with Dublin by water, and it is the first station reached on the Carlow branch of the Great Southern and Western Railway. There is not much to excite curiosity in the town, consisting of a principal street, separated into two portions by the Barrow, spanned by a strong-built bridge, of five arches. It boasts a neat square, called Market-square, and smaller streets diverge from the main street. Considerable trade in corn is carried on. Fuel is obtained from the neighbouring bog, at a low rate, and the markets are well supplied. In conjunction with Naas, it is the assize-town of the County Kildare; and, from the earliest days, was of note in the annals of Ireland. It derives its name from an ancient ford called Athelehad, or Athlegar, the "Ford to the West," which led from the country of Leix towards Caellan, and was the scene of a great battle, in the third century, between the warriors of Munster and Leix. It was here that Donogh, son of Brien Borohme, led his forces across the Barrow, on their return from conquering the Danes at Clontarf. In their progress through the neighbouring country of Ossory, occurred the interesting circumstance which our national bard has recorded in one of his immortal melodies:—

"Forget not our wounded companions who stood
In the day of distress by our side;
While the moss of the valley grew red with their blood,
They stirred not, but conquered and died.
The sun that now blesses our arms with his light,
Saw them fall upon Ossory's plain,
Oh! let him not blush, when he leaves us to-night,
To find that they fell there in vain."

The incident is thus mentioned in O'Halloran's "History of Ireland."* When they were interrupted in their return from the battle of Clontarf, by Fitzpatrick, Prince of Ossory, the wounded men entreated that they might be allowed to fight with the rest. "*Let stakes, (they said), be stuck in the ground, and suffer each of us, tied to and supported by one of these stakes, be placed in his rank, by the side of a sound man.*"

Between seven and eight hundred wounded men, pale, emaciated, and supported in this manner, appeared mixed with the foremost of the troops; never was such another sight exhibited.

Around Athy circles the memory of events graven deep in the soil by the swords of chieftains. A frontier town of the Pale, it presents many traces of defence works; and it is to be hoped the spirit of old renown survives in the breast of the lords of the soil on whose land these ruins remain, and induces them to take care to prevent any vestige of past glory being injured. How strange, amid the din of war, to find Religion raising her milk-white banner—the dove of peace descending among the vultures. Two monasteries were founded by the English, one on the left bank of the Barrow, by Richard de St. Michael, Lord of Rheban, in 1253, for crutched friars; the other, on the east bank, in the thirteenth century, for monks of the Dominican order. But the presence of these pious communities was not safeguard enough to ward off the fiery torch of the foe. Like the war-cry of the Macgregor there came the shout—

"Roof to the flame and flesh to the eagle,"

from many a tongue. In 1308, the Irish burnt the town, which must have been speedily rebuilt, for it was plundered, in 1315, by the Scots under Bruce, after he gained the battle of Ardsclull, in which several persons of note were killed. The Scots lost in that fight Sir Fergus Andresson and Sir Walter Murray, who were interred in the Dominican monastery of Athy. After the lapse of a century, the Lord Justice of Ireland, considering this town one of the keys to the Marches of Kildare, in order more securely to preserve it as a guard to this part of the country, placed it in charge of a military governor; and about the year 1506, a strong castle was built, on the east bank of the Barrow, by Gerald, eighth Earl of Kildare, for the defence of the town. This castle being repaired and enlarged, in 1575, by a person named White, is now called White's Castle. This castle was struggled for during the Great Rebellion. The Irish, under Owen Roe O'Neil, held it until it was taken by the Par-

* "History of Ireland." Book xii., chap. i.

liamentary forces. It has suffered less than most of the castles we have seen; and though, no doubt, is curtailed considerably in dimension, the main keep, a massive, square, embattled tower close to the bridge, is yet habitable. It is now used as a police barrack. Athy is a corporate town, having received its charter at the instance of Sir Robert Digby, knight, in 1613. It returned two members to the Irish Parliament until the Union, when, according to Lewis,* the sum of £15,000 was awarded as compensation for the abolition of the elective franchise, £13,800 of which was paid to the Duke of Leinster, as proprietor of the borough, and £1200 to Lord Ennismore. The Duke contributes largely to the charitable and educational institutions of this town, and appears to have a deep hold upon the affections of his tenantry.

Not far from the town, on the western bank of the river, are the glorious old walls of Woodstock. The day was full of dreamy influences, as the sky of soft, fleecy, beautiful clouds, which, from their contrast, gave greater intensity to the blue vault gleaming between. The distant hills wore a purplish tint; and nearer were the sunny banks, and the Barrow shining like molten silver. The woodlands looked dim in the hazy atmosphere, for the heat was intense, and it was delicious to enter the cool ruins, and repose in the lonely chambers, where our footfall sounded strangely, as though we had no right to intrude upon the solitude to which the castle was yielded. It, too, had its share of blows. The walls are of great thickness, to which, doubtless, their preservation is mainly owing, and deep-mullioned windows show the cost bestowed on its erection. To whom that honour is due we could not ascertain. Part of the outer court, and an arched gateway, are still standing. The Irish were in possession, in 1642, but were not suffered to retain it. The Marquis of Ormond wrested it from them, and made it the halting-place for his forces. It shared the ever-shifting alternations of the period; the Parliamentary troops were surprised by Owen Roe O'Neil, in 1647, and he held the castle until compelled, in turn, to yield it to Lord Inchiquin.

Three miles from Athy, on the Dublin road, is a high mount, or earth-work, commanding a view of all the country round. This is called the Moat of Ardsall, or Ardsall, near which the conflict between the English and Scots, already mentioned, took place, A.D. 1315. It was planted by the Duke of Leinster, and is supposed to mark the last resting-place of some famous king or warrior. About two miles eastward is another mound, or rath, celebrated in history, Mullaghmast. This was the ancient Carmen, or inclosure, used as the Naasteigham, where the States of South Leinster assembled. A pillar-stone is near, raised, it is supposed, by the worshippers of Beal.

When Ireland was converted to Christianity, this locality was placed under anathema, having been so long devoted to heathen rites, and overlooking one of the chief scenes of Beal-worship, called Beal-tinne-glas (Baltin-glass) *the pure fire of Beal*. The present name, Mullach-mastian, or "moat of decapitation," is derived from this spot having been the theatre of one of the most treacherous butcheries that ever disgraced the page of history. The account in the Statistical Survey of the County Kildare is as follows:—

"Carmen takes its present name, Mullaghmast, from the base conduct of some adventurers in the sixteenth century, who, having overrun much of the neighbouring country, were resisted by some of the Irish chieftains who had property on the Queen's County side of the Barrow. The adventurers proposed an amicable conference, to be held at Carmen: it was acceded to. On the Kalends of January (New Year's Day), in the nineteenth of Elizabeth, the gentlemen of the Queen's County side of the Barrow, then the boundary of the Pale, repaired to Carmen, as to an amicable conference, when they were surrounded by three lines of horse and foot, and not one survived. The successful assassins took possession of the properties of the unfortunate gentlemen, and the barony bears the name of Slieve Maugan, or the mountains of mourning. In such detestation is the act held by the country people, that they believe a descendant of the murderers never saw his son arrive at the age of twenty-one. The properties so acquired have melted away, and got into other hands."

* Top. Dict.—Athy.

Sad thoughts of the mourning of families and friends, which the slaughter of so many noble and confiding beings had caused, occupied us as we bent our course back to Athy.

The sun cast a flood of autumnal light over field and woodland, as he sank behind the western heights. Overhead lay the blue sky, until it blended with pale yellow, as the lingering rays streaked the azure with gold. Twilight overtook us on our road, bringing peaceful thoughts. The Barrow flowed with a soothing murmur, and the placid water, on which the boats moved so gently as not to disturb its rest, lay spread like a mirror, until the evening wind broke the smooth surface into dimpling ripples. As we reached our inn, the aspect of the heavens denoted a repetition of fair weather on the morrow. There was not much to remark about the hotel where we enjoyed our comfortable dinner; and since writing our account of Woodstock, learnt that this was the *locus in quo* remarkable, in the annals of the Geraldines, for the preservation of the heir by a baboon, or monkey, whence the Fitzgeralds derive their crest. The story is, that some time after this castle had come to the possession of the Fitzgeralds, by the marriage, already mentioned, of Dorothea O'More with Thomas Lord Offaley, a son was born, and placed at nurse in the castle, when it accidentally took fire. The flames spread with rapidity; and in the exertion of the first law of nature, self-preservation, by the household, the heir was for a moment forgotten. The terrified domestics, on remembering their precious charge, rushed to the room where his cradle lay; but the flames had preceded them, and they could get no trace of him. The nurse, who did not abandon her post, had perished in the fire, and each considered the infant had also fallen a victim, when, on regaining the courtyard, they heard a strange noise from a remote tower which the flames had spared. On looking up the domestics beheld a favourite baboon, usually kept chained, with the young heir of Offaley carefully held in her arms! To place a ladder against the tower, and secure

the child thus miraculously preserved, was the work of an instant; and the infant was restored to his despairing parents. The noble lord, in remembrance of the safety of his child, took as his crest a monkey chained, proper, which continues to be the armorial distinction of the Duke of Leinster's house. The well-known motto of the Geraldine, *Crom ill a Boo*, means, according to Mr. Rawson,* "the district on the crooked water." A different signification is given to similar sounds in Arabic, as appears from a letter by the famous Lady Hester Stanhope to Sir Gore Ouseley, dated from Djouni, in 1837.† She says, "All the ancient Irish and Scotch families still retain proof of Arab descent, in name as well as in personal characteristic. The Duke of Leinster's motto, *Croom Aboo*, 'his father's vineyards,' has a grand signification, alluding to the most learned of works, of which only two copies exist. The name of O'Brien is, in Arabic, Obeyan or Abeyan, which famous race may, perhaps, take its name from its master."

Again *en route*, we started early, following the navigation path, and a cheerful morning accompanied us. The sun shone brightly through our bedroom windows, and we did not linger either over our toilette or early breakfast.

We were not long in leaving Athy, and getting into the purer air of the leafy woodlands. The fields were still wet with dews, which sparkled on the blades of grass like gems of price—diamond or sapphire. Some cows were being milked in a farm-yard, and the sweet song of the dairymaid lingers in our recollection—

"Like joy in memory set."

She sung in praise of

THE PRIDE OF ATHY.

"A boy in my teens, just before I reached twenty,
Oft among the young lasses I cast a hawk's eye,
Like roses and lilies, and daffydown-dillies,
Bloomed Cathleen O'Regan, the pride of Athy.

"She'd say—'Pat, be easy; oh! why do you tease
me?
I dread to come near you, and cannot tell why.'
Be my sowl, neither Jenny, nor Nell of Kilkenny,
Could equal my Cathleen, the pride of Athy.

* Stat. Survey, County Kildare, ii.

† Warburton's "Crescent and the Cross," note 3.

"When war was proclaimed, and the battle was raging,
She kissed me, I pressed her, with tears in each eye;
We sighed when we parted, she cried, so engaging,
'Remember poor Cathleen, who weeps in Athy.

" 'Forget not the hours when you plucked the sweet flowers—
If you ever prove false, I shall certainly die.'
'No, Cathleen! To you, love, I'll ever keep true,
love,
Sweet Cathleen O'Regan, the pride of Athy.' "

We saw several country seats, surrounded by luxuriant plantations; and from many a wheaten-field, whose brown hue was gradually assuming a yellowish tint of ripeness, the plump ears inclined gracefully to yield us a morning salutation. Fragile poppies and purple cornflowers, with innumerable daisies and yellow grousel, seemed to rejoice in the bloom of their beauty; and distant hills bounded the horizon, until lost in the soft woolly clouds suspended over them. Our route lay through the barony of Kilkea and Moone, in the county of Kildare; and we journeyed along the parishes of Dunbrea, Ardrie, and Tankardstown. Some handsome seats in this district should be specially mentioned: Kilmoroney, the residence of the family of the Very Rev. Dean Trench; Farm Hill, and Leinster Lodge. A rath, supposed to be of Danish construction, is situated close to the river. Attributing these circular mounds to the Danes is a popular error. Long before the advent of the Northmen, they were numerous in Ireland, constructed by the Irish chieftains. It has been well remarked, had they been erected by the Danes, they would have been levelled on their extirpation; instead of which, they were held in the utmost reverence by the country people, who, regarding them as the chosen resorts of fairies (the "good people"), preserved them from being invaded by ploughshare or spade.

We overtook a fine old man, proceeding to Carlow to see a daughter in "settled sarvice;" he had been a helper in the stables attached to M'Evoy's hotel, in Naas, years ago, and knew several frequenters of the Curragh, whose love for field-sports had brought to our acquaintance. As we walked along, and discovered we both knew the same people, any reserve he might have felt towards us wore off. We had taken the precaution, on leaving Athy, of procuring an ample store of sandwiches; the old ostler was hungry, and

enjoyed what, he said, "he seldom got now—God help him—the bit o' mate." A halfway public-house afforded some good porter, and he was pleased to say our "good natur" reminded him of the "ould times."

We inquired could he find no employment?

"Lord love your honour," he said, "there's no 'casion for stableboys now; these rails have knocked all the posters off the roads; and, barrin' for the hens to roost in, there's no call for the chaises."

"The hotels have suffered also?" said we.

"B'lieve it, sir; no one thinks of stoppin' for a night now, if they can help it; and when they do, 'tish't much good for the house. They come in, maybe, by a late train, and start again by an early one."

We met some countryfellows driving furiously, and beating their horses, at which we remonstrated. This elicited some remarks from our companion.

"'Tis asy to see your honour is fond o' the bastes, and I'll engage is a good mather over them."

We confess the recollection of the broken neck of one hunter, a leg smashed against a coped stone-wall of another, sundry broken knees—to say nothing of severe punishment in hard runs—rose in judgment against our acquiescence in this eulogy. We said we had some good ones in our day, and we always were fond of dogs and horses.

"Surely, surely—I knowed it. The mastiff at the public-house came to your honour directly you sat down, and dogs is very sagacious."

We had dropped, near our chair, the paper in which the sandwiches were packed; this might have influenced the mastiff's desire to make our acquaintance.

"Horses, though they haven't the credit of it, are very 'cute," continued the old ostler; "and there's a story of these parts about a horse of O'More's—your honour heard tell of the O'Mores, I'll be bound? (we said yes)—that bangs the world for 'cuteness. He saved his mather's life wanst upon a time."

"Let us rest a little," we said, seating ourselves on a stile near the old entrance, "and tell us all about it."

Nothing loath, the veteran stretched himself beside us, with his back against an ivy-grown wall, and told his story.

"You see, long and many a day ago, the O'Mores, Princes of Leix, were grate people in this country, before the Duke of Leinster or Oliver Cromwell came to the place; and they had so many castles, and houses, with the best of furniture, and full and plenty, that the English resolved to root them out, or they could get no footing at all. Antony O'More was the *Ceap Rí*, or chief King, at the time—a famous warrior, and tip-top horseman, ready to face stone, timber, earth, or wather, and had a horse to carry him, by all accounts. I can't say how the horse was bred, sir, for the *Racing Calendar* wasn't published then; but no doubt he had the best o' blood in his veins, or he'd have no stall in O'More's stables. I've heard Eclipse, that ran a mile a minnit, couldn't stand him one hate, or Mr. Irwin's *Faugh-a-ballagh* run a distance beside him. Well, sir, the English planned to take O'More, and sure enough they trapped him in the mountains, as he was out wolf-hunting—for that was the sport then—and thought they had him snug. All the gentlemen that were out with him were kilt and murdered; but O'More shouted, '*thouman lathe, coppal dun*' ('go on, brown horse'), and away he went like the wind. On he went, over hill and dale, by bog and bawn, until he reached the brink of a high mountain near Timahoe; when, thinking all all danger was over, and being very tired, O'More threw himself down, and fell fast asleep.

"While the Prince was snoring, the brave horse stood over him like a sentry on guard; and, sure enough, a fine watch he was, for his high head was snuffing the breeze, and ears cocked showed he was wide awake. 'Twas well for the Prince, for, my dear sir, the English were on the track, and every minnit came nearer and nearer. When the horse was sensible of this, he pawed his master to rouse him, but the poor chief was so dead beat, he remained fast asleep. Well, the poor baste was bothered at this; so bedad he took the Prince's *coatamore*, or great-coat, in his mouth, and lifted the Prince a little, and shook him; but 'twouldn't do. So the fine horse was in a quandary entirely when he heard the inimy advancing, and couldn't wake the Prince. Again he took him up by his mouth, and, rising him purty high, let him drop of a sudden. This woke

him, shure enough; but he was so stiff and wore out, he couldn't get up on the horse, though he heard the English crossing over to take him. On this, sir, what did the horse do but kneel down, like a blessed crater, or one of the horses in Batty's Circus, as, I dare say, your honour seen, and thus helped the Prince to get sated. Feeling him well in the saddle, and knowing he could stick by the knees—for they never wore stirrups—instead of striving to get along the fair road, which the English were pelting along, the brown horse leaped from the top of the mountain straight down, in three leaps, reached the foot of the valley, and carried his rider home to Dunamase! The townland is called *Augh-Antonah*, or 'Antony's horse,' as good right it has; and for hundreds of years not a blade of grass grew upon any of the three spots where the brave brown horse landed after each leap."

"What place is that?" we asked; pointing to the remains of an ancient dwelling, half-hid among the trees.

"Grangemellon, sir, an ould ancient sate of the Fitzgeralds. I heard tell the one who lived there in the time of King James—a purtyking the *bosthoon* made—was a fine spirited gentleman, and well liked by rich and poor. Shamus couldn't lave him alone, for he took his property, and made him prisoner; but he got out after the battle of the Boyne-wather, and protected all the property of Catholics and Protestants, in the city of Dublin. He was requested by the Lord Mayor and Corporation to present the keys of Dublin Castle to King William, as he sat a-horseback, out fornenst the College, where his image now stands, and 'tis like the King heard of all the good he done, from the answer he med when Fitzgerald brought him the keys."

"And what was that?"

"Why, sir," said the King, "they're in the hands of a rale gentleman. They could not be in betther. I wish you to keep them."

"That was very polite of the King," we replied, as we resumed our walk. "You are a great historian. What is your name?"

"Dan Kelly, please your honour."

"And a very good name it is, Dan," we said.

We were leaving the vestiges of former greatness, when it occurred to us, that our fellow-traveller might be

as learned in legendary lore, as in national history, and we questioned him accordingly—

“Troth, then, I’m sure your honour is too sinsible to *give in* to such *shanaos*.* Puttin’ trust in charms was near causin’ a sore loss on these lands. I remember the day as if it was but yesterday.”

“You can tell it to us, Dan, as we walk on.”

“You must know, then, sir, that when I was a gossoon, going of errands from the great house up there,” he pointed towards the mansion of Grangemellon, “it was one of the sportingest places in the County Kildare, and that’s a big word. The finest pack o’ foxhounds that ever gave tongue to a tally! met twice a week, an’ lots of grand company resoorted from all parts. ’Tis said they ate the master out of house and home, but gentle and simple, man and boy, ay, an’ woman, too, with horses and dogs, doted down upon Jerry Nolan.”

“And who might that fortunate person be?” we inquired.

“The huntsman, sir; a clane-limbed, active, well-fatured man, as ever you clapt your two living eyes on; and, *mavrone*, ’tis he was the pride of the pack, sated on his favorite horse, Paddy Whack, in his bran-new scarlet frock, with snow-white cords, and iligant top-boots, his velvet cap shinin’ on his head, and horn slung by his side. The dogs delighted in him, and would follow him through fire or wather. They loved the sound of his voice, and a cross word from his lips would quell the ragingest worry that ever broke out in a kennel. But somebody loved him above the dogs, and he loved her as well, and a fine couple they wor, as ever you’d see in a month of Sundays. She was Nancy Mullins, a strong farmer’s daughter on the estate, and a grate favourite with the missis, she was so genteel. Nancy was a slip of a girl, with a figure and step like a blood filly, and one would have thought she never hurt the grass under her feet, she trod so asy. But she walked into the affections of Jerry, an’ no mistake, an’ the sight of her, when she came to the parlour windys, or to the hall-door, maybe, to see the hounds pass by, going to the meet, would rise

the colour in Jerry’s cheek, till ’twas almost the same as his coat.

“Now, though everybody about the place knew well that Jerry was doting down upon Nancy, or Miss Mullins, as she was always called, for they war ofould anshint stock, though now farming, he was so diffident and bashful, and thought so much of her, and so little of himself, that he never had the courage to say the soft word, only lifted his cap when she spoke to him, same as to the misses, or any other lady in the land. This was frittin’ and grievin’ poor Nancy, who did not like to make any advances, for she had as much modesty as a blessed nun. Kitty Molloy, the dairy-maid, knew exactly how the land lay. She tried to put the ‘come hether’ herself upon Jerry, but ’twas no go, an’ to do her justice, she had no spite agin her rival, for she was a good cratur, though her advice was near doin’ mischief. One evenin’, towards the end of September, as I was bringing a basket ov groceries from Athy, for the riglar supply from Dublin was delayed, I heard two voices a-talkin’ in the orchard, near the back entrance, and there were the two *colleens*, Nancy and Kitty, discoorsin’ how to make Jerry spake out.

“As I was a little curos, I stooped a bit, so as not to be seen, and listened to the *colloquin*.

“‘Now, Kitty, my darlint, sure you wont tell it to mortual;’ said Nancy, in her soft, sweet voice, like an April wind, or a meandherin’ strame. She had an insinivative way of spakin’ that went right to your heart. ‘But I’m a’most kilt through my love for that boy.’

“‘If I was you, I wouldn’t stand it any longer,’ replied Kitty Molloy.

“‘Why, then, what on earth would you have me do?’ asked Nancy, in deep earnestness. ‘I’d die sooner than do anything that a faymale——’

“‘Arrah, don’t bother me, you an’ your faymale,’ interrupted Kitty, for she was passionate at times, with respect to you; ‘you and he are the conthariest pair I ever cum across, since I lifted a can,’ sis she.

“‘Oh! tell me what to do to win his love, an’ I’ll do it?’ answered Miss Mullins, as if subdued by the other’s sperrit.

* Idle gossip.

“‘Will you promise that, this night?’ asked Kitty.

“‘I promise,’ returned the other; and from the slap that followed, I think they shook hands on it.

“‘Well, then,’ commenced Kitty, ‘you must get some love-powdher and mix it in his drink.’

“‘Love-powder!’ repeated Nancy. ‘I never heard tell of such a thing.’

“‘You’re wisernow,’ laughed Kitty; ‘‘tis the only thing for a bashful man; when once he tastes it, he grows bould as the best o’ them.’

“‘And where is it sold?’ demanded Nancy Mullins.

“‘At Mrs. Costigan’s.’

“‘The wise woman?’ demanded Nancy, anxiously.

“‘The wise woman,’ echoed her companion.

“‘This was a fortune-teller, plase your honour, who lived near the Dane’s Rath, you noticed a-blow near the Barrow side.’

“‘Oh! I can’t go,’ sobbed poor Nancy; ‘the priest spoke again any one having call to her; and you know we’re to have the station soon.’

“‘Well, I wash my hands out of you, for I can’t think of anything else. So, good night, Miss Mullins, and a better adwiser,’ said Kitty, as she turned aside to depart.

“‘Oh! do not leave me, for pity sake,’ cried Nancy, ‘I’ve no friend but you I dare spake to, Kitty dear; and I suppose I had better go, if it’s for the best.’

“‘I know no other way to bring him round,’ observed Kitty, ‘it’s only a short step from this to the wise woman’s: no one will see you, an’ tomorrow the hounds will be passing your door, when you can have a cup o’ syllabub or a dandy o’ punch, and just drop the powdher into it, and you’ll see my words are true.’

“The girls kissed each other. I waited till I see Nancy take the road to the Rath, an’ went in to deliver my errands.

“One of the family was taken sick in the night with consternation of the bowels, I think they called it, an’ I was sent over to Athy early, to the docthor’s shop, to bid him come immediately. When I see all the beautiful physicks, in blue and yellow bottles, and quare snakes, and other combustibles, I thought if I could get a little

love-powdher for a sweetheart ov my own, I might get it betther from the shop than from Mrs. Costigan. How the docthor laughed when I axed for it; and he was a mighty ‘cute man, the Heavens be his bed, for many a life he saved, so he soon wormed out of me all I have been tellin’ your honour; an’ when he asked me if I thought Miss Mullins would give Jerry the powdher, and I said yes. ‘Well, then, no harm in bringing this at all events,’ he said, ‘as I’m having the gig, and, Dan, you shall have a sate;’ and he put a matter like the worm of a potteen-still, with the medicine, into the gig, and we started for home.

“‘Though I lost no time on the road, the clock struck ten ere we left Athy, and I said by that time the hounds quitted the kennel, and were on the way to the meet. The docthor touched up his horse, and we trotted on gaily, till we came to the cross leading to Bat Mullins’s farm. Here one of the *gossoons*, with his face as white as a sheet, ran against the gig, as he cried, half breathless, ‘Whip up the bohreen for your life, docthor dear, poor Jerry Nowlan’s a’most off.’

“‘What ails him, Patsy?’ asked the doctor, turning the gig.

“‘Foamin’ like a mad dog, and takin’ four men to hould him.’

“‘Thank God, we may save him yet,’ muttered the doctor, an’ he kept skelpin’ the horse along the rough road, an’ the gig leapin’ from jowlt to jowlt; ‘twas as much as we could do to keep our sates.

“He pulled up at the door with a jerk that nearly druv the gig into the kitchen windys, and the cries of the women, and groaning of poor Jerry, with the shouting and noise of the men, as they almost failed to keep him down, were distracting.

“‘Out with you, Dan,’ cried the docthor, ‘and get out the stomach-pump.’

“‘I did not know what he meant. ‘There’s no pump nearer than the Great House, sir,’ I said; ‘but there’s a very fine well.’

“‘You be hanged, you *omadhawn*! Lift up the cushion till I open the box;’ and on my raising the lid of the drivin’-sate, he pulled out the machine that reminded me of the still, and hurried with it into the house.

“The moment the docthor laid his

eyes on Jerry, he knew what ailed him. All the effects of arsenic were before him.

“ ‘I guessed as much,’ he said. ‘What did he take the powder in?’

“ ‘Milk,’ was the reply, from a dozen voices.

“ ‘How long since?’

“ ‘Not ten minutes from the time you come.’

“ ‘Then there’s hope for him yet,’ said the worthy jontleman, and he fell to work pumping at Jerry, and pouring in hot wather, and, glory be to God, he did wondhers, and brought him to.

“And oh! when poor Nancy, who had been the cause of such destruction to the boy she loved best in the world, found that his life was saved, how she threw herself on her knees before the doethor, and prayed blessings on his gray hairs; and he kissed her, and lifted her up, and told her he knew Jerry loved her, and if she came to consult him, instead of the wise woman, he would have spared her all she suffered. Poor Jerry himself remained at Mrs. Mullins’s for a fortnight, being as wake as a child, with pains in his bones, and the joints of his legs without motion. We thought he was crippled for life; but by good care, and the best of nursing—and may be Nancy was not taking good care of him—he came round, and in six months he was brave and hearty as ever.”

“Was the wise woman prosecuted?” we inquired.

“She, the deluderer,” replied Dan. “Likely enough. Do you think the wise woman would let herself be nabbed that way. She happened to be prowlin’ about just when Jerry got the bowl o’ milk from Miss Mullins, and when he drank it, he just turned

up the whites of his eyes, and rested his arms around Nancy’s white neck—and, poor girl, she was delighted, for she thought Kitty Molloy’s words were coming true; when, Lord save us from harm! he fell from the saddle as if he was shot, and foamed at the mouth, workin’ like one in the fallin’-sickness. Mrs. Costigan never gave another look, but cut away as if the hounds were chasing her, and tale nor tidings were never heard of her again.”

“Did Jerry forgive Miss Mullins?” we inquired.

“Ayeh! ’tis he that did, and married her in style, with Kitty Molloy as bridesmaid. ‘Shure,’ sis she, ‘’tis I made the match after all, for you must bring a bashful man to death’s door before you get any good of him.’”

While our entertaining companion thus shortened the road, we had passed by various country seats. Some locks are on the stream of the Barrow, which is increased in volume by junction with divers small rivers, the Lerr and the Greese, which fall into it near the bounds of the counties Carlow and Kildare. In our progress through the parish of Urglin, in the County Carlow, our companion pointed out Palatine town, with the handsome residence of F. W. Burton, Esq., Burton Hall, surrounded by fine woodlands. Rutland House and Rutland Lodge are also in this district. We caught glimpses of Mount Leinster and Blackstairs Mountain, separating Carlow from the County Wexford, and skirted the spacious demesne of Oakpark, to Besfield Lock. The smoke and bustle, crowded houses, and clamour of a large town, now rose on every side, and we entered Carlow, an account of which we must reserve for the next number of our national Magazine.

J. R. O’F.

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HOLLY AND IVY.

BY ANTHONY POPLAR.

"Heigh ho! sing heigh ho! unto the green holly."—SHAKESPEARE.

"Usurping ivy."—*Id.*

ONCE again "the year is growing ancient." Another of those cycles, seventy of which measure the ordinary life of man, is well nigh completed. One more of those seventy waves, which drift man into Eternity, is just about to break on the shore of Time. Hours, and days, and months, have poured out their sands, to make up the sum of one of the most eventful years this generation has seen; and, as it speeds irrevocably away, we stand on the skirt of the unretraceable PAST, on the brink of the unknown FUTURE. "*Horæ cedunt, dies, menses, anni: nec præteritum tempus unquam revertitur, nec quod sequatur sciri potest.*" It is good to pause a moment at seasons such as these, if it be only to take breath, ere we start anew on the race of life, to look around us, and consider whence we have come, whither we are going—

"'Tis wisely great to talk of our past hours."

The PAST! the irrevocable past! All that we once looked forward to with an intense desire—all that we sought so eagerly to accomplish—for a moment, and for a moment only, became the PRESENT; and in that moment only became ours—perishing in the using, dying in our embrace, or phantom-like, eluding our arms; and the moment after beyond our reach once more, as the things that have been, hurrying away into the dim distance, growing smaller and smaller, fainter and fainter every hour—till, like the lessening objects on the distant horizon that shrink into misty spots in the physical landscape, they, too, shrink as they recede, occupying but a little space in the field of our mental vision, till at last we can only discern them by the light of MEMORY that illumines them upon the far away verge of the past.

MEMORY, "the warder of the brain," the great magician of life. She stands far away behind us, holding up her mirror; so that, when at times we stop a moment in our onward progress, and turn the mind's eye backwards, we see the things that have long since sped away, caught and deflected in their course by that magic glass—and lo! the phantasms of the departed flit back to meet us, and the images all stand before us, "lifeless, but life-like,"—our childhood, our youth, our manhood, and all the scenes and beings with which we conversed—some dim, and shadowy, and undefined—some standing out with sharp outlines and in strong colours, so that we think we can handle them with our hands, and see them with the eyes of our body. And thus Memory gives us back the days that are gone—its pleasures and its sorrows, its good and its evil—

MEMORY.

Sad, as the waves of the low-moaning ocean
Break in the light of the moon on the shore—
Fitful, as music, when winds set in motion
Strings of the air-lute their wings tremble o'er;

Pure, as the spring from its fountain-heart welling
Through the hot sands in the wilderness lone,
Come back again from their shadowy dwelling,
All the dear memories of days that are gone.

Childhood—its light-hearted sorrow and pleasure,
Smiles like the sunlight, and tears like the dew ;
Youth—rich in love, as a vase filled with treasure ;
Prime—with its dreams of the grand and the true.
Sunlight and dew-drop will come back at morning,
Night give new dreams, and the vase find new store ;
Life ! on thy stream there is no more returning—
Memory ! oh, give back the sweet days of yore !

There is no sentiment that obtrudes itself more constantly upon a thoughtful man than this, that human life, with all its business and its bustle, its toils and its cares, its hopes and its fears, has more of the unreal than the real in it, more of the shadow than the substance, ever fleeting and transient. Sages and philosophers, in all ages, have felt this sad and solemn truth, and proclaimed it to the world. "Man," says the poet-king of Israel, "walketh in a vain shadow, and disquieteth himself in vain." "Our days on earth are but a shadow, and there is none abiding." And the great preacher upon vanities bears the same testimony, "All the days of his vain life, which he spendeth as a shadow." Pindar calls man "the dream of a shadow, Σκιάς ὄναρ ἄνθρωπος;" and Æschylus still more happily designates human life—"Ὀναρ ἡμιερόφαντον"—a dream that appeareth in the daylight. St. Chrysostom, who was himself an elegant scholar and well acquainted with the classical literature of ancient Greece, had, in all probability, the sentiments of these poets in his mind, when, speaking of life, he says, "Like a shadow and a dream it flitteth away, having nothing that is true, nothing that is stable.* And again, in one of his fine homilies, he thus preaches—"Our life is like a scene in a play, or a vision of the night. For, as in the scene when the curtain drops, the decorations disappear ; and the visions, when the light of the sun shines in upon the sleeper, all flit away, so, in like manner, when the last hour for all and for each draweth nigh, all these things are dissolved and vanish."†

But if life be thus unreal—if the past be as a shadow, and the present but a dream—where shall we look for the real and the abiding? Where but in the future—the future beyond the grave—the morrow not of Time, but of Eternity, when

"The days breaketh, and the shadows flee away."

Strange paradox of Nature ! mysterious antagonism between the physical and the moral condition of our being ! To the eye of the Christian philosopher, as of the Christian poet, this life is

"The land of apparitions, empty shades !
All, all on earth is shadow—all beyond
Is substance."

There indeed is the real, the true, the stable. The strong hand of that most sublime and beneficent of God's ministers—DEATH—rends away the clay-scales from the eyes of the soul ; her vision is no longer diseased that she sees spectres, no longer dim that she fails to see realities, no longer short to see the whole. And so there is no shifting, no passing by parts across the field of view ; but all is beheld in its entirety, and therefore unchangingly.

In the midst, then, of all this fleeting, changeful, phantom-life, wherein we now dreamily move, let no man fail to take these comforting thoughts to his

* Καθάπερ σκία και ὄναρ παρατρεχίη, ουδὲν ἀληθὲς ουδὲν βίβαιον ἔχον. — Hom. xxv. in cap. xiv. Gen.

† Σκηνή τις ἐστὶν ὁ βίος και ὄναρ. Καθάπερ γὰρ ἐπὶ τῆς σκηνῆς, τοῦ σκηνίου ἀρθέντος, αἱ ποικιλίαι διαλυοῦνται, και τὰ ὄνειρατα, τῆς ἀκτίνος φανίσεως, πάντα ἀφίπταται· οὕτω και νῦν τῆς συντίλειας γινόμενης, και τῆς κοινῆς και τῆς ἰνὸς ἰκαστοῦ, ταῦτα λυταί και ἀφανι ζέεται. — Ep. i. Tim., cap. 5, Hom. XV.

soul — they will not make him the less earnest to do whatsoever his hand findeth to do ; but while he is occupied about the things of time, let him not be falsely craven to the nobility of his nature, to fear to avow that he looks beyond and above the earth, and fixes his hopes on heaven. Let us listen to Nature while she teaches us this lesson in a figure :—

THE WILLOW.

“ Tongues in trees—books in the running brooks.”—SHAKESPEARE.

The Willow grows beside the River,
And the boughs hang o'er its flow,
Till the green leaves, as they quiver,
Kiss the waves that run below.

The River whispers to the Willow
With a sad, mysterious tone,
As the bubbles of each billow
Gurgling break on bank and stone.

What saith the River as it glistens
In the sun-glints through the tree,
While the bough stoops down and listens
To its plaintive melody ?

“ Like my waters, life is flying—
Brightest joys have shortest stay—
As my waves speed onward sighing,
With thy kisses far away :

“ Human hopes are like the bubbles
Sworn and glittering on my tide,
Till the rocks, like earthly troubles,
Meet and wreck them as they glide.”—

High o'er Willow, high o'er River,
Soars a Lark in airy rings,
While his voice trills to the quiver
Of his sun-illumined wings.

And the ether-vault is riven
With this glad song, as he flies—
“ Seek, like me, thy joys in heaven,
And thy hopes within the skies.”

But it was not of such things that we sat down to write. The rude winds are blustering outside our close-curtained room ; the rain is plashing in drearily against our window-panes, and we feel that the winter is indeed upon us. Well, let him come. Happy, if we never meet worse enemies than “ winter and cold weather.” Come, then, thou hoary-headed and dripping shiverer : if thou art, indeed, an enemy, we will deal with thee as the great Christian philosopher of Tarsus enjoins us to deal with all our enemies. We will feed thee, we will give thee drink, we will “ heap coals of fire upon thy head ;” we will thaw away all thy ice ; we will dry thy dripping garments ; we will hush thy mournings, and wipe away thy tears. So now, be jolly, old fellow, and sing us a stave—

“ Heigh ho ! sing heigh ho ! unto the green holly ;
Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly ;
Then heigh ho the holly,
This life is most jolly.”

Oh ! rare Will Shakspeare, thou hast a sentiment for every season—a phrase for every thought—something apposite in the way of expression for every phase of human feeling ; and they who cannot make their winter nights pass away gaily in thy company must have “ hearts in their bellies no bigger than pins' heads.”

Dear friends, when the eve of Christmas is at hand you will hear through our streets the pleasant cries of those who go about with carts filled with holly and ivy. At every door this cart is welcome. Every cook-maid rushes out to hail it, and is sure to possess herself of an abundance of the beautiful, bright green branches of the holly, and bunches of the wreathing ivy, to decorate her kitchen; every housewife takes care that parlour and sitting apartment shall shine with the emblems of the holy Christmastide—

“ Each room with ivy-leaves is drest,
And every post with holly,”

as sung good Master George Withers before he turned Puritan, and took to fighting.

Well, just so would we wish it to be between us and you. We would be the welcome visitants to your Christmas hearths—we would be your social and your spiritual holly and ivy—shining upon you with pleasant, ever-verdant faces, bringing you the good cheer of tale and of song, and lingering with you, on your shelves, and before your eyes, till the new year shall bring you other leaves to take our place—and then—

“ Down with the holly, ivy, and all,
Wherewith ye dressed the Christmas hall.”

To our thinking, the ivy is one of the loveliest leaf-robes with which the bountiful hand of Nature has decked our fair world. It would be no inappropriate emblem of the great Christian grace of Charity. See how it creepeth now along the ground, and doth not vaunt itself; and if it raises itself upwards, it is not that it behaveth itself unseemly, but rather, in love and fidelity, clinging to some aged tree, or hoary ruin, to which it has ministered through the long years that are gone, holding to them in their age and weakness, as it did in their youth and strength—long-suffering, and kind, and loving; hiding and healing all the rents and ravages of time—ever smiling with verdant affection around the withering trunk, or the crumbling stone; enduring all things for the sake of those it loves—the storm, and the frost, and the lightning, and the thunderbolt—that it may cover them with its green drapery, and stay them with its embracing fibres. By some such old ruin do we love to sit and muse at eventide, and call up in the dim light the olden memories of the place and people—the hall, or the cloister, with the shadows of those who lived and died within them, ere yet the green ivy crept to love, and comfort, and beautify them in their day of desolation and sorrow. Such a ruin as this we know of, with which a legend is connected that we shall tell you. It is one of our famed round towers, and stands at Rattoo, anciently “*Rath Muighe* tuaiscirt*,” or “The Rath of the Northern Plain,” not far from Ardfert, in the county of Kerry. It is covered with ivy and in good preservation, and near it are some ecclesiastical ruins. Our friend Dr. Petrie tells us that, according to the tradition of the country, there were formerly seven churches close to the tower, in the upper story of which a remarkably sweet-toned silver bell was placed. In the time of the “troubles” it was thrown for safety into the River Brick, which flows close by. All attempts to recover it have been vain, though it is said occasionally to direct attention to its place of concealment by emitting melancholy tones. Shall we sing to you the thoughts that rose in our mind as we sat one evening by that tower :—

THE SILVER BELL OF RATH MUIGHE.

I SAT by the base of the ivy-robed tower,
In lonely Rath Muighe when the daylight was gone,
And watched till the moonlight fell down in a shower,
Athwart the deep stream that flowed sluggishly on :
I thought of the days when the silver bell, pealing
Aloft in the belfry, invited to prayer ;
When white-vested priests at the altars were kneeling,
And chanting of canons rose sweet on the air.

* Pronounced *Muice*.

The churches, and convents, and cloisters have perished,
 And leave scarce a trace of their ruins behind ;
 And the bell of the tower, so sacredly cherished,
 No more flings its sweet silver tones to the wind.
 For the spoiler approached, bringing terror and slaughter,
 And troubled the peace of those servants of God ;
 Then pious ones bore that loved bell to the water,
 And blessed it, and plunged it far into the flood.

And lo ! as I mused, came the ghostly wind, stealing,
 And rustling the ivy-leaves over my head ;
 Then methought that the voice of that silver bell pealing,
 Rose solemn and sad from its water-laved bed.
 With each silver sound thronging fancies swept o'er me,
 Till past things came back like the spectres of night ;
 And cloister and convent again rose before me,
 And white-vested priests knelt beneath the moon's light.

'Tis thus, when the spoiler would take all that's precious,
 That Memory hides each dear image apart ;
 And oft in the silence of night, to refresh us,
 They well up again from the deeps of the heart.
 And solemn yet sweet on our souls comes the feeling,
 That loved ones and dead ones are thronging around ;
 And tones long remembered, just like that bell's pealing,
 Float mournfully up from the grave's dark profound !

The ivy — the flexile-footed ivy, as Ovid beautifully phrases it — was, you all know, sacred to Bacchus ; and all the Muses, too, were wont to bind their brows with it, and the poet's crowns were wrought of ivy—"doctarum hederæ præmia frontium." It is meet, then, that the Christmas ivy should bring us good cheer and song. And songs ye shall have, dear friends, for your hearths in December, besides those we have just sung to you ourselves ; for we have called upon some of our minstrels to cheer you, as did the waits in the good old times. So now sit round the fire, and listen to one of our own poets, Mortimer Collins, who shall describe the month for you in his sweet, melodious numbers—

DECEMBER.

DECEMBER, bleak thy woodlands are—
 No merry maidens wander there
 With blossoms in their wind-tossed hair,
 Till splendour of the evening star
 Gleam in the cloudless East afar.

White are thy wolds with sheets of snow,
 And ungloved fingers cannot touch
 The turf, where they were wont to clutch
 Dim April-violets, long ago,
 When Spring winds murmured to and fro.

No ripple on the forest-brooks,
 No Summer swallow, flashing down
 To cool him in the waters brown ;
 No dreamer over ancient books
 Lies idly in moss-paven nooks.

Yet surely hath the circling year,
 'Mid many months of greener bough,
 No bringer of more joy than thou
 Canst yield, when whirling storms are here,
 December, month of Christmas cheer.

There, now, you are fairly launched into the wild wintry December, that month that, as Spencer says—

— “Hastes to stirre up Winter sterne,
And bids him clayme with rigorous rage his right ;
So now he storms with many a sturdy stoure,
So now his blustering blast eche coast doth scoure.”

When the two sons of Cymbeline sat in the gloomy cave within the mountains of Wales, with Belarius, Arviragus asks the old man—

“When we shall hear
The rain and wind beat, dark December, how,
In this our pinching cave, shall we discourse
The freezing hours away?”

Ah! the question was a poser, and Belarius very wisely avoids answering it. These folk had but little book-learning, and we dare be sworn there was not as much as a song-book amongst them. Had they lived in the days of Orlando and Rosalind, then might the old man have answered them cheerfully enough—“sit, sit, and a song.” Better still, had kind fate cast them upon our own times, they would have all sorts of shilling volumes, and penny periodicals; and upon the first day of that same dark December, the gloom even of the Cambrian cavern would have been penetrated by the light from our own *Maga*; and they would have grave discourse, and song, and tale, such as we now offer you, dear reader, in our pages. Well, there are few pleasanter ways of spending a winter evening than by the fireside—all the pleasanter if we have, during the day, been able to enjoy the out-door world; then young and old, man and boy, maid and matron, each takes his or her place in the sweet, bright picture, and so says another of our bards:—

THE INGLE-NOOK.

FREE TRANSLATION FROM “LES TROIS REGNES” OF DE LILLE.

“Le foyer des plaisirs est la source seconde,” &c.

The hearth, the heart of home,
Glow with a welcome warmth as thriftless thought,
Coo'd to the wildwood by the wandering voice
Of Spring* (a golden heritage of hours
Spent by the wayside), now the clearer call
Of social instinct heeding turns again
Back to its own fireside. The ruddy glow
That flushes Father Winter's frosty cheek
Bespeaks all hail! while gathered round his knees
All kindred pleasures meet to give good cheer
Unto the Prodigal.

Set round with joys
The household ring is drawn: unbroken trust
Clasps hands more closely; and divided friends,
Brought face to face, look cunningly askant—
Then shyly through the empty breach between.
Then, one, two, three, away! their bounding hearts
Cleave fast—the faster for the longer leap;
And their free speech makes merry round the past,
As once o'er obstacles they cleared together,
Less airy but more easy. Discontent
Hath now half-holiday: the Christmas sky

* “Oh, cuckoo! shall I call thee bird,
Or but a wandering voice?”—*Wordsworth*.

Shows the true steelly sheen ; the crispy road
 Feels lively to the foot ; the shovelled snow
 Hath the old tingling touch ; and the huge hearth
 Crackles with hearts of oak. Old times, old times—
 Glass kisses glass : old loves, old smiles, old songs,
 Waes hael ! waes hael ! Was ever roundelay
 Of summertide so sweet ?

Soon restless youth
 Wearies of wond'ring at the reckless feats,
 The peerless gallants and the matchless dames
 Of forty years ago. White-headed pets
 'Scape from the eager sire's relaxed knees.
 Prim darlings loose godmother's apron-string,
 And edge away demure. The blushful girl,
 With needless household pretext, quits her place ;
 And the young neighbour, moved to let her pass,
 Forgets he might return, and absence-struck,
 Halts on the threshold, timing with his own
 Her fairy-flitting foot, and to himself
 Taking each glance that for the tenth time marks
 The perfectness of some especial cate,
 Making sweets sweeter. Now around the hearth
 Close up the oldsters in a narrowed ring,
 Circling the sacred flame : while tale and jest
 Join on to jest and tale. So loud, so full,
 So glib and gay, hold forth the orators,
 You'd say each eloquent hand had moved the mill
 That grinds all young again. And auditors,
 Fair once, and gentle still, yield due applause,
 With tearful merriment and mirthful tears,
 As the theme touches on the time their tears
 Wept for a nothing, and yet nothing seemed
 Aworth their weeping.

Watchful of the glance
 Of a mild-matron's age-revering eye,
 The youngsters gather to a group, and taste
 The sweets of stolen and yet sinless joys.
 Arch gravity and stifled mirth pursue
 The slipper's stealthy round, and when it drops,
 Clap hands for quiet, and with roguish tale
 Count up the forfeits. Gay the sports proceed,
 Till the great chamber grows too strait to hold
 Th' expanding spirits. Following the lead
 Of some sly stateling, one by one depart
 The muster'd conclave, till the bounds are broke
 In order unimpeached. When silence falls
 Upon the elders, clouds come after rain
 In Autumn skies :* when, the last fight outfought,
 The veteran rests on the uneasy bed
 The hard hand makes itself ; when enterprise,
 Bowled o'er the golden road, is brought to check ;
 When knotty contests, stoutly struggled through,
 Bring the poor man to where, some luckless morn,
 His lawsuit left him, at the fingerpost
 Of scorn—the end of strife, each tongue is still,
 And tear-dimmed eyes seem asking, each of each,
 How meeting thus at the crossroads of care,
 Can we make merry ? Harken, loud and clear
 Youth lifts its voice in answer (God in these

* Ecclesiastes, xii. 2.

Hath made those laughter*), and the games go on ;
 Each has its champions, as the bounding ball,
 The plumèd shuttlecock and graceful hoop,†
 With quick defiance pass from hand to hand,
 Coming to go again, and gone to come.
 The fathers, and their fathers, stand aside,
 Second the strokes, and share in the applause,
 And smile, and fold their hands, and for themselves
 Draw stakes with fortune.

Pacing to and fro,
 Hard by this play of the two ends of life,
 Worshipful Wisdom, smooth-lipp'd, broken-voiced,
 Shuts up its mouth, and stops its solemn ears,
 And shakes its antique head, to be assured
 The whirligig around hath left it steady
 On its young shoulders. Holding dais high
 With its own musings, yet with gracious eye
 Looking on the two ages and their toys,
 'Signs them a pitiful place below the salt
 That savours its own schemes. Anon it stoops
 To its own sport—a sport that doth not shame
 The more-haste-worse-speed spirit of an age
 When the head works for play. It meets its match.
 The lists are drawn, new lists of cloth of gold ;
 The forces ranked, the sign of onset made ;
 The brain is busy as a battlefield.
 Forethought is here, is there, is everywhere—
 Sets a poor pawn against a crowned king ;
 Advances, calculates, combines, concludes.
 Farewell, fair Chance, who wast the queen of fights !
 Thou'st lost whoever win.

In the ingle-nook
 Still the deaf uncle, spectacles on nose,
 And newspaper on knee, sits on, well pleased.
 Now he reads slow, yet turns to read again—
 Now rubs his eyebrow with the argument :
 Now smacks his lips upon a biting jest ;
 Cries out at “hear” and “cheer,” and laughs aloud,
 To catch the passing sounds of merriment,
 Chime in with “laughter!” Now he folds the sheet,
 And leaning back, looks up, as though “my lord”
 Had writ and diagram'd his speculation
 Upon the wall above the mistletoe.
 Now he sits upright, turns the smouldering log
 Upon the redden'd bars, and, looking round,
 Nods at a noisy child, and slaps his knee,
 With merry make-believe that he would give
 A second Christmas-box to little folk
 Who use the first so well.

Now we pronounce this to be a very good picture—very life-like, and genial—full of strong, cheery lights, and tempered with soft shadows—just such a piece as one of the old Dutch masters would have drawn, with all its hearty socialities ; or better still, as our own Maclise would produce, with all the wondrous harmonies and contrasts of colour and affluences of domestic detail, which make his “Snap-Apple Night” immortal. But enough of songs. Shall we not have a tale—a Christmas tale? Yes, surely, and here comes one

“Who hath a story ready for your ear”—

* Genesis, xxi. 6.

† “Les Graces.”

one who has many a time and oft charmed and instructed us with his wayside rambles, and his pathetic season-stories. So, dear B., tell your Christmas musings in your own way:—

A CHRISTMAS CONTEMPLATION—CHIME-BORN.

“Glory be to God on high !
 Christ is born to-day ;
 Peace on earth, and charity—
 Christ is born to-day.
 Stars from heaven look wondering down
 On the Lord that left his throne ;
 White-robed angels, golden-crowned,
 Strike their harps with joyful sound—
 Glory be to God on high !
 Christ is born to-day ;
 Peace on earth and charity—
 Christ is born to-day.”

—JOHN FRANCIS WALLER.

It was my lot to be a sojourner in Shrewsbury on the Christmas-day of 18—. The weather was open, and without frost; and the morning, which had commenced with clouds, had wept its mists away, and by noontide, sunlight poured in broad lines down upon the streets and sparkling pavé of the beautiful old town, where are to be seen, more than perhaps in any other place in the kingdom, the most delightfully quaint and ancient houses, rare specimens of the early English style, and withal so neat, and trim, and curious, that each in its peculiar structure, if it could be supposed capable of compression into miniature dimensions, and of being put under a glass bell, would grace the table of the most *recherché* drawing-room as an ornament, or enrich the shelves of a museum as a curious specimen of obsolete home architecture. Around many of these old domiciles the winter sun, like a merry and hale old man, was shining warmly; while through the soft, gleaming, misty air the bells from the different churches were clashing and striking in sonorous and graceful confusion. Steeple after steeple awoke, and tower after tower spoke out, each sending forth its clanging summons, as if in harmonious and exciting rivalry with its neighbour. First the bells from St. Mary's began the descant, and were answered by the iron tongues of St. Julian's; and immediately after, with brazen voices, from ancient Aukman's, swinging their stern challenge to the wind; then, from a distance, more faintly and sweetly, arose upon the ear the Abbey chimes; while proudly crowning the river bank, St. Chad sent forth, unwearied, peal upon peal of loud and jubilant notes and lifesome tones, out-leaping from their tower, like wild

hawks issuing from captivity into the glad and “eager air,” and rising, and floating, and falling, and succeeding each other, like tempest-tost waves breaking on the shore, and blending up, without one discord, in the sounding and elastic concert that seemed to pervade all space from sky to earth, to welcome in the happy day on which Christ was born.

And oh! how musical and sweet are these Salopian bells, ringing in the “delicate air” of that lovely pastoral and woodland shire, and along its continuous counties, and onward and northward, from place to place, and up to ancient Oswestry, which takes its name from Northumbria's hapless king, Oswald, slaughtered here by heathen Penda, King of Mercia; and off to verdant Vale Crucis, amidst its wooded hills; and to romantic Chirk, and gentle Wrexham, where the princely old tower of the grand and many-windowed church, “The Pride of Wales,” flings into the air from its exquisite bells a crash of metallic harmony most rich and clear, wakening up the echos, and filling with music all the soft valleys, where Gresford answers from her steeples in a ring of bells, the sweetest to be heard within the whole girth of merry England; and their silvery cadence, mingling with the deeper tones that break from Wrexham's tower, are borne onward in softer vibrations to the banks of Dee, or die, like the departing spirit of sound, in a faint and circling ripple, against the grey and castled walls of Chester.

And thus, upon that bright and happy festival, and in the quaint, and proud, and ancient town, after I had joined in the church services, I strolled down to the Quarry Walk, which stretches along “the gentle Severn's

sedgy banks," and again the bells, which had been resting during church hours, suddenly broke out, startling the ear of silence, and filling all the air, and coming hurrying across the fields, and floating over the "crisp waves" of the river, and reverberating amidst the denuded branches of the deaf and still old limes which sentinel the Walk, with such a life and exhilaration of sounding, shaking, bursting harmony, as to stir my blood to its fountain, and almost bring tears to my eyes.

And again, in the evening, as I sat in my solitary lodging, the bells once more leaped up into life, but as it seemed to me in a fainter strain, as if their joy were dulled by weariness; yet still as distinct in their articulation, and as melodious in their roll, and full of mellow sweetness—saluting the night. The full white moon, like a silver Greek shield, lay on the bosom of the sky, and seemed to be looking down calmly, through the air, rent and agitated with sound, on the brave old town and circling hills. Then suddenly the bells ceased, music and motion, their last intonation died into silence, and they hung still as death in their cold tower-tomb; and their soul, which is sound, was suspended, and their sweetness lingered like an echo around my heart.

And then I fell into a musing fit as to what the melody of these bells might be brought to teach, and how I could interpret their tongues into intelligent expression, and what was the actual sentence of distinct speech conveyed in their exulting octaves, and some sweet lines floated into the stream of my memory, suggestive and descrip-

tive of the matter—they were from Waller's "Ravenscroft Hall:"—

"And then the brattle of the sweet-tongued bells,
Clanging and clashing pealed into the morn,
A joyous chime to welcome Christmas in.
The stranger started, for those jocund tones
Rang on his heart as old familiar sounds,
Calling to mind the times when, as a boy,
He loved to chaunt those solemn hymns of old
Which saints and holy fathers of the Church
Have left as precious gifts to later times.
It seemed as though sweet voices in the air
Gave utterance to his thoughts in strains like these—

"Oh te laudum millibus
Laudo, laudo, laudo;
Tantis mirabilibus
Plaudo, plaudo, plaudo.
Gloria sit gloria,
Aramanti memoria,
Domino in altis,
Cui testimonia
Dantur et preconia
Cœlicis a pealtis."

And I thought of a curious Latin distich I had met in an old volume,* which, if my memory betray me not, runs thus—

"Funera plango—Fulmina frango—Sabbata pango—
Excito lentos—Dissipo ventos—Paco cruentos."

Thus speak the bells, or rather one, on the part of the whole peal, detailing their beneficent uses to the church and mankind in general. The lines, which are monk-Latin, and savour of doggrel, may be rendered thus, though I am afraid they lose but little of their doggrel character by their transposition to the following rhymes:—

"Dead bewailing—Thunder breaking—
Sabbath hailing—dull awaking:
Causing stormy winds to cease,
Calming cruel hearts to peace."

But this did not suit the spirit I was then in; nor a second couplet framed, it would appear, on the same principle of making the sound an echo to the sense, and running thus:—

"Laudo Deum verum—Plebem voco—conjugo clerum—
Defunctos ploro—Pestem fugo—festa decoro,"

which may be rendered, in a free and easy translation, thus—

The true God adoring.
The lost dead deploring.

The people inviting.
The clergy uniting.

The pestilence chasing.
The festivals gracing.

So I determined to extract a sentence for myself, and compel their pealing changes to express a great and simple truth, and one consonant to this glorious festival; and Fancy aiding me

no doubt, I thought I could frame their language thus—

A SAVIOUR IS BORN—CHRIST THE LORD.

And thus, having vocalised the bells to

* "Weever on Funeral Monuments." These lines form the motto before Schiller's "Song of the Bell."

my satisfaction, and bestowed upon them so blessed and annunciatory an expressiveness, I went back with great delight to their now parted music, and felt that they had been all the day preaching to my spirit through my sense, and tuning it, while they taught it, eloquently and well.

And then I found my thoughts essaying to consider the action of these bells in the light of a moral symbol. What large and loving invitations do they give with their clear, persuasive voices, calling through the wide-spread and unchartered air, sounding, irrespectively to all alike, as sweet and as impartial to one as to every one—just as God's sun and rain shines and streams indifferently on the evil and the good—the just and the unjust. How catholic are they in their reverberations, as their reiterating changes go pealing up the lawn, and in through the doors and windows of the noble's castle, and thence, borne on the "invisible and creeping wind," pass on across his grounds, to visit, with as full a freight of harmony and song, some poor man's humble cottage which skirts the wood, charming the ear and cheering the heart of each and all alike in every rank of life—the lord and the labourer, the sovereign and his serf; and thus uniting and inviting all who belong to our common Christendom, to come to the house of prayer, to hear of God's great love to the wide, wide world, because that

A SAVIOUR IS BORN—CHRIST THE LORD.

Oh! large-hearted and liberal bells, how you express, in the outbreakings of your melody, the illimitable goodwill of Him whose earthly nativity you would celebrate! Your joyous peals are heart-music for the million; and Heaven's sweet love, that willeth not that any should die, is told forth through the sonorous symbol of your wide-sounding peals, which, in notes of varied tone and shifting power and of pathos, seem to plead chidingly with the dubious, to complain mournfully with the wayward, to startle the inert to life, to sympathise melodiously with the good, and to call and joyfully invite all souls, and sinners, and shades of the great human family, to the one prepared and happy home, over whose portal is written

A SAVIOUR IS BORN—CHRIST THE LORD.

And then, again, I called back my thoughts from the wide air where they were careering like eagles on the wind, with the vibrations of the bells, and brought them down to bear upon the OBJECT of all this loud and laudatory harmony. And here at once the great fact came in view—the great and majestic fact, which brought Heaven down to earth, and lifts earth to Heaven; which uncurtains the thoughts and the throne of God; which involves and affects the eternal future of all rational being, and will yet cause the material universe to thrill to her centre, and break forth into songs of gratulation. Yet all this majestic fact, and all the greatness of circumstance connected with it, is here narrowed down to the smallest possible point; for in the manger cradle of Bethlehem was Heaven's Glory curtained and contained; and the Day-spring of the world eclipsed, and the Bright and Morning Star of all intelligent and spiritual being suffered occultation. Here it was that Deity approximated to dust, that Eternity stooped to Time, that Infinity put on the trammels of Limitation, that Immortality was linked with the sufferings of Nature, and all that was loftiest in heaven became all that was most lowly on earth; for unto us this day **A SAVIOUR IS BORN—CHRIST THE LORD.**

And from this manger-cradle (my thoughts rapidly assuming a kind of visionary character) seemed to proceed rays of yellow golden light, which fell upon the forms gathered round, and associated with its history. I looked at them personally with a feeling produced by the individual interest each possessed; but I felt myself also regarding them as symbols or representatives of large and distinct classes among the great believing family of man—worshippers of "God manifest," and walkers in His ways. There I beheld the gentle Mother, the loveliest type of pure and exalted womanhood to be found in any history—the fountain of meek thoughts and heart-ponderings—the pattern of chastened and reverential love—the very glass and form of humble and unobtrusive holiness. And I beheld the angels stooping from heaven to earth to minister to their Maker as a man, and to wait upon their Creator as upon one created. And I saw the magi, star-led and spirit-taught, sons of

the Orient, and legendary kings—at all events full of royal gifts, and therefore powerful, because wealth is power—eminent, and learned, and wise. And I beheld Joseph, the babe's reputed father, with his sense of justice, and his spirit of obedience, faithful and forbearing; of kingly descent, high-born, but a mechanic, eating independent bread by the labour of his hands and the sweat of his brow—a noble artisan. And the shepherds, too, I saw bending over the infant form of the feeble one who was to become the Head and Pillar of their class—the Good Shepherd—the Great Shepherd—the Chief Shepherd, who lived, and died, and rose again, to serve and save the flock He loved. And as my fancy went on creating and moulding things old and new, my mind became centred and was lost in them, and I thought that outward and customary objects had all dissolved and passed away, and that a broad circle, or radiant belt of light, filled all space, sweeping round and coextensive with the bounds of time—a shining zodiac, having its periphery graduated by centuries; and its radii were wide, and luminous paths, all tending and stretching in to one great and common centre, from whence the light went forth, and to which it returned, as earth's rivers flow and fall into the ocean from whence they derive so much of their fulness. And I saw that this grand centre contained two prominent objects, which were the manger and the cross—the alpha and the omega of *His* earthly humiliation who lay in the one, and died upon the other; but they were standing up in a glory from which streamed forth rays of a dazzling and intolerable brightness; and these outward and material ensigns of his birth and his death seemed inevitably to attract the regards of the parties who had gone up to Bethlehem, and who now seemed to occupy each a luminous path, as a representative of their own peculiar class. And I thought that the angels had their path as the work of His hands, the servants of His throne, the heralds of His birth, the administrators to His wants and weariness in the wilderness, His strengtheners in His passion, the watchmen at His tomb, the witnesses of His resurrection,

the companions of His ascension, His worshippers in glory, His winged and willing ministers to do His pleasure, hearkening to the voice of His mouth. And I thought that one of the luminous paths was occupied by the feminine body, of whom the Blessed Virgin, the mother of our Lord's humanity, was the type and head; and here were thousands of faithful and meek-hearted women, who had loved their Lord, and lived and died for His sake, sealing their faith by martyrdom, and writing a record of their truth in letters of blood on the stone-floor of their dungeon, or on the sand of the arena, or at the burning stake.

And some of the faithful ones I could recognise. There was meek-eyed Hannah, and Ruth with the fervent soul; and the deep-hearted one who said, "All is well," "All shall be well;" and *she* who was over-earnest in her household; and *she* who sat at our Lord's feet uplistening; and *she* who washed those feet with tears, commingling grief and love. And noble matrons were there, whose fame is written in ancient Church chronicle, and thousands of unrecorded ones, but whose names are with God on high; and many whose lot was cast in the fiery days of cruel persecution, martyrs from the Waldensian Valley, or the wild and heathery moors of Scotland.

And I thought that another of these broad paths of light was trodden by the rich, represented by one of the magi. There was *he*, the high father of the ancient people, opulent in flocks, and herds, and gold, and silver, but richer far in self-denying faith; and *he* who walked in the fields at noon among his servants, and got and gave the blessing; and *he* who came to Jesus by night; and *he* who went boldly in to the Roman governor for his Lord's body, and buried it in his own fresh tomb; and millions of the high and wealthy-born, occupying all periods of time, and clime of Christendom. And one among that throng,* of modern days, a son of Britain, who, like the Master whom he loved, went about doing good, and broke the bars of many a prison-house, and made the captive's heart to sing, and now sleeps in Jesus, on a savage and far strand,

* John Howard died at Cherson.

washed by the dull Euxine waves, and beside the freezing Dnieper.

And methought another of the radiant roads was occupied by the wise and learned. And this body was represented by a second of the magi. And here were the Prophets, and Evangelists, and Apostles; and the Christian fathers and confessors of the Gospel; and the stout Reformers, whose eloquence shook the Church, and electrified the world. And *he* was there,* that rarely gifted one, who, at the age of twenty-four, cast under his feet all the vast honours which successful science had in store for her brilliant son, that he might walk disentangled, serving God with the great heart and wondrous reason he had given him. And *he*† whose glorious mind soared, like an archangel, among the stars on the wings of Science, yet sat at Revelation's footstool in the simplicity of a perfect faith. And *he*‡ who, though stained deeply with the clay of earth, yet thought as no man ever thought, and wrote as no man ever wrote; and from the pinnacle of his surpassing intellect, which searched and mastered all knowledge, looked down into the manger cradle, and adored Incarnate Love, and, doubtless, was forgiven.

And I saw that another of these radiating paths was held by the powerful and the kingly class, represented by the third of the magi. And here I saw one with the likeness of a royal crown, in Saxon garb, and eminent in beauty, grace, and attractiveness. His sword was girded on his thigh—his bow was slung across his back—his ready pen was in his hand—his feet were on the necks of the cruel invaders of his country—and his Bible was in his heart. The dauntless soldier, the wise legislator, the scholar, the monarch, and the Christian—and Alfred was before me. And *he* was there, the monarch with the heaven-sent crown, whose hands slew the giant, and struck the harpstrings; and when fevered with the heat and thirst of battle, poured the sweet water of his native well upon the ground, because it had been procured at the risk of the life and the blood of his fellow-men.

And *he*§ was there, the champion of the truth, the asserter of the freedom of the mind, descending like a lion from the forests of the North. Dauntless of heart, swift of foot, stern of purpose, unswerving of principle; a great and majestic king, an unconquered soldier, a noble-hearted man, a friend, tender and true, a loving and faithful Christian. See him just before some of those dreadful battles which he fought for the liberties of Europe, and when victory ever sat like a star on his helm. See him and all his splendid army prostrate in prayer for Divine help, and then rising with the war-cry on their lips of "Immanuel, God with us," and precipitating themselves on the foe, who fled before the tempest of their battle like a driven leaf. And an aged and illustrious king was there, one whose hand could confer the proudest coronet in Europe, and over whose dominions the sun of heaven never went down; one whose armies marched but where victory met and embraced them, and whose fleet swept through the illimitable main as a queen and mistress. Yet, this man of power and dominion, this exalted monarch, where do we now behold him? He is kneeling on the green sod of his own royal forest, with the great oaks standing, as if in dumb amaze, around him; kneeling as a man and a Christian would kneel, beside one of the meanest of his subjects, a dying gipsy, whose last faint moments he is strengthening and sweetening by his tenderness and his teaching; and the prayer of the loftest in the land and the lowliest went up together to God in that hour through the still forest air.||

And another of the dazzling paths was occupied by the vast throng who were employed in mechanical life, or wore the honoured name of artist; and of this class Joseph was the head and type. Amidst this crowd I saw the two artificer Jews whom God did call by name, and fill with knowledge in all manner of workmanship, and Paul the Apostle, a tent-maker, yet a friend of God's. I knew him by the light in his eyes, and the heaven on his brow. And one, in modern days

* Blaise Pascal.

§ Gustavus Adolphus.

† Newton.

‡ Bacon.

|| Alluding to a well-known story of George III.

a matchless painter,* whose deep love was rooted in bitterness, and whose calm spirit found repose when turned to heaven, which his own domestic hearth refused him. And *he* was there, the gifted potter of fair France,† whose skilful hands laboured in the plastic clay, but whose fervent heart was occupied in the higher matters pertaining to spirit and truth. And there was one‡ whose face and form I should have recognised among a thousand—one of lowest calling but loftiest conceptions; a mechanic in basest metal, yet a builder of such a fabric of beauty, that men are never weary of gazing at it, for its subject matter will endure coeval with those “delectable mountains” which lift their head through its frame-work, or that “golden city” so vividly delineated in its inimitable imaginations.

And last of all, I saw that a shining path was covered all over with pilgrims of the shepherd class, and all who pertained to rural life. The tiller of the soil, the labourer, and the herd, were there—a countless throng, but unknown by name, for the pious poor possess no historic chronicle, or allocated niche in Fame’s proud temple; their record is in heaven, and their witness is on high,

with him who, for our sakes, became poor, and had not where on earth to lay his head.

Ha! what sound is it which, falling on my ear, disorders and breaks up all the shining machinery of light which fancy had constructed, like the effacing wind before whose clouding influence the rainbow melts away? Have the bells come back to vocal and symphonious life once more, or is there music in the air? No; it is simply an old chime which now awakes the night—a solitary, single old chime, struck out from an antique, huge clock, held forth from a church wall by a giant hand and arm of gold. Hark to its slow and solemn song! It is an old Gregorian tone, yet full of gentle and tender associations; by turns ceasing, and pausing, and commencing again. Most simple is it, yet surpassing sweet, and full of a wild melancholy, as if lamenting that the pleasant day is done, for, as its last sad cadence dies away, every clock in the old city sounds forth from its brazen gong into the midnight air the hour of Twelve.

B.

And now, dear readers, we have summoned for your special delectation “three songmen all, and very good ones,” as the clown says in *Winter’s Tale*. Other songs and tales have we, but we shall keep them for springtide, when frost and snow, and the cold wind, and the sleety shower, shall have all passed away—when the birds are again beginning to sing, and the groves and the fields are growing green. When next we meet, this old, failing Year shall have breathed his last—

“Atque in se sua per vestigia volvitur annus”—

The bells shall have rung him to his grave, and, like the world’s courtiers, shall have tuned their voices to welcome in his successor. And so we bid you farewell for the last time in 1855—

“And from our mouth take wish of happy years.”

ANTHONY POPLAR.

* Albert Durer.

† Palissy.

‡ Bunyan.

OUR MEN-O'-WAR'S MEN.

"D'ye mind me, a sailor should be every inch
 All as one as a piece of the ship,
 And with her brave the world, without off'ring to flinch,
 From the moment the anchor's a-trip.
 As for me, in all weathers, all times, tides, and ends,
 Nought's a trouble from duty that springs;
 For my heart is my Poll's, and my rhino my friend's,
 And as for my life, 'tis the King's."—DIBDEN'S "POOR JACK."

WE firmly believe that some boys are born—destined, that is, from their very cradle—to become sailors, and nothing else! It matters not whether they are reared in a sea-port town, or far inland, the result will inevitably be the same. In the former case, they spend all their leisure time in hanging about the docks, climbing up ships' rigging, and greedily treasuring every bit of information they can pick up concerning nautical matters and a sailor's life. Their hearts beat quick at the mere idea of the ocean, and of ships sailing across its trackless deeps. Everything connected with the sea interests and delights them, and the older they grow the more potent becomes this fascination; for we know not what other word would so fittingly and truthfully express what they feel. The click of a pawl-windlass, the ho-ye-ho! of seamen, and the creaking of yards and blocks, are music to their ears; they sniff the wholesome scent of raw tar with keen relish; and even the odour of bilgewater is far from being repulsive, for to their vivid imagination it is poetically suggestive of stormy seas, and long, tropical voyages. They regard a bronzed, whiskered foremastman with profound admiration, for he is their *beau-ideal* of manly daring and gallantry, and they sometimes make themselves ill by chewing tobacco on the sly, in humble admiration of this hero. Positively, they gaze with interest at the dirty ship's-cook, as he sits on inverted bucket in the doorway of his caboose, polishing, with grimy paws, the stew-pans and kits; and they envy the naked-footed, over-worked cabin-boy, whom they see running about at everybody's call, and doing all sorts of odd jobs about the decks, for doth he not wear tarry duck-trousers, a checked shirt, and a blue jacket? and is he not one of the crew, and in that capacity lives in the ship, and sails in her whi-

thersoever she is bound? As they gaze at him, they mentally repeat their favourite sea-song—"Harry Bluff!"—

"Harry Bluff, when a boy, left his friends, and his home,
 His dear native land, on the ocean to roam;
 Like a sapling he sprung, he was fair to the view,
 And was true British oak as the older he grew,"
 &c., &c.

Inwardly do they vow that they, too, will be sailor-boys—Harry Bluffs, ere long; and rely upon it, that in spite of all opposition on the part of their friends, the wish of their heart will be realised!

Again, many boys who never saw the sea, or a ship, in their lives, feel instinctively that they are destined to become sailors, and they enthusiastically and absorbingly read "Robinson Crusoe," tales of shipwrecks, sea-novels, and all books relating to the ocean, ships, seamen, and sea-life; they construct model vessels, and spend long summer days in navigating them on the village pond; they imitate, to the best of their ability, the dress, and gait, and demeanour of that renowned hero "Will Watch the bold smuggler," as they once beheld him represented (by an eminent strolling actor) on the stage of a two-penny travelling theatre; and they confidently announce to all and sundry whom it may concern, their indomitable resolution to go to sea; but whether they will eventually emulate the heroic "Will Watch the bold smuggler," or "Richard Parker, the mutineer," or "Long Tom Coffin," or "Blackbeard, the pirate," they have not yet quite decided. They have, however, vowed to "go to sea," and vain will it be to endeavour to dissuade them. Papas may threaten, mammas may weep, brothers may sneer, sisters may coax and implore, and relatives and friends may deprecate, warn, and conjure; but the embryo sailors will thereby only be confirmed in their resolve, and in due time

will take to the sea as naturally and inevitably as a young duck takes to the first pool of water!

We do not mean to say that every boy—be he born on the sea-coast, or in the midland counties—who yields him to the witchery of the sea, and stubbornly vows to be a sailor, is really of the stuff to make one; because it is quite possible, and, in fact, by no means unfrequently happens, that sentimental enthusiasm deludes boys into the fancy that they are specially fitted to follow the sea, when the reverse is the fact. And many boys who have felt not merely an unreasoning impulse, but undoubtedly, also, have every natural quality to render them in time first-rate sailors, are bitterly disgusted, at the outset of their career, by the stern reality, especially if their officers happen to be harsh, tyrannical men. Yet, on the whole, we should say, that the generality of boys who are prompted by an ungovernable impulse to go to sea, will thus have followed the right bent of their nature and disposition. As to the exceptions to this rule, they are often very melancholy, but of no effect as examples, and it is quite useless to dilate upon them in that sense.

We believe that a majority of the “hearts of oak,” who man “our wooden walls,” voluntarily went to sea when boys, actuated by the spirit we have described; but many others have originally gone to sea from very different motives, voluntary or compulsory, as the case might be. We do not hesitate to say that, if all our first-class imaginative authors were to combine, they could not produce a series of fictions rivalling in variety and interest the thousand-and-one romances of reality comprised in the life-histories of the crew of a man-o'-war. Here we have five hundred, or a thousand men, who, in their collective capacity as a crew, present a sort of epitome of the world, well worthy of analysis. We refer not to any particular ship, for all crews are composed of the same miscellaneous human elements, although their proportions vary, as good, bad, or indifferent men predominate. Our object will be to give some idea of the extraordinary diversity of individual appearance, character, and history of the different classes composing a crew; and prototypes of our outline sketches may be found in any liner in commission. We may add, that, in more than one in-

stance, we shall draw characters from life, describing men who are personally known to us.

Here, to begin with, is Bob Clewline, the captain of the maintop, a man whose somewhat short stature is amply compensated by an immensely broad chest, and brawny round shoulders; the upper part of his body is gigantic, but the lower seems somewhat disproportionate at a first glance, being narrow in the hips and the lower spars (as their owner himself would probably call them) rather stunted and slightly bowed, yet endowed with astonishing powers of activity aloft. Survey that fellow closely, for he is the *beau-ideal* of a prime seaman, and he is quite convinced himself that he has not an equal, when astride the yard-arm passing a weather-earring in a heavy squall, or standing in the bunt when furling. Observe his long arms and massive limbs, all compact of bone, sinew, and muscle; arms which, when held out stiffly, are about as unbending, and almost as hard, as capstan-bars, and are terminated by a pair of huge paws of a rich, yellow hue. The palms of those tarry hands, sir, are as horny as the sole of a negro's foot; and the short, thick fingers—the backs of which are covered with bristly brown hair—could grip you like a steel vice. Above his vast hairy chest—on which raffled anchors, mermaids, ships, and initial letters, have been indelibly pricked with needles, dipped in dissolved gunpowder—rises a rough bull neck, not brown, but richly ruddy in hue, and it, in turn, supports a bullet-shaped head, thickly matted with curly hair of no particular colour, unless iron-grey predominates. His features are strongly marked, rugged, and of a dull bronze; but what an eye gleams beneath his shaggy brows! It is light-gray, restless, bright, and piercing as a falcon's: it would instantly discern any object rising above the heaving billows of the ocean, at a distance incredible to a landsman's apprehension. And good need hath the honest captain of the maintop of his hawk-like vision, his bodily strength and activity, and his powerful voice, for they are each and all in constant requisition for the due fulfilment of his responsible duties.

And what is the private history of this heart-of-oak? Twenty-nine years ago he was a curly-pated fisher-boy at Yarmouth. But he happened to be

stirred by ambitious aspirations, from which fisher-boys are no more exempt than ordinary mortals; and so he forsook the red-sailed fishing-boat to swing in a hammock on the berth-deck of a liner, and in that ship he speedily saw some lively service at Navarino. Since then he has — with the interval of a cruise he made in a sperm-whaler, just by way of a change—served in different ships of the navy in every quarter of the globe. He is somewhat taciturn, probably having acquired a meditative turn in the maintop, where he has spent many thousands of hours by night and by day; for in a man-o'-war, the running-gear of the upper-sails, &c., descends into the tops, and not to the deck, as is the case in a merchant-ship, and, consequently, the quarter-watch is stationed in the tops, to attend to the upper sails. It results, that if a topman has only a germ of philosophy in his mental composition, it will have a fine scope for development! But although our friend, the captain of the maintop, is a tarry philosopher, let it not be thought that he is sentimental, or speculative, or transcendental; on the contrary, all his meditations and aspirations are thoroughly practical in their scope and tendency, and when he silently overhauls the log of his memory, not one reminiscence arises that is not of a singularly matter-of-fact description. And yet, these very recollections of his would strike an imaginative landsman as being romantic and poetical in their nature and associations. A stiff nor'-wester (tumbler of grog*) will, at any time, convert Clewline's taciturnity into loquacity, and then he will rapidly narrate the chief incidents of his chequered career, commencing with the Navarino affair of '27, and ending with the Baltic expeditions of '54-'55. The long interval between the first and last epochs, he fills up with stirring yarns of how he was frozen on the North American station, and broiled on the West Indian station; how he wasted to to a skeleton on the deadly African coast, and grew fat and idle up the Mediterranean; how he was

accidentally left ashore on one of the Maldiv Islands, where he spent three particularly dismal months, *à la* Robinson Crusoe; how he was wrecked in the Chinese seas, and, in company with some hapless shipmates, was actually enclosed in a huge bamboo-cage, and carried in it to Canton (being exhibited by the flowery celestials at every resting-place on the way, just as wild beasts are shown in England); how he learnt to become as smart a fellow as ever trod on shoe-leather when in a flag-ship on the Brazil station; and how he grew rusty and stupid as an owl on board a guardo at Sheerness. One phase of his career alone does he dislike to expatiate upon, and that is, his cruse in the South Seaman. He feels a bit ashamed that a regular man-o'-war's-man like him should ever have shipped in a species of vessel which men of his class affect to despise, though he chuckles at the recollection of how he signalled (by hanging a red shirt in the rigging, a well-understood symbol at sea), the first of her Majesty's ships they fell in with in the Pacific, and was immediately taken on board, and then, and not till then, he felt himself a man and a seaman once more.

Of a different class is the young foretop-man we will next introduce. He is a tall, muscular young fellow, good-looking, shrewd, intelligent, and lively — a handy lad aloft, and one who, for his age, has seen a good deal of service. What is his history? What sent him to sea, and how did he become a man-o'-war's-man? Was he a wild, scampish boy — a reckless ne'er-do-weel? Nothing of the sort. He is a Lincolnshire youth, of respectable connexions, born and bred inland. He happened, when thirteen or fourteen years of age, to read a certain book, a naval fiction; and he read and re-read it until, as he himself said, he almost knew it by heart. He had never beheld the sea in his life, but that book was a species of fate to him, for it decided his destiny.† The sea! the sea for me! was henceforth the

* A "north-wester" of grog, is half rum and half water; a "north-north-wester," is composed of two-thirds rum and one-third water; a "due-norther," is *all* rum!

† We are narrating what is literally true. The author of the book alluded to is also the writer of this article, and the youth in question is his first cousin. This is only a solitary example of the effect of nautical fiction on the mind of youth. Who can estimate the number of spirited boys annually sent to sea by Messrs. Marryat, Chamier, Fennimore Cooper, Tom Cringle, Herman Melville, and Co.

burden of his song; nothing could divert him from this election, and he was permitted to make a short first voyage on liking. He did not much relish this first taste of sea-life, as he himself confessed to us; but like many other lads under similar circumstances, the fear of ridicule determined him to abide by his original resolve, and he was thereupon apprenticed to a merchantman. Cruel treatment soon induced him to quit her, by entering a man-o'-war; and in this way her Majesty gained the services of one who has *not* been one of her "hard bargains," we believe.

Thirdly, let us sketch one of the worshipful company of the *Afterguard*, who designates himself Henry Augustus Fitz-Osborne; and this "purser's name," as we presume it to be, of itself indicates at least one element of its owner's character. How is it that we find an individual bearing such an aristocratical appellation ranking so low in the naval service? We cannot precisely tell; but we believe that Mr. Fitz-Osborne, as thousands of others have done before him, fled to a man-o'-war as to a veritable city of refuge. In person he is tall, slim, and supple; he is neat and dandified, and prides himself on his curly black hair, and huge glossy whiskers. His features would be rather prepossessing, were it not for the wicked expression of his glittering dark eyes, and the peculiarly unpleasant lines about his mouth, especially when he smiles in what he intends to be an insinuating fashion. He mysteriously hints, from time to time, as occasion serves, that he is of very high aristocratic descent, and the innocent victim of an inscrutable yet malignant destiny. He affects—when ever he safely can, for experience has taught him caution in this respect—a certain air of superior refinement and condescending dignity, as though he would say, "See how a gentleman of high birth can accommodate himself to undeserved reverses of fortune, and even live familiarly and happily with the rude, ignorant men among whom his lot is temporarily cast!" He has a smooth, glib tongue, and some smattering of book-learning, which he dexterously makes the most of, setting himself up for a bit of a "sea-lawyer;" and he is invariably the pink of politeness, and as such is looked up to as a model by his own coterie of fool-

ish young brethren of the *Afterguard*, whom he has taught genteel etiquette, and how to spout soliloquies from plays with impassioned energy. No great harm in that; but we think he should not have also initiated them in certain games of chance, of which he is an accomplished professor. He has one little personal failing, and that is, a love of grog, indulgence in which has more than once nearly brought him to the gangway, where he would, indeed, have repeatedly figured, were it not that the master-at-arms is somehow his friend, and screens him. Some long-headed seamen shrewdly suspect that Mr. Fitz-Osborne owes this forbearance to being a sort of "white mouse," or secret spy, in the service of the important personage—head commissioner of police in a man-o'-war—who thus winks at his occasional delinquencies and peccadilloes. Various rumours are current among Mr. Fitz-Osborne's shipmates as to his private history and former *status* in society. Their general opinion, we regret to say, is not particularly flattering. One asserts that he is a runaway valet; a second charitably surmises that he has been a fashionable hair-dresser, whose vain head was so affected by a love-disappointment, that he went to sea in despair; a third thinks that he has decidedly the air of a London swell-mobsmen; a fourth (and many endorse this opinion) opines that he bears an undeniable resemblance to a broken-down flash swindler or gambler, who has very urgent private reasons for availing himself of the seclusion of a man-o'-war; and all agree that his former career has been anything but reputable, and that he is at present a sly, scheming, impenetrable, unprincipled scoundrel, who richly merits a weekly keel-hauling. Mr. Fitz-Osborne is perfectly aware of the "ship's opinion" of him, but he regards that opinion with philosophic indifference and gentlemanly contempt. Whatever he may be, he is not a seaman, nor even a sailor—that, at least, is certain; and yet, whenever he can get ashore, he passes himself off as a tar of the first water, with great success, among those who suppose that a fellow who belongs to a man-o'-war, and swears all manner of strange and terrible oaths, and discourses sea-slang with amazing volubility, must of necessity be the character he aspires to

represent. He would not venture on shipboard—except it were in the mess he belongs to, a mess composed of young gentlemen not much unlike himself in their general attributes and qualifications—to densely garnish his conversation with nautical flourishes, for the “real salts” would contemptuously silence him forthwith. The fact is, he has picked up his sea-lingo by assiduously committing to memory every slang and technical sea-phrase that he has heard, and he does not even understand the meaning of much that he parrots. Once for all, let the reader note the instructive fact, that blue-jacketed heroes who cannot utter a single sentence ashore without “shivering their timbers,” and that sort of slang, are generally know-nothings and horse-marines. We should not have devoted so much space to sketch Mr. Fitz-Osborne, were it not that we believe him to be the type of a rather numerous class of worthless scamps in the navy.

Gladly do we turn to another “representative man,” a worthy personal friend of our own, Jack Treenail,* carpenter's mate, a rating he has held longer than he need have done, had he been desirous of rising in the service, as we shall presently show. Jack is a middle-sized, muscular fellow, good-looking, and in the prime of life, although, like most seamen—and he is a good seaman as well as carpenter—who have seen much hard service, he appears older than he actually is. He is a Scotchman, of respectable family, and served his apprenticeship to a ship-builder. He was naturally of a roving disposition, and soon after his term expired, he chose to enter a man-o'-war, and has served in the navy ever since. He is an extremely intelligent fellow, and relates his experiences of life in a very clear, modest, sensible, and graphic manner; and much has he seen and undergone. He served four or five years in the East Indies, and several years on the African coast and in the West Indies, and terrible reminiscences are his of those deadly stations. His iron constitution has borne him through all, though more than once his life was not worth an hour's purchase. Awful narratives can he give of the “pestilence which walk-

eth by noon-day,” ay, and in the watches of the night, too, for that matter. He has seen strong men smitten down by dozens, and by scores, and in the space of a very few hours hurriedly committed to the deep by messmates whose own turn would come ere sunrise. He has beheld as many marvels, experienced as many dangers, endured as many hardships, and, we fear we must add, shared in as many follies, as usually fall to the lot of men-o'-war's-men. Withal, he has ever done his duty to the satisfaction of his officers, and has rated many years as carpenter's mate. Repeatedly has he had an opportunity of obtaining a warrant as carpenter; but promotion he has shunned, for reasons which we smiled to hear him mention, although we questioned not his sincerity. Strange as it may appear, that a man, whom we believe to be every way competent for a higher rating, should refuse to accept it, yet we know that such is the positive fact. Being a first-rate swimmer, our friend Jack never hesitates to risk his life to save that of others; and he has ere now been specially noticed by the admiral, and by his orders thanked and commended on the quarter-deck, for his heroic conduct, in the presence of the assembled ship's crew; yet, a warrant by way of reward he even then sturdily refused to receive! Nearly all men gladly accept promotion when offered, and few, indeed, like Jack, decline it resolutely, yet not ungratefully. But he has an ample reward in the consciousness of doing his duty, and being respected and esteemed by his officers and shipmates. He likes the service, too, and should his life be so far prolonged, never means to quit it until the time comes when he will be honestly entitled to a good retiring pension; nor will he even quit it then, if his country requires his services. A noble contrast is brave, manly Jack Treenail to the contemptible rascal whom we previously sketched; and glad are we to be able to add, that although there may be only too many of the Fitz-Osborne genus in the navy, there are yet more of the Jack Treenail class—hearts of oak to the back-bone, the living bulwark of their country in time of danger!

Now for one who deserves an

* The name is, of course, fictitious, but all we have said of the man himself is matter-of-fact.

elaborate, full-length portrait, rather than the imperfect outline sketch which we can here afford him. Marmaduke Winter is the oldest man on board the ship; no wonder that the seamen call him, half in joke, half in kindly earnest, "Old Daddy Neptune." An artist would, indeed, at once acknowledge him to be a singularly fine model of the imaginary god of the sea, only minus the conventional beard. He is sixty-five years of age, yet on an emergency he can exhibit as much activity and strength as many seamen in their prime. He has been very tall, and proportionately stout, but now his back is considerably bowed, and his frame is thin; yet it is indurated to such a degree as to defy all elemental warfare — no exposure nor hardship can materially affect it. His countenance must once have been singularly handsome, and even now the regular features have a fine genial expression; but the brown skin is wrinkled and puckered; the blue eyes still clear and bright, are deeply sunk in their sockets; and the bushy eyebrows above them, and the long tangled hair growing around the throat, are as white as the salt-sea foam. The fore and upper part of his head is quite bald, but the back is thickly clustered with hoary locks. We defy any one of sensibility or imagination to behold without emotion this venerable mariner, as he stands on the fore-castle, motionless as the mast, his withered hands calmly folded across his breast, gazing over the heaving waters of the main with an air of melancholy abstraction, as though in fancy he traces on the horizon the shadowy semblances of ships in which he sailed in years long bygone — ay, and perchance peoples their decks with the forms of messmates, whose bones bleached in ocean's depths a generation ago. Old Marmaduke is a "sheet-anchor-man," a veteran "leading seaman," whose station is the fore-castle; and if it be asked why and wherefore one like him is not a petty officer of long standing, we are constrained to answer, that quiet and dignified as he now is, he has been, both in youth, prime, and middle-age, as reckless a seamen as ever broke biscuit; and, moreover, he can neither read nor write. But when he felt frosty old age insidiously approaching, he suddenly bade adieu for ever to the

follies and the vices which had so long held him in thralldom, and for several years past he has been a steady, sober, thoughtful, "ancient mariner." He is a sort of privileged character on board, made much of by the men, kindly spoken to by the officers, and idolised by the younger midshipmen, whom he delights by quaint and marvellous legends, and patiently instructs — with the aid of a couple of fathoms of "white line" — how to make double diamond-knots, Turk's-heads, Carrick-bends, round-seizings, long-splices, sheepshanks, Matthew Walkers, and all other sorts of knots, bends, hitches, and splices, simple and intricate, common and uncommon — for none are unknown to him. He is the best spinner of yarns in the ship, and formerly was noted for the richly humorous nature of the majority of his "twisters," but of late all the stories he tells are of a very sad, doleful, lugubrious, or preternatural cast, and he fails not to intersperse them with words of solemn admonition, for the benefit of the young seamen who on such occasions eagerly group around him; and, assuredly, he speaks from long and bitter experience, when he warns them to steer clear of the rocks and quicksands which have proved fatal to countless thousands of their class.

What scenes hath this hoary seaman beheld! What a long retrospective vista of vanished years can he look through! His history is very similar so that of many other old sea-dogs. He ran away from his humble home, and went to sea at twelve years of age; and when he returned a young man, his parents and relatives were all dead or scattered, and never did he behold one of them again. His earliest years of sea-life were spent in Liverpool slavers — a school only a single degree less iniquitous than piracy. Then he became privateersman, and, as he sometimes darkly hints, at one period was of a worse profession than either. Fifty-three years has he followed the sea in one kind of vessel or other — sometimes in merchantmen, sometimes in whalers, sometimes in yachts, but more frequently in the navy; and the mere catalogue of the names of the countries and the ports he has visited, would mightily resemble the index to an atlas — so far as the sea-coast is concerned. He has long outlived nearly every one of the

messmates and shipmates of his youth and manhood—for seamen, who regularly follow their arduous profession, are worn out at a premature age—and he believes there does not exist a single human being with whom he can claim kindred. Who will marvel, therefore, that his heart clings tenaciously to the memory of the past—all sin-spotted, and melancholy, and suggestive of at least a partially mis-spent life, though that memory be? He is, like nearly all old seamen, decidedly bigoted, and will never admit that better ships, or better seamen, than he sailed with in Nelson's time, do now, or ever will, float in blue water. One other characteristic we must not omit to mention: he cannot for a moment bear it to be thought that he, Marmaduke Winter, is not yet perfectly able to do duty as well as any seaman in the ship. If the officers kindly wish to spare him exposure to the elements, or any very severe labour or exertion requiring the energies of a man in the prime of life, he indignantly repudiates the inference.

"Three kings of England have I sarved," growls he, "and I can yet sarve the Queen as well as ever I sarved them as reigned afore her!"

Truly he retains his physical powers in a marvellous degree; but the time probably is not far distant when the tough old mariner will at last be fain to confess that aged seamen, as well as aged ships, must be laid up in ordinary—the former at Greenwich, the latter wherever my Lords of the Admiralty in their wisdom shall appoint.

But perhaps it may be the lot of Marmaduke Winter to die at sea, and he has oft expressed a wish that such should be the fitting end of his career. In that case his body will be conveyed from the "sick-bay" (or hospital of the ship) to the berth-deck, where it will be placed on the death-board, between two of the guns, near the hatch-way. The sailmakers then will sew it in its canvas-shroud, with a couple of heavy cannon-balls securely attached to the feet. This done, the corpse will be carried to the upper-deck, and placed on a grating in the lee-waist, with the union-jack for a pall. The end of the grating projects in a slanting direction through a porthole. Simple, yet ominous, preparations these! At the appointed time, the entire crew is num-

moned, and the officers group round the grating. The chaplain then, whilst all hands stand bareheaded, reads the Burial-service. When the solemn words, "We commit his body to the sea," are slowly uttered, the flag is drawn off the corpse, and the grating launched bodily overboard, the body sliding off, and plunging downward, feet foremost. There is a hissing splash, a momentary eddy, a few air bubbles—that is all! Farewell, poor old Marmaduke, your messmates and shipmates have seen the last of you! All is now over; the grating is hauled on board again; Mr. Blowhard, the boatswain, pipes the hands down, and the crew disperse. That evening, his own immediate messmates, the sheet-anchor-men, will talk about the qualities of the defunct, as they sit over their six o'clock supper, and miss him from his accustomed seat; and for a few days anecdotes will occasionally be related concerning his sayings and doings; but in a brief period he will be almost forgotten, for sailors don't indulge in the "luxury of grief" and sentimental recollections, nor do they much like for their thoughts to revert to, and dwell on a deceased messmate, since they too well know how slight, humanly speaking, is the thread which hourly holds them from destruction, and how soon his fate may be theirs, and, therefore, they shun all gloomy and saddening thoughts. Next day the purser will probably enter on his books the initials "D. D." (*Discharged—Dead*) opposite the name of Marmaduke Winter, and that will be the old tar's epitaph!

Well, we can conceive no more fitting shroud for a seaman than his own hammock, and no more appropriate grave than the free, boundless ocean, on which his life has been spent, and where the wild, viewless winds and green curling waves will sing his requiem! The ocean is a sublime tomb; and what thorough-bred seamen would not prefer for his mortal remains to quietly dissolve in its coral caves, rather than to fester in some sweltering city Golgotha? Ay, give the gallant soldier his six feet of the earth, whereon he has ever been accustomed to martially tread, but give poor Jack the wide ocean for his sepulchre, with nought above his breast but the ever-rolling blue salt waves!

Next we will introduce George

Blunt, quartermaster, a man who is a tolerably fair representative of his own class of petty officers, one or more specimens of which class, by-the-by, figure prominently in most naval novels. Nor do we wonder at this, for a quartermaster usually is a fine old sea-dog; indeed, the mere fact that he holds such a rating is a certain proof that he is an experienced, trustworthy, and particularly able and intelligent seaman. You could hardly look at *our* quartermaster, whether on duty standing at the wheel, or at the con, or on the lookout, glass in hand, or *off* duty, with a very different kind of glass in hand, without being somehow reminded of the British oak, of which he seems a sort of human similitude. His feet are the roots, his sturdy body is the trunk, his arms are the branches, his head is the crown; his whole aspect is hardy, powerful, defiant of tempest and of time. He is below the standard height, very square built, and furnished with limbs of prodigious strength. His age may be well on to fifty, but his activity is unimpaired, and his frame was never more capable of standing the severest tests of endurance than at the present time. His features are bluff, weather-beaten, and dogmatic; yet have withal kindly lines, and are capable of assuming, on occasion, a droll and humorous expression. He is the oracle of his own mess, and the seamen listen with deference to his professional remarks, and grin with a keen relish at his somewhat coarse, yet often capital jokes. He is a great favourite, too, with the mates and oldsters of the midshipmen's mess; and when a junior-lieutenant has the watch, that gentleman is pretty sure to find occasion to avail himself in an off-hand way — seemingly half-indifferent, yet really serious and anxious — of the experience of the grizzled quartermaster, whose respectful advice he condescendingly adopts, and rewards with an order for the gun-room steward to give old Blunt a stiff nor'-wester! And what is old Blunt's personal history? An ordinary one for a man of his class, yet not uninteresting, had we space to go into detail. He is a native of North Shields, and at a very early age embarked in the same profession that his father and grandfather had followed before him, namely, was apprenticed to a collier-brig. The Northumber-

land collier-vessels have long and justly been deemed an excellent nursery for the British navy, and young Blunt proved one of these nurselings. He was thankful to exchange the proverbially hard berth of a seaman in a collier, for the comparatively easy life of a topman in one of his namesake George's ships of war; and he has never quitted the navy. He has sailed in all sorts of vessels, from a cutter to a three-decker; he has visited every quarter of the globe, and professes to have acquired a thorough knowledge of all foreign countries and foreign peoples, although the truth is, he never in his life penetrated a couple of miles inland anywhere, and all his intercourse with whites, blacks, browns, tawnys, copper-skins, and woolly-heads, has been strictly confined to the precincts of dockyards, wharves, and sailors' taverns — his liveliest reminiscences of foreign customs and manners being inalienably associated with the latter intellectual places of resort — which are, to be sure, exceedingly interesting and instructive in their way, as we can testify.

Decidedly the most unpopular character in the ship is the distinguished individual whom we now deferentially introduce as Jonathan Ferret, master-at-arms — a gentleman who is held in mingled fear and dislike by all hands. And, indeed, we do not greatly marvel that a master-at-arms should thus be regarded by the crew, *ex-officio*, altogether independent of his personal qualities; and these, alas! in the case of our present friend, are not of the most estimable kind. Of the past history of Jonathan Ferret we are profoundly ignorant. The seamen can supply you with at least a score of ready cut-and-dry biographies of their master-at-arms, tracing his career from ship to ship, back even to that early period when, as one of them asserts, Jonathan and some juvenile companions robbed orchards and old women's gingerbread-stalls, until impunity emboldened them to make a daring midnight foray in a farmer's homestead, where they bagged poultry galore, and narrowly escaped being bagged themselves, which pricked the tender conscience of young Jonathan to such a degree, that he turned King's evidence the next morning, and his comrades were sent to prison, and he was sent — to sea. We regard this as an apocryphal mode of accounting

for the professional origin of the master-at-arms, and we think the same of the score or more of current histories of that personage, as no two of them agree in detail, although it is noteworthy, that one and all of them depict their hero as a consummate scoundrel, and explain his official position on the principle that an old poacher makes a good gamekeeper, and an old thief a good gaoler. In person, the master-at-arms is a tall, hard-featured, cadaverous, middle-aged man, obsequious to the officers, and domineering and unrelenting to the men. They dread and detest him, because he is an official ever on the watch to bring them to punishment; but that is his especial duty, for he is head-constable and gaoler of the ship, and has two underlings, who are called ship's corporals. Night and day, in all weathers, all times, all places, these vigilant officials are on the look-out to detect offenders, and bring them before the magnate of the quarter-deck for the time being, to answer for their misdeeds. The seamen well know that the watchful eye of either the master-at-arms or that of one of his aids is ever upon them. But for this ubiquitous functionary, and his equally ubiquitous myrmidons, there would be comparatively a merry, lawless time on the berth and maindecks. As it is, the master-at-arms is indefatigable in detecting secret gambling and misdemeanours of all kinds. The evildoer must be very shrewd and wide-awake indeed to escape the cognizance of the police of the ship, or of their sneaking spies (invariably the vilest and most scoundrelly of the crew), and the instant he is detected in any illegal or forbidden act whatsoever, the master-at-arms pounces upon him—grimly gleeful—and hauls him before the powers that be; and, according to the nature of the offence, he is either summarily punished, or is placed in irons in the *brig*—i.e., the gaol or prison-room of the ship—to await a court-martial. When a man-o'-war lies in harbour, the master-at-arms has plenty to do to guard against smuggling, in the shape of illicit introduction of spirits into the ship. He personally searches the crew of every boat that returns to the ship from the shore, and he carefully inspects the boat itself; and at all hours he and his corporals are vigilant to prevent the surreptitious bringing on board of rum or any other

intoxicant. In spite of every precaution, and every check that experience suggests to the officials, it is well known that spirits are not unfrequently smuggled on board in novel and ingenious ways; nay, some uncharitable growlers insinuate that the master-at-arms himself winks at smuggling, when he safely can—for a consideration. Even if this be the case, we are very sure that he, in his official capacity, will seize, and report, and bring to punishment, whoever he finds intoxicated, unless some strong private motive induces him to overlook the offence, if practicable. He figures prominently on those painful and impressive occasions, when the boatswain's shrill pipe and call of "All ha-a-and witness punishment, ahoy!" summons the crew to the waist and gangways. Then, when the officers, in full uniform, are grouped on the quarterdeck, and the marines are drawn up on the poop with fixed bayonets, and the quartermasters have rigged the gratings against the bulwark, and the boatswain and his mates are ready with their canvas bags containing the cruel *cats*—then the master-at-arms, with rattan in hand, aided by a marine, brings forward the poor prisoner, and assists him to strip, at the word of command, for punishment. When the cat descends, wielded by the brawny arm of a boatswain's mate, the master-at-arms, in a loud voice, counts "one," "two," and so on up to a dozen; and he holds a cup of water ready to apply to the lips of the sufferer, if the latter should appear likely to faint. The master-at-arms, too, in conjunction with the provost-marshal, conducts a condemned criminal to execution, on shipboard. Altogether, it will be seen that the office of a master-at-arms is a responsible one; and, indeed, so far as pay is concerned, he rates on the ship's books next to the clerk. The duties of his office are of an absolutely indispensable nature, and the internal discipline of the ship very much depends on their efficient fulfilment. Some masters-at-arms undoubtedly are very respectable, worthy men, who conscientiously endeavour to perform the unpleasant duties of their station in a faithful and unassuming manner; but many others, we fear, are merciless, petty tyrants, of very dubious personal character—and our dearly-beloved Jonathan Ferret is a type of the latter class. A certain de-

gree of intelligence, keen alertness, and and a thorough practical knowledge of the rogueries practised afloat, are essential requisites in a master-at-arms. Whatever this official's personal character may be, the nature of his duties are such that he is pretty sure to be hated and dreaded by those of the crew whose reckless propensities render them liable to arrest and punishment, and he is generally disliked, even by the sober, steady men, who, although they well know, and are ready to acknowledge, that a master-at-arms is a personage really necessary in a man-o'-war, yet they cannot regard the man himself with any friendly feeling.

Mr. Blowhard—for he has a “handle” to his name, and every sailor must address him as “sir”—the boatswain of our liner, is a marked character in his way, and sufficiently a “representative-man” to merit a brief sketch here. We need hardly say that, when his naval career commenced, he came on board through the hawse-holes, and bravely worked his way up to his present respectable and responsible rating. He was literally born at sea, his father being a petty officer in a frigate at a period when the wives of such men were permitted to accompany their husbands on a cruise. His father was killed in battle shortly afterwards, and the officers of the ship kindly made up a subscription that enabled the poor widow to settle down at Portsmouth, and earn a decent livelihood by keeping a little shop. She never married again, and creditably exerted herself to give a good education to her ocean-born, her only child, intending to apprentice him to some respectable trade on shore, for the fate of his father had inspired her with a perfect horror of the sea, and she fondly, but weakly, thought to instil an equal distaste for a “life on the ocean wave” in the mind of her boy, by continually narrating to him dismal stories of the dangers and hardships of a seaman's life. Mistaken mother!—and how many parents err like her?—she could not possibly have pursued a line of conduct more certain to send her son to sea. And, accordingly, to sea he did go, when in his fourteenth year—running away from his comfortable home, and shipping as a cabin-boy in a West Indiaman. It was years ere his almost heart-broken mother saw him again; but he proved, in the long-run, a good son, for he

rendered her latter days comfortable, by allotting her one-half of his pay. Ere he was twenty, he bade adieu to the merchant-service, and entered the navy, which he never afterwards quitted. He has always borne a good character, and for above a dozen years has held a boatswain's warrant. He is married, and is the father of a large grown-up family. No less than five of his sons are now serving in different men-o'-war, and often does he exclaim—“If I had twenty sons, every one should enter the navy!” We once personally knew an old retired sergeant, who had two or more sons soldiers, and he uttered a precisely similar patriotic expression in favour of the army, which he held in enthusiastic esteem.

Mr. Blowhard is a fine-looking specimen of the boatswain genus—a big, burly fellow, with a richly-mottled face, a particularly thick, red Bardolphian nose, and a voice that can out-roar a hurricane or a twenty-four pounder, if necessary. He prides himself on his capability of using his “call,” or silver whistle, so as to produce a longer-drawn and shriller “pipe” than any other boatswain afloat; and he can follow up his piping, by sending a “cry,” or summons, down the hatchway, that penetrates to the remotest cranny of the ship, and reverberates like muttering thunder. Nature, doubtless, gifted him with lungs of great capacity and power; but their capabilities have been wonderfully enlarged by the practice of “piping” and “crying” down the hatchways of divers of her Majesty's “ships and vessels of war.” It is not every stout seaman who can whistle and cry as a boatswain ought, and must, if he would do credit to his rating. Mr. Blowhard is now quite an elderly man, yet the tough old tar evinces not the least sign of any failure in his physical powers. He is, we doubt not, a happy and contented man on the whole, for he has long reached the summit of his professional ambition; he has brought up his sons to tread worthily in his footsteps, he is respected by his officers, and he has the certainty of receiving a very good retiring pension, should he live to need it. Like most boatswains, his character is extremely dogmatic; and in his mess (which comprises his brother warrant-officers, the gunner, carpenter, and sailmaker) he almost daily gets

involved in temporary controversy on professional or political subjects—for he is a red-hot Tory of the old school, and so intensely conservative, that he growls savagely, and bellows his indignation at the mere allusion to any projected innovation, professional, social, or national. His chief antagonist is Mr. Wadding, the gunner, a little, wizened, gunpowder-smoked-and-dried Northumbrian, who is a crabbed, ill-tempered, morose carle—and, we may add, we are assured that it is a singular and suggestive fact, that nearly all gunners are of a similarly unpleasant and unamiable disposition, owing, it is presumed, to their peculiar duties on board.

One other trait of our boatswain's character may be noted. He never in his life was intoxicated—that is to say, unequivocally drunk; but he has ever been a steady-going imbiber of generous fluids, amber rum being the favourite. He drinks at regularly-recurring hours, as though it were his bounden duty to do so, the omission of performing which duty would be highly criminal and unprofessional; but the instant he has had just enough, he, in his own impressive, figurative language, “knocks off, and cries tally!” We think it must have been our worthy old friend who, when once asked by a lady whether he would prefer to take wine or grog, gravely and in perfect sincerity replied—“I thank you, ma'am, I'll just drink the wine whilst the grog is a-mixing, if you please!”—and doubtless he did so. In his social hours of relaxation, he appears to the greatest advantage when singing that graphic, albeit, coarse old sea-ditty, the “Old Commodore” (a song that only boatswains and “Fighting Charlie” should attempt to sing), for there is not a warrant-officer afloat who can so admirably troll—

“Hearts! what a time for a seaman to skulk
Under gingerbread hatches ashore!
What a d—d bad job that this batter'd old hulk
Can't be rigg'd out for sea once more!
The puppies as they pass,
Cocking up a squinting-glass,
Thus run down the Old Commodore:
'That's the rum Old Commodore,
The tough Old Commodore,
The fighting Old Commodore, he!
But the bullets and the gout
Have so knock'd his hull about,
That he'll never more be fit for sea!’”

In fine, we would sum up the character of honest old Tom Blowhard, boatswain of H.M.S. Terrific, by say-

ing that his virtues are his own, and his faults and his failings are salt-water ones, common to his profession.

If we turn to the lowest class of men in our liner—the ignoble *Waisters*—we shall discover among them not a few living examples of that “romance of reality” abounding in a man-o'-war's crew. These waisters are a set of fellows who are worthless in a professional sense, comprising men who, from ignorance, stupidity, or physical disability, are fit for little or nothing but to perform the most paltry duties. Almost the only thing they do at station-for-working-ship, is to haul at certain of the sheets, and their chief occupation is to perform menial duties. If ever a man, who has any claim to be rated a seaman, is ordered to join the gang of waisters, it is as a punishment—a degradation certain to be severely felt. Even the “holders,” the sturdy, dirty fellows habitually employed in the depths of the ship, labouring among the different store-rooms, &c., look down on the luckless waisters as an inferior class. Some of these pariahs of a man-o'-war have, doubtless, been miserable creatures, buffeted about the world from their infancy, and have sought refuge in the navy by a not unwise instinct; for, however hard and mean their lot may there prove, they at least have ample food, and a floating home. Others, however, are outcasts of a very different grade—men who have reduced themselves to their present wretched lot by their own reckless misconduct, or who have been driven to it by relentless destiny. In a large ship, it is truly astonishing what a variety of social classes contribute their generally unworthy representatives to the body of waisters. Take half-a-dozen of them hap-hazard, and it is at least possible that one proves to be a raw countryman, who has had a serious misunderstanding with the legal authorities of his native village; a second was originally an artisan, a clever workman, but a worthless scamp; a third was a merchant's clerk, who lost his character through some mysterious error of figures in the ledger; a fourth was from his youth upwards a low London blackguard, who lived by his wits as a “picker up of unconsidered trifles;” a fifth was once a respectable tradesman, who eventually fell

into habits of incorrigible dissipation ; the sixth, by birth and education, was quite a gentleman, but gambling and vice reduced him, years ago, to the condition of a despicable outcast. Yes, and unless we are misinformed, disgraced members of the legal and medical professions, ay, and of the pulpit even, occasionally recruit the waisters of the navy ! Of course, it must be understood that the majority of the waisters are men who have always been members of the lower classes of town and country ; but there is really a considerable sprinkling of ruined men, who have once flourished in higher ranks of life. Some of them have, at least, sufficient discretion and self-respect left to maintain a guarded silence as to their former condition and prospects ; but others are so lost to all manly feeling, so insensible to shame, so reckless and hopeless of the future, that they boast of the positions they once filled, and recount, without a blush, the follies and the crimes which, step by step, reduced them to their present wretched lot. Such men lead a dog's life, and will die a dog's death, and we regard them with more contempt and disgust than pity.

We would willingly sketch many others of the prominent characters of the crew of our liner—men whose lives have been so strange and romantic as to forcibly illustrate the saying, that truth is stranger than fiction—were it not that we fear to weary the reader by devoting further space to the subject. In fact, so many men in the crew of a man-o'-war are original characters, whose life-histories are full of striking events, that a large volume—and we make bold to say, a very interesting one—might be filled with brief sketches of them and their past careers. Would that some literary Hogarth, familiar enough with men-o'-war and their crews, to qualify him to do justice to this peculiar and by no means very easy task, would undertake it *con amore* ! In some few cases he would, it is true, have little more to do than to note down and throw into form the seamen's *viva voce* reminiscences ; but, in most instances, he would find men-o'-war's-men by no means disposed to be over-communicative as to their past lives and actions. We know, indeed, one tolerably sure and effectual way to

render the most reticent of them unreserved and truthful—but that is a secret we will not here divulge !

The reader will bear in mind that, in the above personal sketches, we have confined ourselves to individuals whom we deemed fair representatives of their respective classes in the navy, and that we have not attempted to give an impersonation of the British man-o'-war's-man—our glorious Jack ! Everybody knows the traditional reputation of OUR JACK—everybody takes a certain interest in his doings. His character is a solidly-established one—the growth of centuries, it may be said, for he is the legitimate descendant of the race of gallant Jacks from the time of Drake to Napier : he inherits their accumulated fame, their valour, their skill, their daring, their hardihood, their endurance, and their peculiar characteristics. We are tempted to conclude this article by briefly reviewing Our Jack's conduct in the Black Sea and Crimea, in order that we may judge whether he shows any symptoms of degeneracy or otherwise. Scores of intelligent eye-witnesses supply us with superabundant materials.

When that magnificent, that unparalleled fleet of transports and ships-of-war, conveyed the allied army from Varna to Eupatoria, and the disembarkation of the troops took place, Our Jack, according to an observant spectator, helped each soldier tenderly down into the boats, and then stowed away his musket and knapsack, patted him on the back, bidding him not to fear the water, and “treated the ‘sojer,’ in fact, in a very kind and tender way, as though he were a large—but not very sagacious—pet, who was not to be frightened, or lost sight of, on any account ; and did it all so quickly, that the large paddle-box boats, containing one hundred men, were filled in five minutes.” And when the boats reached the beach, Our Jack stood up to his arm-pits in the surf, and handed the soldiers down the long plank from the bows to the shore, as carefully as though they were ladies landing for a pleasant picnic excursion ! Yet more valuable were the services of Our Jack in landing the horses, artillery, &c., and but for him they could scarcely have been landed at all. Our Jack, on this momentous occasion, underwent, in the

boats, and on shore, four-and-twenty hours of herculean labour, almost without respite, and he never was heard to grumble a bit — our own noble Jack!

The battle of Alma quickly followed. Our Jack, close along shore, had a capital view of it, and we may be sure he dearly longed to “bear a hand” in aid of his friends, the red-coated “sojers.” In fact, he did help them appreciably by “shelling” the Russians. And when the battle was won by his gallant pipeclayed pets, he immediately landed, and all night through, and far into the next morning, did he labour in carrying down the wounded from the gory field to the beach. His services were such as to elicit the warm thanks of the Commander-in-Chief of the British army, who, in his official despatch, declared that Our Jack rendered “invaluable assistance”—and so we implicitly believe. Our Jack’s favourite maxim is, that a little help is worth a deal of pity, and well did he practically exemplify it on this occasion. When he had thus done his duty towards the suffering heroes of Alma, Our Jack had a little time to look about him on the field, and attend to his own private interests, which he is said to have done in a very cool business-like fashion — and “what for no?” as Meg Dods said. The slain Russians wore long boots of excellent leather, and Our Jack is reported to have sate down, and placing the soles of his feet against those of a dead Russian, he quickly decided if the boots of the latter would suit him as to size; in which case he forthwith unbooted the Muscovite, and appropriated the prize to his own especial use. Such is the uncontradicted story; but we really have some hesitation in giving credence to it, for two reasons:—firstly, men-o'-war's-men never wear boots (on shipboard), and even if they did, Russian leather will not “stand” salt-water; and secondly, well do we know that Our Jack has ever had a special abhorrence of wearing “dead men’s shoes,” or apparel — at any rate those of his messmates or shipmates; but, possibly, he has no superstitious objection to wear those of a dead enemy, fairly killed in open fight. The Russian boots, too, would undoubtedly be useful to him on shore, so that, after all, the story may be true.

Next, we find Our Jack at Balaklava, where he laboured again most manfully at landing heavy guns and mortars, and dragging them towards the lines for bombarding Sebastopol. “Never,” says one witness, speaking of this duty as performed by Our Jack, “were seen men doing the work more merrily. *It reminded one of school-boys during play-time.* They appeared to be elated by the idea that they would have something to do with the taking of Sebastopol.” Our Own Jack, every inch! The *Times* correspondent, under date, Oct. 13th, 1854, gives us a further description of the sayings, and doings, and behaviour of Our Jack, when performing a similar duty. It would seem that he proved only too powerful, too willing, and too merry a fellow. He broke tow-ropes like rotten yarns, and he treated baggage and ammunition carts as though they were children’s toys—and broke them as easily; for, after hauling them to the top of a hill, he sent them down full speed, and slyly enjoyed, we have not the slightest doubt, the inevitable smash that ensued. “It is most cheering,” says the correspondent, “to meet a set of these jolly fellows ‘working up a gun to the camp.’ From a distance you hear some rough, hearty English chorus, borne on the breeze over the hill-side. As you approach, the strains of an unmistakable Gosport fiddle, mingled with the squeaks of a marine fife, rise up through the unaccustomed vales of the Crimea. A cloud of dust on the ascent marks their coming and tugging up the monster gun in its cradle, with ‘a stamp and go,’ and strange cries, and oaths sworn by some thirty tars, all flushed with honest exercise; while the officer in charge tries to moderate their excessive energies, and to induce the two or three hairy Herculeases who are sitting astride on the gun, or on the few horses in front, with vine-leaves in their hats, or flowers in their hair, to dismount and leave off the music. The astonishment of the stupid, fur-capped Crim Tartars, as they stare at this wondrous apparition on its way, is ludicrous to a degree; but Turk, Crim, Russian, or Greek, are all the same to Jack, and he is certain to salute every foreigner who goes by, while in this state, with the universal shibboleth of ‘*Bono! Bowno! Johnny!*’”

A few days subsequently, Our Jack was overjoyed by the whispered rumour that he was to be indulged in a sea attack on the northern forts of Sebastopol. All authorities agree that he could hardly contain his grim exultation when this intelligence proved authentic. On Oct. 17th the attack took place, and warmly was it urged, but that terrible Fort Constantine, and its satellites, were rather more than a match for the Wooden Wallsmanned even by Our Jack. Gloriously, however, did he maintain his ancient reputation. "When the first shot," says a writer who was present, "was fired from the fort, it was as if an electric spark ran through the crews. There was a perfect fury for firing, and the greatest difficulty was to make the men cease"—when necessary. And another observer mentions some interesting samples of Our Jack's imperturbable valour when the fire of the forts was hottest. "Eight or nine blue-jackets were swept away at a fore-castle gun on board the Sanspareil by the explosion of a shell. The two remaining men coolly went on loading, with their sponge and rammer, as though nothing had happened." We note no sign of degeneracy here: the Hearts of Oak who fought under Drake, or Blake, or Howe, or Nelson, could have done no more.

A month later, Our Jack was called upon to evince his skill and indomitable bravery in another, and, to him, more familiar fashion, and never did he exhibit his noblest qualities in a more consummate degree than on that awful occasion. We of course allude to the gale which raged in the Black Sea, from the 13th to the 16th of November. Who has not read the story of that terrific gale? Who has not thrilled with awe at the mere description of the tremendous elemental warfare it evoked? And who has not glowed with admiration and proud sympathy when he read how Our Jack, all undaunted by the horrors of the scene—when the storm-wind blew fiercest, when not a star shone through the black vault overhead, when the wild waves raged and roared like lions hungering for their prey, when the crashing of masts and spars mingled with the howling of the hurricane, and wretched dismayed transports loomed past, rolling heavily and helplessly towards the enemy's iron lee-shore, where

swift and certain destruction awaited them and their hapless crews—when all this was occurring, Our Jack grimly battled with the tempest, and never blenched, nor paused, nor faltered in the desperate emergency; and Providence blessed his heroic efforts, for not a ship-of-war was lost.

Our Jack so unmistakably manifested his intense longing to join in the "fun" going on ashore, and to have a comfortable "slap at them 'ere beggarly tallow-eating Rooshians," for his private recreation, that after he had got up the heavy guns for the artillery, he was indulged with batteries of his own, and hugely did they delight him. A camp of his own; batteries of his own; full permission to blaze away, ship-shape and man-o'-war fashion! Well might he feel exhilarated. He mounted his batteries, pitched his tents, and inscribed on them such gently-suggestive names as "Tiger's Revenge," "Albion's Pets," "Rule Britannia," &c., for Our Jack is incorrigibly facetious, and will have his joke even in the act of firing a double-shotted broadside, or when the ship is sinking. In the same spirit did he treat every annoyance and danger. The terrible thirteen-inch shells of the enemy he nicknamed "Whistling Dicks," in allusion to their shrill whistling passage through the air. When he fired at the enemy with effect, he cheered with might and main; and if they hastily dispersed in consequence, he chuckled at the idea, that he had compelled them to make sail with the wind right aft. Here is a picture of his life in camp worth quoting:—

"The native jollity of the tars soon broke out, and uproarious singing is kept up in their different tents until near midnight. A plain ordnance tent without decorations, to distinguish it from those of the 'sojers,' is far too unassuming an abode for them under their present altered circumstances. Accordingly, the decorative abilities of Jack have been called into requisition, and the canvas is covered with rather bold attempts at ornamentation, placed round sundry sentences written over the doors, expressive of the amiable intentions of the occupants towards the Russians in general. . . . A little lower down you come upon 150 hairy, muscular, strapping fellows, who, if you believe their own inscription, are the 'Trafalgar's Lambs,' or the 'Bellerophon's Doves,' or some other part of the ship's company, equally mild and inoffensive. The way these fellows have got up the ships' guns is per-

fectly astounding. An iron gun, eleven feet long, and weighing 113 cwt., seemed nothing unto them. They volunteered to fist it along, and they literally did so, tying ropes to it, and dragging it by their force over the hills. I have seen fourteen horses, and all the apparatus of artillery, barely moving a gun which fifty sailors have dragged after them at a trot."

In one respect, Our Jack became so altered by his campaign in the Crimea, that his oldest friends would hardly recognise him at first sight. His personal appearance is thus described in a letter, dated last February:—

"Our men-o'-war's-men have huge flowing beards and moustaches, [shade of Benbow! think of Our Jack with a beard like a Jew or Mahometan!] great-coats, made of cow-hide, and trousers of buffalo skins; resembling, in fact, great bears, with nothing to remind you of our blue-jackets, but their bold, rollicking, defiant spirit, which four long months in the trenches have not been able to subdue."

As impartial inquirers into the behaviour of Our Jack in the Crimea, we must not shrink from an allusion to a somewhat delicate matter in connexion with his life in camp. Divers credible witnesses roundly assert, that he has manifested a very characteristic indifference to, or insensibility regarding, the laws of *meum* and *tuum*. For example, he is accused of manifesting such a partiality to quadrupeds, that he appropriates all he finds unguarded. "Whenever," says one writer, "an officer loses his horse, he sends over to the sailors' camp for it, and there he is tolerably sure to find it."

Another authority asserts, that Our Jack will accommodate any party with a steed, for a consideration. A droll story is told of a young officer who went to the sailors' camp to purchase a horse. He made his want known, and Our Jack thereupon thoughtfully turned his quid, and said—

"Ah! how I does wish your honor had a comed up yesterday. We had five reg'lar good 'uns—Harabs some on

'em was, but they was all bought up by a specklater from Ballyklava."

"So they're all gone?"

"All, your honor. But (with his face brightening up suddenly) if you should happen to want a sporting out-and-out *dromeydairy*, I've got one, as I can let you have cheap!"

"And as he spoke, Jack pointed, in great triumph, to the melancholy-looking quadruped, which he had 'moored stem and stern,' as he expressed it, to the ground, and was much disappointed when he found there was no chance of a sale in that line."

Well, well, there never was a diamond without some flaw, and as concerns Our Jack's alleged peccadilloes, we are sure that he commits them as much for the "fun of the thing," as for any other motive, and probably, also, he really has but a foggy notion of what constitutes a lawful prize on the field of war. And rely upon it, that many a strayed steed would have been irrecoverably lost to the service had not our thoughtful Jack benevolently taken it under his protection.

Reviewing Our Jack's campaign in the Black Sea and Crimea, from first to last, we find that he has endured protracted, and almost unparalleled, hardships without murmur; he has been exposed to perils by sea and by land, to deadly disease, and to many other dangers and tribulations which would have daunted any spirit but his own. He has repeatedly received the warm thanks of the Commander-in-Chief of the army for his assistance; and his own Admiral has thanked him for his "good conduct and gallantry." On the whole, therefore, we have no reason to suppose that Our Jack has, in any respect, degenerated; but on the contrary, we think he has proved himself every way worthy of his name and fame. And taking him all in all, notwithstanding his little foibles and eccentricities, is he not a most noble fellow? Ay, that he is; and every true British heart will ever warm towards him, and be proud of him, for what would become of the British empire itself were it not for OUR JACK?

THE OLD HOUSE OF DARKBROTHERS.—PART II.

THE kind reader will come back with me to the period at which our narrative originally set out, and to the consideration of some of the other characters I had the pleasure of then introducing to his notice in the Red Lane, and "under the greenwood tree" of Bonnie Earlsdale. And first I must record, that between the O'Donel family and Miss Beaufoy, I grieve to say, there was scarce an acquaintance. The present vicar's mode of managing his parish, and his success therein, was vinegar-and-gall to the poor and proud lady, who could not help considering the activity of the "new man" as a practical animadversion on his predecessor's inertness, his generosity as a satire on her brother's avarice, and his great popularity as a posthumous libel on the general character of the dear but unattractive deceased. Grace she seemed actually to dislike, and spoke of her doings in the parish and among the poor as "Quixotic Pharisaism," "love of excitement," "being righteous over-much," "fidgety benevolence," &c. Yet, strange to say, she constantly inquired after her, and seemed to take a strange pleasure in hearing of, and commenting on, her conduct. Many of her remarks had reached Grace's ears, and only caused a smile; and, in return, she had often striven to overcome Miss Beaufoy's prejudices, by demonstrations of respectful kindness; but, unhappily, they were met with everything which was chilly and repulsive. Frequent offerings of fruit went from the Vicarage down to Darkbrothers, and were politely declined. Grace had, again and again, offered to drive her out; but "Miss B. preferred horse exercise." The poor lady seemed soured with life, and her temper waxed sterner and more bitter as age came on. It was soon destined to meet a heavy trial.

The gipseys, whom we left in the wood, had pitched their camp on a common near Darkbrothers' gate, but, allured by the shady temptation of boughs and green leaves, the audacious nomades had actually entered in through the dilapidated piers, and en-

camped amidst the rank grass under the shadow of an old wood, which ran all round the ruin, and within a hundred yards of the house. Nor was this all. One of the women, the same who had spoken rudely to Grace, was extremely ill, and the weather being sultry, they had made her bed up in the open air, and a hideous and ghastly object she presented, lying in full view of all who passed up and down to the house of Darkbrothers. At such an outrage on her privacy and her property, Miss Beaufoy was incensed to the last degree, and had gone down and ordered the instantaneous breaking-up of the encampment. The chief gipsy demurred to this, pleading his ignorance of having trespassed at all, inasmuch as the avenue had no gate or lodge, and he had consequently mistaken the place for an uninhabited ruin. Miss Beaufoy replied only by reiterating her commands that they should at once evacuate her grounds, under pain of being forcibly expelled by the parish constables, and even repeated her threats close to the sacking and straw on which the sick gipsy lay; to all which the invalid answered not, save with a dull stare from her glassy eyes.

Things were in this position, when, next morning, the lad who brought the letters to the vicarage, conveyed also the intelligence that there was fever of a bad description among the gipseys, and that the village apothecary had declared that the sick woman would die, if not supplied with proper nourishment. Mr. O'Donel was away on pressing business in Scotland, where he had been placing his little boys at school; and Grace, hastily finishing her breakfast, and making up a basketful of wine, and bread, and broth, ordered her little carriage, and taking with her a servant, drove down to the wood of Darkbrothers.

The fever was of a malignant nature, yet the young girl had no fear; on the contrary, her courage and energy ever seemed to rise, like a sea-bird on a wave, to meet the opposing difficulty.

When she reached Darkbrothers,

she lighted down from her phaeton, and, advancing among the trees, recognised in the sick gipsy the woman who had spoken to her so unkindly in the wood. She was tended by another dark sister of the tribe, to whom Grace spoke, giving her directions how and in what quantities she should administer the wine, &c., for the patient was rapidly sinking; yet, when she once had tasted the nourishment, and revived under its power, and Grace had spoken kind, and cheering, and holy words to her, the dull film passed from her dark eye, and there shot a glance from its black orb of *such* love and *such* thankfulness, that Grace felt she was richly repaid, by having been enabled to change an enemy into a friend. She now left them to arrange with her father's agent for the reception of the invalid into the county hospital that evening, and then returned home with a bright cheek and a happy bosom.

But on the succeeding morning a much greater trial awaited poor Grace. The old housekeeper at Darkbrothers sent up the following note to the vicarage at breakfast-time:—

“To Miss O'DONEL,—Honoured Miss,—Mistress is very ill, and has passed a hot and restless night. She has frequently asked for Miss O'Donel, and if she would not visit her as she visited the tinker's wife? Whether Mistress was romancing, I cannot say. You, madam, will use your own judgment.—Your humble servant,
“MARTHA BAINES.”

In half-an-hour after the receipt of this, Grace was entering the great door of Darkbrothers. She met the young village doctor in the hall. He told her that Miss Beaufoy was in high fever, and exhorted her to return home at once, and not face the infection. Grace only gently smiled, and speeded lightly up the stairs to the long corridor, where she was met by the housekeeper, and conducted to the bedside of Miss Beaufoy. She was evidently very ill, and delirious; yet she seemed to know Grace, and took her hand, and kissed it, crying—“Dear young lady.”

Grace at once sat down by the bedside, and when she saw this, she wept much. She was very weak; sickness had broken down the stronghold of pride, and the original tenderness,

which lies somewhere in the heart of every true woman, now rose to the surface. Grace spoke to her lovingly and cheerfully.

“Dear Miss Beaufoy, be of good cheer; please God you will recover. I shall come daily to see you, and this sickness of your's will be the commencement of our true friendship; and when you are getting better, you shall come down to the vicarage for change of air, and we will all take such care of you.”

Before she had finished speaking, Miss Beaufoy had fallen off into an uneasy sleep, yet still retaining Grace's little cool hand in her own hot and wrinkled palm; and when the former essayed gently to detach it, she would wake up, crying—

“Oh! do not leave me; will you not stay with me? I shall go mad, if I have not with me some one as good and true as you.”

And other phrases of this nature, half wild, half sensible. At last, after Grace had spoken to her many gentle and kind words, she left her tranquillised, and passing with a noiseless step along the corridor, she descended the staircase, and impelled by a curiosity she did not seek to conquer, crossed the hall, and passed into the cloisters through a heavy and worm-eaten door. They were damp, and dark, and the flagging much broken up. Grace recognised a bar of rusted iron protruding from the wall, on which it was said that Peter Basset, a Discalced Friar, had hung himself in the olden times, after receiving a public reprimand from the Abbot of the Darkbrothers for insubordination. The spirit of the unhappy suicide was said to walk the cloisters on moonlight nights, and many a peasant in Earlsdale could testify to having heard the tramp of his naked feet on the flags, or seen his burly form and large grey head passing swiftly amidst the ruins. Grace saw only there a living apparition, which was the housekeeper's grand-nephew, stretched at full length in the long grass, at the base of “The Black Angel,” with a number of large blue-bottle flies promenading up and down his face, a sight which made the young lady smile as she hastened from the place, pondering much in her mind on the causes of Miss Beaufoy's great change of manner to her, and at all

events, rejoicing that such was the case. But Miss O'Donel would not have been so much surprised had she known that, even when Miss Beaufoy had found most fault, there was a substratum of approbation in her secret soul, and admiration that one young, and fair, and gifted, should have learned to live so much for others, and so little for herself. And the original nobility and goodness in the poor lady's heart, which had been almost crushed out by avarice, pride, and the world's disappointments, had in some occasional better moments revived, and she had sympathised, and even glowed with involuntary pleasure, when surveying Grace's character. She had evidently caught the fever during her angry descent on the gipseys' camp; and now, though she had the best physicians the place afforded, yet they could not procure a nursetender. In fact, no one would come to her; the people disliked her; they suspected her poverty, shrunk from her pride, and were fully aware of her closeness in money matters: then they dreaded the house and its bad name; and so, between love of gain, personal dislike, and superstition, neither Mrs. Baines or Grace could procure an attendant who would nurse the sick lady during the night; and the housekeeper, too old and too deaf to undertake the office herself, now wrote off to her daughter at York, who was a professional nursetender, to come to Darkbrothers.

Next morning the bulletin at the vicarage was, that Miss Beaufoy had passed a night of incessant wandering, ever calling for Miss O'Donel, and wondering where she was; and the doctor had said, that unless she were tranquillised the consequences would be most critical. It was then that Grace conceived a plan, which she was enabled to carry out. Had her father been at home, had her mother been alive, it is almost certain they would not have permitted such an act, but she merely consulted the impulse, or rather the principle, of a most generous, noble, and truly Christian mind; and so she decided to be Miss Beaufoy's sick-nurse herself, till such time as the woman arrived from York, and to take her turn with Mrs. Baines, who remained with her mistress most of the morning and the day.

And so, for six long nights did this good, brave, and unselfish girl watch

by the fevered bed. She had in a peculiar manner the five requisites which constitute a good nurse, viz., a light foot, a calm heart, a soft hand, a watchful eye, and a cheerful voice; and these she brought to bear in the sick chamber of the solitary lady of Darkbrothers, listening to her incoherent ravings, wiping her clammy lips, smoothing her hot pillow, and at every brief interval of returning reason giving her comfortable words of simple truth and love. Generally, at about five o'clock each morning, Miss Beaufoy fell into an easy slumber, when Mrs. Baines relieved Grace in her vigils, the latter returning on a little mule-car, which an old groom of her father's drove over for her in the grey of the morning; and thus she had three or four good hours of rest before the family met for a late breakfast at the vicarage.

On the third night of her attendance, she had gone into Miss Beaufoy's sitting-room, which adjoined her sleeping apartment. The heat was oppressive, and the loneliness and silence of the old desolate house was heavy on her senses. She advanced to the window and threw it up, and the ingress of the cool air revived her. It was a still night; the moon rode through a soft and mellow blue sky, and rained her silver on the grey ruin, which looked spectral in her white light; below her, to the left, and wreathed in thickest ivy, lay the cloisters, and presently, as she stood at the window, she distinctly heard a sound proceeding from them, as of a heavy foot pacing rapidly along the flags; then a door opened below stairs, somewhere in the old building, and the same footsteps seemed to pass hurriedly and heavily into the hall, and paused at the foot of the staircase, and then died away. A far door clapped, shaking the old house, and all was quiet. Grace's heart beat violently for a few minutes, for the imaginative faculty was strong in her; but after a short time she recovered her composure, and the same calm fearlessness which she ever exercised came to her help, and carefully locking the doors of both the sleeping and the sitting apartment, she went lightly back to her post, just as Miss Beaufoy was waking up. In two hours the day began to break, and Mrs. Baines came to relieve her. Grace mentioned what

she had heard, but the old lady, who was matter-of-fact to the last degree, was incredulous, and shook her head, exclaiming—

“Dear Miss, you were dreaming; it was only the rustling of the ivy. I have often been told of odd noises at Darkbrothers, but I am deaf, and never heard them.”

Next night Grace determined to engage the old groom to sit up below stairs during her watch; but the man, though greatly attached to her, grew perfectly pale at the bare idea. He had ventured his neck and life a thousand times over hedge, and stake, and wall, when he rode to the Earlsdale stag-hounds as whipper-in; and old as he was, he would have fought five men together, to pleasure or help his young mistress; but to pass a night at Darkbrothers by himself, in the neighbourhood of those fearful cloisters, where the friar walks at moonlight—“that’s for sartin,” said poor John—the man shrunk from the proposal with such absolute horror and dismay, that Grace, half vexed and half amused, forbore to press the matter further. All was, however, quite tranquil that night and the following one; the doctor also expressed his hopes that a favourable crisis was at hand, and that Miss Beaufoy’s recovery was now a certain thing. The sixth night set in, and found the fair young nurse at her post, looking as bright and as fresh as if she had encountered no fatigue at all. She had enjoyed a long sleep that morning, and had afterwards taken a brisk ride on a favourite mare over the heathy downs which rose above Brockholes Park; and so she felt strong and full of hope because her patient’s pulse and skin had been pronounced better, and her mind was beginning to settle; and she had been now from 8 o’clock in the most profound yet quiet slumber. Late in her watch a slight slumber had overcome Grace, when the great church clock striking two awoke her. Immediately afterwards she was aware that some person had passed up the corridor; there was no mistaking the tread of a man’s foot. She listened with intense earnestness, till the sound had died away in the direction of the “Dark Wing,” and then the idea of rushing across the corridor and awaking the housekeeper seized her, when again she heard the noise returning, and presently the heavy tread as of a

naked foot, steadily and distinctly passed along the gallery towards the stairs. Fear mastered her for a moment; in the next the intrepid heart of the young girl resumed its accustomed beat, and commending herself to God, she deliberately opened her door, and went out on the corridor. Something was passing down the staircase, and, instigated by a feeling *she was never able afterwards to explain*, she followed on. She had scarcely attained the first landing-place, when the same sounds she had heard on a previous night proceeded from the cloisters; it was like the tramp of rushing feet. The staircase was in total darkness—black with shadow; but the hall was bathed in bright moonlight from the window over the door, and along its floor Grace now plainly discerned a figure slowly stalking. The appearance was loosely garmented in white; its feet were bare, and a cloth or a cowl hung over its left shoulder. It had now reached the far end of the hall; a dark moving tide of something appeared to follow, and to keep rushing about its feet; when, with a wild gibber, it flung its cowl down on the ground, and, with a laugh and a spring, vanished through a side-door, slamming it as it went. As the figure turned round, the moonbeams struck full on its face, and Grace returned swiftly to her chamber, satisfied that she had not seen the restless ghost of Friar Basset, and sat down composedly to her watch—yes, her last and most happy watch, because crowned with success. For at about five in the morning, when the room was all dyed in the first pink of coming day, Miss Beaufoy awoke, quite herself—most feeble, but entirely free from fever.

“Oh my God!” she softly said, “is this Miss O’Donel? Oh, kind young lady, how much I owe you let these tears testify.”

She spoke sobbing; but Grace soothed her with her low, soft voice; told her how happy she had been to nurse her, and then poured forth such a sweet and simple thanksgiving to their heavenly Father as was inexpressibly soothing to the old lady, whose heart was now softened with gratitude, and with joy for her safety; and the old housekeeper coming in, partook of their happiness, and increased it by sharing it.

The mule-car did not arrive till se-

ven o'clock, and on it came the York nursetender and her husband, who was a stalwart young gardener; and Grace felt that her dreary vigils were over. The old groom also said that her father had arrived the previous night, and was now in his bed at the Vicarage. As Grace passed down the staircase, she saw the idiot boy lounging lazily at the door of the cloisters; and stopping, she said, "James, what were you doing in the corridor and hall last night, and what had you in the bag on your shoulder?" The face of the boy expressed amaze, cunning, fear, and folly, all grouped together, like quarterings on a scutcheon.

"I was a-feeding the house-rats, Miss. I gets out of my bed to meet them and feed them. I feeds them twice a-week, when the moon is full, for *then* I cannot sleep at all, except all day; so when night comes, I steals meat, and meal, and scraps from my grandaunt's room, to give the rats their supper; and they know me, and keep me company. They are the cloister rats, Miss—holy rats from the old abbey-walls; and so, Miss, when I fall asleep on the grass, they watch me, and will not allow the Black Angel to hurt me, or wicked old Friar Peter's ghost to bob at me with his big grey head, or to tramp poor silly James with his great flat, naked feet, when I am lying on the cloister-green."

The meeting between Grace and her father was fervent and affecting. He folded her in his arms, and said, "Dearest child, had I been at home, I could not have permitted you to go through so severe an ordeal, yet I bless God who has given you strength to meet it."

Grace smiled, and then told her father her adventure with James Simpson, and how glad she was to have acquired an argument which would enable her, at all times, to disprove the silly ghost-story of the discalced phantasm.

Every day now Grace visited Miss Beaufoy, whose recovery was rapid. She who had so well nursed her body, now as faithfully ministered to her mind, which was naturally strong and highly educated, and was now greatly mollified and subdued by kindness, and ready to embrace anything which her dear young nurse might wish her to receive. Grace read to her the

divine story of redemption from the heavenly volume; and commented on it with such simplicity, earnestness, and perspicuity, that Miss Beaufoy was first interested, then excited, and eventually absorbed in the subject; and a new and delightful dawning began to arise in her heart, accompanied with a sense of happiness to which she had long been a stranger, and which sensibly, though gradually, affected her whole tone of mind and temper. At other times, when Miss Beaufoy was dejected, Grace would go to the piano, and sing some of the wild melodies of her native land, with a voice at once so rich and thrilling, as would bring pleasant tears into Miss Beaufoy's eyes. Mr. O'Donel frequently now called as a minister and friend.

The Pompadours had fled the country. They had evaporated in the yellow coach one fine morning on the wings of Febriphobia, perfectly horrified at the gipsy irruption, their camp, and their contagion, and taking with them the lowest possible estimate of the common sense of Grace O'Donel, whose conduct her ladyship was so far hurried into unwonted emotion as to pronounce "extremely improper." They were now seeking and finding repose for their wounded and lacerated minds in the listless *dolce far niente* of a Leamington life.

The gipsy wife was convalescent, and the Zingaree tribe had wandered elsewhere.

One morning, during Miss Beaufoy's recovery, as the friends sat together, the old lady said—

"Grace, no one can doubt your courage after so many proofs of your heroism, especially your nocturnal adventure with poor James and his cloister pets; but now let me see has my little friend sufficient prowess to take this key and unlock the door at the foot of the stairs which lead to 'the black wing.' I promise you that the rooms there are not haunted, save by the demon of dust, and, I suppose, a few ghostly cobwebs. In the second chamber you will find, in the old ebony cabinet, the box which contains the silver collar of Guy Martenbroke, which is really a curiosity, and which I have promised to show to your father when he calls this morning. He has told me that his family possess a relic as old, if not much older, than this; for I am well aware that your Irish

O'Donel blood is royal, and much nobler than what we poor Norman adventurers can boast or pretend to."

Grace, smiling, took the key, and having opened the door, found herself in a square chamber, with small windows defended by iron bars, and looking out on what had been the Abbey garden. This apartment opened into a very spacious, though low-ceiled, room, with large windows, stoutly barred also, and a huge fire-place, with ancient dogs. On the walls were some half-dozen pictures of the Beaufoy family; and Grace, who loved deeds of chivalry, and was an admirer of Froissart's, recognised Sir Foulke Beaufoy, who fought side by side with Chandos and Clisson in Edward the Third's French wars. Here, too, was Henry Beaufoy, first and last Viscount Martenbroke, a royalist, who was knocked on the head by a crop-eared corporal in Oliver's regiment of Ironsides, in the rout at Naseby. This was the picture of a very handsome man, with a sallow, melancholy face, painted by Vandyke. Here, too, was Peter Beaufoy, a privy-councillor of Henry VIII., with a low forehead and a crafty eye—a fine Holbein. Over the mantelpiece was Miss Beaufoy's grandfather, the Bishop of D——, looking as humble on the canvas as prelates usually look in common life. Grace knew all these pictures, and whom they represented, at once, from frequent descriptions of them by Miss Beaufoy. The collar was in an oak box, lined with tarnished blue velvet. Just as Grace had lifted the case, she saw, at the angle of the room, a door, which, painted like the rest of the wall, she had mistaken for a large panel. She advanced, and passing through it, found herself in a small bedroom and boudoir furnished in French fashion. Here were three large pictures. First in the catalogue was the late Mr. Beaufoy, in faultless clerical costume, with the snowy superciliousness of his surplice—his bands falling like two correct cataracts of cambric over his cravat—his Oxford hood floating down his back, and his gentleman-commoner's cap in hand, looking decidedly handsome and aristocratic, yet with an expression in his face as if he were displeased with the artist for looking at him too familiarly as he painted him. The next picture exhibited Miss Beaufoy in her riding-

habit, her horse behind her, pawing the ground, a stately and handsome woman about thirty years of age. The third picture was standing on the floor, but, like a naughty boy, its face was turned to the wall. Grace took the trouble to reverse it, and, as the noon-day light fell upon it, she saw it was the likeness of a very young and lovely girl of about seventeen, a Beaufoy, no doubt, from the likeness to the other pictures, but wanting their distinguishing trait of pride. Grace gave but one look, and hastily replacing the picture as it had been, she sped back with Sir Guy's collar in her hands.

Too frank to conceal where she had been and what she had seen, she at once said—

"Dear Miss Beaufoy I have exceeded my commission, for I was not contented with forming a friendship with your ancestors in the large room, but, in an over-curious spirit, I penetrated into the little boudoir, saw your picture and your brother's, and had the audacity and, I fear, the bad taste, to turn the third picture, and looked upon some lovely Beaufoy, of whom I know nothing."

During this speech Miss Beaufoy was much agitated. She covered her face with her hands, and appeared to be mastering some strong feeling. Apparently, she succeeded; for, withdrawing her hands, she addressed Grace in a calm voice—

"Six months ago, no one had dared to speak to me of that picture; but now I feel it to be a relief and comfort to my mind to tell you of her whom it represents, and only hope you will not hate me for the wicked pride and cruelty in which the narrative will portray me. The picture is that of my half-sister, Flora; she was the only daughter of my father's second wife. For fifteen years he mourned for my mother, and then married a Miss Hilary, who was an amiable and attractive person. She survived the birth of her child only a few days; and my father, broken by age and sorrow, outlived her but one short year, leaving Flora to the care and guardianship of my brother and me. We then lived in Cumberland, on a small property of my brother's; but afterwards, on his entering the ministry, we removed to London, and finally to the city of York, where Reginald had a living and church. I was then thirty years

of age, and my picture faithfully tells what I was in appearance. The beauty has past away, and I ardently pray that the pride may also depart; for it tortured that poor young sister, then only seventeen, and engendered passions and produced actions, the remembrance of which now covers me with shame and remorse.

"A regiment of the King's Horse Guards were then quartered in York, and a gentleman who had a troop in the corps, and was a cousin of my mother's, came often to visit us. He was about forty-five years of age—not young, indeed, but a fine, soldierly-looking man, and the only son and heir of an old Scotch Earl. As we were near relatives, we soon became intimate, and passed much happy time together, walking on the ramparts of the ancient city, or making excursions to Studely or Knaresborough on horseback. Lord St. Hilda was much to my taste; he was high and reserved in his manners, but a man of the strictest conduct, and a splendid cavalry officer. He was fond of music, and we sung together: each day found him at our house, and though, as yet, he had made no formal declaration to me, yet his manner could not be mistaken; and it was the common topic of the York coteries that I was engaged to my cousin.

"Just then Flora, who had been in Wales with a delicate aunt, returned home—and certainly a more lovely young creature you could scarcely see anywhere. Her manner, too, was charming, simple, easy, affectionate—with a good sense pervading her whole bearing and converse. Like you, too, dear Grace, she was unaffectedly pious, which I did not then understand; and in a short time I perceived my noble admirer was utterly captivated by her. To do her justice, she never encouraged him; nay, when he offered her his hand and coronet, she refused him, on the simple plea of the difference of their ages, and her affections being still her own; but her rejection, though gentle, was decided; and next day he quitted our house for ever, in a transport of wounded pride and affection. I am sure the former passion was much stronger than the latter; though, when men love in the meridian of their life, the feeling is of a more absorbing, as it is of a more exacting and jealous nature than more youthful fancies.

"Thus I lost my lover—my own

kinsman, too—and my almost certainty of a countess's coronet. My love, my pride, my ambition—all crushed out by the cruel *contretemps* of a child-sister coming home a few days too soon. I confess I hated her for it, and poured reproaches on her, accusing her of having acted deceitfully, and done this thing of design; for, dear Grace, the actings out of pride are amongst the meanest things our nature is capable of.

"These charges, which I knew were untrue, Flora responded to meekly, but firmly; and for five years, during which she lived with us, I continued to treat her with harshness and want of affection. My brother did not know of this domestic persecution; he was wrapped up in antiquities and ecclesiology, and was writing a 'Treatise on the Minster.' Had he seen it, he would not have suffered it; for, with many faults, poor Reginald was a gentleman. And Flora never told him; but I have reason to believe she was not so silent to her mother's family, for, at the age of twenty-one, her uncle, Sir John Hilary, came to claim her, and his manner was very distant and reproachful to me. Her fortune was then to be made over to her, and she was to live in Wales. She took leave of my brother with tears; and then coming to my room, she said—'Dear sister, I have ever loved you, and do so still. I forgive you all your unkindness, which God he knows I never deserved. Now, kiss me, and let us part friends.' But, God forgive me, I turned away, and cried 'No, never; you have ruined me, and poisoned my life. I never will forgive you.' [Miss Beaufoy here paused, and went on, with a broken voice]—She went to live with the Hilarys, and shortly afterwards married well, with a young gentleman of some property, a Mr. Mostyn; but, unfortunately, a relative bequeathed him, the year after their union, a district of leadmines, to work which he dipt his estate, and lost all he had by the mines proving a failure, and then he and his wife retired to the Continent. I think they had a daughter; but I cared not to inquire for them—the bad and wicked feeling remaining with me year after year, and so intense at times, that I turned her picture to the wall as you found it, for I could not bear to look upon it; and, as if I was not, or had

not been, wicked enough, another wretched passion sprung up, as age came on — for our vices, dear Miss O'Donel, like flowers, have their seasons; and what suits the springtime of life, will scarcely bud or bear fruit in the more advanced autumn of our days; and thus many obtain credit for parting with wrong habits, when it is the sin which leaves them. My new passion was avarice—a vice which had been taught me by poor Reginald. People thought me poor, and I was glad of it, for the plea of poverty screened and excused the viler habit. I am not poor—I am wealthy. I live in this old *chateau* because it is my humour, and on a tenth of my available income; and I have saved enough of money for the last thirty years in the old Bank at York, as would build me, at my death, a monument in the Minster, equal, for price, to that of King Mausolus. I intended leaving all this money to a young relative of my mother's, whom I never saw. He is an officer of hussars, and I conditioned that he was to assume our name and coat of arms, for, alas! we Beaufoys are a few and a failing race; but since this illness I have made other testamentary dispositions, more congenial to new feelings, and to my sense of what is right.

“And now, my dear, that I have confessed my sins unto you, we will look at Sir Guy's collar; and when I am strong enough, we will make a pilgrimage together to the ‘Dark Wing,’ and turn poor Flora's beautiful face once more to the sun's gaze; nay more, to show you how entirely I hate myself for past haughtiness, and how changed I am, I will hang the fair creature up in this very room, and will begin to love her now as much as I formerly used to dislike her.”

From that day forward, Miss Beaufoy's health rapidly amended. Much of her moral dross appeared to have been consumed by the fire of her fever; and her attachment to her fair young nurse seemed to have opened a new existence to her. Her pride gradually lost all its offence, and was now nothing more than simple dignity; her acrimony had softened down to perception of character; and her penuriousness had all melted, like a bank of ice, and was flowing round her in a hundred kindly channels of beneficence to her poorer neighbours, and a

bright and sunny evening seemed to have set in to gild and to gladden the decline of her chequered life.

About this time Mr. O'Donel happened to have some business with one of his churchwardens, who was a respectable village lawyer. And when sitting together in the Vicarage study, the good man was speaking of Miss Beaufoy's illness; and after eulogising Grace's conduct, which he declared to have been as heroic as any deed of fame in ancient story, he added, “I am Miss Beaufoy's legal adviser; and though she has bound me up to silence as regards the details of her new will, yet I *may* say so far, that when somebody dies, a person whom we all love and admire will turn out to be a great heiress.”

Mr. O'Donel coloured up painfully at this intelligence; and when the good but gossiping lawyer had taken his departure, the father sought his daughter, and told her all he had heard. Grace was beyond measure distressed at the tidings, for, from various little phrases which Miss Beaufoy had let fall of late, she felt certain it was substantially true. Her simple and upright mind could now see but the one path of action, and that was the straightforward way; and in all her views on the matter her father, who was one with her in feeling, cordially agreed. She instantly rode over to Darkbrothers, where she found the old lady superintending the re-creation of a garden, and putting down violet-roots in the rich loam, where formerly abbots walked and mused, and monks delved, her hands being protected by a pair of gauntlet gloves, so thick and long that they might have been worn by old Sir Guy himself, when he was knocking the Saracens about. Grace asked her to walk with her towards the house, and at once entered upon the subject, which she treated with great delicacy and tact, but with perfect candour. At first Miss Beaufoy was more amused than offended. She acknowledged that it was quite true, and that she had left all her property, to the amount of £40,000, to Grace alone.

“Surely you must permit me to be grateful. There is no one on earth so justly dear to me as you. I owe you my life—nay, more than life; and I have positive happiness in making you my heir.”

"And I," said Grace, "shall be perfectly miserable in being so. I want it not; I wish not for it; and my father is, I assure you, as much distressed as I am at the idea. Dearest Miss Beaufoy, if you so love me, give me simply your heart; reserve your wealth for those who need it. Do not disinherit the young gentleman you told me of; or rather, seek out your sister's family—surely they are to be found—and think of the happiness of seeing them, receiving them here, perhaps enriching them, if they should prove to be poor. And," continued Grace, in a lower tone, "Oh, think of the blessedness of making reparation for what you have so often lamented over. I beseech you, cancel, destroy this unjust will. I never will be, or could be, your heir. As long as God spares you, I am rich in the many pleasant hours I pass with you; and when I shall lose you, I shall need nothing to remind me of my dear Miss Beaufoy, for the thought of her will be sweet in my memory as long as life shall last."

Grace spoke this with flushing cheek, and her eyes full of tears, and with the tones of her most musical voice all tremulous with emotion. The old lady was greatly affected, and kissed her, weeping.

"Ah, dear child, how are you so noble, so unselfish, and so generous! Ah! would that I were like you. However, all must be done as you please; and since you will not consent to be mistress of my fortune when I die, you shall be mistress of my actions while I live—as indeed you have been the little queen of my heart for many a day. Rely on the honour of Jane Beaufoy, the will shall be burnt before the sun sets, and my agent in York shall have the amplest commission to advertise in all the English journals for the widow or heirs, if any, of Owen Mostyn, Esq., late of Llandwyllyn Hall, Flintshire. And now, Grace, come in and rest on my sofa—for I never saw you look so tired or so distressed, while I am performing the *auto-da-fe* on the parchment body of the wicked will—an adjudged heretic, at all events, in *your* eyes; and then I shall order my horse, and ride with you back to the Vicarage, and we will think and talk no more on this subject."

In about a year after this, Mr. O'Donel's health having been a good

deal tried, he consulted a London physician, who ordered him travel and a two months' holiday. On this he determined to pass into Ireland, and visit some property he had there, which extended along the wild and rocky coast of Donegal, and where he had not been for several years. Grace was to accompany him. Crossing the Channel, they travelled in a light carriage of Mr. O'Donel's, with post-horses, taking their time, and seeing the country. The father and daughter were greatly attached—Grace loving him as a superior being, and the deep affliction he sustained in the loss of her mother throwing round him a loving interest ever in her eyes; and he having the truest perception and admiration of the simple, noble, and resolute character of the young girl, while her beauty and her youth delighted him. Their tastes, too, were similar. They both loved books, pictures, music, and wild scenery; and on matters connected with the invisible world which is around us, or the better, brighter world which is above us, their thoughts and aspirations all travelled in the one path. Their journey was, therefore, delightful; and before a week had elapsed, Mr. O'Donel's health was almost re-established.

It was late in the evening when they reached a small sea-side village in Donegal; and on driving to the inn, they ascertained that every room was engaged, in consequence of a great wool-fair having been held there on that day. In this dilemma, the landlady, who knew who Mr. O'Donel was, and who was struck with the charm and sweetness which ever hung around Grace, despatched a message to a lady who lived near the town; and an answer came back at once, saying how happy Mrs. Ashley would be to accommodate Mr. and Miss O'Donel for the night. The house was on the cliff, a few perches from the town. It was small, but airy, and exquisitely bright and neat. Mrs. Ashley they saw but for a moment after they had had their supper. They were both travel-dulled and sleepy, and eagerly embraced their hostess' offer to retire to their rooms, where in a short time father and daughter were locked in soundest slumber.

The early sun darting through the snow-white drapery of her bed, caused

Grace to awake ; and dressing rapidly, and drawing back the window-blinds, she saw, for the first time, the glorious Atlantic in all its billowy boundlessness before her : its long and heavy waves breaking in thunder against the cliff on which the house stood. Its music had lulled her to sleep—had mingled in her dreams ; and she now beheld its wild surf and spray with an enthusiasm she could scarce control.

Her apartment was furnished not expensively ; but the hand of taste was there. Over the mantelpiece was a well-painted oil picture of a young naval officer, leaning on a gun ; and on the chimney-slab was an envelope, addressed "To Captain M. Ashley, R.N., Commanding Coast-Guard," &c., &c.

Thus accidentally Grace ascertained the profession of her host. She had heard the previous day from Miss Beaufoy—a long and agreeable letter, breathing the kindest love ; and her thoughts were full of her absent friend, and the vicarage, and Earlsdale ; and, by some unaccountable freak of imagination, she could not help associating the house she was now in with Darkbrothers and its mistress ; for the tones of Mrs. Ashley's voice had startled her last night, and this picture now before her was so like the portrait of Flora Beaufoy. But this, thought Grace, is all pure fancy or folly ; and so she finished dressing, and ran down to meet Mr. O'Donel, whom she saw standing on the cliff under her window.

At breakfast, Mrs. and Miss Ashley received our travellers with great courtesy. The former had the remains of much beauty, but she seemed broken and changed by sorrow or sickness ; the latter was a handsome, graceful girl, with a rich olive complexion ; and both ladies, in their contour of feature, their general style, and above all, the tones of their voice, incessantly reminded Grace of Miss Beaufoy.

Mrs. Ashley apologised for the absence of her son—he was along the coast, on duty, in his cutter ; and then directing her conversation to Mr. O'Donel, she spoke of many of his tenants, whose cottages she had visited in her walks. She was a very elegant woman, but reserved and grave, and seemed more bent on being courteous than kind. Miss Ashley scarcely spoke. Once Grace, when her father was discussing scenery, asked her,

"had she ever been in Wales, or seen Snowdon?"

She coldly replied, "I have heard much of Welsh landscape, but I know more of Switzerland ; we were brought up and educated at Lausanne."

After breakfast, the travellers took a grateful leave of their entertainers, and proceeded to the hotel, where Mr. O'Donel had engaged rooms for a week.

He quite felt with Grace about the likeness of the Ashley ladies to Miss Beaufoy. Their landlady was loud in their praise. She said that they were new comers ; that they were English people, pious, and kind to the poor, and a blessing to all around them. Captain Ashley was a fine young man, who had seen some service, and had been severely wounded at N——.

Mr. O'Donel determined to remain until he saw him. Meanwhile, Grace and he spent whole days rambling over the giant cliffs which belt, as with an iron baldrick, this grand coast.

The weather was perfect, and the great "ocean slumbered like a weaned child ;" and Mr. O'Donel, taking advantage of the calm, determined to visit the picturesque Island of Tory, which lay, like a rock-embattled castle, sleeping in the sea about ten miles from the mainland.

"It is a rough place, Grace," he said, "and a rougher passage to it, so I shall not take you ; but I shall go in the yawl of Captain Ashley's sloop, which crosses in the morning, too early for young cragswomen like you to be astir. The men have asked me to sail with them ; and I shall enjoy the trip, which will remind me of happy yachting days, and I shall be home for a late dinner with you."

They parted for the night, and next day Grace spent in the hotel, working and writing by turns. She had received a note two days before from Miss Ashley, apologising for not seeing her, but saying that her mother had been unwell.

Mr. O'Donel did not return to dinner, and Grace passed an anxious night. True, the sea was smooth, and the yawl had not come back ; no doubt he was in the island, and safe.

Next morning Miss Ashley walked in after breakfast. Her mother was better ; and Grace, who was wretched about her absent father, put on her shawl and bonnet, and returned with

Miss Ashley towards the latter's home. Perhaps she would have questioned her if she was any relation of Miss Beaufoy's; but now Grace's whole mind was absorbed in her father, and her heart went with her eyes across the heaving mass of water, glittering like silver in the morning light, which expanded between her and the peaks and fantastically-shaped cliffs of Tory.

It was a great fishing season, and hundreds of boats were pushing off the shore, probably not to be home till late at night. The ladies sat down at the cottage window, looking out on the sea.

"I cannot imagine why the yawl did not return last evening," said Miss Ashley; "she was manned by three of my brother's people, all experienced seamen; so Miss O'Donel you need not be anxious."

She spoke kindly, and Grace thanked her with a smile; and they sat on together in silence, till Miss Ashley said—

"I see something afloat now between this and Torry. It might be the yawl, or some other boat. Help me, Miss O'Donel, to point this large telescope; and now look through and tell me what you see."

After some difficulty, Grace covered the floating object with the lens of the glass.

"Alas!" she said, it is not a boat, and yet there are, I think, human beings moving in it. It seems to be a large square basket, or creel, yet it floats like a water hen, and as lightly, and is advancing rapidly."

"Oh!" said Miss Ashley, "it is a curragh, the ancient boat of the country, and you may depend on it there is a message being conveyed to you from your father in it. Let us go out upon the cliff and watch its arrival."

In half an hour, the light caique, made of branches of trees for ribs, interlaced and tied with twigs, and thick canvas, well tarred and waterproof, drawn over all, ran up on the beach, almost at the young ladies' feet, and two men, rough islanders, jumped out, and the elder presented a note to Miss O'Donel, asking her was she not the English clergyman's daughter. The note ran thus:—

"DEAREST GRACE,—I have had a fall, and am slightly bruised. It is nothing; still I cannot return to-day. Do not be uneasy. The yawl was hurt coming into port against the fluke of an anchor, which will detain us all.—Ever your loving father,
"H. O'D."

Grace read this note with a compressed lip and very pale face. She handed it to Miss Ashley, saying—

"I shall go to him myself."

She then questioned the old sailor further. He told her that the English gentleman's foot had slipped in climbing a rock to seek, he believed, for "yerbs," and that he had fallen a "good piece down," and when he saw him, he was lying for dead, and his face covered with blood.

Once again Grace waxed deadly pale, and her lips quivered; then her countenance cleared, as if she had found relief in some hidden influence, or resolve, and addressing the old sailor, she inquired—

"When do you return to Torry?"

The man replied—

"At two o'clock, when the tide ebbs."

"Will you take me with you?"

"Lord, Miss, we have no boat, 'tis but an old curragh!"

"Will your vessel hold three?"

"Ay, that she will, and more besides, readily."

"Do you expect to get there before evening, and safely?"

"Surely, Miss," said the man, "with God's help; from the most ancient days no one ever heard tell of a curragh foundering in the Sound of Tory.* A man-of-war might go down easy enough, but our little curraghs is like the gannets from Horn-head, they rise to the foam like a piece of cork."

"Then I will go with with you," said Grace.

"You could not, Miss," answered the man; "the spray would be over you a hundred times, and there will be a squall of wind before sundown—you would die of cold and fright."

Grace faintly smiled, and said—

"I am not afraid, nor shall I be so; and I am strong and healthy. Look, my friend, I will go to my father

* This is a nautical fact.

this day, if it were blowing a tempest. Here is a purse full of gold; if *you* will not take me, I can and will buy the services of some other kind seaman, who will not refuse a daughter the means of going to her sick father."

"Lord bless you, Miss," cried the man, "I only refused you because I was afraid for you in crossing the Sound. I will take you with all my heart, but one farthing of your guinea-gold Dan Whoriskey will never receive. I and mine are well known to young Captain Ashley as old Tory Soundsmen; and with the stout heart you seem to have, and the sweet smile on your lips this minute, sure the curragh must have good luck that carries an angel in it."

Miss Ashley now joined Grace, and in vain strove to change her purpose, and deter her from the peril. She said—

"I know these two Whoriskeys. They are decent, sober men, and Marten, my brother, thinks them inimitable seamen. Still, think of a pull of three hours in such a sea."

But to this and many such arguments Grace only answered with a quiet, "*I must see my father. I will go to him.*"

Calm, resolved, unmoveable, a smile on her lip, and a tear every moment gathering under the long lashes of her eyes, Miss Ashley thought she had never seen anyone so attractive and so devoted before. All was now ready. A little leather carpet-bag was flung into the curragh, containing a change of garments for poor Grace. The two Whoriskeys launched their craft, into which Grace jumped with no emotion of fear in her heart, beyond the dread of finding her father ill or hurt; and the men were going to bend to their oars when Captain Ashley's coxswain, who had heard of the accident to his yawl, volunteered to go; and Miss Ashley whispered Grace, that Stedman was a man of great judgment and coolness, and an old man-of-war's mate with her brother. Then waving her handkerchief she bid her adieu, with a face expressive of the deepest sympathy and interest.

I am not sailor enough to describe the voyage. To Grace the curragh appeared a mere eggshell as to the strength of its fabric; but side by side with the cutter's coxswain, whose leathern, honest features betrayed no-

thing but imperturbable repose, she sat erect and pale, with her eye fixed on the distant island, and her lips compressed and motionless, while the curragh went whirling down one high bank of blue water, and surging up the other; then hanging for a second, as if dizzy, on the crest of the wave, before once more it rushed spinningly down into the abyss of the giant waters, which war and welter in the bed of the great Atlantic. Presently one of the oarsmen cried out—

"Now, Miss, we are on the bar, where we have always a bit of a short ugly sea. Sit fast and shut your eyes; and now pull away. Mr. Stedman, take that short oar. You can steer a curragh. Keep her head against the breakers. Pull away, my hearty! O dear, Miss, you are all wet! Pull away! Turn your face, God bless you, from the whip of the wave. In three minutes more we shall have passed this angry bit of sea, and get to our own pleasant, darling, long waves again. Pull away—one, two, three, four—now a strong one, and hurrah, the bar is passed!"

Blinded, stunned, half-drowned with the lash of the wave, Grace now lifted her head, as the little curragh spun up and down the long valleying swells of the ocean. Her companion sat by her side, silent as a statue, though at times steering, and again baling out the curragh with a leathern bucket. Presently he spoke with a voice as composed as if he were by his own fireside.

"Dan," addressing the elder oarsman, "Dan, there is an ugly patch of cloud getting up far behind us; we shall have a squall of it. Pull hard, my man; or come here and steer, and I will take your oar. We must try and outrun it if we can."

So saying, he exchanged seats with the old man, and seizing the oar, he threw the curragh into a much greater speed than she had hitherto displayed. And now Grace's heart beat high, for the sea-birds from the Tory Cliffs were circling the boat, and they had not more than two miles to reach the island. Hark! a rushing, splashing sound all round the curragh, and a huge, black shoal of porpoises shot by.

"Oh, dear man," cried the superstitious Dan, "we are sure to catch the squall now, with them ugly say naygurs."

"Look out to windward!" cried the younger oarsman, who sat in the bow; "if there isn't Captain Ashley and the Sea Hawk running like fire before the wind. They are making for Tory, and will beat us yet. See how the Captain is hauling down his jib, and reefing his mainsail! We shall have the gale now to break on us in a jiffey."

A large, yacht-rigged sloop was now clearly visible far on the left, flying through the foam, with a black bank of cloud behind its white sail. The scene was exciting and beautiful, had Grace's mind, unburdened of its care, been able to enjoy it.

"Now, dear Miss, for God's sake don't be afeart, for here is the scud coming over the sea. Sit low down in the boat, and don't stir; and Mr. Stedman, alannah, come here again and steer, and give me the oar, for I am used to it; and if you ever piloted a vessel, do your best now with the little curragh, for I would wager a gould guinea that your own master is looking at you now through his glass from the cutter's stern-rails. Ough!" said the old man, as a wave struck him drenchingly on the face, "there is more of that sort coming."

And the next moment the sea was raging and roaring mountains high around them and behind them.

Grace could never describe in detail what occurred till she landed. She recollects sitting quietly, while the curragh seemed to be all but torn out of the water by the fierce wind. She recollects the coxswain's steady face, seen dimly through the spray, and her drawing comfort therefrom; the wild, eager countenances of the Irish oarsmen; the jerks of the oars in their rullocks; the dash, and shock, and scattering whirl of the breaking wave; the halloo of the rowers at every stroke, encouraging each other in their conflict with the raging element; and the convulsive straining and creaking of the frail curragh, which seemed about to sever and go to pieces every minute. She recollected lifting her face over the gunwale once, and drawing it back again, all dizzy and sick at the vision of the black caverns of water, which yawned like deep graves around her. Then settling her mind to prayer, till a sweet and sustaining calm came over her, and she lifted her face once more bravely up into the tempest, and

looked out upon the war of waters, and smiled upon their anger. Then she felt she had great peace, and assurance that all would come right, and every fear fled away. And so it came to pass that, in about five minutes, the gallant little curragh was spinning round the black base of a sheltering cliff, and was in smooth water, and presently grounded in soft, white sand, and the men drew her up on the beach, Dan Whorisky shaking Grace's hand most vehemently, and shouting—"It's with Nelson, Miss, you ought to have sailed," and a number of wild women, crowding round her, and crying, and kissing her; and all was noise, confusion, congratulation, and happiness, for side by side with a young naval officer she saw her father.

He had been but slightly hurt, his hand much bruised, but the pain of the fall caused him to faint, and his nose had gushed out blood. In this state Whorisky saw him, and his report was according to the impression he received.

That night Grace slept in her father's room, a long, unbroken sleep, dreamless, because so deep—a sleep of youth, and health, and innocence—and when she awakened she felt perfectly refreshed. The morn was one of cloudless beauty, and breakfast was scarcely finished when Captain Ashley came in to invite Mr. and Miss O'Donel to accompany him in his cutter, which was to sail at noon for the mainland. He seemed astonished at Grace looking so well and fresh after her perilous voyage.

"The islanders here," said he, "are wild about you. Old Whorisky, the skipper of that sea-basket of a thing you had the courage to sail in, states, that when the squall struck the curragh he was in despair, and was half inclined to drop his oar and give up, but a smile from you he declares put such strength into his arms, and such courage into him, that he would sooner have died in the stern-sheets than given in while you were there. And my sober English coxswain, who is the most taciturn of men, and does not generally speak twenty words in the day, has never ceased descanting on your steadiness, courage, and presence of mind all the morning."

As Captain Ashley spoke, the tones of his voice, the glance of the eye, and the play of his mouth, all reminded Grace most forcibly of Miss Beaufoy.

At two o'clock they went on board the *Sea Hawk*, and slowly beat out to windward across the sound. They found Ashley an extremely well-educated man, with a fine person, and fascinating manners. He was a thorough sailor, manly and straightforward, and so frank, that Grace had good hopes he would solve her mystery during the voyage. They all stood on the cutter's deck, and the sublime Donegal Highlands were ranged before them.

"You should love these hills," said Ashley to the young lady, "for the people here have assured me that the whole territory was swayed by your forefathers."

"Yes," said Mr. O'Donel, "I believe we have some claim to the chieftainship of the family. We were petty princes for a few centuries, and afterwards 'very famous rebels;' but I confess my family pride gives me but little care or trouble; and if I have any exalted spot in my heart concerning this old race, it is because the good St. Columbkille was of the house of O'Donel, and was born among the mountains which now stretch before us, and loved and lived, too, in this very Isle of Tory. He was a true Christian, living when the Irish Church was pure, and unconnected with Rome or her usages."

Ashley listened with interest.

"I have seen," he said, "the saint's birthplace; it is by the beautiful Lake of Gartan, about twelve miles from this. I," he added, "have neither prince nor saint in the catalogue of my ancestry. Welsh nobles in abundance, for my father's original name was Mostyn, till he changed it for a fortune, which proved a misfortune, for he was ruined by mining. My mother's family indeed can boast of a Crusader, and a collar of silver, bestowed by Cœur de Lion's hand; but they have all passed away, and I suppose the last of the name had the relic put into her coffin, for I am told her avarice was only to be equalled by her penury."

The young man spoke this, but not bitterly, and I need not say was heard anxiously by his companions. Grace pressed her father's arm, and looked down; then Mr. O'Donel said—

"May I ask you, Captain Ashley, was the aunt you speak of called Jane Beaufoy?"

The young man started, coloured, and said—

"Certainly sir."

"Then, Captain Ashley, she is not dead, nor is she now what you describe her; she is alive and well, and is my daughter's dearest friend; and I do not think there is anything on earth she more ardently desires than to see and to know her relatives, and to share with them the affections of her most noble and generous heart."

"You astonish me," said Ashley, "as well as rejoice me; we heard she had died of a fever in Warwickshire. How glad will my dear mother be, for I believe she never ceased to love her, though it was not reciprocated by Aunt Jane."

The young sailor would have asked many more questions; and Grace, delighted, charmed, and exhilarated to the highest degree, would have gladly taken up her parable, and talked of Miss Beaufoy for hours, but they were now approaching the shore, and Ashley had to give directions to the helmsman for bringing the *Sea Hawk* into her nest, as he called her anchorage. He then courteously entreated his two companions to accompany him home.

On the cliff they were met by Mrs. and Miss Ashley; and the former, rapidly advancing, said—

"Even before I welcome you, dear Marten, I must embrace and thank God again, and again, for this young lady."

"Oh, sir," said she, turning to Mr. O'Donel, "what a night of suspense we have passed; and oh, sir, what a daughter God has given you."

I pass over the astonishment with which Mrs. Ashley received the tidings of her sister being alive and well, and how diligently that sister had sought her, though in vain, owing to her foreign residence and change of name; and how she was greatly overcome when she was told of all the love, hospitality, and prosperity that awaited her under the roof of Darkbrothers; for she had had bitter trials, and this mercy was all the brighter. Hour after hour Grace passed in telling of the many excellencies of Jane Beaufoy. I could not pretend to do justice to the eloquent letter she penned to the old lady, or the delighted, happy, thankful answer she received, full of vivacity, and affection, and joy. The postscript ran thus—

"So my nephew is a naval hero, and has been wounded—this is quite to my taste. Lord Pompadour, who has become wondrous civil of late, was here yesterday, and says he served under his brother, the admiral, and is a young man of the very highest character for talent and good conduct—this is even more pleasant. Martenbroke Ashley is a pretty name; but if he is to be his aunt's heir, he must assume the old crusader's *nomme d'honneur*, with the arms, &c., of Beaufoy (you see, Grace, how the old pride is in my heart still), and he must leave the navy; he has no one to fight now, and when they all come to Darkbrothers to stay with me till I die, as I trust they will at once do, I will hang the silver collar round his neck, and he shall be my devoted knight, as you are my darling nurse, and I will share my love between you, with a reserve for my dear sister and niece."

Miss Beaufoy also wrote to her sister by the same post a long letter full of contrition, humility, and love. Mrs. Ashley wept happy tears over it, and then hid it in her bosom.

Three months afterwards, the whole party were gathered round the Vicarage drawing-room fire, and before another year had gone round, Miss Beaufoy had the great joy of seeing her nephew and her fair young nurse united in marriage, the happy couple leaving after the ceremony for Hazleghens, a beautiful place presented to Captain Ashley Beaufoy by his aunt, and within a few miles of Earlsdale and the Vicarage. The record also says, that on the top of the carriage which conveyed the bride and bridegroom to their new residence, carefully packed in an imperial, was the silver collar of Sir Guy Martenbroke!

Miss Beaufoy never forsook Darkbrothers, but on the contrary, spent so much of her time, and taste, and money, in improving the house, and beautifying the ruin, that Darkbrothers became a lion in the neighbourhood, so that the Pompadours used to bring their guests to see it as a well-kept and picturesque piece of antique land-

scape; and the old lady often spoke of purchasing the fee-simple of the place, and leaving it to Grace's second boy, Martenbroke, who was her favourite grandnephew.

The cloisters were silent now, for James, the idiot lad, had died of an over-gorge of green pears plundered from the Earl's orchard one moonlight night, and Miss Beaufoy had replaced him with two little skye-terriers, who kept the rats at bay; and with the absence of these nocturnal trampers, the legend of Friar Basset died out in a few years, like a lamp for lack of fuel.

Cheering it by her presence, blessing it by her charities, and brightening it by her hospitality, and her happy temper, Miss Beaufoy lived many years at "the Old House of Darkbrothers." She died in Grace's arms, full of faith, and hope, and joy, and the poor wept around her grave.

About four or five years before she died, the family had all assembled one happy Christmas at the Vicarage, and were talking over old events, when Captain Beaufoy, addressing his wife, said—

"Grace, I want you to clear up a mystery to me and to all these good people. I have now been your happy husband for ten years, and if I were to be asked what is the distinguishing trait of your character, I should answer, feminine gentleness. Tell us, then, what was the secret cause of your heroism, and what enabled you to go through scenes that many a stout-hearted man would have shrunk from?"

Grace answered in a low sweet tone—

"My secret power was all in prayer. I went to my divine Saviour for everything; he gave me the faith to ask, to receive; he NEVER FAILED ME—this was all the secret of my strength. May it be yours, my beloved husband, and yours, my own dear friends."

There was silence among the circle as they sat, but the ear of God heard each heart as it throbbed its deep Amen.

B.

GEOLOGICAL SURVEYS; THEIR OBJECTS AND UTILITY.

No science, with perhaps the exception of galvanism and its branches, has in an equal period made such rapid advances towards maturity as geology. Dating its resuscitated life from the days of Werner, De Saussure, Pallas, and Hutton, towards the end of the last century, it has, within the memory of some of its surviving fathers, attained the stature of a full and vigorous manhood.

The common assertion, that geology is in its infancy, is only true with reference to the vast field which remains to be brought within the compass of geological investigation; but is false when compared with the growth of other sciences. Its rapid progress is to be ascribed to the fact, that it contains within itself many elements of popularity. What conceptions of the human mind more marvellous than the sober deductions of geology! To learn that we walk over the bed of ancient seas; that continents occupy the place of former oceans, and oceans of former continents; that the rocks which form not only the plains, but also the summits of mountains, contain the well-preserved remains of marine animals;* that we adorn our halls and our hearths, or construct our edifices, with blocks once the habitations, as they are now the tombs, of corallines and animalculæ, some of which have left monuments of their existence, which cause the great wall of China, the mounds of Nimroud, or the pyramids of Egypt, to appear insignificant. In the language of a celebrated naturalist,† lately deceased—"For miles and miles we may walk over the stony fragments of the crinoidæ, fragments which were once built up in animated forms, encased in living flesh, and obeying the will of creatures among the loveliest of the inhabitants of the ocean."

Moreover, to know, for the first

time, that the British Islands, which, within historic periods, have felt but a few slight vibrations of earthquakes far remote, were in former ages the seat of vast subterranean movements, which contorted and fractured its rocks, producing vertical dislocations of hundreds and even thousands of feet;‡ that volcanoes, generally submarine, ejected over some portions of their area ashes and scorixæ; and that from their craters streams of lava, equalling those of Skapter Jokul, or Ætna, were poured forth—all these and similar phenomena are so novel, so startling, and cause so great a revolution in the mind's preconceived ideas, that the attention of the student is at once arrested, and he is impelled to prosecute the study of a science which abounds in details of such wonder and interest.

The study of fossil remains is attended with like attractiveness. We examine, for the first time, a fossil shell with a curiosity similar to that with which we handle an ærolite. In the one, we have the preserved portion of an animal, the inhabitant of our world, at a period when its geographical boundaries, its climate, and its fauna and flora were generally dissimilar to those of our own time; in the other, we have a mineral, the only solid, not originally part of our own globe, with which we can hope to come in contact. To both, therefore, there is attached an amount of interest distinct in its character from that which belongs to other objects, as they are respectively the representatives of ages long since past, and of objects far beyond our reach. Were it not for these organisms, often so beautifully preserved, we should have imagined ourselves and our fellow-creatures the first examples of terrestrial life. Geology without these could never have attained the position of an exact science. The stra-

* *E. g.* The highest peak of Snowdon is formed of an "ashy slate," of the lower silurian series, containing fossil shells.

† Prof. E. Forbes in his "History of British Starfishes."

‡ Professor Ramsay mentions several "faults" in Wales, varying in the amount of their vertical dislocations from 6,000 to 2,000 feet.—*See Quart. Journ. Geol. Soc. for August, 1853.*

ta, now the records of the earth's pre-adamic history, written in intelligible characters, could have been regarded only as a volume of blank pages, and man would have been denied one of the grandest of those illustrations of the power of the Creator which the study of nature is capable of affording.

Another element of popularity in our science is the facility of its pursuit. Unlike most other sciences, it seldom requires the aid of expensive or cumbersome instruments; nor do many abstruse mathematical problems retard the progress of the general student. Geology is pre-eminently a science of observation, in a minor degree of speculation. To its cultivators, a knowledge of the principles and a certain amount of the details of other sciences is indispensable; but to the student of nature, the acquisition of these can be attended only with gratification, and may afterwards, in a great measure, be carried about in the memory. Armed with his hammer, compass, clinometer, map, and fossil-bag, the "knight of the hammer" is fully equipped, and ready to take the field. As a true knight-errant, he often braves dangers and surmounts obstacles both of nature and art; and exploring the wildest regions of the earth, he seeks for countries where he may break rocks that are tougher than lances, and on which he may be the first to plant the standard of science.

Although geology abounds in the *marvellous*, and in investigations capable of affording high intellectual enjoyment, it also embraces subjects of great practical utility, bearing on the wants and occupations of every-day life. To those economical details, which it is the object of geological surveys—especially those undertaken under governmental auspices—to develop, we now wish to direct special attention.

Few persons who have not specially considered the subject, are aware to how large an extent the social and commercial prosperity of a people depends upon the geological structure of the country it inhabits. It is not alone to the religious and moral qualities of the Anglo-Saxon race, nor to the enlightened laws, temperate climate, and in-

sular position of this country, that we are (humanly speaking) indebted for our national greatness and commercial prosperity, though these have been powerful auxiliaries; it is also in a great degree to the mineral richness of the rocks* of which the British Islands are composed. Had the whole surface of Britain been overspread by the *formations* of North Wales, the Highlands of Scotland, or those of the South-East of England, we could never have become a great commercial or manufacturing community. The occupations and distribution of the inhabitants is evidence of the truth of this proposition. A traveller, passing through the Scottish Highlands and the mountainous districts of England and Wales, finds the mountains and valleys peopled by scattered races, engaged in husbandry and pastoral pursuits. He descends into the plains, and there he finds nuclei of dense populations, the centres of manufacturing industry; surrounding which, and stretching away over extensive areas, he beholds the country devoted to agriculture, dotted over with villages, cottages, substantial farms, and country seats. Here we have the three principal phases of British life, depending chiefly upon the nature of the strata in their respective districts for their distribution. The mountainous tracts are formed of *primary* and *plutonic* rocks, which, being destitute of coal, and physically ineligible for commercial and high agricultural enterprise, are often abandoned to their natural tenants, or formed into extensive pasture for flocks and herds, or parcelled out into wide-spreading forests. The manufacturing towns are situated upon, or in the neighbourhood of, the *secondary* rocks, the repositories of coal and iron, and thus a mighty impetus is imparted to the prosecution of manufacturing enterprise. Dr. Buckland† calls attention to the fact, that nineteen of the largest and most important towns in England, from Exeter to Carlisle, are situated along the line of one geological formation—the new red sandstone, which, in addition to its own mineral products, usually covers the invaluable deposit of coal, and at once yields an incentive

* The term "rock," when used in a geological sense, signifies strata of all kinds, whether clays or sands, as well as hard stone.

† "Bridgewater Treatise."

and supply to the vast populations of this favoured region. While, lastly, the agricultural districts are occupied by those formations both older and newer than the *coal measures*, which,* devoid of useful minerals, are calculated, both from the nature of their own composition, and the character of their superficies, to yield abundant returns for the labours of the agriculturalist.

In order to illustrate the influence which the nature and structure of the strata exert in directing the social habits, and determining the density of populations, we select the following:—

The Staffordshire Potteries are celebrated through the world for the excellence and beauty of the china-ware which they produce. The materials used in their manufacture are generally decomposing granite, flints, and carboniferous limestone chert; not one of which commodities is the product of the district. The granite is brought from Cornwall; the flints, from the south-east coast of England; and the chert, from parts of Staffordshire and Derbyshire, at a distance of about fifteen miles from the Potteries. But the presence of coal below the chert surface has marked out that part of Staffordshire as the best situation for the factories; and it has, in consequence, become one of the most busy, smoky, and populous districts in Britain; and the wonder is, how objects so beautiful, pure and white, as its porcelain, statuettes, and other products of genius and industry, can be produced under so impure an atmosphere.

We shall cross the Atlantic for a second illustration — one disconnected with the question of the supply of coal.

Most of the low and level lands on the Atlantic side of the United States, are composed of tertiary and cretaceous rocks. Next succeeds a more elevated and less level region, which is hypozoic or crystalline.† Of course, the rivers which cut across all these forma-

tions, usually show rapids or cataracts, where they pass from the crystalline to the newer deposits. Hence, such places usually form the head of navigation for vessels, and it is this circumstance that has located so many large cities on the line between the hypozoic and more recent rocks; these are New York, Trenton, Philadelphia, Washington, Richmond, Augusta, Columbus, Wetumpha,‡ &c.

The two countries of the world physically most favourable to great commercial prosperity, are Britain and the United States of America; and surely it cannot be regarded as mere accident, that they are inhabited by nations united by origin, language, and religion. The *coal-fields*§ of the United States bear about the same proportion to their area, that those of Britain do to hers; and the strata which produce the coal-beds of both countries belong to the same great geological formation, the carboniferous; in other words, they were in process of formation at the same period of time. In Britain, the area occupied by coal-measures is about 12,000 square miles. In the States of America, the coal formation overspreads an area of more than 225,000 square miles; and, at a moderate calculation, the cubic contents of coal is nearly 150 miles! As is the case in Britain, the coal-measures of America abound in iron; and from other rocks, minerals and ores are to be obtained in inexhaustible quantities. She, therefore, possesses all the raw materiel necessary to great commercial prosperity; and should these resources be developed in a degree proportionate with those of this country, the future of America, in a commercial point of view, is likely to be grand beyond precedent. With such a prospect, the supposition of the New Zealander standing on London-bridge, to sketch the ruins of St. Paul's, would apparently be realised rather in the person of Brother Jonathan, than of an inhabitant of the Pacific Isles.

An empire of vast territorial extent, to which the eyes of the world are now directed, labours under the disadvan-

* The term *coal-measures* is applied to all the strata, whether clays, shells, or sandstones, which are associated with coal-beds.

† *I. e.*, formed of igneous rocks, as granites, basalts, &c.

‡ From "Outlines of the Geology of the Globe." By Professor Hitchcock.

§ The district occupied by coal-producing rocks, called *coal-measures*.

tage which an almost total absence of coal within its own bounds must necessarily present, both to commercial prosperity and to progress. In the Ural Mountains and Siberia, Russia undoubtedly possesses exhaustless treasures of minerals and metallic ores; but of greater value to her would have been the possession of an equal area of coal-bearing strata. There can be no doubt that the want of coal, when the supply from foreign countries is cut off, acts as a check upon the ambitious projects of Russia. The present war appears to have well nigh exhausted her supply. For want of coal, St. Petersburg is now lighted with oil instead of gas, and the locomotive engines are heated with wood.*

Few countries of any considerable extent are entirely destitute of coal. Besides its occurrence in Britain and Ireland, it is found in France, Spain, Belgium, Saxony, Bohemia, and Sweden; along the southern shores of the Black Sea; in Persia, Hindostan, China, East Indian Islands, Labuan, Australia, North and South America; in the latter, in Banda, and along the west side of the Cordilleras. Its more remarkable localities are Spitzbergen, Nova Zembla, and the coasts of Greenland.

To determine with accuracy the mineral resources of the district included within the range of its investigations, is the principal object of the geological survey. By tracing the boundaries of the successive geological formations with their minor lithological subdivisions on accurate topographical charts, an approximate estimate of the area occupied by each may be obtained. By this means, we are able to measure and portray the amount of its limestones, iron-beds, sandstones, slates, granites, and other rocks, together with their arrangement and relationship to each other. With reference principally to coal, the evidence to be derived from such surveys is particularly valuable; for from the data thus collected, the means are afforded for determining localities where coal

does or does not exist below the surface; and in the former case its probable depth; and thus persons are made aware of favourable sites for sinking, or deterred from doing so, in localities where coal-beds do not exist, or are too deep to be reached. In the British Islands, and other countries, there are several geological formations, the strata of which occasionally bear strong resemblance to those which produce coal, though entirely distinct therefrom as regards their respective ages, and consequent relative position. Relying, however, on similarity of appearance, and deficient in that higher kind of knowledge, which enables the possessor, from an inspection of fossil contents or other data, to generalise for large areas, persons have often expended large sums in abortive attempts to obtain the precious mineral. These attempts have been the ruin of many, and the amount may be counted by hundreds of thousands. It is the object of geological surveys not only to indicate districts under which coal undoubtedly exists, but also those where it cannot possibly be found; and where accurate maps have been completed, no excuse remains to those who, neglecting to consult them, incur a profitless, and often ruinous expenditure.†

Geological surveys of districts of limited extent have been frequently made by individuals or societies in this and other countries. Of this fact the reader of the "Transactions of the Geological Society of London" is fully aware. Geological maps of the British Isles, by several authors, are also in existence, which are as accurate as the smallness of the scale will admit of. When, however, the Ordnance Topographical Surveyors had produced some of their beautifully-executed maps, on the scales of one inch and six inches to the mile, the value of a geographical survey, which should have these maps as their basis, was acknowledged; and accordingly, Sir H. T. De la Beche obtained from Government the establishment of geological surveys over Great Britain and Ireland. There

* From a correspondent of a London newspaper.

† Sir R. I. Murchison, in his "Silurian System," mentions one enterprise which was abandoned after an expenditure of £20,000! In "Richardson's Geology," edited by Dr. T. Wright, another instance is mentioned in which £10,000 was squandered; and the writer of this article is personally acquainted with five abortive attempts, resulting from ignorance.

cannot be a better example of geological ignorance or waste of money than that instanced in the late Professor Forbes's last introductory lecture, where the parties sunk in quest of coal into the dip of vertical strata; so that, however long they continued their fruitless task, they would be constantly working in the same bed in which they commenced.*

The survey of Russia owes its completion to the indefatigable perseverance of our countryman, Sir R. I. Murchison, and his companions. In their work they were abundantly aided by the late emperor, and the various Government establishments throughout the empire. The result of these labours is embodied in "Russia and the Ural Mountains."

Government geological surveys are now in progress in Hindostan, with, we believe, the more immediate object of developing the extent of the Indian coal-fields. They have also been undertaken in Africa, Australia, and Canada. In these countries, the greater portion of which are abandoned to the undisputed sway of nature, where the only inhabitants are wild animals, or almost equally wild aborigines, the geological surveyors are often not only the pioneers of science, but of civilisation. These gentlemen have frequently added much that is interesting and novel to the general store of science; the most remarkable, perhaps, being the discovery by Mr. Logan of foot-tracks in the Potsdam sandstone of Canada, a formation which is equivalent to the oldest fossiliferous strata of this country.†

A survey of Newfoundland has been completed by Mr. Jukes,‡ who was specially invited over for that purpose. An interesting memoir, containing the results of his labours has been published. The majority of the States of North America have undertaken, and in some instances completed, surveys of a similar character, and their example will, no doubt, be followed by the remaining states.

We proceed to offer a few remarks on the uses of geological maps, more

with reference to their practical bearings than theoretical interest.

The bounding lines of formations of different ages, instead of being at all times cases of *super-position*, are frequently found to be those of *juxta-position*. In the latter instance, the phenomenon is generally denominated a *fault*. It is in fact a vertical displacement of the strata, the result of the action of internal forces in former ages, and indicates that the interior of the earth is not composed of solid or unyielding materials. Faults are much more numerous than is generally supposed. Seldom is a continuous section of the strata a thousand yards in length exposed to view, in which they may not be observed. In mining districts, it is evidently a matter of much importance to have these faults delineated, as they affect the depth of the mineral in proportion to the amount of their "*throw*."§ To accomplish this, the scale of the topographical map must be large. On the maps of the Government Survey of Great Britain these lines of dislocation have been carefully traced, and when obtainable, the amount of displacement engraved on the proper side.

There is another class of phenomena closely connected with that of faults, and the origin of which is still involved in much uncertainty — we refer to *lodes*, or metalliferous veins. These are fissures in the rock, filled with various foreign substances, amongst which are ores and minerals. On the maps of the Geological Survey, the lodes are marked in gold lines, with signs, denoting the metal, affixed to each.

Students of geology are continually learning to how great an extent the configuration of the surface of our earth is dependent upon its geological structure. The connexion is much the same as that which subsists between the outward form of a vertebrate animal, and its internal skeleton. It is by no means uncommon to find the same geological formation preserve, over large areas, a form of surface pe-

* "Edin. N. Phil. Journ." i., p. 156.

† See "Quarterly Journal of the Geological Society of London."

‡ Now Local Director for the Geological Survey of Ireland.

§ Or vertical displacement of the beds.

cular to itself. This fact has been long recognised, and artists and painters would do well to study geology, with the object of truly copying natural scenery. Instead of the shapeless masses of light and shade, which are intended for rock, we should find a more careful representation of the bedding, or other structural phenomena of rocks. Geological mapping, executed upon truthfully-shaded charts, such as those of the Ordnance Survey of Great Britain and Ireland, exhibit the connexion between the structure of the rocks and form of surface to which we have referred; for by their means we have the cause and effect placed together before our eyes.

In several districts of Britain, which have hitherto supplied a vast amount of coal, the seams are being rapidly exhausted. Almost every coal-producing district exhibits extensive tracts, over which the coal-beds have been worked out and abandoned. The present consumption of coal is enormous, being more than thirty millions of tons annually; and this substance being incapable of reproduction will, in course of time, become more and more scarce. Nor does there appear to be, in general, forethought in the reservation of districts for future supply. Such is the exception, the reverse is the rule. As the coal-seams are exhausted where they are shallow, they will be penetrated to where they are deep; and the day is not distant when the superincumbent formations, the permian and trias, hitherto but little explored, will be pierced in search of the precious mineral. It is, therefore, a matter of great importance to ascertain, in particular districts, the existence, or the non-existence, of coal-beds below these formations, and, in the former case, their approximate depth; and they are questions which it is the province of a geological survey to determine, as far as the nature of the subject will admit of. From statements made at the late meeting of the British Association in Liverpool,* it would appear, that the Government surveyors have been directing special attention to the subject, and with much promise of

success. Its importance will be fully estimated, when it is stated as almost certain, that there is as great a quantity of coal-measures buried beneath these two formations—viz., the permian, and new red sandstone of England—as now occupies the surface.†

Geological maps are also useful in affording the landowner a knowledge of the mineral value of his property. They should be consulted in questions as to the best lines for railroads, roads, or canals. In conducting plans having reference to a water supply, a full knowledge of the nature and structure of the rocks of the district is indispensable, inasmuch as springs, and the direction of the percolation of water underground, is more or less affected by these phenomena.

Accompanying the maps of the British Surveys are geological sections, plotted to a scale of six inches to one mile. They present an accurate outline of the country traversed; and as they have been laid out so as to embrace the most prominent features of the surface and of the rocks, they will be interesting to all who would desire to have a correct knowledge of the outline and physical structure of the country, over its most picturesque and mountainous districts. These sections have been carried over the summits of all the loftiest mountains of Wales. In order to their completion, numerous difficulties, arising from the nature of the country, had to be overcome. Precipices were to be climbed and descended, rivers, lakes, and marshes measured, and passages cut through woods and thickets. In fact, every engineer who has experienced the difficulties attending the carrying of a line of railway-section over a comparatively level country, will be able to appreciate the difficulty of levelling in a straight line from the summit of one Welsh mountain to that of another. The results, however, fully compensate for the labour expended. Great objects are not to be obtained without great effort. By means of the sections which are now before the public, we are made acquainted with the nature and structure of the rocks thousands of feet beneath the ground on which we

* See Transactions of the British Association for 1854.

† According to Professor Ramsay, the Local Director.

tread. We can, with approximate accuracy, indicate the depth at which certain strata, to which we had bid farewell miles behind us, repose; and should they again meet our view, we are enabled to judge of the manner in which they have conducted themselves in the intervening space. In fine, we can draw the lines of bedding, of dis-

location, and the bounding lines of eruptive rocks, with an accuracy approaching that with which we could sketch these phenomena along the face of some gigantic railway-cutting which had laid bare the interior of the earth, from the summits of the loftiest mountains of Wales down to a thousand feet below the level of the sea.

IRISH RIVERS.—NO. XIII.

THE BARROW.—PART II.

A VERY different aspect is presented by Carlow to-day to its appearance in the year of grace 1361, when Lionel Duke of Clarence established the exchequer of the kingdom here, and expended £500 — a vast sum in these days — in building town-walls, of which now no trace remains. The frontier town of the Pale has played its part, and vanished from the stage, to make room for performance more suited to the present day. It was then a journey of time and great difficulty to proceed hither from Dublin, for the road was not thoroughly cleared until 1399. Richard II. first visited Ireland in 1394. After receiving a hollow submission from the Irish chieftains, he departed for England, whereupon they asserted their independence. This caused the return of the monarch, and he marched through the territories of the Mac-Murrough Kavanaghs, O'Tooles, and O'Byrnes; but it appears his chief exploit was hewing down, not native men, but native trees, and clearing highways through his line of march. Carlow from Dublin, at our present time of writing, is a pleasant trip of about two hours. The citizen, wishing to visit this ancient but renovated town, has only to direct the driver of an "Irish jaunting-car" to the King's Bridge, and he is speedily "rowlin'" along towards the terminus of the Great Southern and Western Railway, and if he arrives in time for the early train (seven o'clock), a bustling and entertaining spectacle awaits him. The large and handsome structure looms against the sky, yet obscured by the haze of morning; but round the area cluster a string of cars, show-

ing the influx of passengers. The active porters seize on your luggage as you draw up, and having paid the jarvey something more than the "little sixpence," enter the ticket-office. Here is a scene of crushing and excitement, and in the struggles the ladies are not much considered. We grieve to say it is a fearfully selfish place, and the gentle sex are sometimes treated less ceremoniously than in the ball-room. Their anxiety respecting handboxes and trunks, their innumerable questions respecting labels, and whether their luggage has not been put into the wrong van—if there is any fear respecting its not arriving safely, &c.—sometimes meet hasty responses; but, in justice to the officers and porters, we must say they bear the trials of such questioning with most exemplary patience.

The tickets provided, the carriages begin to fill; and the stately step with which first-class travellers march to their seats is often amusing. Ladies look at one another with a standoffishness often comical, and are less inclined to be communicative than gentlemen; though among the latter there is often a *noli me tangere* air, as much as to say, "Don't presume to address yourself to me, sir; I am not acquainted with you." When travelling with such companions, there is no resource but in a book, or a page in the book of Nature, seen from the next window. The second class affords more variety. Respectable men, often more so than those who seek to "come it fine" in taking a first-class ticket, wish to travel economically, and do so. Ladies, too, where growing families, or limited

means, oblige them to dispense with luxuries at home and abroad, are here; and as there is no pretension, and every desire to be agreeable, interchanges of little kindnesses are constantly taking place, always productive of mutual good-feeling, and frequently of enduring friendship. To the third-class carriages the crowd rush, and here, indeed, is confusion. The artisan, who has been toiling during the week; the smith, who has been swinging the sledge; the carpenter, who has been driving the plane; the weaver, who has been working at the loom, is about to take a holiday—and who has a better right? His is the true *otium cum dignitate*—an *otium* not owing its privilege to man, but to the beneficent Father in heaven; a dignity not derived by descent, but earned by the strong right hand and sinewy frame. Here they throng, with wives and children, glad to exchange the close, unwholesome air of lane or alley for breezy hill or flower-spangled field. To such influences the lowly-born are as keenly sensible as the great, in the world's eyes; they are an inheritance “free alike to all,” and appreciated as much, (if not more) by the mechanic, who pursues his lot of labour within the city's bound, as the noblest peer who requires his workmanship. It is always a gratification to us to witness the heir of Nature taking possession of his birthright; and the expression of his toil-worn features, as his frame enjoys the light of the sky, the freshness of the fields, the harmony of birds, the perfume of flowers, is pleasant to contemplate.

We have never refrained from entering into conversation with the people in our frequent rambles, either along roads or rivers, as, in our opinion, there are other qualifications required by the writers of this series besides those of the archæologist and historian. Many a local tradition is known only to the wayfarer by the roadside; and, if this class are not treated with sympathy, they are very shy of unfolding their store of knowledge. The great object which we have endeavoured to effect in our communications—and we believe it is the chief one which our MAGAZINE has ever sought to advance—is a knowledge of Irish history, rendered interesting, when combined with local or traditional associations.

There is not one of the Irish rivers, the gleaming waters of which sparkle in the dark framework of mountain or moor, more pregnant with important events than the Barrow. In exploring its course hitherto, we have marked the progress of civilisation as well as of fertilisation; for the march of the former is marked by halts—that is to say, the rise and spread of cities and towns. When water combines to present advantages conducive to health, personal comfort, and traffic, the pioneer of civilisation, or the adventurous foot that presses the virgin soil of the unknown region, stays its onward tread, and the sanguine spirit exclaims—“Lo! here I build my dwelling!” If the site be well chosen, and the country look inviting, others do likewise; the tide of population sets that way, the solitary house has many companions; these increase as the population fulfil the Divine precept, and where the waste appeared the town is built. Then Commerce springs from its busy bed—Demand produces Supply, and Speculation and Thrift profit by Idleness and Prodigality.

Carlow is pleasantly located on the east bank of the Barrow, and connected with the suburb called Graigue, in the Queen's County, by a handsome ballustraded stone bridge of four arches. It is surrounded by a country chiefly agricultural, for, acting on a policy the wisdom of which it is not our province to discuss, England resolved that Ireland, in common with all her other colonies, should form a market for the purchase of her manufactures. If, then, our readers are induced to visit Carlow, and have a desire to behold fields highly farmed, well-bred and beautiful animals—they are not less so for being also domestic and useful—we can promise them a great treat.

Carlow, an abbreviation of *Catherlough*, the “city on the lake,” was so called from its proximity to a large sheet of water, which, together with the city walls, has disappeared. The town is of considerable size, forming two main streets, one running parallel with the Barrow, and crossing the Burrin, a small river flowing from the barony of Forth, by a neat metal bridge; the other leads to the suburbs of Graigue. Notwithstanding its great antiquity, Carlow has a modern aspect, and is kept clean and neat. The

streets are paved, and the inhabitants receive a good supply of water from public pumps. Coal is brought from the neighbouring coal-fields, and by the Barrow, from Ross and Waterford; but the fuel chiefly used is turf, of which an unlimited supply is procured from the adjoining county of Kildare. There is great traffic in flour and oatmeal, manufactured by the large mills in the neighbourhood. There is also trade in liquors, as a brewery, a distillery, and several malt-houses evince. Exportation of butter, also, is very extensively carried on. On entering the halls of commerce, and seeing the busy workmen pursuing their peaceful avocations; streets thronged on market-days with active men and bustling women, intent on buying and selling; while the river is alive with boats and barges, and along the line of rail the steam-engine and carriages whirl, smoking, puffing, and screaming—the tourist cannot help growing conscious that a new era has succeeded the supine past, and that Ireland is in the transition state. Among the modern buildings which deserve notice are the Protestant and Roman Catholic Churches—the former a handsome building, with a noble spire; the latter is also a spacious structure, in the later English style, with a lofty tower at the western extremity of the nave, surmounted by a beautifully-designed lantern. At the base of the altar are buried the remains of the Rt. Rev. J. Doyle, D.D. He was one of the most distinguished Roman Catholic prelates; and his letters, under the signature of “J. K. L.” (the combination of his own initial with those of the dioceses of Kildare and Leighlin), were indicative of a high order of talent and great reasoning powers.

A magnificent statue, by Hogan, of this eminent man, attest the estimation of his flock for his virtue, and regret for his loss.

A Roman Catholic College, for secular and ecclesiastical education, is well situated in a park, comprising an area of thirty-four acres, affording space for recreation and meditation. The court-house, near the entrance to the town by the Dublin road, is a handsome octangular building, with a Doric portico, after the Acropolis at Athens. This rests on a platform, ascended by broad, stone steps. The gaol, appropriately

enough, is near it, and well adapted as a reformatory institution.

But if Carlow prove interesting from so many modern features, how much is that interest increased, when we recollect its wealth of history. The town and country round are celebrated in the “Annals of Ireland.” Carlow occupied an important place in the eyes of the Anglo-Norman invaders; and as we proceed to examine the remains of its once stately castle, we shall endeavour to remind our readers of the most prominent events which took place before its walls.

Carlow Castle was built on a height commanding the Barrow, evidently for the purpose of guarding the pass. The name of its projector has been lost in the gloom of its antiquity. Among those to whom it is attributed, are Eva, daughter of Dermot MacMurrough; Isabel, daughter of Strongbow; King John; Hugh le Bigod, fourth Earl of Norfolk; and Bellingham; but Dr. Ryan, in his “History of Carlow,” assigns it to De Lacy. The date of erection is supposed to be 1180, which was soon after the advent of the English. It was certainly considered a very strong protection for the English Pale in Leinster, and its history is, in fact, that of the province. Hemmed in and harassed by the neighbouring Irish, it was with the utmost difficulty the settlers could hold their ground. In the reign of Edward III., the prelates and men of most distinguished rank in Ireland were summoned to a great council or parliament in Westminster, and the return of the writ from Carlow set forth, “that they were not able, by reason of poverty, from the frequent robberies and depredations of the Irish enemies, to meet their sovereign lord the King in his Parliament.” Subsequently they actually became tributants to the Irish chiefs, and paid them for protection, or cessation of hostilities, a regular black rent; nay, to such a height had the power of MacMurrough Kavanagh and other chieftains risen, that, by a record in Birmingham Tower, of the 37th Edward III., *pro Barrio amovendo a Catherlogh usque ad Dublin*, we find they contemplated abandoning it. In 1397, the Castle was seized by Kavanagh, chief of the MacMurroughs; and for some time it was in possession of James, brother to the eighth Earl of Kildare. In 1494, Sir Edward

Poynings, then Lord Deputy, marched against the Castle, which stood a siege for ten days. Lord James was obliged to surrender, and became attainted for possessing himself of the Castle, and favouring the pretensions of the impostor, Perkin Warbeck. Next year, Sir Edward called the Parliament together, which passed the celebrated Act for regulating the mode in which laws were to be introduced, and known as "Poynings' Act." The might of the Geraldines again forced entrance, when, in 1534, the gallant Lord Thomas, popularly called *Thommas an Teedha*, or Silken Thomas, from the magnificence of his apparel, rebelled against King Henry VIII., and obtained the possession of six of the chief castles of the kingdom, of which Carlow was one. His hold was of brief duration. Shortly afterwards, the Act of Absentees passed, in consequence of which this county passed from the Duke of Norfolk to the Butlers of Ormond. In 1571, Sir William Fitzwilliam, Lord Deputy, framed many salutary regulations for the government of the country, which, not being relished by the natives, they began, in the quaint phraseology of Hooker, "to play their pageants;" and, in 1577, the Spanish Government aided the Irish in rebellion against Elizabeth, when Rory Oge O'More made an attack upon Carlow, without success; he was taken and executed. Donall Kavanagh, also aided by Spain, whence he got the sobriquet of "Spaniagh," or the Spaniard, made himself conspicuous by his valour and address. Lord Mountjoy took active measures to counteract the designs of this formidable chieftain, and made Carlow his head-quarters, "as being, as things stood, the place best to give directions to all parts, and to secure the most dangerous." On the accession of James I., that monarch conceived his famous project of the Plantation, and the Attorney-General for Ireland, Sir John Davis, says:—

"Since his Majesty came to the Crown, two Special Commissions have been sent out of England for the settling and quieting of all the possessions in Ireland—the one for accepting surrenders of the Irish and degenerate English, and for regranting estates unto them according to the course of the common law; the other, for strengthening of defective titles. In the execution of which Commissions, there hath ever been had a special care to settle and secure the under-

tenants, to the end there might be a repose, and establishment of every subject's estates, lord and tenant, freehold and farmer, throughout the kingdom."

We regret to find this considerate measure does not appear to have been attended with good results. On the breaking out of the civil war, in 1641, the people of Carlow, and the neighbouring counties of Wicklow and Wexford, united against the Government, possessed themselves of the town, and blockaded the Castle of Carlow, then containing a garrison of 500 men. The Earl of Ormond, apprised of this, marched a strong force, and compelled the insurgents to raise the siege. It was fortunate for the garrison. Their numbers had been increased by the Protestants who fled for refuge within its walls, and the scarcity of provisions was such, that they were about to surrender, when Sir Patrick Wemys, with the troops despatched by the Earl of Ormond, came to their relief. The fortress did not long enjoy the blessing of repose. The Confederate Catholics invested it in 1647, and after sustaining a siege for a month, the Castle was surrendered. Soon, however, the soldiers of Ireton planted their cannon, and the army of the Commonwealth were no despicable foes. A severe cannonade destroyed many of the defences, and compelled the garrison to submit to terms. They entered into conditions with Sir Hardress Waller, whom Ireton left to conduct the siege. When King William III. marched southward, after his victory at the Boyne, in 1690, he led his army through Carlow, and for more than a hundred years peace spread her halcyon wings over the war-worn town; but in the rebellion of 1798 the spell of peace was broken. On the 25th of May, the insurgents brought nearly 2,000 men against it, when the garrison, consisting partly of regular troops, and partly of yeomanry, and numbering in the whole 450, repulsed the assailants, with the loss of 600. Such events give interest to these old walls, which, to lovers of antiquity and archæology, separate them from the rest of the world, and recall many a vision of former greatness. Though ruinous and prostrate, it must have been a splendid Castle in the days of its strength, when it measured 105 feet square, with massive round

towers at the angles. A curtain wall, with the flanking tower, about sixty-five feet high, now stands a picturesque object over the Barrow. The dilapidation was not the work of war or time. Like Ehrenbreitstein, it might boast—

"Here Carlow Castle with its shattered wall,
Black with the miner's blast upon its height,
Yet shows of what it was when shell and ball
Rebounding idly on its strength did light;
A tower of victory! from whence the flight
Of baffled foes was watched along the plain;
Yet Peace destroyed what War could never blight,
And left those proud walls bare to summer rain,
On which the iron shower for years had poured in
vain."

This venerable pile owes its ruinous condition to the efforts of a medical gentleman, who sought, about the year 1816, to convert it into a lunatic asylum. Its walls were so well constructed as to defy the powers of the masons to effect the alterations as rapidly as their employer required, and gunpowder was put in requisition to throw down portions of the work. Unfortunately the explosion was more destructive than was anticipated, for the whole Castle tottered, and fell to the ground, save the tower and wall yet standing on the banks of the Barrow.

About a mile and a-half from the town is Oak Park, the mansion of Henry Bruen, Esq., certainly the finest place in this neighbourhood. The house is not large, but tastefully built, in the Grecian style of architecture, and the entrance very massive, and well designed. This opens on a demesne, containing no less than thirteen hundred acres, beautifully wooded; and, owing to the taste and munificence of the father of the present owner, the late Colonel Bruen, the windows of the mansion command a varied prospect, for water combines with wood to beautify the landscape. This gentleman spent a considerable sum in forming the artificial lake, which is well planned, and in conjunction with a hill of considerable altitude, much increases the beauty of the surrounding scenery. On the opposite side of the Dublin-road is a deer park, containing about five hundred acres, and we have often seen the antlered denizens ranging from covert to covert, heedless of the short span of life allotted to them.

We have already remarked on the beauty of the scenery in the vicinity of Carlow. In our progress towards Leighlin Bridge, the views increased

in loveliness. There were the noble ruins of Carlow Castle, and the Barrow, flowing between high and steep banks, with the distant town which fills so large a space in the nation's history. Purple hills rose against the sky, and, on bold heights, stood the fortalices of some proud Butler, or Fitzgerald, or the dun of a native chieftain. The Dane, the Anglo-Norman, the Cromwellian trooper, have left their impress on the banks of this Irish river; but the days of war are happily over in the land, and the stern old walls are mouldering in decay. Rich meadow and pasture lands, of the hue that has won for the land the name of the "Emerald Isle," yield sustenance to herds and flocks, that can compete with those of Devon, or South Down; and the cattle-show held in Carlow, last August (1855), was demonstrative of what we state.

The hum of busy mills, the whirl of water-wheels, and appearance of a vast building, whose castellated walls are little indicative of its peaceful purpose, announced that we had reached Milford, the seat of Mr. Alexander's industry and prosperity. This is about four miles from Carlow, and what the Americans would term "a delightful location." A bright-green, undulating valley marks the course through which the Barrow rolls; dark woodlands presented a strong contrast to the clouds, which dappled the sky like snow-white angels' wings. Before us stood the huge fabric, with its vast machinery, and, in the distance, the mountains of Leinster, Blackstairs and Brandon, cleaving the sky with their lofty summits. We halted here for some time to rest. The soft, calm, autumnal day was bathing the hills in blue haze. Whitewashed cottages, many of them covered with clustering creepers, were indicative of inmates more tasteful and cleanly than the great mass of their countrymen; and the appearance of comfort we everywhere witnessed in Carlow, afforded strong proof of the value and influence of a resident proprietary. Resuming our journey, we reached Leighlin-Bridge, and again the antique towers stood forth to awaken historic recollections. Indeed we must say its present state does not bear comparison with its former. The town lies on a hill, along the base of which the river flows; and judging from the empty storehouses,

which seem hastening to ruin, and numerous tenements enjoying a sinecure, having no inhabitants, we cannot say much for its prosperity now. In former days it was a strong position, granted by Hugh de Lacy, one of the Anglo-Norman chiefs (he was entrusted with the Lord Justiceship of Ireland by King Henry II., in 1173), to John de Clahul, or de Claville. It is not quite certain whether De Lacy, or de Claville, erected the castle, called the Black Castle, but it is clear the castle was one of the first built by the English, and one of their chief defences. Robert Poure was appointed to the charge of it by Henry II., but relinquished his post through cowardice. His character may be easily guessed, from the account Cambrensis gives of him and Fitzadelm:—

“A man may see the course of fortune, who, when she is disposed to smile, how she advanceth and raiseth up men from base estate to high degrees; for these two (Poure and Fitzadelm) had more pleasure in chambering, and playing the wanton with young girls, and to play upon a harp, than to bear a shield or staff, or to wear armour.”

Most certainly such a governor had little business in the neighbourhood of the formidable Kavanaghs. In 1320, the bridge of nine arches was built by Maurice Jakes, a Canon of the Cathedral of Kildare, to facilitate the intercourse between the religious houses of Leighlin. St. Gobban founded a priory for Canons Regular here, about the year 616. In progress of time a town grew around the monastery, for we find, in 1310, Edward II. granted to Adam le Bretoun certain customs to build a tower for defence of the town, and provide a guard against the attacks of the Irish. The insufficiency of this protection was such that the town underwent repeated pillage, until it was reduced to an insignificant village. In 1389, a writ issued from Richard II., to John Griffin, then Bishop of Leighlin, to the effect, “that the diocese was so devastated by Irish enemies as to render it impossible for the bishop to live in it, and granting him, as residence, Galroestowne, in the County Dublin, near the marches of O'Toole,” with this significant provision, “so long as the

village should remain in the King's hands.” A few years later, in October, 1394, Richard II. landed at Waterford, with a large force, which awed the Irish chieftains, who consented to pay their homage. It must have been a strange and imposing spectacle which was presented near Carlow, when Thomas Mowbray, Earl of Nottingham, Earl Marshal of England, attended by the great barons and officers of state, with splendour little inferior to royalty, received the homage of the Irish lords. Hither in rude, but not the less powerful, array, from the following of kerns and gallowglasses, came the Kavanaghs, Malachy M'Murrough and Art M'Murrough, Gerald O'Byrne, Donald O'Nolan, O'Connor, and others, who, laying aside their girdles, skeins, and barras, or high caps, and falling on their knees, pledged themselves, upon pain of heavy fines, to observe their allegiance towards their lord the King; also to deliver up their possessions to his majesty, to become his liege men, and assist him in reducing the rest of Ireland to subjection. This done, they were raised up by the Earl Marshal, who gave each the kiss of peace. But this submission was very temporary, lasting only during the monarch's stay in Ireland.

Among the Bishops of Leighlin, the first of whom was St. Laserian, who died in 638, were some who deserve special mention. Maurice Doran is one; his answer to those who advised him, on his promotion to the see, to lay double subsidies on his clergy, in order to reimburse him for the expenses in his election, is worth noticing: “*Si velle suos, dum tondeantur non deglubi*”—“that he would have his sheep shorn, not flayed.”* Another eminent prelate was the learned Doctor Narcissus Marsh. On the death of Bishop Boyle he was advanced to the see of Leighlin and Ferns, by letters patent, dated 27th February, 1682. He was one of the most distinguished ecclesiastics of the Church, and successively translated from Leighlin and Ferns to the Archbishoprics of Cashel, Dublin, and Armagh. While he governed the Archdiocese of Dublin, he built the library, near the Episcopal Palace of St. Sepulchre's,

* “Ware's Irish Bishops,” 461.

which he bequeathed to the public, and hence called Marsh's Library. An account of the various acts of munificence and charity of this truly Christian prelate, would fill more space than we can command; but a Latin epitaph, which is copied at length into Sir James Ware's History,* recounts the various acts of his useful life, which terminated November 2nd, 1713, aged 75. The Cathedral, which is the parish church of Leighlin, is situated in a lonely spot, environed by hills. This sacred edifice bears evident traces of antiquity. It consist of nave and chancel, with a square tower, crowned by a steeple. The west end has a traceried doorway and window, with two side entrances. In the chancel stood the bishop's throne, with stalls for the dean and chapter. Many ancient monuments record the names and virtues of a departed congregation. Some ruinous buildings are adjacent: one contains the remains of a very beautiful window. Not far from the church is the well of St. Laserian, but now so choked up by weeds and rubbish as to be almost undiscoverable. This well was formerly a great place of resort by devout pilgrims, but the pattern, which was wont to attract crowds on the day of the patron saint, the 18th of April, having degenerated into scenes of licentiousness and intoxication, being anything but a *pattern* of propriety, has been prohibited by the parish priest. A rudely-shaped cross is near the well.

While enjoying a very comfortable luncheon in Leighlin Bridge, we could not help thinking how angry the merchants' wives must have been at the imputation against their sobriety, when Baron Finglass propounded his remedies for securing the public peace, *tempore* Henry VIII. Having recommended the king's grace "to give good English captains to the Castles of Leighlins, Catherlough, and others," "that no Irish minstrels, rhymers, shannaghs, or bards be messengers to derive any goods of any man living in the Pale, upon forfeiture or imprisonment," the ungallant and libellous baron makes the following provision against the Pale ladies:—

"That no merchant's wife use any tavern of ale, upon pain of twenty shillings, *toties quoties* (as often as) as any of them do the contrary; but let them be occupied in making woollen cloth and linen."

The ruins of Black Castle, at the foot of the bridge, on the eastern bank of the Barrow, show how strong the fortress must have stood. These consist of a roomy tower, fifty feet high, wrapped in Nature's garment for aged walls, the rare old plant, the "ivy green." A flight of stone steps leads to the summit, and one of the floors is in tolerable preservation. This tower is at the angle of a quadrangular enclosure, and was defended by a ballium or rampart, with a fosse on the outside. A circular tower, at another angle, had walls ten feet thick. Some ruins at the south side of the rampart are supposed to be those of the ancient monastery. Among the many scenes of strife which this Castle witnessed, perhaps the most remarkable was the gallant charge headed by the Constable of the Castle, Sir George Carew, in 1577. In this year Rory Oge O'More rose in rebellion, and set fire to this town. He was not suffered to depart unscathed. Although the Constable had a very slender force, but seven mounted men, he waited till nightfall, and then made a vigorous sally against O'More and his forces, numbering two hundred and forty men. Such was the energy of the assailants, and the surprise of the foe, that they were cut down almost without resistance, or sought safety in flight. When they discovered the smallness of the attacking party they rallied, and charged in turn, but Carew succeeded in regaining the Castle, though with the loss of two men killed, and the rest wounded. In 1649, the Parliamentary troops, under Colonel Hewson, got possession of it, and shortly after the main body, under Ireton, on the march to Carlow, laid waste the country. We find, from Oliver Cromwell's letter to the Speaker,† dated 2nd of April, 1650, that Colonel Hewson did not obtain entrance to Leighlin Bridge without a struggle. The letter runs thus:—

"In the end we had advertisement that Colonel Hewson was come to Leighlin,

* "Ware's Irish Bishops," pp. 359–362.

† "Cromwell's Letters," by Carlyle, p. 508.

where was a very strong Castle and pass over the Barrow. I sent him word that he should attempt it, which he did; and, after some dispute, reduced it, by which means we have a good pass over the Barrow, and intercourse between Munster and Leinster."

About two miles south of Leighlin Bridge, on the right bank of the Barrow, we reached a village in the parish of Killinane, the Royal Oak. It is manifest from the most hasty glance at the dilapidated walls of the Royal Oak Hotel, that the days of mail-coaches and postchaises are past and gone. No more passengers to breakfast or dinner, no more first and second turn-out, with smart postilions, no more garrulous waiters, and dressy chambermaids. We halted at the old inn, however, and thought of old times, and how the founder of our native town of Fermoy humbugged the landlord in the year '98.*

The innkeeper in this fearful period was known to be friendly to the disaffected, and cared little to show his *animus* to the loyal and true.

The late John Anderson, one of the most enterprising men of his age, and a staunch supporter of what a late viceroy might term "law and order," drove to the Royal Oak, in a great hurry to reach Dublin, and desired fresh horses instantly.

"You can't have them, Mr. Anderson," said the landlord.

"I must have them," was the reply.

"There's no must here," repeated mine host, rather impudently, for he knew Mr. Anderson's influence, and how his politics ran.

"Why do you refuse to give me horses?" asked the traveller.

"Because I hav'nt got them. The judges want to get four pair to Killenny, and the yeomen, bad 'cess to them, put my best under their cursed baggage; and that's the why, since you must know."

"My poor Lord Edward!" ejaculated Mr. Anderson, in a tone of deep dejection, as, clasping his hands in agony, he sunk into a chair. "My unhappy friend, can't I say a word in your favour for want of a pair of horses?"

"In favour of who, sir?" asked the landlord, anxiously. He had caught the name.

"Lord Edward Fitzgerald."

"My dear sir, that alters the case," said the innkeeper; "you shall have all I reserved for the judges if you like. At all events, better take four, and they can have pairs each. Lanty, here! Mick, clap first and second turn-out to Mr. Anderson's carriage. Long life to you sir, and the heavens be your bed for the good you're doing."

And Mr. Anderson was hurried on with almost railroad speed.

There are some picturesque reaches of the river between the Royal Oak and Bagnalstown, about a mile distant. The route lies through a highly-cultivated country, with thriving plantations, like connecting links in an umbrageous chain. A mansion of higher pretensions, The Lodge, claims notice; and we linger to admire the well-trimmed flower-garden, which marks some graceful lady's care, or a shady bower, wherein the owner might find repose from labour, or freedom from disquietude.

Bagnalstown is beautifully situated beside the river, and has that bustling, animated, thriving look which invariably stamps the place of trade. But anxious to reach Borris House, the noble mansion of Arthur Kavanagh, Esq., we did not enter any of the buildings. The ruins of an old church, encompassed by a grave-yard, form a picturesque object on the route; and Ballylaughan Castle, an ancient seat of the Kavanaghs, with adjacent remains of buildings, tell of the antiquity, and preserve the fame of that martial race. An old mansion, which belonged to the Beauchamp family, is near these towers, rather a dangerous proximity for the Saxon, we should have thought, unless living under the protection of the fierce Mac Murrough Kavanaghs. An ancient fibula, or clasp of gold, weighing four ounces, and displaying superior workmanship, was discovered here in 1806, and purchased by the Royal Dublin Society. The mansion-house of Mr. Kavanagh, with its wide domain, and groups of noble trees, is well worthy of its reputation. From its many known associations, there is no want of material for thought. The character of the structure, that of the English baronial mansion of the sixteenth century,

* "Titmarsh's Tour in Ireland."

and the history of its owners, tracing back to the far line of Leinster kings, conspire to render it deeply interesting; and the traveller who was ignorant of the details of the family scattered through the preceding pages, in pausing before the walls, could not fail to be struck with the air of quiet dignity, and impress of respectability, its ample dimensions display. This mansion has had its share of blows. In 1642, when in the hands of the troops of the Commonwealth, it was besieged by the Irish, and had fallen, but the garrison was fortunately relieved by Sir Charles Coote. It enjoyed repose for many years, until the misguided insurgents, in the last rebellion, endeavoured to force an entrance. This occurred on the 24th of May, 1798, when they were bravely resisted by Captain Kavanagh's yeomanry corps, and obliged to retreat with fifty of their number in killed and wounded. Shortly afterwards it was again encompassed by a party of rebels, detached from Vinegar Hill, when it was defended, with great success, by a party of the Donegal militia, who compelled the assailants to retire with considerable loss. The windows overlook a rich country, hill and valley, with broad ranges of green sward, whereon stately trees stand in luxuriant foliage. The eye traverses a wide tract, mapped by fertile acres, animated by the meanderings of the Dinior stream; and in the distance soars the elevated heights of Blackstairs mountain. Relics of the Kavanagh have been discovered here. At the house is preserved a curious ornament of silver and tin, found in the demesne—it is called the Figeen; and an ancient Horn, and a casket, called Liath-Meisicith, have been placed among the curiosities contained in the museum of Trinity College, Dublin.

In 1550, Cahir Mac Art Mac Murrough Kavanagh, of Polmonty, relinquished the title of Mac Murrough, borne by his ancestors, and four years afterwards was created Baron of Ballyan in the Irish peerage. He married Alice, daughter of the Earl of Kildare, Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland.

There is nothing very remarkable in the scenery around Goresbridge, but we shall endeavour to convey a notion of its leading features as we continue our onward route with the river. The church at Goresbridge is a well-finished

structure, with a neat tower. A monument to Colonel Gore is worth notice. It is well executed, of marble, and erected by the officers of the corps the Duke of Wellington first earned distinction with—the gallant 33rd. It marks the respect of his comrades for the brave colonel, who fell at Bergen-op-Zoon, while leading his men to the attack of that place, on the 8th of March, 1814. Alas! many a brave man of that distinguished corps fell, in the cause of right against might, before the blood-stained walls of Sebastopol. The bridge which, with the name of Gore, gives the town its designation, connects the counties of Kilkenny and Carlow. There are some well-wooded demesnes adjoining the river. The most considerable place in this district is Graig, or Gaignamanagh, six miles to the south of Goresbridge, the property of Lord Clifden. The town is well situated, with a handsome bridge over the Barrow, which is navigable for boats of forty tons burden. Traces of antiquity are extant. A ruined building is pointed out as the remnant of the abbey founded here for Cistercian monks, as far back as the reign of King John, A.D., 1212. It originated in the piety and munificence of William Marshal the elder, Earl of Pembroke. This abbey continued to outlast centuries, and its mitred abbot was a lord of parliament; but the fiat of Henry VIII. had issued, that such confraternities were to be suppressed in the land, and the abbot was to lose his rank, and the monks their homes. The king's officers

"Came in their might, with King Henry's right,
To turn church lands to lay;
With sword in hand, and torch to light
Their walls if they said nay."

History does not vouch that any of them, like the Black Friar, remained to haunt the scenes of his life-long devotion—to attend the baptisms, or weddings, or death-beds of the spoiler's progeny; all we know is that, upon the suppression, the church-lands were granted to Sir E. Butler, and now belong to Viscount Clifden. This nobleman has done a great deal to improve the property he possesses here, of which building good houses, and judicious planting, is proof. The scenery is picturesque and bold. White Mountain, the Blackstairs, with the continuous chain of Mount Leinster, present three elevated peaks, which

are termed the "Leaps of Ossian's Greyhounds." Of these, Mount Leinster reaches an altitude of 2,610 feet over sea level. It is of picturesque outline, somewhat peaked in its lofty summits, and affords a stately background to the landscapes of portions of Carlow and Wexford, stretching from its broad base. Blackstairs ranges about thirteen miles in length, exhibiting softly-rounded outlines, and abounding in deep glens and romantic ravines. The height called Blackstairs Proper is 2,406 feet, and White Mountain measures to its summit 1,679 feet.

St. Mullins, through which the river bends from the county Carlow, and forms the boundary of Kilkenny and Wexford, derives its name from a monastery founded here, about 632, by St. Moling, or Mullin. The place was formerly called Aghacainid, and after the erection of the monastery, Teighmolin, "St. Mullin's House." The saint was a native of this part of the kingdom, of the royal race of Leinster. He was made Bishop of Ferns, and is said to have possessed the gift of prophecy.* He died at a very advanced age, and was honorably interred in his own monastery, on the banks of the Barrow.

This monastery existed a considerable time; we learn that it was plundered by those piratical invaders, the Danes, in 951, and destroyed by fire in 1138. The ruins show the great judgment usually evinced by our forefathers in selecting the sites for ecclesiastical buildings—the ancient, as well as the present, church, being beautifully located on the eastern bank of the river, where the banks are high. The opposite side is clothed in waving woodlands, and a deep glade, through which a mountain stream urges its brawling course to the calm flow of the Barrow, presents a picturesque vista, terminating in the hamlet of Glynn. We loitered among the ruins with a fine old patriarch, who lived here since his boyhood. Contented with his lot, he knew little of what was taking place in the rest of the world. The neighbourhood, which was his world, was unchanged: green and bright lay the vale of the Barrow. The summer sun or winter storm,

the spring shower or harvest moon, did nothing to alter the landscape he had looked on when a boy, three-score years ago; and now he loved to bask in the summer air, and let the gently-passing evening breeze play with the grey locks which thinly waved on his head. He seemed appropriately placed, among the ruins of the ancient structure, in the moss-carpetted church-yard; and gazed around as one destined soon to dwell among them, and well satisfied to find them in such good order. No other sign of life was there, or indication of it. No track of cart-wheels or horse-shoes broke up the green sward, or left ruts upon the grass, which grew so luxuriantly. The Barrow constitutes the boundary between Carlow and Wexford, as it flows by the parish of Templendigan, in the latter county. This appears a rugged and hilly district, abounding in a fine white granite, of which Coolbawn, the fine residence of Francis Bruen, Esq., forming a picturesque feature in the scenery, is built. On one of the hills, dignified by the name of the White Mountain, is an ancient cairn, or cromlech. There is abundant variety in this region, as the tourist winds among the defiles of Blackstairs Mountain, or passes through the valley watered by the Boro. A lovely view, embracing the Elizabethan gables and lofty chimney-peaks of Coolbawn, may be obtained from the heights skirting the road from Tomanine to Meara's Bridge. The beauty of the scene will long remain impressed upon the lover of picturesque landscape. The people throughout this country are intelligent and obliging, ever ready to give whatever information they possess, and consider no trouble worth mentioning if they can be of service. They are extremely hospitable, and much more distinguished for cleanliness than our country-people in general.

In the neighbourhood of New Ross the river was thronged by small boats, almost canoes, which belong to small farmers, whose spare time is employed in salmon-fishing. These boats are propelled by paddles, shaped like the common spade. The boatmen, two in each, take the fish by means of a small net, of a square shape, which is

* Life, in Sir James Ware's History, 437.

rapidly drawn up when the fish strikes it.

About a mile north of New Ross, the Nore joins the Barrow. The united streams form the river of Ross. The banks on either side are thickly wooded, and fishermen's cottages peep from the leafy bowers which almost conceal them. The river between the counties of Wexford and Kilkenny is of great width; and half a mile before the wooden bridge of Mountgarret is reached, a glorious expanse of water bursts on the sight near Ringwood. After the destruction of the old bridge, in 1643, communication was kept up by a ferry, a precarious, and often hazardous, conveyance; but towards the close of the last century, a company, incorporated by Act of Parliament, raised the sum of £11,200, and a bridge of American oak was constructed by Mr. E. Cox. Its length, including a causeway of fifty yards, is 508 feet, by forty wide. It is supported by twenty-four sets of piers, and a drawbridge permits vessels to pass above the town. This bridge connects the town with the suburbs of Rossbercon, which was formerly a borough, but now included within the electoral limits of New Ross. The town is of great antiquity. Colgan relates that St. Abbar built a monastery on the banks of the Barrow, called Rossmactreoin, where, in process of time, arose the city of Rossglass, of which extensive ruins remained in his time (A.D. 1620). According to Camden, it was founded by Isabel, daughter of Strongbow, wife of William le Marshal, Earl of Pembroke, who possessed it *jure uxoris*. Tradition assigns the first settlement to others, but the charter granted to the Provost by Roger Bigod, in the reign of Edward I. (1216), is conclusive evidence of the town being then built. The name Rossponte was derived from the bridge built here over the Barrow. The favourable site for commercial purposes, together with the fertility of the country in the vicinity, soon raised it to opulence and magnitude. But these attractions were not unattended with danger. They, in fact, invited the predatory visits of troublesome neighbours, who certainly bore no resemblance to angels, for their visits

were neither "few" nor "far between." Their attentions grew so embarrassing, that, in 1269, the townsmen determined to erect a wall to secure the town from constant pillage.

Their anxiety to accomplish this desirable object was so great, that not only did the men work by turns in companies, but many of the young girls joined them; and in gratitude for this aid a strong tower, called Maiden Tower, was erected, to be used as a prison for evil doers guilty of offences against females. The walls, when completed, embraced a circuit of a mile; and some idea of the populous condition of Ross may be gained from its having ready for its defence 363 crossbow-men, 1,200 long-bow archers, 3,000 pikemen, and 104 horsemen. The success of this town in trade excited the jealousy of the inhabitants of Waterford, who made an effort to deprive it of its privileges as a trading port. But these were confirmed in the time of Edward III.* It could hardly be expected that the peaceful avocations of the settlers should not occasionally be broken by their fighting neighbours. In 1649, the town was partially burned by Donald, then head of the Kavanaghs; and in the time of Richard III., its prosperity appears to have greatly declined.

The Confederate Catholics held possession during the insurrection of 1641. In March, 1643, the Earl of Ormond, with 500 horse and 2,500 foot, marched from Dublin to drive the Irish from New Ross. The modes of transport were wretched. The roads were rough, and from want of horses and wagons to carry the baggage, the troops had to be sent by sea to Duncannon, and by the river to Ross. On the arrival of Cromwell, in 1649, the Earl, then Duke of Ormond, having garrisoned Wexford, threw himself into this town, which he supplied with the means of defence; he was not destined to enjoy much repose. Wexford having been settled, under the command of Colonel Cooke, the Parliamentary forces advanced on Ross, then a walled town, and, under date of 17th October, 1649, the following summons was directed:—†

* Lewis, Top. Dict.

† "Cromwell's Letters," Carlyle. Vol. i. p. 474.

"FOR THE COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF IN ROSS :
THESE.

"SIR, — Since my coming into Ireland, I have this witness for myself, that I have endeavoured to avoid effusion of blood; having been before no place to which such terms have not been first sent as might have turned to the good and preservation of those to whom they were offered. This being my principle, that the people and places where I come may not suffer, except through their own wilfulness.

"To the end I may observe this like course with this place, and people therein, I do hereby summon you to deliver the town of Ross into my hands, to the use of the Parliament of England. Expecting your speedy answer, I rest your servant,

"OLIVER CROMWELL."

This summons was dispatched by a trumpeter, who, however, was not allowed to pass into the town. He was told at the gate that an answer would be sent from the garrison; but this being delayed, the Lord-Lieutenant, as we find Oliver Cromwell was styled, ordered all preparation for storming. Meanwhile, the garrison were active on their side. Ormond, Ardee, and Castlehaven, sent in supplies of 1,500 foot, so that the garrison numbered 2,500 men. On Friday, the 19th of October, the batteries opened fire; and then there came from the town an offer to treat for conditions, signed by Lucas Taaf. He prayed for a cessation of hostilities, and received the following answer:—

"FOR THE GOVERNOR OF ROSS : THESE.

"19th October, 1649.

"SIR,—If you like to march away with those under your command, with their arms, bag and baggage, and with drums and colours, and shall deliver up the town to me, I shall give caution to perform those conditions, expecting the like from you. As to the inhabitants, they shall be permitted to live peaceably, free from the injury and violence of the soldiers.

"If you like hereof, you can tell me how to let me know your mind, notwithstanding my *refusal* of a cessation. By these you will see the reality of my intentions to save blood, and preserve the place from ruin. I rest your servant,

"OLIVER CROMWELL."

Some further communications were made. To the Governor's request, "that the townspeople who remained might have 'liberty of conscience,'"

Cromwell delivered the following reply:—

"As to that which you mention concerning liberty of conscience, I meddle not with any man's conscience. But if by liberty of conscience you mean a liberty to exercise the mass, I judge it best to use plain dealing, and to let you know, where the Parliament of England have power, *that* will not be allowed of."

The Governor having accepted the terms which Cromwell would consent to give, the place was surrendered.

This town was attacked by the rebels, under Beauchamp Bagenal Harvey, during the disastrous year, 1798, in which they were resisted by General Johnson, aided by two townsmen of Ross — Devereux, a Roman Catholic, and M'Cormack, a Quaker; these endeavoured to inspire courage into the troops, who were appalled by the number of the rebel host, and obliged them to retreat, after a furious conflict of ten hours, in which the royalists lost about 300, and the rebels about 1,500. Lord Mountjoy, while endeavouring to prevent loss of life, fell a victim.

Evening was closing round ere we entered New Ross. It is proudly seated on the side of a steep hill, descending suddenly to the waters of the Barrow; and we marked its long bridge, like a dotted line, drawn across the rolling river. We thought of the deeds of strife and blood which this place had been the theatre of. Time, the great destroyer, has not been able to uproot all vestiges of the past; some relics of bygone days are yet lingering. Ancient sepulchral stones, with rudely carved crosses, and inscriptions in Norman French, were found on the site of the Convent of Friars Minor, founded by Sir John Devereux; a house of Crutched Friars yet more anciently occupied the ground, of which a large red pillar yet remains. Of the old parish church, originally the conventual church of St. Saviour, enough is sufficiently preserved to display the style of ecclesiastical architecture which obtained in the thirteenth century. Of the five town-gates, one yet remains. That to the east, the Bishop's Gate, exhibits traces of its pristine greatness. It had a drawbridge and portcullis; the roof of the archway is richly groined. A small fragment of the

wall, and part of a circular tower, called Mulgrave Tower, near the site of Three-Bullet Gate, are all that remain of the defences.

New Ross is well situated for trade, the river being navigable to the quay, at high tide, for vessels of 500 tons burden, and at low water for those of 200 tons. Barges can ascend the Barrow to Athy, where there is a junction with a branch of the Grand Canal. The country around Ross is very fertile, and the population subsist almost entirely by agriculture; so the principal trade is exporting grain, flour, cattle, bacon, and butter. Salmon-fishing is carried on profitably here; but the erection of weirs lower down the river has sadly diminished this source of revenue. In fact, from the weirs and number of locks, the fishing of the Barrow is very unproductive of sport to the angler, until he proceeds further towards the sea.

The environs of the town are remarkably picturesque. At Mac Murrough stood some old walls, which it was believed had formed part of one of the royal palaces of that profligate monarch. Mr. Tottenham was desirous to preserve this remnant of antiquity; but a thrifty steward, who required stones for building, taking advantage of his master's absence, removed the stones, under pretence of seeking for a quarry. The remains of Mountgarret Castle, which give the title to a branch of the noble house of Ormond, recently the subject of costly litigation, stand about a mile from the town. The decaying towers of

" Chiefless castles, breathing stern farewells

To grey and leafy walls, where ruin greenly dwells,"

often form a strong contrast to the abbey ruins found in the same district. Here, within a mile of this massive keep of Mountgarret, we find extensive and picturesque ruins of a monastery. The architecture of the former presents nothing remarkable; it is a square keep, of no great size, but stout, as though built to endure blows, and contain men capable of returning such equivocal compliments; the latter consists of the lofty tower of the belfry, springing from four pointed arches, and the south wall of the aisle contains five arches and ten windows. Every portion of this ruinous church displays the munificence of our ancestors in the adornment and splendour of their churches.

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The Ross river, as the united waters of the Nore and Barrow are called, flows by the county Wexford to Whitechurch; and the lofty eminence in this county, called Slieve Kieltre, formed the rallying-point for the rebels, after the battle of New Ross. In general, land is not of good quality here; but the property of the Glascott family, at Piltown, has been rendered very valuable by the extensive drainage and excellent system of cultivation which has been practised. This portion of the river abounds in salmon; and the reaches of the water to Camlin and Piltown are of great depth. Alderton, the Glascotts' seat, is beautifully situated, commanding a fine view of the river, and surrounded by luxuriant plantations. Another pretty place is appropriately called Landscape, from the picturesque scene before it—the broad and navigable river, with its white-sailed vessels, and the ornamental grounds of Castle Annaghs, rising from the opposite bank. Lower down the river, on the Kilkenny side, is Rathpatrick. A quarry of breccia, for millstones of fine quality, occupies a considerable space on the summit of a high hill, called Drumdowney. These stones are readily procured lying on the surface of the quarry, and are shipped with ease into the vessels moored at the base of the hill. From Drumdowney another hill runs south, forming an angle of the county, from whence a magnificent prospect is obtained of the junction of the Suir with the united Nore and Barrow. The eye follows the course of the Suir in its passage from Waterford to the sea. This whole scene has been so graphically described by the late Right Hon. R. L. Sheil, that we are sure our readers will prefer his eloquent description to any feeble attempt of ours:—

"How often (wrote the famed orator) have I stood upon the banks of the Suir, when the bells in the city of Waterford—the smoke of which was turned into a cloud of gold by a Claude Lorrain sunset—told the death of the departing day! How often have I fixed my gaze upon the glittering expanse of the full and overflowing water, crowded with ships, whose white sails were filled with just wind enough to carry them on to the sea; by the slowness of their equable and majestic movements, giving leave to the eye to contemplate, at its leisure, their tall and stately beauty, and to watch them long in their progress amidst the calm through which they made their gentle and

forbearing way. The murmurs of the city were heard upon the right, and the lofty spire of its church rose up straight and arrowy into the sky. The sullen and dull roar of the ocean used to come over the opposite hills from the Bay of Tramore. Immediately before me were the fine woods of Faithlegg, and the noble seat of the Powers; on the left was the magnificent seat of another branch of the same opulent tribe—Snowhill; and in the distance were the three rivers—the Suir, the Nore, and the Barrow—met in a deep and splendid conflux. The ruins of the old Abbey of Dunbrody threw the solemnity of religion and of antiquity over the whole prospect, and, by the exquisite beauty of the site, afforded a proof that the old Franciscans, who had made a selection of this lovely spot for their monastery, and who have lain for centuries in the mould of its green and luxuriant churchyard, were the lovers of Nature; and that when they left the noise and turmoil of the world, they had not relinquished those enjoyments, which are not only innocent, but may be accounted holy."

Accustomed to noise and bustle, the

"Fumen, et optes, stripitumque Eblanæ,"

the quiet and freedom we enjoyed during our country excursion was exhilarating. On our return each day to the inn we selected for head-quarters, where the attractions of the neighbourhood suggested a sojourn of some days, we adapted our habits to the locality, and our means and appliances for comfort were made the best of. The scenes we had wandered over, most of them quite new, others familiar, formed a kind of mental mosaic-work, and mingling with recollections of those in which we had lately shared, afforded food for much meditation. Then the very sights before our windows, though such as are daily visible in every town in Ireland, albeit mean and impoverished, and remote from either the beautiful or the sublime, were so characteristic and suggestive, as to afford entertainment. Now it was a ballad-singer, chaunting the victories of missionary priests over soupers, to the air of Napoleon at St. Helena; or a recruiting sergeant, surrounded by half-a-dozen country "boys," who seemed no ways inclined to "spurn the Saxon shilling," and were listening with open ears and mouths to his earnest prophecies, that if they would only enlist, every mother son of them would be commander-in-chief before he shuffled off this mortal coil; or a runaway colt, with a load of turf; or a

fresh arrival at the hotel. Then a stir would ensue throughout the entire concern, the ushering in of guests, the landlord summoning waiters or chambermaids, the tramp of a porter bringing trunks up stairs—we could hear the thump with which he deposited heavy luggage on the floor of a bedchamber—all these amused our mind, and refreshed our thoughts by diverting them into new channels. We determined to conclude our rambles by the Barrow with a visit to Dunbrody Abbey, on the road from New Ross to Duncannon Fort. The day was cool and invigorating, but the coolness we experienced on starting was dispelled by the warmth of exercise, which the light breeze rendered pleasant to take. The fields, we thought, looked brighter in the September grass, than if the summer sun was scorching their verdure; and here and there, among the trees, we could trace the autumnal tints, where branch or bough stood forth in gayer hue of crimson, or yellow, than the rest. The river makes frequent inlets as we approached the hill of Faithlegg, from whence a fine view of the meeting of the three rivers is obtained. The village, called Cheekpoint, is the property of Mr. Power, of Faithlegg, and was formerly the Waterford post-office packet station. It was the seat of industry for a time, a hosiery and cotton-factory having been started here by the late Mr. Bolton, but the speculation proved unsuccessful. Since the removal of the packet-station, Cheekpoint has fallen into poverty, and its concomitant evils. The navigation here is beneficial to the farmers, and latterly the improvements in agriculture are making corresponding changes in the appearance of the country. Lime and coal are available by water-carriage. A ferry between Campile and Passage affords direct communication with the city of Waterford.

Dunbrody Abbey was founded by Hervey de Montmorency, Marshal of King Henry II., A. D. 1182, and dedicated to Saints Peter and Paul. This officer of high degree was not content with turning his sword into a reaping-hook, or, as some prefer to describe the apocryphal metamorphosis, into a ploughshare. Hervey de Montmorency converted his marshal's baton into an abbot's staff, and having resigned his commission, entered

holy orders, endowed the church with a portion of his lands, and became the first abbot. The abbots were spiritual peers, sitting as barons in the Irish Parliament, until the days of Alexander Devereux, who was appointed Bishop of Ferns, in 1539. He was the last Abbot of Dunbrody, and no great ornament to the Church, according to Sir James Ware, who says of him* :—

"He continued undisturbed in his bishopric during the several changes made in religion; and made several leases in favour of his relations, and others, to the great detriment of his see."

The ruins stand on a gently-sloping hill, inclining towards the shore of the harbour, much more magnificent in dimensions than any we had yet visited along the Barrow. There stood the walls of the Conventual Church, beautiful in ruin, telling what a splendid temple it must have been when the lofty windows were filled with blazoned panes, and the broken pinnacles and springing arches were uninjured and complete. A considerable portion of this spacious building is attributed to Herlewen, Bishop of Leighlin, who died in 1217, and lies buried here. A massive bronze seal, supposed to have been the signet of the abbot, was discovered among the ruins in 1810. When examining the features of ancient architecture, the antiquary and archæologist discovers much to excite his interest, and awaken inquiry. He should not be content with dry dates and mere facts, but

should endeavour, from the clue these buildings give, to ascertain the amount of civilisation which existed in the remote days of their erection.

We have now, dear reader, tracked the course of the "sister streams" from their source in the Sliabh Bloom Mountains, and watched their onward flow

"To join in one, ere to the sea they come."

We hope your time was not unpleasantly or uselessly occupied—ours, we confess, was not; for, beside the recreation we enjoyed, these tours have brought to our mind ample stores of pleasant recollections, of kindly faces and warm hearts, besides making us acquainted with picturesque scenes, famed ruins, and historic details of a country whose history is too little known, as her scenic beauties are too little prized.

We cannot bid the reader and these streams farewell in more graceful language than that of our valued friend, D. F. McCarthy,† in whose glowing verse we leave

"Streams and streamlets blending,
Each on each attending,
All together wending
Seek the silver sands;
Like to sisters holding,
With a fond enfolding;
Like to sisters holding,
One another's hands.

"Now with foreheads blushing,
With a rapturous flushing,
Now the streams are rushing,
In among the waves:
Now in shy confusion,
With a pale suffusion,
Seek the wild seclusion
Of sequestered caves."

J. R. O'F.

SONNET ON THE WAR.

Oh! if the mighty voices of the press
Truth's echoes are—if nations long enchain'd
Have any hope that freedom be regain'd
By dint of our hard, bloody-bought success
In the Crimean shambles, nor redress
Would seek save by our brands with carnage stain'd
In freedom's sacred cause, and unprofan'd
By wild ambition or licentiousness,
They have like reason to believe and know
That ev'ry timid pow'r and treach'rous friend
Of liberty, as well as open foe,
Can but expect—unless Heav'n wisdom send—
Ills, of which none that now are felt by old
And feudal anarchs can a thought unfold!

M. G.

* "Ware's Hist.," 445.

† "The Bath of the Streams." DUBLIN UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE, August, 1855.

THE FORTUNES OF GLENCORE.

CHAPTER XI.

SOME LIGHTS AND SHADOWS OF DIPLOMATIC LIFE.

THERE is a trait in the lives of great diplomatists, of which it is just possible some one or other of my readers may not have heard, which is, that none of them have ever attained to any eminence without an attachment—we can find no better word for it—to some woman of superior understanding, who has united within herself great talents for society, with a high and soaring ambition.

They who only recognise in the world of politics the dry details of ordinary parliamentary business, poor-law questions, sanitary rules, railroad bills, and colonial grants, can form but a scanty notion of the excitement derived from the high interests of party, and the great game played by about twenty mighty gamblers, with the whole world for the table, and kingdoms for counters. In this “grande rôle” women perform no ignoble part; nay, it were not too much to say that their’s is the very motive-power of the whole vast machinery.

Had we any right to step beyond the limits of our story for illustration, it would not be difficult to quote names enough to show that we are speaking not at hazard, but “from book;” and that great events derive far less of their impulse from “the lords” than from “the ladies of creation.” Whatever be the part they take in these contests, their chief attention is ever directed, not to the smaller battle-field of home questions, but to the greater and wider campaign of international politics. Men may wrangle, and hair-split, and divide about a harbour bill or a road session; but women occupy themselves in devising how thrones may be shaken and dynasties disturbed—how frontiers may be changed, and nationalities trafficked; for, strange as it may seem, the stupendous incidents which mould human destinies are more under the influence of passion and intrigue, than the commonest events of every-day life.

Our readers may, and not very un-

reasonably, begin to suspect that it was in some moment of abstraction we wrote “Glencore” at the head of these pages, and that these speculations are but the preface to some very abstruse reflections upon the political condition of Europe. But no: they are simply intended as a prelude to the fact, that Sir Horace Upton was not exempt from the weakness of his order, and that he, too, reposed his trust upon a woman’s judgment.

The name of his illustrious guide was the Princess Sabloukoff, by birth a Pole, but married to a Russian of vast wealth and high family, from whom she separated early in life, to mingle in the world with all the prestige of position, riches, and—greater than either—extreme beauty, and a manner of such fascination, as made her name of European celebrity.

When Sir Horace first met her, he was the junior member of our embassy at Naples, and she the distinguished leader of fashion in that city. We are not about to busy ourselves with the various narratives which professed to explain her influence at Court, or the secret means to which she owed her ascendancy over royal highnesses, and her sway over cardinals. Enough that she possessed such, and that the world knew it. The same success attended her at Vienna and at Paris. She was courted and sought after everywhere; and if her arrival was not fêted with the public demonstrations that await royalty, it was assuredly an event recognised with all that could flatter her vanity, or minister to her self-esteem.

Sir Horace was presented to her as an attaché, when she simply bowed and smiled. He renewed his acquaintance some ten years later as a secretary, when she vouchsafed to say she remembered him. A third time, after a lapse of years, he came before her as a *chargé d’affaires*, when she conversed with him; and lastly, when time had made him a minister, and with less generosity had laid its impress upon

herself, she gave him her hand, and said—

“My dear Horace, how charming to see an old friend, if you be good enough to let me call you so.”

And he was so; he accepted the friendship as frankly as it was proffered. He knew that time was, when he could have no pretension to this distinction; but the beautiful Princess was no longer young; the fascinations she had wielded were already a kind of Court tradition; archdukes and ambassadors were no more her slaves; nor was she the terror of jealous queens and Court favourites. Sir Horace knew all this; but he also knew that, she being such, his ambition had never dared to aspire to her friendship, and it was only in her days of declining fortune that he could hope for such distinction.

All this may seem very strange and very odd, dear reader; but we live in very strange and very odd times, and more than one-half the world is only living on “second-hand”—second-hand shawls and second-hand speeches, second-hand books, and court suits and opinions are all rife; and why not second-hand friendships?

Now, the friendship between a by-gone beauty of forty—and we will not say how many more years—and a hack-nied, half-disgusted man of the world, of the same age, is a very curious contract. There is no love in it; as little is there any strong tie of esteem; but there is a wonderful bond of self-interest and mutual convenience. Each seems to have at last found “one that understands him;” similarity of pursuit has engendered similarity of taste. They have each seen the world from exactly the same point of view, and they have come out of it equally heart-wearyed and tired, stored with vast resources of social knowledge, and with a keen insight into every phase of that complex machinery by which one-half the world cheats the other.

Madame de Sabloukoff was still handsome—she had far more than what is ill-naturedly called the remains of good looks. She had a brilliant complexion, lustrous dark eyes, and a profusion of the most beautiful hair. She was, besides, a most splendid dresser. Her toilet was the very perfection of taste, and if a little inclining to over-magnificence, not the less becoming to one whose whole air and bearing assumed something of queenly dignity.

In the world of society there is a very great prestige attends those who have at some one time played a great part in life. The deposed king, the ex-minister, the banished general, and even the bygone beauty, receive a species of respectful homage, which the wider world without doors is not always ready to accord them. Good-breeding, in fact, concedes what mere justice might deny; and they who have to fall back upon “souvenirs” for this greatness, always find their advantage in associating with the class whose prerogative is good manners.

The Princess Sabloukoff was not, however, one of those who can live upon the interest of a bygone fame. She saw that, when the time of coquetting and its fascinations has passed, that still, with facilities like her's, there was yet a great game to be played. Hitherto she had only studied characters; now she began to reflect upon events. The transition was an easy one, to which her former knowledge contributed largely its assistance. There was scarcely a viceroy, scarcely a leading personage in Europe, she did not know personally and well. She had lived in intimacy with ministers, and statesmen, and great politicians. She knew them in all that “life of the sal^{on},” where men alternately expand into frankness, and practise the wily devices of their crafty callings. She had seen them in all the weaknesses, too, of inferior minds, eager after small objects, tormented by insignificant cares. They who habitually dealt with these mighty personages, only beheld them in their dignity of station, or surrounded by the imposing accessories of office. What an advantage, then, to regard them closer and nearer—to be aware of their shortcomings, and acquainted with the secret springs of their ambitions!

The Princess and Sir Horace very soon saw that each needed the other. When Robert Macaire accidentally met an accomplished gamester, who tamed the king as often as he did, and could reciprocate every trick and artifice with him, he threw down the cards, saying, “*Embrassons nous, nous sommes freres!*” Now the illustration is a very ignoble one, but it conveys no very inexact idea of the bond which united these two distinguished individuals.

Sir Horace was one of those fine, acute intelligences, which may be

gapped and blunted if applied to rough work, but are splendid instruments where you would cut cleanly, and cut deep. She saw this at once. He, too, recognised in her the wonderful knowledge of life, joined to vast powers of employing it with profit. No more was wanting to establish a friendship between them. Dispositions must be, to a certain degree, different between those who are to live together as friends, but tastes must be alike. Theirs were so. They had the same veneration for the same things, the same regard for the same celebrities, and the same contempt for the small successes which were engaging the minds of many around them. If the Princess had a real appreciation of the fine abilities of Sir Horace, he estimated, at their full value, all the resources of her wondrous tact and skill, and the fascinations which even yet surrounded her.

Have we said enough to explain the terms of this alliance? or must we make one more confession, and own that her insidious praise — a flattery too delicate and fine ever to be committed to absolute eulogy — convinced Sir Horace that she alone of all the world was able to comprehend the vast stores of his knowledge, and the wide measure of his capacity as a statesman.

In the great game of statecraft, diplomatists are not above looking into each other's hands; but this must always be accomplished by means of a confederate. How terribly alike are all human rogueries, whether the scene be a conference at Vienna, or the tent of a thimblery at Ascot! La Sabloukoff was unrivalled in the art. She knew how to push raillery and *persiflage* to the very frontiers of truth, and even peep over and see what lay beyond. Sir Horace traded on the material with which she supplied him, and acquired the reputation of being all that was crafty and subtle in diplomacy.

How did Upton know this? Whence came he by that? What mysterious source of information is he possessed of? Who could have revealed such a secret to him? were questions often asked in that dreary old drawing-room of Downing-street, where men's destinies are shaped, and the fate of millions decided, from four o'clock to six of an afternoon.

Often and often were the measures

of the cabinet shaped by the tidings which arrived with all the speed of a foreign courier — over and over again were the speeches in Parliament based upon information received from him. It has even happened that the news from his hand has caused the telegraph of the Admiralty to signalise the Thunderer to put to sea with all haste. In a word, he was the trusted agent of our Government, whether ruled by a Whig or a Tory, and his despatches were ever regarded as a sure warranty for action.

The English Minister at a foreign court labours under one great disadvantage, which is, that his policy, and all the consequences that are to follow it, are rarely, if ever, shaped with any reference to the state of matters then existing in his own country. Absorbed as he is in great European questions, how can he follow, with sufficient attention, the course of events at home, or recognise, in the signs and tokens of the division list, the changeful fortunes of party? He may be advising energy when the cry is all for temporising; counselling patience and submission, when the nation is eager for a row; recommend religious concessions in the very week that Exeter Hall is denouncing toleration; or actually suggesting aid to a Government that a popular orator has proclaimed to be everything that is unjust and ignominious.

It was Sir Horace Upton's fortune to have fallen into one of these embarrassments. He had advised the Home Government to take some measures, or, at least, look with favour on certain movements of the Poles in Russia, in order the better to obtain some concessions then required from the cabinet of the Czar. The Premier did not approve of the suggestion, nor was it like to meet acceptance at home. We were in a pro-Russian fever at the moment. Some mob disturbances at Norwich, a Chartist meeting at Stockport, and something else in Wales, had frightened the nation into a hot stage of conservatism; and never was there such an ill-chosen moment to succour Poles, or awaken dormant nationalities.

Upton's proposal was rejected. He was even visited with one of those disagreeable acknowledgments by which the Foreign Office reminds a speculative minister, that he is going *ultra crepidam*. When an envoy is

snubbed, he always asks for leave of absence. If the castigation be severe, he invariably, on his return to England, goes to visit the leader of the Opposition. This is the ritual. Sir Horace, however, only observed it in half. He came home; but after his first morning's attendance at the Foreign Office, he disappeared; none saw or heard of him. He knew well all the value of mystery, and he accordingly disappeared from public view altogether.

When, therefore, Harcourt's letter reached him, proposing that he should visit Glencore, the project came most opportunely; and that he only accepted it for a day, was in the spirit of his habitual diplomacy, since he then gave himself all the power of an immediate departure, or permitted the option of remaining gracefully, in defiance of all pre-engagements, and all plans to be elsewhere. We have been driven, for the sake of this small fact, to go a great way round in our history; but we promise our reader that Sir Horace was one of those people whose motives are never tracked without a considerable *detour*. The reader knows now why he was at Glencore—he always knew how. The terrible interview with Glencore brought back a second relapse of greater violence than the first, and it was nigh a fortnight ere he was pronounced out of danger. It was a strange life that Harcourt and Upton led in that dreary interval. Guests of one whose life was in utmost peril, they met in that old gallery each day to talk, in half-whispered sentences, over the sick man's case, and his chances of recovery.

Harcourt frankly told Upton that the first relapse was the consequence of a scene between Glencore and himself. Upton made no similar confession. He reflected deeply, however, over all that had passed, and came to the conclusion that, in Glencore's present condition, opposition might prejudice his chance of recovery, but never avail to turn him from his project. He also set himself to study the boy's character, and found it, in all respects, the very type of his father's. Great bashfulness united to great boldness, timidity and distrust, were there side by side with a rash, impetuous nature, that would hesitate at nothing in pursuit of an object. Pride, however, was the great principle of his being—the good and evil motive of all

that was in him. He had pride on every subject. His name, his rank, his station, a consciousness of natural quickness, a sense of aptitude to learn whatever came before him—all gave him the same feeling of pride.

"There's a deal of good in that lad," said Harcourt to Upton, one evening as the boy had left the room; "I like his strong affection for his father, and that unbounded faith he seems to have in Glencore's being better than every one else in the world."

"It is an excellent religion, my dear Harcourt, if it could only last!" said the diplomate, smiling amiably.

"And why shouldn't it last?" asked the other, impatiently.

"Just because nothing lasts that has its origin in ignorance. The boy has seen nothing of life—has had no opportunity for forming a judgment, or instituting a comparison between any two objects. The first shot that breaches that same fortress of belief, down will come the whole edifice!"

"You'd give a lad to the Jesuits, then, to be trained up in every artifice and distrust?"

"Far from it, Harcourt. I think their system a mistake all through. The science of life must be self-learned, and it is a slow acquisition. All that education can do is to prepare the mind to receive it. Now, to employ the first years of a boy's life by storing him with prejudices, is just to encumber a vessel with a rotten cargo, that she must throw overboard before she can load with a profitable freight."

"And is it in that category you'd class his love for his father?" asked the Colonel.

"Of course not; but any unnatural or exaggerated estimate of him is a great error, to lead to an equally unfair depreciation when the time of deception is past. To be plain, Harcourt, is that boy fitted to enter one of our great public schools, stand the hard rough usage of his own equals, and buffet it as you or I have done?"

"Why not? or, at least, why shouldn't he become so after a month or two?"

"Just because in that same month or two he'd either die brokenhearted, or plunge his knife in the heart of some comrade who insulted him."

"Not a bit of it. You don't know him at all. Charley is a fine give-and-take fellow; a little proud, perhaps, because he lives apart from all that are

his equals. Let Glencore just take courage to send him to Harrow or Rugby, and my life on it, but he'll be the manliest fellow in the school."

"I'll undertake, without Harrow or Rugby, that the boy should become something even greater than that," said Upton, smiling.

"Oh, I know you sneer at my ideas of what a young fellow ought to be," said Harcourt; "but somehow you did not neglect these same pursuits yourself. You can shoot as well as most men, and you ride better than any I know of."

"One likes to do a little of everything, Harcourt," said Upton, not at all displeased at this flattery; "and somehow it never suits a fellow, who really feels that he has fair abilities, to do anything badly; so that it comes to this, one does it well or not at all. Now you never heard me touch the piano?"

"Never."

"Just because I'm only an inferior performer, and so I only play when perfectly alone."

"Egad, if I could only master a waltz, or one of the melodies, I'd be at it whenever any one would listen to me."

"You're a good soul, and full of amiability, Harcourt," said Upton; but the words sounded very much as though he said, "You're a dear, good, sensible creature, without an atom of self-respect or esteem."

Indeed, so conscious was Harcourt that the expression meant no compliment, that he actually reddened and looked away. At last he took courage to renew the conversation, and said—

"And what would you advise for the boy, then?"

"I'd scarcely lay down a system, but I'll tell you what I would not do. I'd not bore him with mathematics; I'd not put his mind on the stretch in any direction; I'd not stifle the development of any taste that may be struggling within him, but rather encourage and foster it, since it is precisely by such an indication you'll get some clue to his nature. Do you understand me?"

"I'm not quite sure I do; but I believe you'd leave him to something like utter idleness."

"What to *you*, my dear Harcourt, would be utter idleness, I've no doubt, but not to *him*, perhaps."

Again the Colonel looked mortified, but evidently knew not how to resent this new sneer.

"Well," said he, after a pause, "the lad will not require to be a genius."

"So much the better for him, probably; at all events, so much the better for his friends, and all who are to associate with him."

Here he looked fixedly at Upton, who smiled a most courteous acquiescence in the opinion—a politeness that made poor Harcourt perfectly ashamed of his own rudeness, and he continued hurriedly—

"He'll have abundance of money. This life of Glencore's here will be like a long minority to him. A fine old name and title, and the deuce is in it if he can't rub through life pleasantly enough with such odds."

"I believe you are right, after all, Harcourt," said Upton, sighing, and now speaking in a far more natural tone; "it is rubbing through with the best of us, and no more!"

"If you mean that the process is a very irksome one, I enter my dissent at once," broke in Harcourt. "I'm not ashamed to own that I like life prodigiously; and if I be spared to say so, I'm sure I'll have the same story to tell fifteen or twenty years hence, and yet I'm not a genius!"

"No!" said Upton, smiling a bland assent.

"Nor a philosopher either," said Harcourt, irritated at the acknowledgment.

"Certainly not," chimed in Upton, with another smile.

"Nor have I any wish to be one or the other," rejoined Harcourt, now really provoked. "I know right well that if I were in trouble or difficulty to-morrow—if I wanted a friend to help me with a loan of some thousand pounds—it is not to a genius or a philosopher I'd look for the assistance."

It is ever a chance shot that explodes a magazine, and so is it that a random speech is sure to hit the mark that has escaped all the efforts of skilful direction.

Upton winced and grew pale at these last words, and he fixed his penetrating grey eyes upon the speaker with a keenness all his own. Harcourt, however, bore the look without the slightest touch of uneasiness. The honest Colonel had spoken without any hidden meaning, nor had he the

slightest intention of a personal application in his words. Of this fact Upton appeared soon to be convinced, for his features gradually recovered their wonted calmness.

"How perfectly right you are, my dear Harcourt," said he, mildly. "The man who expects to be happier by the possession of genius, is like one who would like to warm himself through a burning-glass."

"Egad, that is a great consolation for us slow fellows," said Harcourt, laughing; "and now what say you to a game at *ecarté*, for I believe it is just the one solitary thing I am more than your match in?"

"I accept inferiority in a great many others," said Upton, blandly; "but I must decline the challenge, for I have a letter to write, and our post here starts at daybreak."

"Well, I'd rather carry the whole bag than indite one of its contents," said the Colonel, rising, and, with a hearty shake of the hand, he left the room.

A letter was fortunately not so great an infliction to Upton, who opened his desk at once, and with a rapid hand traced the following lines:—

"MY DEAR PRINCESS,—My last will have told you how and why I came here; I wish I but knew in what way to explain why I still remain! Imagine the dreariest desolation of Calabria in a climate of fog and sea-drift—sunless skies, leafless trees, impassable roads—the outdoor comforts, the joys within, depending on a gloomy old house, with a few gloomier inmates, and a host on a sick bed. Yet with all this I believe I am better; the doctor, a strange unsophisticated creature, a cross between Galen and Caliban, seems to have hit off what the great dons of science never could detect—the true seat of my malady. He says—and he really reasons out his case ingeniously—that the brain has been working for the inferior nerves, not limiting itself to cerebral functions, but actually performing the humbler office of muscular direction, and so forth; in fact, a field-marshal doing duty for a common soldier! I almost fancy I can corroborate his view, from internal sensations; I have a kind of secret instinct that he is right. Poor brain, why it should do the work of another department, with abundance of occupation of its own, I cannot make out. But, to turn to something else.

This is not a bad refuge just now. They cannot make out where I am, and all the inquiries at my club are answered by a vague impression that I have gone back to Germany, which the people at F. O. are aware is not the case. I have already told you that my suggestion has been negatived in the Cabinet; it was ill-timed, Allington says, but I ventured to remind his lordship that a policy requiring years to develop, and more years still to push to profitable conclusion, is not to be reduced to the category of mere *apropos* measures. He was vexed, and replied weakly and angrily—I rejoined, and left him. Next day he sent for me, but my reply was, 'I was leaving town'—and I left. I don't want the Bath, because it would be 'ill-timed;' so that they must give me Vienna, or be satisfied to see me in the House and the Opposition!

"Your tidings of Brekenoff came exactly in the nick. Allington said pompously that they were sure of him; so I just said, Ask him if they would like our sending a Consular Agent to Cracow? It seems that he was so flurried by a fancied detection, that he made a full acknowledgment of all. But even at this Allington takes no alarm. The malady of the Treasury benches is deafness, with a touch of blindness. What a cumbrous piece of bungling machinery is this boasted representative government of ours! No promptitude—no secrecy! Everything debated, and discussed, and discouraged, before begun; every blot-hit for an antagonist to profit by! Even the characters of our public men exposed, and their weaknesses displayed to view, so that every state of Europe may see where to wound us, and through whom! There is no use in the Countess remaining here any longer; the King never noticed her at the last ball; she is angry at it, and if she shows her irritation she'll spoil all. I always thought Josephine would fail in England. It is, indeed, a widely different thing to succeed in the small Courts of Germany and our great whirlpool of St. James. You could do it, my dear friend; but where is the other dare attempt it?

"Until I hear from you again I can come to no resolution. One thing is clear, they do not, or they will not, see the danger I have pointed out to them. All the home policy of our country is drifting, day by day, to-

wards a democracy—how in the name of common sense then is our foreign policy to be maintained at the standard of the holy alliance? What an absurd juxtaposition is there between popular rights and an alliance with the Czar! This peril will overtake them one day or another, and then, to escape from national indignation, the minister, whoever he may be, will be driven to make war. But I can't wait for this; and yet were I to resign, my resignation would not embarrass them—it would irritate and annoy, but not disconcert. Brekenoff will surely go home on leave. You ought to meet him; he is certain to be at Ems. It is the refuge of disgraced diplomacy. Try if something cannot be done with him. He used to say formerly your's were the only dinners now in Europe. He hates Allington. This feeling, and his love for white truffles, are I believe the only clues to the man. Be sure, however, that the truffles are Piedmontese; they have a slight flavour of garlic, rather agreeable than otherwise. Like Josephine's lisp, it is a defect that serves for a distinction. The article in the *Beaux Mondes* was clever, prettily written, and even well worked out; but state affairs are never really well treated save by those who conduct them. One must have played the game himself to understand all the nice subtleties of the contest. These your mere reviewer or newspaper scribe never attains to; and then he has no reserves—none of those mysterious concealments, that are to negotiations like the eloquent pauses of conversation—the moment when dialogue ceases and real interchange of ideas begins.

"The fine touch, the keen 'aperçu,' belongs alone to those who have had to exercise these same qualities in the treatment of great questions; and hence it is, that though the public be often much struck, and even enlightened, by the powerful 'article' or the able 'leader,' the statesman is rarely taught anything by the journalist, save the force and direction of public opinion.

"I had a deal to say to you about poor Glencore, whom you tell me you remember; but how to say it. He is broken-hearted—literally broken-hearted—by her desertion of him. It was one of those ill-assorted leagues which cannot hold together. Why they did not see this, and make the best of it—sensibly, dispassionately, amicably—it is difficult to say.

An Englishman, it would seem, must always hate his wife if she cannot love him; and after all, how involuntary are all affections, and what a severe penalty is this for an unwitting offence.

"He ponders over this calamity, just as if it were the crushing stroke by which a man's whole career was to be finished for ever. The stupidity of all stupidities is in these cases to fly from the world, and avoid society. By doing this a man rears a barrier he never can repass; he proclaims aloud his sentiment of the injury, quite forgetting all the offence he is giving to the hundred-and-fifty others, who, in the same predicament as himself, are by no means disposed to turn hermits on account of it. Men make revolutionary governments, smash dynasties, transgress laws, but they cannot oppose *convenances*!

"I need scarcely say that there is nothing to be gained by reasoning with him. He has worked himself up to a chronic fury, and talks of vengeance all day long like a Corsican. For company here I have an old brother-officer of my days of tinsel and pipeclay—an excellent creature whom I amuse myself by tormenting. There is also Glencore's boy—a strange, dreary kind of haughty fellow, an exaggeration of his father in disposition, but with good abilities. There are not the elements of much social agreeability, but you know, dear friend, how little I stand in need of what is called company. Your last letter, charming as it was, has afforded me all the companionship I could desire. I have re-read it till I know it by heart. I could almost chide you for that delightful little party in my absence, but of course it was, as all you ever do is, perfectly right; and after all I am, perhaps, not sorry that you had those people when I was away, so that we shall be more *chez soi* when we meet. But when is that to be? Who can tell? My medico insists upon five full weeks for my cure. Allington is very likely in his present temper to order me back to my post. You seem to think that you must be in Berlin when Seckendorf arrives, so that —. But I will not darken the future by gloomy forebodings. I *could* leave this, that is if any urgency required it, at once, but if possible it is better I should remain, at least a little longer. My last meeting with Glencore was unpleasant. Poor fellow, his temper is not what it used to be, and he is forgetful of

what is due to one whose nerves are in the sad state of mine. You shall hear all my complainings when we meet, dear princess, and with this I kiss your hand, begging you to accept, all '*mes hommages*' et *mes regards*.

"H. U.

"Your letter must be addressed 'Leenane, Ireland.' Your last had only 'Glencore' on it, and not very legibly either, so that it made what I wished I could, the tour of Scotland before reaching me."

Sir Horace read over his letter carefully as though it had been a despatch, and when he had done, folded it up with an air of satisfaction. He had said nothing that he wished unsaid; and he had mentioned a little about everything he desired to touch upon. He then took his "drops" from a queer-looking little phial he carried about with him, and having looked at his face in a pocket-glass, he half closed his eyes in reverie.

Strange, confused visions were they that flitted through his brain. Thoughts of ambition the most daring, fancies about health, speculations in politics, finance, religion, literature, the arts, society—all came and went. Plans and projects jostled each other at every instant. Now his brow would darken,

and his thin lips close tightly, as some painful impression crossed him; now again a smile, a slight laugh even, betrayed the passing of some amusing conception. It was easy to see how such a nature could suffice to itself, and how little he needed of that give-and-take which companionship supplies. He could—to steal a figure from our steam language—he could "bank his fires," and await any energy, and, while scarcely consuming any fuel, prepare for the most trying demand upon his powers. A hasty movement of feet overhead, and the sound of voices talking loudly, aroused him from his reflections, while a servant entered abruptly to say, that Lord Glencore wished to see him immediately.

"Is his lordship worse?" asked Upton.

"No sir; but he was very angry with the young lord this evening about something; and they say, that with the passion he opened the bandage on his head, and set the vein a-bleeding again. Billy Traynor is there now trying to stop it."

"I'll go up stairs," said Sir Horace, rising, and beginning to fortify himself with caps, and capes, and comforters—precautions that he never omitted when moving from one room to the other.

CHAPTER XII.

A NIGHT AT SEA.

GLENCORE's chamber presented a scene of confusion and dismay as Upton entered. The sick man had torn off the bandage from his temples, and so roughly as to reopen the half-closed artery, and renew the bleeding. Not alone the bedclothes and the curtains, but the faces of the assistants around him, were stained with blood, which seemed the more ghastly from contrast with their pallid cheeks. They moved hurriedly to and fro, scarcely remembering what they were in search of, and evidently deeming his state of the greatest peril. Traynor, the only one whose faculties were unshaken by the shock, sat quietly beside the bed, his fingers firmly compressed upon the orifice of the vessel, while, with the other hand, he motioned to them to keep silence.

Glencore lay with closed eyes, breathing long and laboured inspira-

tions, and at times convulsed by a slight shivering. His face, and even his lips, were bloodless, and his eyelids of a pale, livid hue. So terribly like the approach of death was his whole appearance, that Upton whispered in the "doctor's ear"—

"Is it over? Is he dying?"

"No, Upton," said Glencore, for, with the acute hearing of intense nervousness he had caught the words—"It is not so easy to die."

"There now—no more talkin'—no discorsin'—azy and quiet is now the word."

"Bind it up and leave me—leave me with *him*;" and Glencore pointed to Upton.

"I darn't move out of this spot," said Billy, addressing Upton. "You'd have the blood coming out, *per saltim*, if I took away my finger."

"You must be patient, Glencore,"

said Upton, gently; "you know I'm always ready when you want me."

"And you'll not leave this? you'll not desert me?" cried the other, eagerly.

"Certainly not; I have no thought of going away."

"There, now, hould your prate, both of ye, or, by my conscience, I'll not take the responsibility upon me—I will not!" said Billy, angrily. "'Tis just a disgrace and a shame that ye havn't more discretion."

Glencore's lips moved with a feeble attempt at a smile, and in his faint voice he said—

"We must obey the doctor, Upton; but don't leave me."

Upton moved a chair to the bedside, and sat down without a word.

"Ye think an artery is like a canal, with a lock-gate to it, I believe," said Billy, in a low, grumbling voice to Upton, "and you forget all its vermicular motion, as ould Fabricius called it, and that is only by a coagalum, a kind of barrier, like a mud breakwater. Be off out of that, ye spalpeens! be off every one of yez, and leave us tranquil and paceable!"

This summary command was directed to the various servants, who were still moving about the room in imaginary occupation. The room was at last cleared of all save Upton and Billy, who sat by the bedside, his hand still resting on the sick man's forehead. Soothed by the stillness, and reduced by the loss of blood, Glencore sank into a quiet sleep, breathing softly and gently as a child.

"Look at him now," whispered Billy to Upton, "and you'll see what philosophy there is in ascribin' to the heart the source of all our emotions. He lies there azy and comfortable, just because the great bellows is working smoothly and quietly. They talk about the brain, and the spinal nerves, and the soliar plexus, but give a man a wake, washy circulation, and what is he? He's just like a chap with the finest intentions in the world, but not a sixpence in his pocket to carry them out! A fine, well-regulated, steady-batin' heart is like a credit on the bank — you draw on it, and your draft isn't dishonoured!"

"What was it brought on this attack?" asked Upton, in a whisper.

"A shindy he had with the boy. I wasn't here. There was nobody by; but when I met Master Charles on the

stairs, he flew past me like lightning, and I just saw by a glimpse that something was wrong. He rushed out with his head bare, and his coat all open, and it sleetin' terribly! Down he went towards the lough, at full speed, and never minded all my callin' after him."

"Has he returned?" asked Upton.

"Not as I know, sir. We were too much taken up with the lord to ask after him."

"I'll just step down and see," said Sir Horace, who arose, and left the room on tiptoe.

To Upton's inquiry all made the same answer. None had seen the young lord — none could give any clue as to whither he had gone. Sir Horace at once hastened to Harcourt's room, and after some vigorous shakes, succeeded in awakening the Colonel, and by dint of various repetitions at last put him in possession of all that had occurred.

"We must look after the lad," cried Harcourt, springing from his bed, and dressing with all haste. "He is a rash, hot-headed fellow; but even if it were nothing else, he might get his death in such a night as this."

The wind dashed wildly against the window-panes as he spoke, and the old timbers of the frame rattled fearfully.

"Do you remain here, Upton. I'll go in search of the boy. Take care Glencore hears nothing of his absence."

And with a promptitude that bespoke the man of action, Harcourt descended the stairs and set out.

The night was pitch dark; sweeping gusts of wind bore the rain along in torrents, and the thunder rolled incessantly, its clamour increased by the loud beating of the waves as they broke upon the rocks. Upton had repeated to Harcourt that Billy saw the boy going towards the sea-shore, and in this direction he now followed. His frequent excursions had familiarised him with the place, so that even at night Harcourt found no difficulty in detecting the path and keeping it. About half-an-hour's brisk walking brought him to the side of the Lough, and the narrow flight of steps cut in the rock, which descended to the little boat-quay. Here he halted, and called out the boy's name several times. The sea, however, was running mountains high, and an immense drift, sweeping over the rocks, fell in sheets of scattered foam beyond them; so that Har-

court's voice was drowned by the uproar. A small sheeling under the shelter of the rock formed the home of a boatman; and at the crazy door of this humble cot Harcourt now knocked violently.

The man answered the summons at once, assuring him that he had not heard or seen any one since the night closed in; adding, at the same time, that in such a tempest a boat's crew might have landed without his knowing it.

"To be sure," continued he, after a pause, "I heard a chain rattlin' on the rock soon after I went to bed, and I'll just step down and see if the yawl is all right."

Scarcely had he left the spot, when his voice was heard calling out from below—

"She's gone! — the yawl is gone! the lock is broke with a stone and she's away!"

"How could this be? no boat could leave in such a sea," cried Harcourt eagerly.

"She could go out fast enough, sir. The wind is north-east due; but how long she'll keep the sea is another matter."

"Then he'll be lost!" cried Harcourt wildly.

"Who, sir — who is it?" asked the man.

"Your master's son!" cried he, wringing his hands in anguish."

"Oh, murther! murther!" screamed the boatman, "we'll never see him again. 'Tis out to say—into the wild ocean he'll be blown!"

"Is there no shelter — no spot he could make for?"

"Barrin' the islands, there's not a spot between this and America."

"But he could make the islands—you are sure of that?"

"If the boat was able to live through the say. But sure I know him well; he'll never take in a reef or sail; but sit there, with the helm hard up, just never carin' what came of him! Oh, musha! musha! what druv him out such a night as this!"

"Come, it's no time for lamenting, my man; get the launch ready, and let us follow him. Are you afraid?"

"Afraid!" replied the man, with a touch of scorn in his voice; "faix it's little fear troubles me; but maybe you won't like to be in her yourself when she's once out. I've none belongin' to me — father, mother, chick

or child; but you may have many a one that's near to you."

"My ties are, perhaps, as light as your own," said Harcourt. "Come, now, be alive. I'll put ten gold guineas in your hand if you can overtake him."

"I'd rather see his face than have two hundred," said the man, as, springing into the boat, he began to haul out the tackle from under the low half-deck, and prepare for sea.

"Is your honour used to a boat, or ought I to get another man with me?" asked the sailor.

"Trust me, my good fellow, I have had more sailing than yourself, and in more treacherous seas, too," said Harcourt, who, throwing off his cloak, proceeded to help the other, with an address that bespoke a practised hand.

The wind blew strongly off the shore, so that scarcely was the foresail spread, than the boat began to move rapidly through the water, dashing the sea over her bows, and plunging wildly through the waves.

"Give me a hand now with the hal'yard," said the boatman; "and when the main-sail is set, you'll see how she'll dance over the top of the waves, and never wet us."

"She's too light in the water, if anything," said Harcourt, as the boat bounded buoyantly, under the increased press of canvas.

"Your honour's right; she'll do better with half a ton of iron in her. Stand by sir, always, with the peak hal'yards; get the sail aloft in when I give you the word."

"Leave the latter to me, my man," said Harcourt, taking it as he spoke.

"You'll soon see that I'm no new hand at the work."

"She's doing it well," said the man.

"Keep her up! keep her up! there's a spit of land runs out here; in a few minutes more we'll have say-room enough."

The heavier roll of the waves, and the increased force of the wind, soon showed that they had gained the open sea; while the atmosphere, relieved of the dark shadows of the mountain, seemed lighter and thinner than inshore.

"We're to make for the islands, you say, sir?"

"Yes. What distance are they off?"

"About eighteen miles. Two hours, if the wind lasts, and we can bear it."

"And could the yawl stand this?" said Harcourt, as a heavy sea struck the bow, and came in a cataract over them.

"Better than ourselves, if she was manned. Luff! luff!—that's it!" And as the boat turned up to wind, sheets of spray and foam flew over her. "Master Charles hasn't his equal for steerin', if he wasn't alone. Keep her there!—now! steady, sir!"

"Here's a squall coming," cried Harcourt; "I hear it hissing."

Down went the peak, but scarcely in time, for the wind, catching the sail, laid the boat gunwale under. After a struggle, she righted, but with nearly one-third of her filled with water.

"I'd take in a reef, or two reefs," said the man; "but if she couldn't rise to the sea, she'll fill and go down. We must carry on, at all events."

"So say I. It's no time to shorten sail, with such a sea running."

The boat now flew through the water, the sea itself impelling her, as with every sudden gust the waves struck the stern.

"She's a brave craft," said Harcourt, as she rose lightly over the great waves, and plunged down again into the trough of the sea; "but if we ever get to land again, I'll have combings round her to keep her dryer."

"Here it comes!—here it comes, sir!"

Nor were the words well out, when, like a thunder-clap, the wind struck the sail, and bent the mast over like a whip. For an instant it seemed as if she were going down by the prow; but she righted again, and, shivering in every plank, held on her way.

"That's as much as she could do," said the sailor; "and I would not like to ax her to do more."

"I agree with you," said Harcourt, secretly stealing his feet back again into his shoes, which he had just kicked off.

"It's fresh'ning it is every minute," said the man; "and I'm not sure that we could make the Islands if it lasts."

"Well—what then?"

"There's nothing for it but to be blown out to say," said he, tragically, as, having filled his tobacco-pipe, he struck a light, and began to smoke.

"The very thing I was wishing for," said Harcourt, touching his cigar to the bright ashes. "How she labours—do you think she can stand this?"

"She can, if it's no worse, sir."

"But it looks heavier weather outside."

"As well as I can see, it's only be-ginnin'."

Harcourt listened with a species of admiration to the calm and measured sentiment of the sailor, who, fully conscious of all the danger, yet never, by a word or gesture, showed that he was flurried or excited.

"You have been out on nights as bad as this, I suppose?" said Harcourt.

"Maybe not quite, sir, for it's a great say is runnin'; and, with the wind off shore, we couldn't have this, if there wasn't a storm blowing further out."

"From the westward, you mean?"

"Yes, sir—a wind coming over the whole ocean, that will soon meet the land wind."

"And does that often happen?"

The words were but out, when, with a loud report like a cannon-shot, the wind reversed the sail, snapping the strong sprit in two, and bringing down the whole canvas clattering into the boat. With the aid of a hatchet, the sailor struck off the broken portion of the spar, and soon cleared the wreck; while the boat, now reduced to a mere foresail, laboured heavily, sinking her prow in the sea at every bound. Her course, too, was now altered, and she flew along parallel to the shore, the great cliffs looming through the darkness, and seeming as if close to them.

"The boy!—the boy!" cried Harcourt; "what has become of him? He never could have lived through that squall."

"If the spar stood, there was an end of us, too," said the sailor; "she'd have gone down by the stern, as sure as my name is Peter."

"It is all over by this time," muttered Harcourt, sorrowfully.

"Pace to him now!" said the sailor, as he crossed himself, and went over a prayer.

The wind now raged fearfully; claps, like the report of cannon, struck the frail boat at intervals, and laid her nearly keel uppermost; while the mast bent like a whip, and every rope creaked and strained to its last endurance. The deafening noise, close at hand, told where the waves were beating on the rock-bound coast, or surging with the deep growl of thunder through many a cavern. They rarely spoke,

save when some emergency called for a word. Each sat wrapped up in his own dark reveries, and unwilling to break them. Hours passed thus—long, dreary hours of darkness, that seemed like years of suffering, so often in this interval did life hang in the balance.

As morning began to break with a greyish blue light to the westward, the wind slightly abated, blowing more steadily, too, and less in sudden gusts; while the sea rolled in large round waves, unbroken above, and showing no crest of foam.

"Do you know where we are?" asked Harcourt.

"Yes, sir; we're off the Rooks' Point, and if we hold on well, we'll be soon in slacker water."

"Could the boy have reached this, think you?"

The man shook his head mournfully, without speaking.

"How far are we from Glencore?"

"About eighteen miles, sir; but more by land."

"You can put me ashore, then, somewhere hereabouts?"

"Yes, sir, in the next bay; there's a creek we can easily run into."

"You are quite sure he couldn't have been blown out to sea?"

"How could he, sir? There's only one way the wind could drive him. If he isn't in the Clough Bay, he's in glory."

All the anxiety of that dreary night was nothing to what Harcourt now suffered, in his eagerness to round the Rooks' Point, and look into the bay beyond it. Controlling it as he would, still would it break out in words of impatience, and even anger.

"Don't curse the boat, ye'r honour," said Peter, respectfully, but calmly; "she's behaved well to us this night, or we'd not be here now."

"But are we to beat about here for ever?" asked the other, angrily.

"She's don' well, and we ought to be thankful," said the man; and his tone, even more than his words, served to reprove the other's impatience. "I'll try and set the mainsail on her with the remains of the sprit."

Harcourt watched him, as he laboured away to repair the damaged rigging; but though he looked at him, his thoughts were far away with poor

Glencore upon his sick-bed, in sorrow and in suffering, and perhaps soon to hear that he was childless. From these he went on to other thoughts. What could have occurred to have driven the boy to such an act of desperation? Harcourt invented a hundred imaginary causes, to reject them as rapidly again. The affection the boy bore to his father seemed the strongest principle of his nature. There appeared to be no event possible in which that feeling would not sway and control him. As he thus ruminated, he was aroused by the sudden cry of the boatman.

"There's a boat, sir, dismasted, a-head of us, and drifting out to say."

"I see her!"—I see her!" cried Harcourt; "out with the oars, and let's pull for her."

Heavily as the sea was rolling, they now began to pull through the immense waves, Harcourt turning his head at every instant to watch the boat, which now was scarcely half-a-mile a-head of them.

"She's empty!—there's no one in her!" said Peter, mournfully, as, steadying himself by the mast, he cast a look seaward.

"Row on—let us get beside her," said Harcourt.

"She's the yawl!—I know her now," cried the man.

"And empty?"

"Washed out of her with a say, be-like," said Peter, resuming his oar, and tugging with all his strength.

A quarter of an hour's hard rowing brought them close to the dismasted boat, which, drifting broadside on the sea, seemed at every instant ready to capsize.

"There's something in the bottom in the stern-sheets!" screamed Peter. "It's himself!—O blessed Virgin, it's himself!" And, with a bound, he sprung from his own boat into the other.

The next instant he had lifted the helpless body of the boy from the bottom of the boat, and, with a shout of joy, screamed out—

"He's alive!—he's well!—it's only fatigue!"

Harcourt pressed his hands to his face, and sank upon his knees in prayer.

LIEUTENANT BELLOT.

It is long since the search for a "north-west passage" has lost almost all its interest in the public mind — so long that, now that it has been found, nobody but a Fellow of the Geographical Society knows, or thinks of inquiring, in what direction it runs, or whither it leads. In truth, the hobby was ridden somewhat overboard. The monotony of the details of Arctic Expeditions wearied the public ear very soon after the excitement produced by the novelty of the adventures of the early voyagers had worn off; and the subject would have waned out of memory years ago, but for the noble fidelity and energy of a wife refusing to abandon her husband to his fate, until inexorable time should efface the last shadow of a hope of his being within the reach of human succour.

The devotion of Lady Franklin, operating upon the generous heart of a young Frenchman, in conjunction with his own ardent love of adventure and thirst for distinction, lately brought another actor upon the stage, and his untimely, but enviable fate, again, for a moment, arrested the public attention, and caused a passing glance to be turned towards the northern graves of our unfortunate countrymen. No more than a casual thought was, however, given to the crews of the *Erebus* and *Terror*; the interest then awakened in the breasts of Englishmen was fixed on the memory of an obscure foreign sailor, to honour which some of the foremost men in England came promptly forward with their purses and their names. It was truly a strange and unprecedented sight that was presented to the two nations, we may, perhaps, say to the world, on the 14th of November, 1853, when the First Lord of the Admiralty, and the veteran of Arctic Expeditions, Sir Edward Parry, declared in their own names, and in the name of a meeting "composed of various classes of Englishmen," their anxious desire "to mark their deep sense of the noble conduct of Lieutenant Bellot, of the French Imperial Navy," and their determination to invite their countrymen to unite with them in erecting a monument to his memory. An appeal thus made in

England is seldom ineffectual. Subscriptions poured in from all quarters, until sufficient has been accumulated to defray the cost of erection of a granite obelisk, inscribed with the name of BELLOT, and to enable the Committee to present each of the five sisters of the deceased officer with a gift of £300, in token of the feelings entertained for their brother by the English people. Placed upon the bank of the Thames, on the quay of Greenwich Hospital, the monument attests to the mariners of all nations the admission of a French worthy into the most sacred shrine of the heroes of England. How is this unparalleled manifestation of respect to be accounted for? The object of it lost his life at the age of seven-and-twenty, by a casualty incidental to his calling. He was a stranger, of humble rank, undistinguished by birth or fortune, unknown in science or art. By what magic were the guardians of the naval Valhalla of England induced to admit him within their precincts? How were the proudest of English nobles brought into a common action, in honour of his memory, with "working men," and coast-guard boat's crews? The answer to these questions is, we think, supplied by the publication of M. Bellot's simple memoirs and journal, and it is creditable to human nature. In the relations of the young sailor with his own family, with Lady Franklin, with the rough, true-hearted men among whom he was thrown in his first Arctic voyage, with the officials of the English Admiralty, is to be traced the origin of the affection and esteem which, spreading from those centres, influenced large circles of Englishmen to delight in honouring his geniality of heart, earnestness of purpose, and devoted loyalty. One touch of nature makes the whole world kin; and may we not hope that the memory of the hero, and of the frankness and purity in which his worship was set up, will bind together the land that adopted him and that which gave him birth, long after the conventional obligation of a political alliance can be expected to endure?

Joseph René Bellot, the son of a Rochefort blacksmith, was born on the

18th of March, 1826. Upon the recommendation of the teacher of the elementary school at which he was first placed, the municipality of Rochefort granted him a demibourse, at the college of that city, and his parents, with a generosity which manifestly kindled in his mind the most lively and enduring gratitude, taxed their slender resources to defray the other moiety of the expenses of his education. The sacrifices made to this end were richly compensated. The boy's heart lent strength to his intellect, and year after year he obtained such distinctions as it was in the power of the college to bestow. At the age of fifteen years he was admitted into the naval school, being again assisted by a grant of a demibourse from the municipality. For two years longer his parents struggled to make up the cost of his maintenance, until, in 1843, he was enrolled as a naval *aspirant*, and stationed in the port of Brest, from whence, in the ensuing year, he was shipped in the corvette *Berceau*, as an *élève de marine*, and sailed upon his first cruise. A sentence or two from the early pages of the journal which he then began to keep, contain the key-note of his character, and indicate the qualities that fashioned the course of his short life, and struck out from the hearts of the strangers among whom he died those sympathies which have so remarkably distinguished his memory:—

"We sail (he writes) this morning from Mayette. My negligence and apathy are extreme; I have not had the courage to write home; so here is an opportunity lost to me, through my own fault. . . . I ought, however, to show more firmness in the position in which I stand, and bethink me that I must absolutely arrive at something. The desire of showing gratitude for all that has been done for me, ought, of itself, to constitute a very sufficient motive for me. Ought I not also to reflect, that I am destined to support a numerous and beloved family, of whom I am the sole hope? I am considered ambitious, I am sure, and it is true; but is there a nobler aim than that for the ambition of a young man? This laudable feeling, I well know, is not the only one that makes me thus contemplate all my projects of glory and advancement; perhaps even there is too much self-love in all my schemes; but these two motives together must make me desirous of prompt advancement. I must work to win a good reputation, instead of lapping myself to sleep in ease and supineness. . . . I ought to consider, that in

these moments of forgetfulness, in which I lavish my money as if I was habituated to abundance, my poor mother is, perhaps, at her wits' end to provide for the necessities of the family."

There is here evidence enough, and it is corroborated in every subsequent page of his journal, that Bellot was a good and true-hearted Frenchman; and those who have the happiness to be acquainted with living specimens of the character, will not deny that, with all its peculiarities, it is eminent among the most amiable and the best our frail humanity can produce. Glowing with family love, on fire for fame, the young man shrank not, as an English sailor-boy would have done, from exposing the inmost motives of his heart, or the sharpest struggles of his conscience and his pride; but, if there was no delicate reserve in his manners, neither was there hypocrisy, and the truth of his emotions was as little obnoxious to suspicion as if they had been kept strictly concealed within his own breast. His sincerity was no more doubted or doubtful when he recorded his intent to keep a journal, in order that he might teach his brother and nephews, by his example, to devote themselves for their families, science, and humanity, or when, in innocent vanity, he sent his portrait to Mr. Barrow of the Admiralty, than it was when he allotted a portion of his pay to his family, or "maintained the dignity of his character," by refusing to allow Lady Franklin to eke out his insufficient allowances by paying the expenses of his outfit.

The *Berceau* was destined for an expedition to Madagascar, and there, in an affair at Tamatave, Bellot, to use his own words, received the baptism of fire. The rite was administered in the form of a ball in the thigh, and he characteristically tells his family, "it was an ordeal from which I think I have come off not amiss. I knew well that in case I felt fear, my pride and sense of duty would never have forsaken me; but I am delighted that I have had the trial." For this service the *élève* was promoted to the first class, and decorated with the Cross of the Legion of Honour, he being then under twenty years old. Shortly afterwards he returned to France, and having passed the necessary examination, was made *enseigne de vaisseau*, in which rank he served on board the

Triomphante, in South America, until the end of 1850, when he was removed from that ship and attached to the dépôt company at Rochefort, where he soon became weary of an inactive and inglorious life. "What (asks his biographer) can a young unmarried naval officer do who is employed in a port? When he has finished his day's duty, which generally occupies but few hours, and partaken of the family meals, he has still a great deal of time on hand, which he may spend in study, or in the *salons* of some of the townspeople who receive visitors, or in the *cercle*, or in the *café*." None of these modes of whiling away life suited Bellot. He was evidently not a closet-student, and although "passionately fond of dancing, it must be confessed (says M. Lemer) this man, so intrepid in presence of danger, so bold in thought, so ready of speech, always manifesting such promptitude and presence of mind before assembled men, was excessively modest in all that concerned his renown, and bashful in the presence of women, for whom he professed, too, a truly chivalric admiration and respect." He was small of stature, and shrank from exhibiting himself in a quadrille; nor was he more at home in *cercle* or *café*, where, "in the beginning one remains an hour, drinks a glass of beer, and chats. By-and-bye the sittings are insensibly prolonged; play takes the place of conversation, liqueurs of beer; and what was at first but a pastime, soon becomes a habit, then a want, and often an irresistible passion." At last, in the beginning of 1851, Bellot made up his mind to offer to take a part in the expedition which Lady Franklin was then preparing to send out in search of her husband; and having entered into a correspondence with that lady, he solicited and obtained the permission of the French minister of marine, and repaired to London in May of that year. The time was favourable; the Great Exhibition was flourishing in all its freshness, universal peace and philanthropy were the fashion; and the young *enseigne de vaisseau*, impersonating, to some extent, the grand idea of international union, became a sort of lion of the hour. The prospect of an arctic voyage in the Prince Albert, a little schooner of ninety tons, with a crew of eighteen men,

including captain and officers, and sailing on teetotal principles, was not very agreeable; "but would it have been possible for a French officer to draw back on account of a few dangers to be incurred?" Evidently not; the honour of the uniform was concerned, and the warmth of the thanks and the sympathies of which the volunteer was the object, redoubled his enthusiasm and devotion to the hallowed enterprise. The sojourn in London during those few days was, in truth, a sort of ovation, in the course of which the amiable vanity of the young man was fully gratified, and the gallantry and heartiness of his kindly, happy nature were displayed in all their attractive freshness. "Who is that young officer of the French navy, with an air of such decision, and who wears his precocious decoration so jauntily?" said Jules Janin to somebody. "That is," replied the person addressed, "M. Bellot, the *enseigne de vaisseau*, who has volunteered to take part in the new expedition which is about to sail in search of Franklin." Instantly Janin runs up to him, and says, "*Ma foi, monsieur*, I had a great wish to know you; you are a brave man; allow me to clasp your hand." I loved him at once, the charming lad, whom I saw but for two or three hours," said Janin, in relating the incident."

The Prince Albert sailed from Aberdeen on the 22nd of May, 1851, and she re-entered that port on the 7th of October, 1852, not having escaped from the ice, in which she was set fast for three hundred and thirty days, until the 6th of August. During the whole of this period, with the exception of a few weeks, Bellot kept a journal, from day to day, which his biographer has now given to the public, and which cannot be read without deep interest. It is true it contains nothing novel in science or in adventure for those versed in arctic-voyage literature; but as the reflex of a simple, loyal, religious, and brave heart, and as a faithful record of the social life of the little company of true-hearted seamen into which he was adopted, every page of it is a study of the pleasantest side of our common nature. In a letter to M. Marmier, Bellot thus describes his companions:—

"Hardy Scots of the Orcades, or Shetland Isles, who formed part of the expedi-

tions of Rae, Richardson, and Franklin, or tried by numerous voyages in search of whales, form a chosen crew. Mr. John Hepburn, who followed Franklin in his examination of the Coppermine and Mackenzie rivers, has arrived in all haste from Van Diemen's Land, to furnish a fresh proof of his devotion to his old captain. Mr. Leask, pilot of the *North Star*, who knows the Baffin and Barrow Straits, as well as you do your library, is our ice-master. At our head is Captain Kennedy, a captain in the Hudson's Company's service, a man of an ancient stock; a scion of those Puritans, whose dauntless courage has its source in the most lively faith; one of those models from whom Cooper has taken his 'Pathfinder.' Alone, in the midst of these men, tried by incredible sufferings, I bring, instead of experience, a boundless ardour; but I have confidence. Have we not the justice of our cause to back us up?"

It was truly a strange companionship, as he elsewhere observes in his diary, in which he found himself—

"Commanding men of a foreign nation; an officer of a military-marine service, among men bound solely by a civil engagement; a Catholic, endeavouring to keep alive in their minds a different religion, in which they have been educated, and the precepts of which I deliver to them in a tongue which is not my own. Nevertheless (he adds) there is not one of these men who does not regard me as a countryman, and obey me as if I were really so."

Among the notables of the crew, with whom the journal brings us into close acquaintance, there were, besides these named above, the doctor, Cowie, who seems to have been a special worthy; Mr. Anderson, the second officer; Mr. Smith, the steward; and Mr. Grate, the boatswain. And never, so far as can be learned from the journal, did a more harmonious or cheerful party dwell together for seventeen months. Their carousals indeed were few and far between. At starting, a few bottles of porter, remaining from the last voyage, were consumed, to wet the first watch of the foreign shipmate; a ration of brandy was now and then conceded to the petitions of the fore-castle, when teetotalism could no longer be endured; and the birthday of the old Rochefort blacksmith was celebrated by a grand symposium, when the doctor, having casually become acquainted with the circumstance of the anniversary, had a little collation prepared

after dinner, and the whole crew drank a glass of grog to the health of the family Bellot. But then, each day brought its festival of prayer and praise. No sooner had Captain Kennedy recovered a little from the seasickness, to which the rough seas of the Orkneys consigned almost every one on board, than he mustered all hands to prayers on deck, and this practice was continued morning and evening during the entire voyage. Few narratives we have ever read have seemed to us more touching than the entries in the journal incidentally alluding to these ministrations, and to the part taken in them by the young French Roman Catholic. Of a nature deeply impressed with the religious sentiment, he had manifestly thought but little of these things before chance brought him within the influence of English habits:—

"On Sunday (he writes to a friend, in reference to his first arrival in London) I went to the Protestant Church. The officer who had goodnaturedly made himself my cicerone, said to me, with so natural an air, 'What church shall we go to?' that I durst not tell him how long it was since I had left off going to mass; and I went as much to avoid giving him a bad opinion of me as from any real inclination."

The first impression was strengthened during his short stay at Stromness, when the following entries were made in his diary:—

"*Sunday, 25th May, 1851.*—We moored in the morning in Stromness roads. At two o'clock we go on shore with the crew, and repair to the Free Church. Prayers are said for us, and the congregation are called upon to put up vows for our prosperous voyage.

"*1st June.*—As usual, Sabbath day. This time I go not to the Free Church, but to the United Presbyterian. At Stromness, a town of twelve hundred inhabitants, there is also a third church. The apparent unity which subsists among us proceeds after all only from the indifference which Lamennais speaks of. If our ministers are charged with being declaimers and actors, the contrary reproach may be addressed to the ministers here. The minister who officiated to-day is a radical, Miss C. tells me, for he says that Jesus Christ owed his sanctity to his labour. After church I take a walk with the ladies. Sup with Mr. B.; Bible reading and family prayer—the domestics are present at it."

From a hearer, Bellot soon became a minister of the word; and as he does

not seem to have ever formally abandoned the creed in which he was educated, the progress of his views, and the mutual tolerance with which he and his companions merged the peculiarities of their respective opinions in a common practical Christianity, are real curiosities of polemical literature :—

"Several American officers," [of whalers] he writes, "came to Divine Service on board us this morning, with some of their men. Poor Captain Kennedy was quite affected when he prayed to God for the safety of those from whom we are about to part, perhaps for ever. Is not this one of the good sides of their religion, that every man of character may officiate without having taken holy orders?"

Again :—

"As always, on Sunday we have Divine Service, and, as usual, I read the sermon. It seems I do not pronounce ill, and especially that my accent is not too bad. The service consists in reading some psalms, a chapter of the Bible, and prayers, morning and evening. On Sunday there is, in addition, the reading of a sermon, and then of fragments of numerous works which have been given to us. If the piety of our men is not very enlightened, at least it appears sincere; and even were it but a matter of habit with them, the influence of that habit upon them is excellent. I know no spectacle more suggestive of thought than the sight of those few men singing the praises of the Lord amidst the solitude of the vast ocean; I think of the convents of the East, lying like a point amidst the desert. What, in fact, is our life on board, with its regularity, but the convent minus inactivity, and minus the selfishness of the man who seeks in prayer only his own salvation? O yes! the exercise of prayer is salutary; it is, above all, useful and indispensable to one who is animated by true piety. I used to think myself religious when I contented myself with recognising the existence of a God; I now understand how much this exercise of prayer facilitates for us the accomplishment of duties, which without it we are disposed to pass over very lightly."

It is not to be supposed, however, that this tolerance in practice covered any latitudinarianism of doctrine or indifference to the questions of dogmatic theology. Many sharp religious discussions took place, when the disputants plied each other so hard, that they ended in very bad humour, for the moment; and the solemn hours of the night-watch were occasionally

passed in disquisitions worthy of the Byzantine schoolmen. Thus—

"Mr. Grate [the boatswain] comes to me," writes Bellot, "during my watch, and confides to me his doubts as to the scorn with which Judas Iscariot is regarded; since Jesus Christ was to be betrayed by somebody, it was God's will! 'Oh,' says he, 'formerly people were not educated as they are now. I should like to know two languages, French and Hebrew.' When I ask him why the latter, 'In order to make a new translation of the Bible,' he replies; 'a cable, and not a camel, to pass through the eye of a needle.'"

Neither had the religion of the crew of the Prince Albert anything ascetic in its nature. Captain Kennedy himself sang sweet French-Canadian chansons; and reading, dancing, Mr. Smith's violin, and the organ given by Prince Albert, constituted the evening amusements. Notwithstanding teetotal principles, also, high days and holidays were, as we have seen, celebrated with a cheerful glass, and it was "pleasant to see what a degree of merriment could be produced so easily." The result of the whole system seems to have been a very high state of discipline, the most perfect mutual confidence between officers and men, the truest and loyalest comradeship among all, and a general tenderness and affection for the foreign youth who had fallen into their company—instances of which it is scarcely possible to read with a dry eye. In crises of extreme peril, the crew were mustered and taken into council, "not so much to cover responsibility, as to see if any one man could suggest anything better than what was proposed;" and this confidence seems never to have been abused. Under the most trying circumstances, the opinion of each man was pronounced honestly, and with a single view to the common good; and when a plan of action was determined upon by the proper authority, every one put forth his best energies to carry it into execution. When a boat containing the captain and four men was separated from the ship, it was boldly resolved to adopt a course which would take them away forty miles farther from their friends, and the resolution, as promising the greatest benefit to the greatest number, was manfully acquiesced in by the whole crew, including "poor Mr. Smith," the stew-

ard, whose brother was in the boat. When the doctor wished to accompany a party despatched in search of their missing companions, although his assistance would have been of great value, he was refused, "considering that his cares might be more precious on board in case they return by sea;" and the doctor at once gave way. In this very expedition Bellot alone added a little biscuit to his meal of pemmican, the men having slipped a few pieces into the provision-bag, in spite of his prohibition, because they thought that, not being accustomed to an exclusively meat diet, it might disagree with him:—

"Many a time," he adds, "in this short trip, I had reason to be inwardly grateful for such delicate attentions, which are always the more touching when they are offered by persons apparently rough; and the first night, when I was half asleep, I saw them, one after another, come and wrap me up, and make sure that my feet were not frozen."

And so it was throughout. Truly, even if the voyage of the *Prince Albert* has added no new fact to science, and although it failed to accomplish the objects of its promoters, it yet opened springs of human feeling, whose merciful streams, blessing as they did those among whom they rose, will surely, in their further course, fertilise many a withered heart.

"On their return," says M. de la Roquette, in a memoir read before the Geographical Society of Paris, "Captain Kennedy, as well as all the crew of the *Prince Albert*, spoke with so much admiration of the services rendered by Bellot, and of his exemplary conduct during the whole course of the expedition, that he was everywhere received in England with genuine enthusiasm. The British Government made known officially to that of France how well satisfied it was with the zealous and intelligent co-operation of the young officer, and Lady Franklin personally expressed her gratitude to him in the most touching terms. The Geographical Society of London, an illustrious body, which has already rendered so many services to science, conferred on him the title of Foreign Corresponding Member—a favour which acquired still more value in his eyes from the flattering words of the President, Sir Roderick Murchison, and from the presence and approbation of the most distinguished personages of England."

In his own country, too, he was not unhonoured. He had been promoted

to the rank of lieutenant during his absence; the time he had passed on board the British private ship was counted to him as service at sea, and, in order to give him time for repose, and the arrangement of his papers, he was placed on the footing of being called on duty to Paris, from the date of his return to France. This dignified ease did not, however, long continue to content his adventurous spirit. Shortly after his return, he began to press upon the attention of the ministry of marine a proposal for a French expedition in search of Sir John Franklin; and while this application was pending, he refused an offer made to him by Captain Kane, of the post of second in command of an American expedition with the same object. He also declined the still more flattering tender of the command and ownership of the *Isabella* steamer, which Lady Franklin was preparing specially for an expedition to Behring's Straits, and in which Captain Kennedy, his former commander, was willing to serve under his orders. "You know," wrote Lady Franklin, when making this generous proposal, "that the crew of the *Prince Albert* are ready to go with you wherever you choose to lead them. However, you shall be free to choose your own men; and even, if you like, to take with you in this expedition two or three of your own countrymen in whom you have confidence." The grounds of Bellot's refusal was no less noble and touching than the motive of the offer. "He was afraid lest this extreme confidence should produce a bad effect in England, and weaken the sympathy with which Lady Franklin inspired her countrymen."

At length, finding that he could not communicate his own enthusiasm to the minister of marine, and resolved not to let a season pass by without making another visit to the Arctic regions, Bellot asked and received permission to embark in *H.M.S. Phoenix*, Captain Inglefield, and upon the 10th of May, 1853, he was received on board that vessel as a volunteer for the expedition she was then about to proceed on. This was the young seaman's last voyage, and the closing scene of it we shall relate in the words of his countryman, M. Lemer. On the 12th of August he left the *Phoenix* and her companion, the *North Star*, in *Erebus*

and Terror Bay, accompanied by the quartermaster of the *North Star* and three sailors, and bearing Admiralty despatches for Sir Edward Belcher:—

“It was supposed that Sir Edward was in Wellington Channel, in the neighbourhood of Cape Belcher. In that direction, therefore, the little troop set out, marching close along the eastern shore of the channel. After encamping the first day three miles from Cape Innis, the five men halted next day, on detached blocks of ice, about three miles from Cape Bowden. On the night of the 14th, on quitting that cape, they had to cross a cleft in the ice, four feet wide, which they effected prosperously enough. They were three miles off land when Bellot proposed to encamp, and he tried to reach it in the India-rubber canoe; but being twice driven back by a violent gale from the south-east, he determined to have an attempt made by two of his companions, Harvey, the quartermaster of the *North Star*, and Madden. The attempt succeeded, and once on shore, the two men fixed a pass-rope between the sledge and the coast, by means of which three objects could be transported. A fourth trip was about to be undertaken, when Madden, who was up to his middle in the water, perceived that the ice was setting itself in motion off shore and towards mid-channel. Bellot shouted to let go the rope—an effort was yet to be made, a hope remains; but the motion of the ice is so rapid, that, before any measure can be taken, it is already at an enormous distance from the shore. ‘I then went to the top of a hill to watch them,’ says Madden, in his deposition, ‘and saw them swept away from land towards mid-channel. I watched from that spot for six hours, but lost sight of them in two. When they passed out of sight, the men were standing near the sledge, M. Bellot on the top of the hummock. They seemed to be on a very solid piece of ice. At that moment the wind was blowing strongly from the south-east, and it was snowing.’ That moving mass of ice, thus driven northward by a furious gale, carried away the unfortunate Bellot, and two sailors with him, William Johnson and David Hook. After vainly endeavouring to shelter themselves under the tent with which their sledge was loaded, the three men began to cut a house for themselves in the ice with their knives. But let Johnson speak; his deposition is precise, and, nevertheless, very touching:—

“‘M. Bellot,’ he says, ‘sat for half-an-hour in conversation with us, talking on the danger of our position. I told him I was not afraid, and that the American expedition were drawn up and down this channel by the ice. He replied, ‘I know they were;

and when the Lord protects us, not a hair of our head shall be touched!’ I then asked M. Bellot what time it was. He said, ‘About a quarter past eight, A.M.’ (Thursday, the 18th), and then lashed up his books, and said he would go and see how the ice was driving. He had only gone about four minutes, when I went round the same hummock under which we were sheltered to look for him, but could not see him; and on returning to our shelter saw his stick on the opposite side of a creek, about five fathoms wide, and the ice all breaking up. I then called out, ‘Mr. Bellot!’ but no answer (at this time blowing very heavy). After this I again searched round, but could see nothing of him. I believe that when he got from the shelter, the wind blew him into the creek, and his sou’-wester being tied down he could not rise.’

“David Hook, Bellot’s other companion, deposed, that before the breach in the ice, and the attempt to land, some one having said that it would be more prudent to keep the middle of the channel, Bellot, hearing these words, replied, that Captain Pullen’s orders were, to keep along the coast to the right, within about two miles of it.

“This last trait, and the whole of this scene, complete the moral portraiture of Bellot, a slave to duty, sacrificing his own safety to it, and incessantly disposed to devote his life, confronting death like a man full of that sublime confidence, that holy faith, which keeps the soul always in readiness to appear before its Creator and its Judge; that faith which inspired the navigator of the sixteenth century to utter the fine saying, ‘Heaven is as near by water as by land.’”

So ended the short career of Lieutenant Bellot; and seldom, perhaps, has a human life been more replete with the elements of genuine happiness than his. “Whom the gods love, die young.” Bellot lived long enough to win, by honest means, the respect of two great nations, and, better still, to earn and to secure the esteem and love of many friends. He died before the experience of manhood had cast its shadow over the brilliant colouring in which the generous enthusiasm of youth depicted the future. Being dead he yet speaketh, teaching, by his own story, the uses, personal and social, of legitimate and honourable ambition; and, by the manner of his death, uniting France and England in a common desire to do honour to the memory of one of the truest and loyalest of Frenchmen.

A MISSING CHAPTER OF IRISH HISTORY.

THE capitulation of Limerick in 1691 is generally looked upon as the conclusion of Irish history, properly so called. Here it is that Leland stops. Moore has not gone even so far; and although Plowden has inflicted upon the world an historical memoir which winds mud-dily through the commencement of the eighteenth century, there are few persons resolute enough to undertake the task of wading into it, for the sake of the little they may pick up. Lascelles, the most laborious of compilers, is of no account as an historian. Even in facts he is incorrect. Besides, his book is suppressed, only a few copies are to be met with. And the few writers of less note who have undertaken to carry on the national annals from ancient to modern times, have passed over this gulf, either in complete silence, or with words so listless and unintelligible as to resemble the yawn they provoke.

Hence, from the Revolution to the middle of the reign of George III., is a blank which no one seems to have cared to fill up. What Ireland was doing for those eighty or ninety years, except for the instant that Molyneux started up as her solitary champion, and for that period into which the genius of Swift has thrown a partial gleam, is as little known to the world as is the origin of her towers; *and yet she must have been about something.*

Any *hiatus* in history is an evil. No period can be understood in a state of isolation. Events explain each other. They are evolved, by a natural and intelligible process, out of other events; they grow, like leaves, by the operation of an inherent principle of development, and are always natural as they arise.

This it is, as well as something in the period in question not destitute of interest for its own sake, that has decided us upon attempting a short excursion into this unreclaimed domain, and gathering thence some specimens, if not of dimensions equal to those brought from the valley of Eshcol, at least of a class and character not altogether unworthy of a place in a national periodical. We must confine ourselves for the present to the history of a very

few years at the commencement of the era of obscurity.

There is one difficulty which unfortunately besets the best-intentioned inquirer into this period. He is constantly at a loss how to keep his course in the mid-stream of impartiality. During the first half-century after the Reformation, the rival parties within the kingdom continued to be distinguished, in the main, by the boundaries of the two races. But once the unchristian policy of those who professed the Reformed religion had struck the ploughshare of persecution into the land, the political demarcations thenceforth fell into the religious ones, and Ireland became Protestant and Roman Catholic. As long as the ethnical distinctions keep their prominence, we who live in a later and more enlightened era have a comparatively easy task; for we have established and admitted principles to guide us, affording a clue to our worst entanglements if we only possess the power and will to take it in hand; but when religious strife supersedes political antagonism, and the spirit of bigotry gets abroad, a new ingredient has entered into the investigation, of which the essential properties are not so easily ascertained; or rather, concerning the properties of which the minds of the ablest and most conscientious men are known to disagree.

The embarrassment arising out of this state of things pervades the whole aspect of political affairs from thenceforward. It enters into every page, and is felt at every step. And whereas the inquirer, as he descends nearer and nearer our own times, might reasonably expect that history should at length cast itself clear of fable, and atone by its faithworthiness for the fading of romance and chivalry from the page; even in this hope, strange to say, he must, when he turns to Ireland, make up his mind to be disappointed. Not only does he find the most opposite inferences drawn from the facts; but, astonishing as it may appear, he discovers, as he pursues his research, a continuous discrepancy in the narrative of successive events pervading the records of the British and the Irish

chroniclers, constituting, in fact, two concurrent and discordant histories; so that, up to a very recent period, he is obliged to grope his way through evidences as contradictory, and at the same time as circumstantial, as that supporting a provincial identification and *alibi*.

To reconcile these discrepancies is no easy task; to attempt it is no light undertaking. The conviction that there is something translucent in truth, which causes it to shine through the thickest veil that can be thrown over it, is our only encouragement. This, and the belief that in the events of this period we of to-day are practically concerned, have sufficed to overcome many scruples.

From the surrender of Limerick, the struggles of Ireland, so long carried on with fire and sword, have been almost exclusively civil struggles,—for the disturbances of public tranquillity in 1798 can scarcely be called a war;—but they have been not the less real for all that. During the greater part of the eighteenth century that tyrannical code was built up, which was intended by a rampart of law to supply the place of that pale of an earlier era, within which the interest of England and the Anglo-Irish had uniformly entrenched itself. Before that century had run its course its demolition had begun. The legislative act with which it closed, rendered its obliteration a matter of safety; and paved the way for that final incorporation of the creeds into one equally enfranchised whole, which might perhaps with a better grace have earlier followed the union of the two countries.

The condition of Ireland, once the contest between James and William was brought to a close, and the authority of the latter definitively established, was miserable enough. The passions of nations, as of individuals, seldom cool down in a moment when the strife is over. On the one side was a haughty and triumphant party, actuated by the usual motives of mingled animosity and rapacity, in carrying out its own mode of quieting the country, and enriching its adherents. On the other, was the mass of the population, now consigned over, by the solemn act of their own leaders, to the

sway of those who had hitherto been unable, from the first invasion of Henry II., to substantiate a title to their territorial acquisitions, either on the ground of conquest or surrender. De Ginckle's army, ill paid and loosely disciplined, wanted little provocation to urge it to acts of unjustifiable severity and wanton cruelty, perpetrated in spite of the incessant exertions of the civil and military authorities;* and that provocation had been abundantly supplied† by the vast bands of houseless and wandering natives, partly composed of the scattered fragments of James's forces, partly of those who, having obtained protection from William's generals, had been subsequently maltreated by the soldiery, and consequently bore with them into the wilds the superadded rancour of personal wrong; and partly of those gangs which had long infested the northern districts of the kingdom—the last remnant of the mountain militia that had followed the banner of Owen Roe.

These predatory hordes resembled, in some respect, the fierce troops of assassins which, during the period of the Crusades, poured down from their homes within the fastnesses of Lebanon, upon the armies of the Christians and the Saracens indiscriminately. Amidst the exaggerated statements of the English writers of the day, and the sweeping refutations of their opponents, enough is elicited of indisputable truth to show how dismal and dark the social horizon must have been over which such tempests could have swept. High among the trackless hills the Rapparees—for so were they called—used to gather in masses, after having, at a preconcerted signal, collected their arms from their places of concealment—the hollow of an old wall, or a pool in the morass. At dead of night from this wild congregation was heard the simultaneous yell of readiness, and in a moment the whole body had burst down upon its prey, whether it was an intercepted detachment of the English army, or an unguarded bawn,—and the work, whatever it was, was done in an instant. Should assistance arrive, and reprisals be attempted, there was nothing to be attacked—the band had disappeared. Not a trace was to be

* Harris's "William III." p. 294.

† *Ib.* p. 312.

discovered of the formidable array of a few minutes before,—and the trooper might weary himself in search of the Rapparee, who was, perhaps, crouched like a hare in the nearest tuft of rushy grass, or lying all along in the water-course close by, with his mouth and nostrils alone above the surface.*

With a characteristic versatility, too, these very same individuals, as soon as the winter compelled them to close their barbarous campaign, would appear at the quarters of the troops, or in the thoroughfares of towns, in the squalid garb and with the abject mien of beggary, under which no sagacity could recognise the sinewy and ferocious banditti that had spread terror through the land.

Their habits and manners were as peculiar as their system of warfare. They had no settled abodes, and subsisted, partly on plunder, partly upon the cattle which they conducted with them in droves, and which, belonging to the small and active breed of the country, formed little impediment to them in their rapid marches and retreats.

That lawless bands should infest a country circumstanced as was Ireland at the time, is but natural; that the general outlawry of the race should drive a half-civilised peasantry to desperation, is likewise too probable an inference; we are not called upon, therefore, to reject the statements made by contemporary writers regarding this singular fraternity, on the score of improbability.†

Some final facts remain undisputed at all events, forming a more significant commentary upon the horrors of these wars than all Curry's vindications. Dean Story's list gives us, of Rapparees killed by the army or militia, 1,928; of the same put to death by the soldiers, without form of trial, 122. By an injudicious, as well as cruel, proclamation of Government, a certain sum a-piece was offered for Rapparees' heads; and they were constantly told over before the officers as so much merchandise, for the stipulated reward. There is a tradition of a tragical occurrence occasioned in a family of rank, by a sackful of these ghastly trophies being rolled out suddenly, and without pre-

* Dr. Curry's "Civil Wars of Ireland," vol. ii. chap. 8.

† Dr. Curry, the author who has shown the greatest zeal as well as ability in the attempt to impugn the testimony of eyewitnesses, has succeeded no farther than to designate the outrages of the Rapparees as acts of retaliation, without denying that they were perpetrated; while the passage he cites from Lesley's answer to King only asserts, that the greater number of those who were executed as Rapparees did not in reality belong to that community, but were inoffensive country-people, who were every day seized and shot without ceremony, by an army who hardly thought them "human kind."

That there may be some exaggeration in the accounts of Williamite writers in speaking of the atrocities alleged to have been committed by the Rapparees, is not difficult to believe. But the admission of excess and cruelty on the part of the army goes far to confirm them, in the natural course of wild vindictiveness; and the Act passed in the 7th year of William III., a few years later, for the suppression of these very gangs directs its penalties expressly against outrages to person and property, appearing to be common, amongst which are enumerated murder, maiming, robbery, arson, destroying cattle, &c. It is however indisputable, evincing the working of the same spirit which unfortunately still exists, that the Rapparees were encouraged and abetted by the "protected" Irish, as they were called—that is, by those individuals of James's party who had been granted protections by the generals of William's army, on the condition of their behaving peaceably and quietly. These treacherous friends were in the habit, by certain signals, of giving notice of the approach of any detached bodies of troops which were to pass across lonely districts, or through difficult defiles. While Lord George Hamilton's regiment lay at Mount Mellick, a small party of his soldiers, with a few of the English townspeople, were thus entrapped, within a mile of the town, and all murdered. Some persons were proved to have harboured the offenders; but though they were seized and held prisoners, the Government in Dublin dealt so leniently with them, that not one of them suffered; and Harris, who tells the story, assures us that he himself conversed, many years after the settlement of Ireland, with two of these individuals, who used to boast of their various methods of screening delinquents, and their other "policies at the time" (See Harris's "William III." p. 295). But however this may be, in the curious details of which an outline is given above, it is not easy to conceive a motive for misstatement. Nor is the indignation of their champion, Dr. Curry, easily intelligible, where it is excited to such a degree by the insinuation that his unfortunate countrymen, when hunted to their lairs, hid their musket-barrels in cavities, and their bodies in bog-holes (See "Dalrymple's Memoir of Britain and Ireland," part i. p. 176).

vious warning, at the feet of a young girl.* Barbarity seldom accomplishes its object. It is easy to see, on the one hand, how inadequate such means must have been to effect the extirpation of the robbers; and how convenient an excuse was thus afforded, on the other, for the indulgence of secret grudge, or selfish cupidity. A Raparee's head was worth money; but whether the thing delivered belonged to the body of an outlaw was not likely to be nicely inquired into: it was a human head—and as such was paid for.

It is but justice to add, that after the termination of hostilities, a reasonable time was granted to these marauders to come in, surrender their arms, and take the oath of allegiance. As many as did so obtained protection, and were permitted to return unmolested to their homes. And the sight is said to have been a strange one, the multitudes of this wild militia traversing the provinces, and driving before them their flocks, which were numerous,—while, in strong contrast to the desolation of the country they passed through, their own persons exhibited all the external marks of comfort, being well fed, and substantially clad.† It is one of the miseries, indeed, which we do *not* hear of at this period, and which, at a later one, has so much aggravated all other ills—that of poverty. During the whole of the war plenty laughed from the fields, and luxuries hung almost within reach of the middle classes.

For some time longer, however, numerous detached gangs of Rapparees continued to infest the provinces; and to disperse these, or bring them to justice, was the first thing to be thought of. A military force, it was plain, was not likely to relieve the country of the nuisance. Nor were the roystering troops of William's generals exactly the friends which the

peaceable inhabitants were inclined to summon to their aid in such an emergency. Although at this period it was too much the custom for a Lord Lieutenant or a Lord Deputy to hold the nominal helm of Government, while he bestowed just enough of his time and attention upon the country to relieve him from the charge of being altogether an absentee, and perhaps, in some cases, to enable him to effect certain arrangements on his own account;‡ still this seeming neglect was not always to be laid to the Viceroy's own charge. In William's reign especially, the local interests of large sections of his newly-acquired dominions were too heedlessly compromised to the unquestionably great object that monarch kept in view—the support of an armed confederacy against the overweening power of France. And though we find Lord Sydney, who had been appointed Lord Lieutenant of Ireland so far back as March, 1691, still absent from his post in August, 1692,§ yet we may readily imagine that at this stormy period the King had enough for that favourite minister to do nearer himself, and was content to allow the Chancellor Porter and Coningsby, the two officers originally associated with the Lieutenant in a commission as Lords Justices, and to whom he had already entrusted the framing of the civil articles of Limerick, to carry forward the government of the kingdom, now that the duty involved what (in his estimation) was the minor responsibility of its internal management.

To their credit we may safely place the regulation of the various departments of the civil establishment, which had become so mischievously disordered during the war. The superior courts were furnished with competent judges; the counties most amenable to civil control were placed in charge of

* O'Driscoll's "History of Ireland," vol. ii.

† O'Driscoll, *ubi sup.*

‡ Lord Clare, in his remarkable speech on the Union, describes in language a little overcharged, the way in which affairs were carried on:—"The Executive Government was committed nominally to a Viceroy, but essentially to Lords Justices, selected from the principal state officers of the country, who were entrusted with what is called the King's business, but might with more propriety be called the business of the Lords Justices. The Viceroy came to Ireland for a few months only in two years, and returned to England perfectly satisfied with his mission, if he did not leave the affairs of the English Government worse than he found them."—p. 26.

§ See "Lodge's Patentee Officers."

Lords Lieutenant, assisted by Deputies; the prudent step was taken of placing in the custody of officers of militia such arms as might reasonably be required to enable them to defend their lives and properties from parties of depredators; and the ranks of the Privy Council were filled with men of influence and respectability, whose principles of loyalty to the House of Orange were publicly known. Seventeen justices were appointed to hold assizes in the several counties within which the law could be safely admitted; thus, in the words of the historian, "to give the people a taste of the sweets of peace." In addition to which, the Commissioners of Forfeitures, who had notoriously abused their trust, were superseded; and some proclamations, tending to allay the present discontent on these and other grounds, were issued.* Salutary regulations, which, had they been acted upon in firmness, and followed up by further measures conceived in the same spirit, might have availed by degrees to have humanised the victor, and reconciled the vanquished in some measure to the inevitable hardships of his lot. As it is, no man of common sense and common humanity, however convinced he may be of the political and social tendencies of the Church of Rome, and of the blessings arising to human society from the Reformed religion, can look with any other feeling than that of indignant regret upon that system of coercion which gradually grew out of all this, and was so sternly and steadily put in force against the now conquered mass of the Roman Catholic population of the country.

The effect of the wise measures above enumerated was encouragingly visible on the cessation of the war. An immediate calm ensued. The laws were respected, outrages ceased; and what was fabled of the days of "Brian the brave," might, with little exaggeration, be related as fact of the times of which we treat, that the most defenceless wayfarer might traverse the land from north to south, and from east to west, without finding himself once beyond the pale of protection and safety.

Meanwhile, after a lapse of twenty-

seven years, Chichester House once more saw a Parliament legitimately assembled within its walls. For its meeting there were various pressing occasions, whereof the principal was the necessity of obtaining a supply of money to meet the large undischarged obligations of the Irish Government for arrears of pay to civil and military officers. It was hoped that everything would have gone on quietly; but at the very outset, when the Commons came to consider two money bills, which had been certified from the Privy Council in England, in conformity with Poynings' law, a violent opposition was raised, on the ground of an alleged right of the Irish House of Commons, similar to that enjoyed by the English, to originate all bills involving supplies of money. In spite of the efforts of the Government, the House rejected one of the bills;† and the favourite of William, whose great aim it was to strengthen the royal authority in Ireland, and render that country in all its departments dependent on England, was so incensed at what he designated as an act of arrogance and presumption, that he caused a protest against the vote in question to be entered on the journals of the House of Commons, and prorogued Parliament at once, though but four bills had been passed. He had hoped, it has been thought, to have thus gained time for the administration of the usual Government persuasives; but if he had, he was disappointed; and he was forced, after two adjournments, to a dissolution, which accordingly took place on the 5th of September, 1693.‡

The Commons indeed had not shown themselves by any means inclined to submit tamely to the imputations of the Viceroy. Ever since the first opposition of the Parliament of the Pale to the encroachments of the prerogative in 1576, when the Lord Deputy of the day assumed the power of levying assessments by royal authority, without reference to the will or sanction of Parliament,§ the Irish Commons had taken every opportunity of asserting the right of independent legislation, and looked with constantly increasing jea-

* "Harris's William III.," p. 293.

† "Commons' Journal," vol. ii. p. 28.

‡ See "Plowden's Hist. Review," vol. i., p. 201.

§ See Moore's "Hist. of Ireland," vol. iv., p. 74.

lousy upon the interference of the English Parliament in Irish affairs. It is well known how boldly their rights were afterwards advocated by one of their own body, at this time a member of the House of Commons.

Meanwhile they had requested permission to send Commissioners to England, in order to lay before their Majesties, William and Mary, their reasons for rejecting the bills. To this request the Lord-Lieutenant did not even condescend to return a courteous answer. "They are at liberty," he scornfully replied, "to beg their Majesties' pardon for their seditious and riotous assemblies." To this unmeasured language he did not trust himself, nevertheless, until after he had obtained the opinion of the judges upon the right claimed by the Commons. This was, as might be expected, favourable to the Crown. As long as the judicial function was terminable at the King's pleasure, the law was naturally obsequious in proportion to the dependence of those who expounded it. There was no difficulty in obtaining a required opinion from men who might be removed by the same will that had elevated them. But Parliament was more unfettered, and therefore less manageable. It had persisted in its opposition to what it pronounced an unconstitutional stretch of prerogative, and actually passed a vote hostile to the Viceroy; while, at the same time,* complaints were exhibited against him in England by Sir Francis Brewster, Sir William Gore, Sir John Macgill, Lieutenant Stafford, Mr. Stone, and Mr. Kerne. These gentlemen were examined at the bar of the English House, which listened eagerly to the inquiry, as tending still further to damage a party that had recently rendered itself peculiarly unpopular, on account of a harsh and illegal system of army impressment it was charged with encouraging. Both houses presented an address to the King. The Lords pointed to the abuses in the disposal of the forfeited estates; to the lavish grant of protections to the Irish, working to the prejudice of the Protestant interest; to remissness in certain payments under the authority of parliament; to a violation of the ancient privileges and charter of

the city of Dublin; to illegal executions, and equally unwarrantable reprieves. The Commons complained more openly of the discouragement given in a variety of ways to Protestants, and contrasted the favour shown to Papists, especially in the dangerous form of recruiting the army with them. They aimed still more directly at the Lord-Lieutenant, in charging the Irish Government with selling the forfeited estates at undervalue; with embezzling both the stores left in the towns and garrisons by the late King James, and the moveables found upon the forfeited estates; and they crowned their attack by the grave charge of additions having been made to the Articles of Limerick, after the capitulation was signed, and the place surrendered.

This storm of accusation against Sydney was received with formal condescension by his Majesty, who promised, in kingly phrase, to attend to all remonstrances that should come from his faithful Lords or Commons; at the same time it may justly be laid to his credit, that he was able to discriminate between the ostensible and the real object of the attack upon Sydney, and did not visit upon his lieutenant those acts of his, calculated by their general tendency to carry out fully and honourably the Articles of Limerick, to which his own kingly word was pledged. It was not until the next reign that the Court entered with genuine earnestness upon the system of trampling out, by means of Protestant ascendancy, the last remains of the Romish party in Ireland.

But although articles of impeachment against the Lords Justices, Coningsby and Porter, had failed in the Irish House of Commons, still William could not altogether blind him- to the effect of remonstrances of this nature. His government was sensibly weakened in that country, so much so that he felt himself at last obliged to remove Sydney from his post. Accordingly, on the 3rd of July, 1693, that nobleman embarked for England, with the intention of not again returning to Ireland. Previous to this, Henry, Baron Capel, had been associated in a commission with Sir Cyril Wyche and William Duncombe, as Lord Justice; and these functionaries were

* Smollett's "*Hist. of England*," ix. 178.

sworn into office within a month after Lord Sydney's departure.* As a testimonial of personal regard, the King created Sydney, the next year, Earl of Romney; and thenceforward—though he appears to have held the office of Lord-Lieutenant some time longer—he is dissociated from any active interference in Irish affairs. It is clear, on a review of his character and career, that he was unsuited for the delicate task he had undertaken—the settlement of Ireland. He was a courtier and a man of pleasure, full of that specious tact which renders a man influential within the circle of those that have access to him, without the genius to spread that influence over the area of his command. By the most accomplished of historians he is considered as having wanted capacity;† and Swift speaks of him in his old age as frivolous and illiterate. Be this as it may, indolent and luxurious, he presented in manner and disposition, as well as in his history, a marked contrast to his more celebrated brother, Algernon; while he escaped, it must be admitted—unless we believe the unsubstantiated insinuations of his enemies—that deeper disgrace which it has been reserved for modern times to fasten upon the memory of the long-renowned martyr of republicanism.

We have seen that before Sydney's removal Lord Capel had been appointed of the number of the Lords Justices. He was younger brother of Arthur Capel, Earl of Essex, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland in 1692, author of the published letters which bear his name, and whose unmanageable probity was so distasteful to Charles and his brother James. It was not from any strong family likeness in this respect, as far as we can see, that he was chosen at this juncture by the English Government. It was by no means unusual to initiate a minister for the Government of Ireland by a preliminary probation in the capacity of Lord Justice. Whether it was originally designed that Capel should pass through this intermediate grade on his way to the higher dignity, does not appear; but his qualifications for office in the eyes of the English Ministry, might be summed up in this one—that he was ready to waive

all inconvenient scruples, in order to form, concentrate, and control a party strong enough to command a majority in the Council and in the Houses of Parliament, devoted to what was called the English interest in Ireland—that is, the principle of extreme encouragement of the Protestants by legislative and all other means, and of equally emphatic discouragement of the Romish religion, interest, and population, throughout the kingdom. In justice to the King it ought to be added, that neither in the withdrawal of the one functionary, nor in the appointment of the other, did he follow his own unbiassed inclination. But, usually at a distance from the seat of Government, his object, as Burnet remarks,‡ too palpably was, so to balance factions as to neutralise any opposition powerful enough to embarrass his foreign policy.

Capel had no difficulty in finding a party as unscrupulous as himself. His game was theirs. He played for power, they for lands and houses. The great point with the latter was to strain and, if necessary, to distort the Articles of Limerick, so as to throw as much property as possible into the hands of the Crown by confiscation, for the purpose of being made the subject of fresh grants, in which they hoped to share. With the former, the paramount object was a replenishment of the exhausted Treasury. But both saw the necessity of standing together, and of opposing a united front to the party of Sydney on the one hand, and of parliamentary independence on the other.

The Articles of Limerick, as we have seen, formed a fruitful subject of contention. From the first, they were the favourite battle-ground; and this contest of conventional right survived for years the strife of hostile armies. Strange to say, the first encounter had taken place within the walls of a church. On the very next Sunday after the Lords Justices, Coningsby and Porter, had returned from De Ginckle's camp, Dopping, Bishop of Meath, hurried into the pulpit in the Cathedral of Christ's Church, eager to prove in their presence that peace ought not to be preserved with a people so utterly

* Lodge's Patentee Officers.

† Macaulay's "Hist. of England," ii. 405.

‡ "History of his Own Time" (ed. 1888), p. 619.

devoid of all humanity and good faith as the rebel Irish. This probably came by surprise upon the dignitaries of the Cathedral, since we find the Bishop of Kildare, their dean, himself in his place the following Sunday, maintaining, with equal emphasis, the absolute necessity of keeping the public faith, even with the most perfidious of enemies. As the first sermon had highly incensed the liberal party, so this was too much for the Court to digest; and the controversy spread with such violence and rapidity, that at length its echoes reached the royal ears. William showed his opinion of the matter plainly enough—he dismissed the Bishop of Meath from the Council, and called the Bishop of Kildare to fill the vacant place; and in the end it was found necessary that the oil of conciliation should be poured upon the waters from the horn of Dean Synge, who was commissioned to preach, in the same pulpit, from this text—"Keep peace with all men, if it be possible."*

It was an unfortunate circumstance, as tending to strengthen and perpetuate the discontent of those included in the capitulation of Limerick, that the substance of a certain document, called "The Secret Proclamation," ever transpired. This instrument had been drawn up in Dublin, before the capitulation, by the Lords Justices, at the instigation of the King, who instructed them to propose to the besieged any terms which might bring the war to a close at once. Discovering on their arrival at the camp that Articles had been already propounded and under discussion, more advantageous than those they had brought with them, the Lords Justices suppressed the latter, and proceeded to adjust and sign what they found in preparation. Although it would appear from Clarke's correspondence that the garrison were extremely well satisfied with these Articles at the time, still the discovery that better terms might have been obtained, by a natural effect of disappointment, engendered amongst the Irish Roman Catholics a spirit of resistance to them which would probably have been far less generally evinced, had they only known what they gained, and not what they had lost. On the other hand, the exemption of so many of the

estates of James's followers from forfeiture under the same Articles, gave equal umbrage to those later English settlers and military adventurers, who had hoped to have reaped an unlimited harvest out of the spoils of the enemy.

The Irish were left, of course, to digest their chagrin as they might. Amongst the Protestants the matters caused, as we have seen, a fruitful subject of contention. Three parties sprung up. One section was clamorous for a complete avoidance of the compact, as unjust towards loyal subjects, and discreditable to the King. This party went so far as to adopt the words used by Jeffreys towards the Seven Bishops, during the memorable scene in King James's closet, in 1688, and exclaim that it was treason to capitulate with the King.† A second, less violent, but scarcely less interested, admitted the authority of the treaty, and the justice of carrying it out as far as might be done; but maintained that paramount reasons of State should control all inferior arrangements, and that in the interpretation of the Articles themselves a wide discretion should be allowed, even to the insertion and omission of words and passages, in order to obviate manifest ill consequences to the English or Protestant interest. The third, less numerous, and at the same time less influential, but ranking in its number such unimpeachable names as those of Porter and Cox, dared to uphold the supremacy of honour, without reference to consequences. To this section belonged a considerable body of independent members of the House of Commons, most of the higher legal functionaries, and the old Protestant families of the country. Patriotism generally draws talent to its side. Both ability and eloquence were shown in supporting the justice as well as policy of adhering strictly to a solemn stipulation, which appeared likely moreover to prove more advantageous to the Government and Protestant interest, than had at one time been contemplated.

Lord Sydney, it will not be forgotten, had lost the Government of Ireland for his adherence to the treaty. For it was the unpopularity arising from this source which prevented his being able to command a majority in

* Harris's "Life of Cox."

† Harris, p. 372.

the Commons. The new Lord Justice was not long in seeing that he must adopt a very different line of policy. The Queen had earnestly urged upon him and his colleagues, on their first appointment, "the reforming of many disorders that were prevailing in that kingdom;"* though whether these "disorders" consisted in the clamours of the Roman Catholics for justice, or the scramble of the English party for forfeitures—whether they referred to Parliament, or the unsettled provinces, or the Commission Courts, is not so plain. If the motive may be divined from the effect, there is some reason to conclude that, in the royal eyes, the cause of Protestantism and the English interest were held identical with order, and as such formed the chief subject of her Majesty's recommendations. Capel's subsequent conduct would certainly seem to warrant this conclusion. But the firmness of Wych and Duncombe proved an obstacle which all his efforts could not overcome. Backed as they were by two of the brightest luminaries of the law, Lord Chancellor Porter and Mr. Justice Cox,† they continued immovable by his strongest arguments. They derived additional support from the knowledge that the King's heart was with them, and that he was determined to countenance them personally through any opposition. The truth appears to be that William, like all exalted natures, felt that there was something higher than the expediency of the moment; or perhaps he judged that he could now afford to waive advantages which, at the critical period of 1692, it would have been dangerous to surrender.

Capel, finding himself thus thwarted by his colleagues, and observing the increased hostility of the party into whose arms he had from the first thrown himself, to the articles of Limerick as they then stood, resolved to make the present state of affairs the means of his own advancement. He had a definite course before him; the lever by which he was to work his purpose was, the obtaining of supplies by means of a Parliament. This, he knew, was the great immediate object with their Majesties. The exchequer was empty; the pay of the army and government officials alarmingly in arrear; the re-

venue hopelessly inadequate, and the whole mass of those who depended upon the funds of the State, in a tumult of discontent. The problem was, to assemble a Parliament for this purpose, and yet prevent its doing mischief. Sydney's experiment was a signal failure. Prorogation after prorogation had been had recourse to, without effect. Only four Acts were passed. Now, there was money to be voted, a recognition of the authority of Poynings' law to be obtained, and numerous other necessary laws to be enacted.

Out of this predicament Capel saw that the extrication was easier by covert than by open means. He affected to fall with zeal into the interests of those whose habit it was to declaim against the articles as an uncalled-for concession to the enemy. He rightly calculated, that those who were so little solicitous to maintain the honour of the Crown, would prove not much more strenuous in upholding the independence of Parliament. Accordingly, he suggested to his friends, that through his influence the rigidity of the Articles might possibly be relaxed in favour of the Protestant loyalists, provided the assertion of parliamentary independence were given up. Finding that this hint was listened to, he proposed to Wych and Duncombe that the experiment of a Parliament should be tried. In all probability he did so only to obtain an expression of opinion on the subject sufficiently decisive to show their Majesties good reason for giving him more ample powers. If so, the result justified his calculations. His two colleagues, after mature deliberation, pronounced against the expediency of calling a Parliament; and as Capel continued firm in his decision in favour of the experiment, all that remained—and this was what Capel was aiming at—was to submit the conflicting opinions, with the reasons for them, separately to the Government in England. We have copies of these letters fortunately preserved amongst the Southwell MSS.; and the reader, reverting to the circumstances under which they were written, will not be slow to remark the contrast between the unaffected dryness of the first, coming from two lawyers of "se-

* Burnet's "History of his Own Time," p. 596.

† Plowden, i., p. 201.

vere tempers ;"* and the wily plausibility of that concocted by the intriguing Vicroy. They bear date from "Dublin Castle," whence the rival rulers despatched their conflicting missives the same day :—

" TO MR. SECRETARY TRENCHARD.

" Dublin Castle, 14th July, '94.

" S^r,—In the beginning of May, we received yo^r^s of the 24th of Aprill, in which, among other things, you signify his Majesties comands to us, that we should send him our opinion, whether we think it convenient that a Parliament should be called here, and at what time, and particularly in relation to the sole right, claimed by the late House of Commons, of beginning money-bills in their House; and in order thereto, you sent us, by his Majesties comand, a copy of the opinion of the Judges in England in that matter, which his Majesty thought fitt wee should communicate to such Gentlemen here, and in such manner, as we should believe most adviseable.

" There are so good reasons for the sitting of a Parliament, from the great want of money to carry on their Majesties service, and of some laws necessary for the good of the country, that we neither presume to trouble their Majesties anew with what they are so well apprised of, nor dare we advise that a Parliament should not meet. But if it be reasonable that the inclination of the most of those who are likely to compose the House of Comons, in relation to their adhering to, or quitting the pretence to the said right, should have any influence upon the resolution which is to be taken in this matter, it is necessary that we should faithfully acquaint their Majesties what we believe will be the event of the meeting, and our reasons for it.

" We communicated the copy of the Judges' opinion in Councill, which we conceived the most popular, reckoning that they would (and we desired them to doe so) communicate it to their friends round the country. And tho' it be not so long a time since, as that we can yet be able to give an account of what influence it may have had upon men's minds; yet, when we consider that this opinion of those learned gentlemen (though not coming authentically to those hands 'till now, yet) has been heard of and read by all, who are desirous of informations of this kind, very long since; we are afraid that the bare acquainting men now afresh with what they knew so well before, can have but little new effect towards the change of their judgments.

" Foreseeing that it would be of considerable use to us to know how those who are like to be chosen, stood affected in this point, we

have all along made it our care, as cautiously and undiscernedly as we could, to enter into their thoughts and resolutions. We have severally discoursed with some of the gentlemen themselves; we have consulted some of the Judges, who have opportunities in their circuits of conference about these as well as other matters, and whom we desired to informe themselves thereabouts: we have advised with many others, who can very well judge of the temper of those with whom they often converse in severall parts of the kingdom: and we cannot in duty but informe their Majesties that we generally find men as stiff as ever; and as resolved, if not to pursue the point and maintain it, yet not to retract and give it up. Some few here and there thinke it had been better that the question had not been started, and would be glad it might now be quiett and undecided; these are, therefore, willing enough that the Parliament should not meet, that they might neither pay money, nor be put upon the necessity of declaring themselves either way, and so either loose their party by owning and retracting their error, or obstruct the publique service by persisting; but the greater number, as we conceive, resolve positively to goe forwards, and are earnest for a Parliament, that they may have a second opportunity of renewing, and, as they thinke, riveting their claim. Nay we gather from what now and then falls from some of them, that they aime, not only att the immediate consequence of this right (if it be one), the having no bills sent them which any way bring a charge upon the people, but at the endeavour of having many of the laws, which will deserve a great deal of consideration before they passe. Some speak of putting in hard for the Habeas Corpus Act, and yet would have it exclusive to all Papists; some thinke it necessary that the Bill of Rights should be made a law here too, tho' it declares (among other things) a standing army in the time of peace (without which this country cannot subsist, nor ever has) to be against law. And there are some, too, who would have a Generall Act, in imitation of that in H. the 7th time, to make all the laws of England, made since that time, laws of the kingdome: and some doe not stick to say in express terms, that a law made in England does not bind Ireland, tho' made with that intent: But we never yett mett with more than two gentlemen who beleaved that the House would part with their pretence to the sole right, one of which is a noble-man, and so not to sitt there; and the other a man that was against it before.

" Their Majesties will from hence see how farr (in our opinion at least) the House when it meets will be from letting goe their hold. And yet we perceive that my Lord Capell is sanguine enough to believe, that the chiefe

* Harris's "William III." p. 417.

asserters of this right are ashamed of it, and will certainly give it over, and has told us as much, as we have likewise told him our thoughts. We hope that he has taken his measures better than we have done, for it is evident that one of us is mistaken; and we should be heartily glad to find (since it would be for their Majesties service) that time would show that we are so.

"One of the likeliest wayes that we know of, to make gentlemen thro'ly consider what they are to doe, is to lett them understand plainly that the Crown will not part with this right: which we suppose was one of the chief ends of sending y^e paper, above spoken of, hither to be communicated, that all well-meaning men may have time to advise, whether it will be worth their while to insist so zealously upon a point, and so much to their prejudice, which they are sure not to gaine. And yet, we find (but cannot tell by what means it comes about) that a great many have expectations that their Majesties will give way, and hope by perseverance to bring it about. As long as there is any ground for this opinion, they will certainly be very tenacious; and therefore we pray to know whether we ought not to goe on, as hitherto we have done, in declaring positively to those who are concerned, as occasion offers, that their Majesties will not give up this prerogative, which is so undoubtedly theirs.

"We have not been hasty in giving our thoughts on this question, as well because it is a matter of great moment, and required great deliberation and sedate recollection; as because we do not see, if their Majesties should resolve upon calling a Parliament, how it can well meet 'till after the next Sessions in England. The bills for money, which we, according to command, sent over in paper long since, are not yet returned; and when they are, they must passe all the formes of the councill here, and that in a full councill, which is not like to be at this time of the yeare, before they can be ingrossed to be sent into England under the seale. And yet all this must be done, and they must be returned back again before the meeting of the Parliament, because it seems to be a necessary justification of their Majesties right, to begin with bills for money.

"We have fully and plainly, as their Majesties service requires, told you our thoughts and our fears, and shall with all the prudence and diligence which we are masters of, obey what commands are sent us.

"We are, S^r,

"Yo^r most humble servants,

"CYRILL WICH,

"W. DUNCOMBE."

"TO MR. SECRETARY TRENCHARD.

"Dublin Castle, 14th July, 1694.

"S^r,

"My indisposition hath, for some time, hindered me from giving an answer to

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yours of the 15th of April, concerning calling a Parliament here, and, of late, my desire to joine with the other Lords Justices in a representation thereof; but finding they have not the same sentiments in this matter with myself, I think it my duty humbly to offer my own poor opinion upon this occasion, which so nearly concerns the King's affairs.

"That there is a necessity of calling a Parliament no one can doubt who will consider the want we have of money. There is an arreare of £180,000 to the civil and military lists, grown due since the beginning of the Establishment, January, 1691. The general officers of the army, the officers of the ordnance, and the Governors of the severall forts and garrisons, with many others, unpaid. There are likewise very considerable debts owing from the Crown, not comprehended in the Establishment, which ought to be satisfied; nor is there any prospect when our condition will mend, the charge of the Establishment exceeding the produce of the growing revenue, by a modest computation, at least £60,000 per annum.

"The severall garrisons and forts of this kingdom are out of repair, and must also be furnished with stores, and other provisions of war.

"An act should likewise pass for settling the militia, which is now almost quite laid aside, and will with great difficulty be called together again. Great heats and disputes have lately arisen between the Governor and Deputy-Governor of the County of Dublin, and the collonels and other officers of the militia about the raising thereof, and the opinion of lawyers produced to us upon that matter, which has set them at distance among themselves, and will, I fear, be of ill example to the rest of the counties. Besides, there is no legall course at present to be taken with the Irish to compell them to contribute to the charge thereof; so that the kingdom is not in a fit posture of defence; and should the enemy land with a small number of men, upon any part of the western coast, we should find great difficulty to suppress them; and the Irish (who were never more insolent in those parts than now) will be ready upon any opportunity to joine with them.

"Some temporary laws expired the last Parliament, which, being of great benefitt to the people, ought to be revived. And we want other good laws, which, after so great a revolution, ought to be enacted for strengthening and securing the English and Protestant interest: such as are bills for disarming Irish Papists; for prohibiting them from keeping horses above five pound vallue, or thirteen hands and a-half high; for restraining foreign education; for taking of tories; for observing particular holydays and no other; for the settling of civil bills, &c. Many private bills are also

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wanting for the benefit of particular subjects. An Act of Parliament is likewise necessary for the rebuilding and repairing of churches, most of the parishes in this kingdom either having no churches at all, or if any, out of repair, and not fitt to celebrate Divine service in, which causes many to depart from our communion. And thus their separation may partly be imputed, in a great measure, to the non-residence of the clergy, and a total failure of their duty, in very many parts of the kingdom.

"The meeting of a Parliament will also have this good effect, it will assure their Majesties Protestant subjects of their affection to them, and of their care for their preservation, notwithstanding the reports (as if there would be no more Parliaments in Ireland) which some have of late too industriously spread about, who either doe not know, or do not wish the good of the Government.

"The argument used against meeting of a Parliament here, I finde, is the probability of their renewing old quarrells, and that they will fall again into their former heats, about the Articles of Limerick, and their sole right of originating Money Bills, which, should they insist upon, it would make a greater breach than is already, and prejudice their own and their Maj^{ties} interest.

"For my own part, I have made it my business ever since my coming hither to enquire into this matter. I have conversed with all sorts of people, and with many of the angry gentlemen of the late House of Commons, upon this subject, and they all tell me, they will not differ with their Majesties; and tho' no man can be sure what a Parliament will or will not doe when they come together, yet I am really of opinion that all heats will be laid aside, and that another Parliament will meet in a temper and resolution to doe their Majesties and their country all the service that can be expected from good Englishmen and Protestants, and will contribute to their utmost towards the support of the Government, being sensible they have been burthensome enough already to England, and cannot reasonably expect any further supplies from thence.

"This is the language and disposition of all the eminent lawyers and leading men I discourse with upon this occasion, and I am verily perswaded they tell me their minds, and the truth; for 'twill be infinite advantage to them to have a good settlement in Parliament. Another rupture with their Majesties would utterly undoe them, and leave the country untenanted and unimproved; 'tis therefore their interest not to differ with the King, and interest can never ly; and for this reason I am the more confirmed in my believe that they will doe well, and answer the ends for which they are call'd.

"I must needs confess that some of the

Members of the Privy Councill and Judges are of another opinion, and have told me, should a Parliament be called, they will stand to their former vote of having the sole power of Money Bills, but they do not instance in any particular persons, and, therefore, I am apt to believe they are apprehensive of the consequence of such an assembly, as to their own private interest. I am loath to think they are afraid of a good agreement between their Majesties and their people.

"As for confirming the Articles of Limerick and Galway, I find the first and the sixth Article may meet with some opposition. The first, if confirmed, they say establishes the Popish religion, which cannot be digested by any Protestant; and for the sixth, they who object against it say, they would readily agree, that when any goods, horses, cattell, money, &c., are taken in pursuance of any military or civil orders for the use of the publique, the persons so seizing should be pardoned; but where any person acted without authority, and converted the goods to his own private advantage, he ought to be answerable to the party injured; and this is also an objection against passing an Act of Indemnity for all trespasses done during the war. But even in this case they tell me they will have a due regard to the King's honour and word, and I hope will be prevailed with to pass an Act for a generall oblivion.

"For the time of calling a Parliament, it may be conveniently enough after harvest, at the latter end of September, or after Christmas. If at the latter end of September, then the houses may sitt for a month or six weeks, and pass such bills as shall be ready against that time, and may be afterwards (if it be thought fitt) adjourned to the beginning of March following, with an assurance that they shall then meet and determine such matters as shall lye before them.

"I have here, with all sincerity and truth for their Majesties service, according to the best of my judgment, delivered my opinion concerning a Parliament in Ireland, and with all humility submit the same to their Majesties most gracious consideration.

"I am, S^r,

"Yo^r most faithfull humble servant,
"CAPELL."

The craft of this last letter deserves to be noticed. The writer first impresses their Majesties' minds with the absolute necessity of assembling a Parliament. He then glances at the difficulties which would have to be encountered in calling it together; the possibility of members "reviving old heats" on the subject of the Articles and Poynings' law. He gives it as his

opinion that these difficulties will be overcome, arguing from its being the interest of all parties to have "a good settlement," "and interest can never lie;" but, at the same time, hints that there are "some members of the Privy Council, and judges," whose private interest lies the other way, and who, therefore, threaten to oppose their Majesties in Parliament, in order that it may not be assembled. This points at Porter and Cox, as events subsequently showed; and the Deputy artfully places them before the royal pair in the light of men who wilfully stand in the way of "a good agreement" between them and their people.

Having thus depreciated the motives of both parties, he approaches the Articles; and instead of acknowledging that he was himself pledged to those who sought to relax them, he merely glances at the likelihood of the first and sixth meeting "with some opposition," putting, in fact, into the mouths of imaginary objectors those very arguments he had, no doubt, at the time sanctioned as his own—arguments, too, which by no means embraced all that he was ready to concede to the party. He leaves it to be understood, by the concluding sentence of the passage, that even these points would not be pressed, which is the obvious meaning of his statement, that members would have "a due regard to the King's honour," since it consisted, according to the King's own interpretation, in maintaining the Articles inviolate.

Finally, he suggests, as likely to be agreeable to their Majesties, that Parliament might meet as soon as convenient, for the passing of the most pressing measures, such as money-bills; and be adjourned, if it exhibited a refractory disposition, until after the meeting of the English Parliament, which might then exercise due control, if necessary, over any extravagancies.

What effect these conflicting letters produced upon the royal mind at the time we are not informed. But it is certain that in the interval between this period and the following spring, Capel was assiduously occupied in strengthening and organising his own

party, in opposition to that of the other Lords Justices; while they, on their side, continued as inflexibly opposed as ever to all those who sought, under the cover of Protestant zeal, to aggrandise themselves at the expense of the public faith. The Chancellor and Sir Richard Cox, their most powerful supporters, themselves possessed considerable personal influence. They were known and esteemed by the king, and had energetic friends amongst his closest favourites. Lord Romney, who had knighted the latter in the Castle of Dublin, had not forgotten his services in the crisis of 1691,* and kept alive in William's breast the recollection of one who had borne the sword of a soldier, as well as of justice, in his service; and Sir Robert Southwell, "than whom," says Harris, "the world could not show a man of more religion, virtue, and wisdom," and whose influence in Irish affairs was always considerable, constantly patronised a man whose efforts for the encouragement of Irish trade and manufactures brought him into familiar contact, as well with him as with that indefatigable industrial economist, Sir Thomas Southwell. Against such a weight of integrity it needed the exercise of all Capel's ingenuity to maintain an effective resistance. But he had two potent engines at his disposal. An intense feeling of fear and insecurity pervaded the mass of Protestants in Ireland, kept alive by the recollection of recent dangers and recent escapes; so that men who possessed less firmness and elevation of character than Porter and his associates, scarcely dared even to be just. And in the breasts of William and Mary an equally active desire existed to relieve England from the prospect of being obliged to bear the burden of the Irish establishment, which the want of parliamentary supplies would at last render unavoidable. By making both of these work in the same direction, Capel hoped to bear down the national assumption, on the one hand, and the royal scruples on the other. This was only to be done by pursuing to extremity the policy he had struck out at first. By no other means could he expect to obtain a majority in the

* Harris, "William III.," 211.

Commons for the purposes of Government, than by yielding the Articles of Limerick to parliamentary revision, for the purposes of those individuals of which the House was composed.

It was impossible, Capel saw probably with some satisfaction, to effect these objects without greater powers than he possessed. These powers he saw equally clearly could not be obtained without personal exertions, only to be made on the spot; but it was, nevertheless, the spring of the next year (1695) before we find him passing over, by license, into England, and repairing to Kensington to the presence of their Majesties. Harris, by some strange mistake, states, in mentioning this journey of the Lord Justice, that during his absence the Government, by the King's command, was placed in the hands of Sir Charles Porter and Sir Cyril Wyche; and even speaks of the great moderation and justice with which they acted, and of the "mortification" their popularity caused to the prevailing party. There is no record of any such appointment amongst the official documents of the time; and as Wyche and Duncombe were already associated as Lords Justices with Capel, there would be no necessity for a delegation of power, in the absence of one out of the three to whom it had already been committed.*

The lever by which Capel was to work his purpose with the royal couple, was the assembling of a Parliament. But, if he had expressed his real sentiments in the letter of the preceding July, circumstances must have occurred in the meantime materially to diminish his confidence in his own ability to accomplish his designs; for he now urged it upon his Majesty to remove Porter and Cox from their judicial seats, in order to pave the way, with other changes, for success. And although the king refused to listen to the proposal, it is plain that he saw the necessity of acting with vigour, and to that end, of seeming to repose more confidence in his servant than he would ungrudgingly do; for on the tenth day of May in that year (1695) twelve let-

ters were signed by him at Kensington, containing dismissals and appointments in the Irish department,† to be placed in the hands of Lord Capel, now, by letters patent, *passed only the day previous*, Lord Deputy of Ireland.

Invested with this dignity, so long the object of his ambition, and armed with the authority of the king's letter, besides *carte blanche* to make what further changes their Majesty's interests might require, Lord Capel returned in triumph to Ireland, and was sworn Lord Deputy at the Castle of Dublin, on the 27th of May. The changes sanctioned by the king's sign manual were made at once. They included the dismissal of Sir Richard Cox from the Privy Council. Capel had besought his Majesty to have him and the Chancellor removed from the bench. This William steadily resisted. They might be excluded from the councils of those whose policy and acts were at variance with their known principles; but to strip such men of their judicial authority would imply a censure on their administration of the law, unfair, if groundless, and would, if called for, involve a violation of the legitimate course of proceeding, namely, by parliamentary inquiry. Cox's disgrace was looked upon by independent men as a triumph. Harris, his biographer, in a memoir which partakes too much of the panegyrical style to be relied upon on all points without corroboration, has given us the very words in which Sir Robert Southwell condoled with him — words of noble encouragement, addressed to the object of unmerited persecution — *Bona agere, et mala pati, regium est*.

The Lord Deputy was determined to push his advantages to the uttermost. Writs were issued at once, and Parliament assembled the 27th of August. Whether from a recollection of the sudden prorogation of the last parliament, or from a terror of the recent exercise of the royal power in the official changes, the House of Commons exhibited from the outset a very satisfactory spirit of tractability. It is thus they express themselves in the address

* Harris, "William III.," 417. Lodge, "Patentee Officers."

† See, in the Southwell MSS., a memorandum, apparently in the handwriting of Sir Robert Southwell, of these changes, and of their entry at the Signet Office, as having been signed by his Majesty at Kensington, on the 10th of May, 1695.

of thanks for his excellency's speech:—
 "We take leave to assure your Excellency that we will avoid all heats and animosities in our debates, and apply ourselves to what shall be agreeable to his Majesty's expectation, and for the service of the publick, by supplying the deficiency of the revenue," &c.*
 Such being the temper of the House, it was not difficult for the Deputy, once he had obtained his supplies, which were secured early, to have an inquiry into the conduct of the most dangerous of his adversaries set on foot. Porter was the first object singled out for attack. Eleven articles of impeachment were exhibited against him. Eleven members of the House undertook to justify them. A complete victory was anticipated, in a House constituted as this was. But the Chancellor, if he was not to be seduced at first, was not to be intimidated now. He sought and obtained permission to defend himself in person; and so ably and eloquently did he plead his own cause, that not even the terrors of courtly displeasure could force from the House a vote to his prejudice. He was honourably acquitted of the charges, being raised rather than lowered in the public estimation by this abortive attempt to ruin him.† Burnet has lightly charged him with beginning at this time "to set a Tory humour on foot in Ireland;"‡ but Harris has shown good reasons for exonerating him from this vague censure, and moreover asserts, what is not so directly stated elsewhere, that "the Lord Deputy assisted all in his power to bear him down."§

The next attack was upon Cox, whose daily increasing popularity and influence rendered him peculiarly obnoxious to a Government that feared him. Taking warning from experience, however, and perhaps recollecting his former achievements in the field, his enemies forbore to make their approaches directly. They carried their zig-zag, by attempting to get a vote that the Irish forfeitures had been mismanaged. But here, too, they broke down as signally as in Porter's instance. Cox succeeded in obtaining

leave to be heard before the Committee; and having suffered Sir Richard Bulkeley to produce his charges in full, he replied at the moment with such spirit and effect, that not a shred of argument was left in the hands of his accusers. The consequence was, that the vote grounded on the charges was lost, and the party whose interests it served to deprive Cox of power, were fain to accomplish their real objects under the cloke of frugality, and dissolve the Commission as a profitless and unnecessary expense.||

Contests of this nature assumed not unfrequently as much of a personal as of a strictly political aspect. Rancour and violence displayed their colours without reserve, and scenes which would now be considered disgraceful, were enacted during the most solemn conjunctures, without exciting surprise. Whether this tendency towards embodying points of controversy in the individual who raises them, is indigenous in the soil, or is to be ascribed to the peculiar circumstances of the country, it has remained prominently characteristic of the national character from the dawn of history up to recent times. Again and again has the scene been witnessed of contests of right and principle degenerating into personal altercation, and descending at last into rude encounters, out of which the victor has extricated himself with less credit than the vanquished. The usages of society, and a more refined sensibility and self-respect, have had their effect in discountenancing these indecencies—they are out of fashion, and therefore nearly out of use; but as at the time we treat of neither custom nor taste were so rigorously opposed to them, they were of daily and hourly occurrence.

On the night in which the charges against Lord Chancellor Porter were rejected by the Commons, he was making his way homewards in his coach through the narrow thoroughfare called Essex-street. This avenue, which had been opened about twenty years before by the Lord Deputy's brother, Arthur Capel, entered the city by Essex-gate, and formed the leading

* Comm. Journ., vol. ii.

† "Hist. of His Own Times," vol. ii., p. 95.

‡ "Harris's Life of Cox," 218.

† Harris, "Life of Cox," 218.

§ "William III.," 420.

Comm. Journ. vol. 2.

line of communication between Chichester House, where the Parliament sat, and Chancery-lane, inhabited by the judges and principal law officers, whose mansions were congregated about the newly-erected courts of justice in Christ-Church-lane. As the vehicle lumbered along, the coachman made an attempt to pass by a carriage before him, in which the Speaker of the House of Commons, a violent opponent of the Chancellor's, happened to be. The street was profoundly dark, no public lights being introduced in Dublin until the year after, when an Act was passed for the purpose;* but it is possible that the flambeaux of the Speaker's footman revealed the hostile liveries; for he instantly put his head out of the window and called upon the Chancellor's coachman to stop. The command not producing an immediate effect, he darted out of his carriage in his full costume, regardless of darkness and mire, and seizing hold of the Chancellor's horses, brought them upon their haunches in a moment. Then, lest there should be any mistake about the matter, he ordered his mace to be produced from the carriage, and held it up himself before the eyes of the astounded coachman, exclaiming—"That he would be run down by no man, and would justify what he did!" The Chancellor, it is plain, had the worst of it in an encounter of this kind. He made no attempt to parade *his* mace in the kennel, and was obliged meekly to follow the Speaker "as far as their way was the same." Vulgar as this fray might well be called, it was thought of sufficient importance at the time to be made the subject of a conference between the two Houses. Nay, Harris gravely asserts, that the prudence and good temper of the Lords alone prevented a stop being put thereby to the settlement of the kingdom!†

Such were the episodes which enlivened the session of a Parliament that had undertaken to banish "heats and animosities" from its debates. The bad consequences that ensued were such as might be expected. The public were the sufferers. We learn from the same historian who has recorded the foregoing incident, that in conse-

quence of the impeachment, the Lord Deputy and the Chancellor could not be induced to unite for any public purpose; a stop was put to all business, and Parliament adjourned for five weeks.‡

The Houses, nevertheless, proceeded, with such interruptions, to pass measures at the dictation and to the satisfaction of Government. The supplies, as has been said, were voted soon after the Parliament met. The Articles of Limerick, too, came early under discussion. An idea of the success Lord Capel met with in prevailing on Parliament to tamper with them, may be formed from the words of the preamble to the Act which ratified them—"That the said Articles, or so much of them as may consist with the welfare of your Majesties' subjects of this kingdom, may be confirmed," &c.§ As this Act purported to settle doubtful points, it gave rise to much statement and counter-statement, which might have been interminably prolonged, had private individuals been permitted, as was sought in one case,|| to be heard by counsel at the bar of the House. It is very questionable how far particular claims should, under any circumstances, be taken into consideration, so as to modify questions involving general interests; but be this as it may, it is not just to make it matter of reflection on this Parliament, that it rejected the petition in question, since its reception would have established a precedent, on the authority of which any party considering himself aggrieved (and such there would have been under any interpretation) might claim the right to appear and offer his own construction of the Articles.

It would have been well, indeed, if no more questionable measures had characterised this Parliament. But the spirit of the day was anti-Catholic; and it was hoped that, without any direct violation of the treaty, the mass of the population of Ireland might be so cooped and caged within legislative disabilities, as to be forced either to a renunciation of their religion, or to an abandonment of their country. Acts were passed for restraining foreign education, for disarming Papists, for ba-

* 9 William III., c. 17.

§ 9 William III., ch. 2.

† "William III.," 422.

‡ Harris, *ubi sup.*

|| That of Mr. Cusac and others.

nishing Popish regular clergy, &c., for preventing Protestants from intermarrying with Papists, and for preventing Papists from being solicitors. About these measures there was no hesitation—no difference of opinion within the House. The Papist was the “enemy,” and so termed whether he desired to be the friend or not. He was supposed to be so naturally, and was so, of course, because he was thought so. Those of his creed were the numerical majority of the population, and so an ascendancy of some kind must, of necessity, it was argued, be maintained by the minority over it. As the time had not arrived when that could be a moral ascendancy, it must, of course, be social and political; and the idea of political ascendancy then entertained was to degrade the condition and brutalise the nature of the subordinate class—to render it odious and despicable, so that one might be able to point to its degradation as a justification of its sufferings—thereby creating the crime for the sake of punishing it. It was only endeavouring to carry out, by legislative means, the same theory of extermination which had been more literally and successfully practised in the case of the native tribes of the New Continent. Nevertheless, however false was this system, and however abhorrent to our juster and larger views of humanity and natural equity, we must be cautious how we pronounce too absolutely upon the criminality of those who put it in practice. The eye which looks back into history must, indeed, make use of the full illumination of the present for the examination of past political systems and acts, as they are to influence the systems and acts of to-day, but should ever survey them in their moral aspect under such light—or twilight—as the period afforded. It was the fixed and conscientious belief of Protestants, both in England and Ireland, that there was something radically untameable in the aboriginal Irish nature, and fundamentally treasonable in the Popish religion. This double taint, it was held, infected the mass, and rendered it dangerous. Safety demanded the coercion of this body of disaffection; and necessity was made to justify the means. Proofs of the com-

patibility of this reasoning with perfect fairness and even generosity as regarded individuals, are of constant recurrence both during the war and after its termination. We have seen that Wych, Porter, Duncombe, and Cox, had successively incurred the displeasure of the dominant party by their advocacy of claims put forward by Roman Catholics; yet not one word of remonstrance, so far as the records of the time show, was uttered in assertion of the right of the subject in a free country to educate his children as he liked: to follow a particular branch of legal practice; or to contract marriage with whomsoever he pleased.

The passions of the Protestant loyalists of Ireland were still further inflamed at this time, by the almost simultaneous discovery of a plot against the King's life, in which Sir George Barclay, a Scotchman, acted the part of principal conspirator; and of a meditated descent upon England by the abdicated monarch, James, who had marched an army to Calais, and was only prevented from transporting it across the channel by the presence of Admiral Russel, with a fleet of fifty sail.* An association instantly sprung up in England, pledged to the defence of his Majesty; and in Ireland a similar association was now formed, in which in particular every member of the House of Commons was required to enrol his name. Every member but one did so without hesitation—the recusant being Mr. Robert Saunderson, who was forthwith expelled. It is therefore to the credit of a Parliament, thus under the influence of a semi-religious panic and excitement, that it did not altogether overlook the principles of justice in the framing of an Act so likely to be made the vehicle for the display of vindictive feeling as that “for the suppression of Tories, Robbers, and Rapparees.” In directing that every barony or county should make full satisfaction and amends for injury to person or property committed within it—an excellent measure in itself, it provided that where the Rapparees were Protestants, the Protestant inhabitants of the district should alone bear the fine imposed by the Act.

If we add the abolition of the old

* Smollett, i., p. 266.

writ *de heretico comburendo*, which had placed fire and faggot at the disposal of the dominant creed, whatever that might be at any particular time; and an Act against profane cursing and swearing, a vice frightfully prevalent in both countries since the reactionary influence of the Restoration had repudiated the virtues with the treason of the Puritans, all the most important measures of this Parliament will have been enumerated—some of them indeed by anticipation, as it continued its sessions until the beginning of the year 1698–9.

Before that time, an event had occurred which materially altered the face of affairs in Ireland. Lord Capel had come to the country an invalid. His letter of July, 1694, alludes to his illness. His malady gained ground, and baffled the skill of his physicians. At Chapelizod, a village delightfully and salubriously situated in the valley of the Liffey, a few miles westward from Dublin, are still shown the traces of an old mansion, called the King's House, which had been purchased from the Eustace family by Charles II., and formed the country residence of the viceroys, until the Phoenix Park was enclosed and built upon. Thither the Lord Deputy had retired during the spring of 1696, partly to prove the invigorating virtues of the air, partly as a refuge from the fatigues of government. About the same time Sir Richard Cox, himself in precarious health, had sought in England a relief from those anxieties which the continued hostility of the Court could not fail to engender in a sensitive mind like his. There he had favour and friendship to support him. Sydney had once declared that he never would lose sight of the champion of perilled liberty and the associate of his labours for the pacification of Ireland. He now showed that he had not forgotten his promise. Godolphin respected him for his judicial skill and integrity. The Southwells loved him—the one for his unremitting labours in furtherance of the trade and commerce of his country; the other for his philosophic acquirements and literary tastes, as well as for his public and private virtues. Notwithstanding all these supports, however, his spirits continued to be oppressed by the thought that so many whom he regarded lay under the same

cloud of courtly disfavour as himself: above all, that Porter, whom he looked up to as a pattern of probity and wisdom, should share in it, pained and distressed him. He was soon to be relieved on this score.

As Lord Capel's malady increased, and his danger became more imminent, those of his party who had gone the greatest lengths in opposition to the independent and upright policy of the disgraced privy councillors were filled with alarm. They knew that on the Lord Deputy's life hung their sole tenure of authority. Once he was gone, the whole fabric of the faction he had formed would crumble to pieces. In fear and haste they repaired to the sick man's chamber at Chapelizod; but they found him too much exhausted to assist personally at their deliberations. Under these circumstances, they drew up a warrant for creating certain parties Lords Justices, in the hope that, on the Lord Deputy's death, the Government might be considered as surviving in these functionaries, at least until his Majesty's pleasure should be known, and so the immediate entrance of their opponents at the open doors of office be prevented. To this instrument they affixed the Privy Seal; but when it came to having the docquet committed to the clerk, they hesitated to trust him, fearing lest the public should discover before the proper moment—that is, as we must conclude, before the decease of the Lord Deputy—into whose hands the reins of Government were to be committed. In the end, they abandoned the project for the time. Another draft met with the same fate. At last, in the month of May, seeing the Lord Deputy's life fast drawing to a close, Brigadier Wolseley and Mr. Stone agreed to take a decisive step: they accordingly repaired to the house of Sir Richard Cox in Dublin, during his absence in England, for the purpose of obtaining from his clerk the signet which was then in his keeping. The clerk not being in the way, the intruders unceremoniously broke open Cox's chamber-door, and ransacked his desk and papers, until they found the seal, which they forthwith affixed to a new warrant; and then spurred for Chapelizod, urged by the apprehension of Capel's death occurring before they should have accomplished their object. He was alive

when they arrived; but the most difficult part of the business was yet to be performed. A patent was prepared, constituting Morrogh Viscount Blesinton and William Wolseley, Esquire, Master of the Ordnance, Lords Justices during his Majesty's pleasure, or until the Lord Deputy should be restored to his health. This patent bore date the 16th of May. But before it could have any effect, the Great Seal would have to be affixed to it; and this was in the custody of the Chancellor, Porter. On the morning of the 17th, this functionary was summoned to Chapelizod, and there required by Blesinton and his friends to place the seal to the instrument they laid before him. Porter bethought him a moment, and then expressed a desire to see the Lord Deputy. This they dared not concede. The breach between Capel and Porter had continued unrepaired. The latter stood firm in conscious integrity of purpose, having besides deep injuries to resent, if we may believe

what was currently insinuated, that Capel had himself been privy to the fabrication of some of the charges against him, on the occasion of the Parliamentary impeachment. On the other hand, the Lord Deputy lay, enervated by sickness, on his dying bed; and, even if his followers had been ready to hazard the consequences of an interview, would himself naturally have shunned the approach of one he had so deeply offended. What the Chancellor foresaw took place. The interview was declined; and that personage peremptorily refused to affix the Great Seal to the patent, without the express authority of the Lord Deputy.

All was confusion. A meeting of the Chief Judges, the Attorney and Solicitor-Generals, and some of the Council, was held at Chapelizod, to consider what was to be done at that critical moment; but their consultation was fruitless—the Chancellor was immovable—and in a few days Lord Capel died.

FLOW AND EBB.

PART FIRST.

THERE stand a beech and a sycamore
 On a grassy bank by the winding shore ;
 Often at noon the wavelets there
 Around the rocks in whispers glide,
 Kissing and kissing each his bride,
 And play with their sea-weed hair ;
 And at eve, when the sun enshrines the crest
 Of the tall black mountains beyond in light,
 When the ebbing waters leave the strand,
 Across the long, long waste of sand,
 There leadeth a fiery pathway bright
 To the glory in the West.

Two names are carved on the beechen bark ;
 They were graven there at the twilight hour,
 When the Angel of Sleep came sailing by,
 And closed the cup of each wearied flower ;
 And through the purple-columned gates,
 The golden valvèd gates of the Night,
 Gone was the car of the King of Day,
 And his glorious train was fading away,
 As it neared the palace-home that waits
 In the far-off islands dimly seen,
 Dreamily crimson, dreamily green,
 Veiled by the sea of light.

Two were there by the beechen stem.
 He that carved the names on the tree
 Was noble and young, and the light on his brow
 Shone with a joy that was fair to see ;
 And she that sat on the turf below,
 The grassy marge that fringed the tide,
 Sloping adown the winding shore.
 The carver's face, and the carver's hand,
 Watched with the earnest eyes of a bride,
 The deep and loving eyes of a bride,
 The ever-following eyes of a bride ;
 And her voice when she spoke was soft and low,
 Like a harp that the wind sighs o'er.

The smile on his face was the smile that lit
 The joyous glow of the evening west ;
 But the smile on hers, that ever was turned,
 Half in sadness and half in joy,
 On all in the world that she loved best,
 Was the smile in the evening east that lies,
 Where the clouds are tinged with a fainter hue,
 And the quiet, silvery, trembling moon
 Looketh adown from the deepening blue,
 And here and there a dreamy star
 Telleth of glories strange and far,
 In the great and solemn skies.

Deeper and deeper soon became
 Under the hand of the youth each name ;
 And he carved a circle round and round,
 To mark the undivided life
 Of the love-lit path that lay before.
 As through the calm, with quiet sound,
 Came the fall of the rising water,
 It seemed to the heart of the fair young wife
 That the sea *one* strain for ever brought her,
 —The sea that toward a summer shore
 Would waft them on the coming morrow,
 Far from the early home, that lay
 Sleeping there by the sleeping bay ;
 But the strain of the sea was tuned to sorrow,
 And sad in her ear, like a low farewell,
 The cadence died of the long soft swell,
 —“Nevermore ! nevermore ! nevermore !”

PART SECOND.

Over the trees and the winding bay
 Many a summer bloomed and smiled,
 Many a winter wailed and wept ;
 Ever the summer waters slept,
 Ever the winter surges wild
 Dashed on the rocks in stormy play.

Once at last,—in the autumn time,
 When the sycamore boughs were brown and bare,
 And the few and reddened leaves of the beech
 At every blast flew up in the air,
 And sailed far out to sea—
 There came an old man with hair of grey,
 And the light of his brow was furrowed away ;
 He leant on his staff before the tree,
 And sought the names, but nought saw he ;
 Round and round the tree he passed,
 In doubt and fear, till he found them at last,
 And he knew her name before his own.
 Old they were, and crooked, and worn,
 Half filled up, and half o’ergrown ;
 He kissed the loved name o’er and o’er,
 And then he sat down wearily
 In the red leaves fallen under the tree ;
 While ever and ever sang the sea
 In deep and solemn tone.

He saw the fiery path of light
 Across the tide-forsaken sands,
 Till sank the sun in the kingly west ;
 And he thought of her who was sleeping there,
 Far beyond, with folded hands,
 And the daisies looking up from her breast
 To Heaven in living prayer.

He watched her name through the twilight dim,
 And knew not that *she* was watching *him* ;
 He, with the thin and scattered hair,
 White with the snow-drifts piled by care,
 White with the ever-swelling foam
 Of the waves of Time that bore him home ;

She, with the starry crown of light
By the angel-warders of glory given,
When first to the gate of her Father's city
Came the lost child of the King of Heaven ;
He watched her name with a pilgrim's gaze,
Sad and longing, tired and lonely,
As if the star of Hope afar
To guide him up each toilsome mile
Glimmered ever, but glimmered only ;
But *she* watched him with a heaven-lit smile,
And in her calm and loving eyes
The silence spoke of Paradise.

There came a voice to the wanderer's heart—
Was it the soundless spirit-voice
Of her who bent above him there,
That made his wearied soul rejoice ?
Or was it the solemn glorious tone
Of the long deep hush of the waves alone ?
There came a vision fair to see
To the pilgrim's longing, waiting eye ;
For through the rifted vault of the sky
He saw the heavenly city shine,
And the far-off light of the crystal sea ;
And he saw the rainbow play of the walls,
And the snowy sheen of the gates of pearl,
Gates that were open eternally ;
The golden streets, and Life's fair tree
Above the wave of Life's fair river,
And over all, the Eternal light
Flooding with glory all for ever.

And high the song of triumph swelled,
The victory-hymn to martyrs given ;
And softly flowed on the holy air,
As friend met friend on the golden stair,
Words of love, and words of prayer,
In the music-speech of Heaven.

And like a sound of the upper world,
The great old sea, to the echoing shore,
Sang, with a deep-toned voice and strong,
In awful gladness a mighty song—
“ Evermore !—evermore !—evermore !”

A. E. M.

A SWEEP OF THE POLITICAL HORIZON.

THE fleet has returned from the Baltic, leaving the dark billows of that inhospitable sea to winter and the Czar. The army has gone or is going into quarters. Christmas is at hand. There is no sign of an extraordinary session of Parliament. In a word, there is a lull in the storm, and the time seems favourable for sweeping the political horizon with an eye observant of indications of coming events or dangers, as, under analogous circumstances, the cautious mariner would turn his glass to every point around from whence a favouring gale might spring, or where peril of fog or shoal might lurk. In commencing such a survey, our glance is naturally first directed to the seat of actual war, and there, notwithstanding some haziness in the atmosphere, it is not difficult to discern many signs of improvement in the weather. There is, at all events, a vast change for the better observable, upon a comparison between the circumstances of our fleets and armies as they were this time last year and as they are now. But we are not bent upon raking up bygone errors or misfortunes; nor is it our intention to serve up to our readers a stale hash of the history of the campaign, which they have already had, fresh and fresh, in the daily journals. Every one who sees a newspaper, or who hears the common talk upon every occasion when men congregate, knows the actual amount of success obtained by the allied arms, and to what extent our standards have been advanced at Kertch, Sebastopol, Eupatoria, and Kinburn. It would be a work of supererogation to recapitulate the military events of the last month or two, and no less unprofitable to add our notions as to what might have been or remains to be done, to those strategic speculations as rife (and *pace* Sir George Brown, as sound) in every coffee-room in the kingdom as in the Cabinet or the camp. It is over this field of conjecture, in fact, that the haze to which we have alluded rests heavily, and we do not pretend to be able to enlighten the thick obscure. Neither we nor our readers are better,

or, we believe, worse informed than Lord Panmure or Sir William Codrington; there is a singular uniformity of ignorance in camp, council, and coffee-room, as to the position, strength, resources, and probable tactics of the enemy in the field. We can, none of us, form a plausible guess as to whether Prince Gortschakoff will fight, fly, or capitulate; but we all know that whereas, in December, 1854, no more than 12,000 effective British bayonets could be mustered in the trenches before Sebastopol, our active contingent in the allied army, solidly established in the Crimea in this corresponding month of 1855, exceeds 50,000 men. The poor remnant of the heroes of Alma, Balaklava, and Inkermann was, at the former period, a miserable mob of armed men, perishing under disease and disorganisation, or starving amid supplies which, with order and military skill, would have given abundance. That skeleton has now grown into a healthy, numerous, and well-equipped army, doing its part in an allied host of 200,000 soldiers, pressing upon the enemy from whose overwhelming numbers it was saved, on the day of Inkermann, only by the energy of desperation. It would seem, in short, that whatever difference of opinion may exist with respect to the original strategical advantages of the invasion of the Crimea, or as to the conduct of the two campaigns, the progress of the Allies has been sure, and so considerable as to leave no room for a reasonable doubt that a complete subjection of the peninsula will, sooner or later, be the reward of their perseverance. Already the capture and occupation of Kertch and Kinburn have closed up the great Russian river-highways of the Don, the Dnieper, the Bug, and the Ingul. Upon the whole northern littoral of the Euxine, which, eighteen months ago, was indisputably Russian, from west to east, the Czar holds possession of the mouths of two rivers only—albeit these are the highly important commercial outlets of the Dniester and the Danube. This is the actual position of affairs; and, divested of all specu-

lation as to what more might have been accomplished, or as to the probable future results of what has been done, we find that, during the eighteen months that have elapsed since the allied troops disembarked in the East, the Russians have been forced to retreat from the Principalities behind their own frontier line of the Pruth; their naval power in the Black Sea has been demolished; the Crimea has been solidly occupied by the Allies; and the coasts of the Transcaucasian provinces have been entirely cleared of Russian troops. From first to last, jointly and severally, English, French, and Turks have uniformly, and with strangely corresponding equality of military prowess, prevailed over the common enemy, and the separate glories of Oltenitza, Silistria, Balaklava, Inkermann, the Malakoff, Kars, and the Ingour, were worthily emulated by the Sardinians, in their participation in the work and the honour of the Tchernaya.

It is assuredly in no spirit of empty gasconading that we sum up these triumphs; they seem to us, in truth, to be but practical illustrations of the scope and significance of the great conflict that is going on, and material and moral guarantees that still harder work remains to be and will be done. The strength of Sebastopol, the furnishing of its arsenal, the amount of shipping sunk in its harbour, the exploits and fame of the redoubtable Vladimir—reproachful as the latter are to the vigilance and enterprise of the allied fleets—are all so many justifications of the war, which the instinct of the English and French people have not been slow to apprehend. It was time to take account of that vast magazine of offence, and the inventory proves to all ordinary understandings that its accumulation portended a course of aggression not to be limited by the straits of the Dardanelles. The blow struck at Sinope was but a type of that which might any day, and assuredly would, some day, have been struck at Constantinople, had not the popular instinct of France and England outrun the sagacity of their Governments, and anticipated the action of the Czar, by forcing on the military promenade to the East, which it is now admitted was only undertaken for the satisfaction of the public mind. In delaying to strike when all was prepared, Muscovite craft

as much over-reached itself as it subsequently did in hoping to outbrag the feeble diplomacy that set all its trust in a demonstration. Had the Menschikoff mission to pick a quarrel with the Sublime Porte been supported by the forcing of the Bosphorus by the Russian fleet, and the landing of twenty thousand men at Constantinople, what operations of the Western Powers, from a basis two or three thousand miles distant, could have frustrated that movement? Luckily, however, the Czar was timid, when his design required boldness. He might then, in all human probability, have dealt with the sick man quietly in his bed; and with full command of the Euxine, and his basis at Galatz, Odessa, Nicholaieff, Kherson, Sebastopol, and Taganrog, at what point was he assailable by the Western Powers? How long would the Turkish armies on the Danube or in Asia, with their communications effectually cut, have been able to maintain the unequal contest? The popular instinct of France and England discovered the dangers indicated in these questions, and the promenades of the fleets to Besikea and Beicos were undertaken, in obedience to the popular clamour, in time to profit by Russian caution. The inoffensive character of the demonstration was not changed soon enough to forestall that outbreak of Russian rashness at Sinope, which rendered war inevitable, and subsequent events have cleared away many and various misapprehensions as to the strength and designs of Russia. She has been found to be not irresistible, or unconquerable: but so strong, as to be at present very dangerous, and growing stronger, at such a rate of progress as cannot be observed without alarm. The accumulated resources, the military skill, and the brute force that held Sebastopol for eleven months, and still hold its citadel against the united forces of France, England, Turkey, and Sardinia, favoured by the immense advantage of a complete command of the sea, would be able to hold Constantinople against the world; and, acting from that frontier post, could sweep the Mediterranean, and dictate terms to the Eastern and the Western hemispheres. That the designs of Russia extended so far, is proved by the fact of the accumulation of that inordinate store of *materiel* of war at

the particular point of Sebastopol: it could have been required for no peaceful or merely defensive purpose. Its discovery demonstrated the uses it was really designed to subserve, and the demonstration makes it a matter of life or death with the Allies to strive to prevent its ever being so used. Were peace to be made now, leaving to Russia any footing on the shores of the Black Sea, whatever might be the verbal terms of the treaty, it would be a practical confession that a full knowledge of her designs and strength had convinced the Western Powers of the hopelessness of attempting to resist them. The very fierceness of the struggle, the irritation of defeats that affronted, but did not crush, the languid recollection of barren victories, would impress upon the minds of both parties the firm conviction that the original design must be prosecuted, and would be ultimately successful. The successes of the Allies, in a word, are pledges to the world that a return to the *status quo* would be a calamitous defeat, and that the object of the war is now to weaken and humiliate Russia. The difficulty that has been encountered in obtaining a slight footing within provinces made Russian only by comparatively recent acts of force or fraud, binds the Allies to the alternative of retiring confessedly beaten, or of reconquering the Crimea and the Transcaucasian provinces, and so reducing Russia within a frontier which could be defended against her aggressions.

Thus a consideration of the position of the belligerents, as they stand face to face in the Eastern seat of war, seems to us to warrant no other conclusion than that they are all bound to fight it out to the end. There are, however, other parties whose influence must be taken into account. The course of events has, for example, at length brought matters nearly to the point at which Austria will be forced to take her place upon one side or the other. Rumours are rife that an allied army will be collected upon the Danube, it is to be presumed for operations in Bessarabia, during the spring, and the statement is countenanced by the fact, that a portion of the Turkish contingent, under British officers, was transferred to Varna two or three months since. It is true these troops were

subsequently countermanded and sent to Kertch, but the rumours still continue, and they at least show that a general impression exists that an attempt to open the Danube cannot be long deferred. Both strategical and commercial considerations, indeed, point to the probability that such an enterprise will be undertaken as a part of the next campaign. It would seem to be very obviously prudent, in a military sense, to provide some employment for the Russian troops, which should interrupt the incessant reinforcement of the army of the Crimea; and the price of bread already proclaims that the corn-trade of the Danube, free to all the rest of the world, must not be closed to France and England. The war, in fact, can scarcely be carried on in earnest without driving the Russians from the mouth and left bank of the Lower Danube, and that cannot be done without contact between the allied troops and the Austrians occupying the Principalities. There must, then, be either a collision; or a junction; or the Austrians must retire behind their frontier. Among these courses there is for Austria, under present circumstances, but a choice of evils, and her selection will very probably be determined by accident. The casual brutality of a drunken trooper may finally decide the question which bewilders the craftiest of the diplomatists of Vienna. At all events, it is to be hoped, that experience has taught France and England that their safest course is one of straightforward action. As there is nearly equal danger for Austria, so there is nearly equal chance of advantage for the Allies in her adhesion to them, or to the enemy. A coalition of Austria with Russia would involve a disruption of the political bonds of Italy that could scarcely fail to strengthen Sardinia, as it would surely weaken Austrian military power. On the other hand, were Austria to take an active part with the Allies, the engagement thereby contracted for the maintenance of that *effete* despotism, with all its ricketty machinery of concordats, passports, and police-spies, would still further diminish that general sympathy of the world with the justice of the war which has already waned before the manifest disinclination of French and English statesmen to disturb the

arrangements of the old Holy Alliance. If, in entering the League, Austria would incur the enmity of Russia—her ablest, and hitherto her only protector against the vengeance of her oppressed provinces—she would at the same time engage the less sure and ready support of the Western Powers. They, in receiving her, would gain an unsteady and crippled ally, and throw off from their cause that element of bitter determination to secure, at all hazards, the independence of Europe, which is its most significant characteristic. The conclusion to which these considerations seem to us inevitably to lead, is again the necessity of an active prosecution of the war. The progress of events tends to force Austria to take her side, and as there is little possibility of interrupting their course, so there is no ground for attempting to do so. The bold step taken by Sardinia, in casting in her lot with the Western Powers, has virtually stripped from Austria all the importance supposed to belong to her as a mediator, and has rendered the question of her choice of sides infinitely more difficult and important to herself than to the Western Powers.

For Italy, however, the conduct of Austria involves considerations of rapidly increasing gravity and interest. The Casati quarrel was a feather thrown into the air, and it has shown that Austria perceives the wind so far to set against her. She has withdrawn from the attempt to outlaw refugees from her provinces, and Sardinia, in resenting that attempt, has established her own territory as a political sanctuary for all Italy. It will soon be known throughout all the states of the peninsula, that the Austrian Bourbon who reigns in Tuscany, obedient to the policy of his house, ejected from his court a member of the Sardinian legation, on the ground that he was the son of a Lombard emigrant, and therefore obnoxious to the court of Vienna; and that Sardinia promptly met the insult by at once breaking off diplomatic relations between Turin and Florence, thus announcing to the world her contempt for Duke and Emperor. The lesson will not be lost; and, doubtless, the knowledge that a city of refuge is at hand will not tend to appease the ardour of Tuscan, Neapolitan, Roman, or Lombard malcon-

tents. That their hopes and their efforts may be restrained within the limits of constitutional liberty, must be the earnest wish of every Italian patriot, and of every sincere friend of humanity. "Sardinia," to use the noble words of her king, in his late address to his parliament, "offers the noble example of a monarch and his people united by indissoluble ties of mutual love and confidence—maintaining inviolate the bases of public welfare, order, and liberty." It is a moral impossibility that despotism can long endure in presence of that grand spectacle, which can now scarcely be damaged by any but parricidal Italian hands. During the year of "heart-rending and cruel visitations," through which the King of Sardinia has passed, he and his people have together braved the excommunication of the Church, the intrigues of despotism, and the fury of social revolutionists. The union they formed with the "powers who are struggling in the cause of justice, in behalf of the civilisation and independence of nations," has been wisely cemented and drawn closer by Charles Albert's visit to Paris and London, and it now stands before the world a League of France, England, and Sardinia, in defence of the fortress of Italian constitutional freedom. Whether or not it shall become a league of offence against foreign domination in Italy, depends, as we have already intimated, upon the part Austria may take, and for the reasons we have mentioned, her decision cannot, we imagine, be very much longer delayed.

Let us now turn our glance to the Baltic—the other seat, if not of actual war, at least of the semblance of it—where also, we think, the prospect is brighter than it was at the close of the last campaign, although less material injury has been inflicted upon the enemy during the present, than during the past summer. We need not here repeat opinions formerly expressed, and now generally acquiesced in, as to the nature of the cautious performance of the allied fleets before Sweaborg. It would appear, however, that the noise of the bombardment, strengthened, perhaps, by sounds from Sebastopol, has had some effect in arousing the northern nations to a sense of their own deep interest in the great game that is going

on. The young men of a nation are commonly true exponents of its sentiments, and if the students of Upsala have spoken truly, the hearts of the Swedish people are with the Allies. Nor did the shouts of those youths, exulting in the triumphs of France and England, long want an echo in the highest place. Sweden, King and people, would be more or less than human, if she did not ardently desire to be freed from the fear of Russian aggression; and her feelings, expressed in the University, by hurrahs and serenades, were made known by the Court in the decoration of Louis Napoleon with the Order of the Seraphim. How much or how little of significance may lie in the return of this compliment by the transmission of the Grand Cordon of the Legion of Honour to King Oscar, by the hands of General Canrobert, we are not in a condition to determine; but that it is the interest of both parties to draw together, and that they both know it to be so, can scarcely be doubted. During a long series of years, it has been the business or the pastime of Russia to encroach upon Swedish territory, and that abundant facilities for gratifying this inclination exist, experience too fully proves. Russian troops, profiting by the hard winter of 1809, marched across the Gulf of Bothnia, on the ice, and imposed a treaty by which Finland was formally annexed to the crown of the autocrat. Even so late as 1852, the foundation of a boundary dispute, and no doubt of a prospective occupation of Norway — of which the Czar, among his many titles, styles himself “heir” — was laid, by a sudden abrogation of the boundary treaty of 1751, which permitted the periodical migration of the Norse and Finnish Laps across the border; so that in future the ramblings of those poor Nomads and their reindeer — a matter of absolute necessity to them — will be dealt with as a violation of Russian territory. This, of course, will be seen to be a mere picking of a quarrel — a device for the North analogous to the Greek protectorate for the South. As such it must be understood and appreciated by the Swedish and Norwegian nations, and must seem to them the prelude of an aggressive attack, which, by their own unaided force, they could not hope to be able to resist. On the other hand, it

is no less manifest, after the experience of two campaigns, that the Western Powers want some condition to the success of their operations against Russia in the Baltic. They have fired away some tons of projectiles for the satisfaction of the people at home; but they have, in the exercise of a perfectly sound discretion, carefully avoided knocking their ships against the stone walls of Sweaborg, Revel, or Cronstadt. They have, too, been foiled to a great extent, in their blockade, by the neutrality of Sweden and Prussia, and by the freedom of the ports of the latter kingdom for Russian purposes. The active co-operation of Sweden would afford to them the means both of carrying on war, and of interrupting commerce, to the detriment of the enemy. It would bring to their side in the struggle an army of 60,000 men and 200 gun-boats, and it would remove one difficulty that now stands in the way of their prosecution of the most effectual warfare against Russia, by a *bona fide* closure of the Baltic ports. Thus the way would seem to be open for the incorporation of Sweden in the anti-Russian league; although it is not to be expected that it can be conclusively effected without the arrangement of specific terms for the future protection of that barrier state. The league with Sweden must include a guarantee by the Western Powers against all future encroachments of Russia, and, perhaps, an undertaking to restore to her her conquered provinces. This, too, is one of those exceptional cases in which the grant of a subsidy upon strictly defined conditions would be justifiable, and without it no important active assistance could be well expected. By the treaty of Orebro, concluded in 1813, Sweden contributed a force of 30,000 men to the grand alliance, and opened the harbours of Gottenburg, Carlsham, and Stralsund to British ships; she received in return, from England, a cession of the island of Guadeloupe, and a subsidy of a million a year. Here is a sufficient precedent for the principles of a new treaty of offence and defence with our Scandinavian kinsmen; the devising of details suited to present circumstances would not seem to be a very difficult task. For useful negotiations with the other Baltic states, the time does not appear to have yet

come. As with Austria, so with Prussia and Denmark, experience shows the proper course to be one of straightforward indifference. They will take their respective parts on either side as circumstances may determine, and not until neutrality shall cease to be profitable or possible. The adhesion of Sweden to the alliance, and the change in the character of the war that would effect, would, in all likelihood, soon bring about a condition of affairs which would render it easy to deal with the Prussian and the Dane. Until then they may be safely left to the perplexing operation of their own reflections upon the dangers of indecision, which would probably be sped, to their own and to the public advantage, by a practical hint now and then that a profession of neutrality confers no privilege of aiding or injuring belligerents.

We must now extend our vision across the Atlantic to examine for a moment that cloud in the West, which has recently risen into view. Brother Jonathan is not satisfied, it would seem, with the brisk trade he has driven, in munitions of war, with all the belligerents, under cover of the doctrine of "free ships, free goods;" but he must also aspire to the character of a mediator, and qualify for that office by assuming an air of swaggering, fussy importance. This aspiration has been quickened by the approach of the presidential election, which seems to require for its proper conduct a grand melodramatic spectacle of a terrific combat, in which the stars and stripes shall be waved triumphantly over some real or imaginary foe. An opportunity, too, has been unfortunately given for parading the union-jack on the boards, by the blunder of the Foreign Enlistment Act, and the unwarrantable proceedings taken under its provisions. A mighty noise has, therefore, been made, and too much notice has probably been taken of it by the prominent organs of British opinion. Mr. Caleb Cushing, the Attorney-General of the United States, has penned a vast amount of vulgar fustian, which has been answered, also in the Cambyse's vein, by the *Times*, in apparent forgetfulness of the fact, that Mr. Cushing fills no international political position, and that his raving no more expounds the views of the Government

and people of the United States, than does that of Mr. Cobden or Mr. Duffy set forth the opinions of the British people. We were wrong in the affair of the foreign enlistments, and having confessed to the fact, by the word of our foreign minister, there is an end of it. But late arrivals from America bring statements that "it is a fixed fact that a new ambassador is to be sent by Russia to Washington, and that he will bring, besides his regular credentials, a confidential communication from the Czar, of the most important character, relative to the terms on which alone Russia will consent to a peace. Russia mediated between Great Britain and the United States, and now the United States may mediate between Russia and the Allies. She does not ask American mediation, but she will accept it, and will at once indicate her terms, which, as I [a Washington correspondent of the *New York Herald*] stated in a former communication, will embrace such vast commercial advantages for all the world, that the industrial classes of France and England will clamour for their acceptance as soon as they are generally understood." We also hear of great doings, in the way of by-play, between the Russian and American ministers, at the respectable court of Athens, and of a negotiation that is on foot for the cession of the volcanic island of Milo to the United States. It is not impossible that the Americans may so far disregard the precepts of Washington, as to covet the possession of this standing-room for intermeddling in the broils of the old world. But as the island, although only thirteen miles long, possesses an excellent bay, and contains large supplies of iron, alum, sulphur, and salt, it is not likely that the Western Powers, who are now the acting trustees of the kingdom of Greece, will permit its alienation. It is too distant and in too dangerous a neighbourhood to suit the *filibusters*, and we must be permitted to doubt that the President and Congress have so far lost their senses as to make such an object an excuse for national war. Of the proposed Russian embassy and its objects it is unnecessary to speak, until we shall be further informed respecting them; but as braggart words may occasionally lead to blows, contrary to

the intent of those who use them, it may not be amiss to state how the case really stands as to a war between Great Britain and America. The idea is abhorrent to every feeling of the British heart; and so united in this sentiment are all classes of the British people, that we verily believe nothing short of actual violation of our flag would force us to engage in the unnatural conflict. It is the heart, nevertheless, that is our main counsellor in this matter, and it is possible for the head to advise very differently. It is, in our opinion, scarcely doubtful that the one-sided neutrality of the United States is productive of more injury to the Allies than could attend their open hostility. A single sentence, in which *The New York Journal of Commerce* explains the demand for saltpetre that has recently sprung up in America, will show how the neutrality system now works. "The invoices," says the journalist, "of this contraband article now on the way from England to Boston, as already stated, have been shipped under bonds not to be reshipped to Europe; but they will supply the place of direct invoices originally destined for consumption here, and the latter will be sent to Germany for Russian use." Were the Allies at war with America, and linked in an offensive and defensive alliance with Sweden, the Baltic might be hermetically closed. We should have no more Samuel H. Appletons slipping into Riga with a cargo of revolvers and other Yankee war notions, in the early spring, before British caution would try the ice with our screw steamers; not a pound of any article contraband of war need be suffered to pass to the enemy's frontier from the seaboard. It is consideration for (if they like it better, fear of) the United States, and not any delicacy towards Prussia, Denmark, Holland, Belgium, or the other European maritime states, that has influenced the great powers to forbear so long from stopping the supplies of Russia, or to continue so patiently fighting with their own hands bound. On the other side, in the present relative position of the naval power of the world—the fleet of Russia being at the bottom of the harbour of Sebastopol, or cooped up

within the fortified ports of the Baltic, that of America existing chiefly in her forests—the enormous commercial marine of the United States would fall an easy prey to the allied squadrons. The days of Paul Jones, or even of the frigates of the last war, have gone by; those of countless merchantmen, bearing the wealth of American citizens, safely in peace, helplessly in war, over every sea, have come in their stead. These are simple, intelligible facts. We state them in no desire to cause irritation. Our words breathe no threatenings. We are convinced that no respectable American—we may even say no American in a prominent public position—contemplates war with France and England; but they may not know the whole truth as to British feelings and views, and a knowledge of it may suggest to them the reasoning suitable for *them* to use with desperadoes of the stamp of Mr. Caleb Cushing.

And while we are looking out beyond the Atlantic, we must not fail to turn a passing glance upon Canada. A few months since we called attention to the remarkable material progress of that colony, and to its cordial relations with home. We have heard since of the truly loyal spirit in which they hailed the great achievement of the war. If, then, it be true, as has been alleged, that the Canadians offered their services, in complete colonial regiments, at the seat of war, may we not ask why was the offer disregarded? May we not hope that the failure of the stupid experiment of foreign enlistment will teach the Government to repair, as far as possible, the double error they committed in insulting British citizens, by declining to receive them into the ranks of the army, and in drawing on quarrels with other states, by an unsuccessful endeavour to recruit their ranks with vagrant foreigners, who even in the class of officers find their place, as deserters and robbers, in the police-courts of London?*

But it is [time that we should turn our eyes homeward, and review the circumstances of the central position from which we have been examining this extended field of political action. And here, again, although we may

* See proceedings at Thames Police Court, in *Dublin Evening Mail*, Nov. 7, 1855.

have occasion to point out defects and laches, it is now our good fortune to see matters in a somewhat brighter light than has usually shone upon them of late. The nation remains unchanged in opinion in regard to the great question of the day. The popular instinct still perceives that the way to peace is to be found in a vigorous and effectual prosecution of the war. Among the people, notwithstanding the grievous burdens under which they labour, there is no change; but the Government no longer sets itself before the world as the unwilling agent of the popular will. It is said, and there is some reason to fear too truly, that neither Court nor Cabinet is yet altogether free from the leaven of German, if not of Russian, leanings; but there is homage to public opinion in the significant facts, that the statesman who, but a few years ago, was dismissed from the Queen's service for the crime of having rendered himself distasteful to foreign despots, is now at the head of the ministry; and that the minister who, on that occasion, became the ready agent in his colleagues' degradation from office, has been removed from public life. That Lord Palmerston is sincere in his declared intention, to go heartily and fully with the nation in its determination not to sheathe the sword until a safe, honourable, and lasting peace shall be insured, we can see no reason to doubt. But even should any mental reservation have lurked beneath the words in which he made that declaration before the assembled citizens of London, the cheers that then encouraged him, and still more plainly the hisses that saluted Lord John Russell, must have told him the time for hesitating and faltering was past. Onward he must go, boldly, or fall ignominiously from what he himself describes as one of the noblest positions to which a high-minded man can aspire. It is the duty of every honest citizen to support Lord Palmerston in making good the pledges he gave at Guildhall; and supported he assuredly will be if he prove true to himself. Having thus frankly stated our general view with respect to the minister, it will, we trust, be unnecessary to clear ourselves from any

suspicion of being influenced by hostility to his Government, in the few comments we propose to make upon its proceedings in the way less of criticism than of friendly suggestion.

It is a prevalent, but we believe very ill-founded notion, that Englishmen of the high official class have the means of acquiring, and do actually possess, the fullest information attainable in relation to their proper business of Government, and as to the popular estimate entertained of themselves and their policy, which is the basis of their public position. Credit for such valuable knowledge is sometimes power. Thus, when an obvious blot in a minister's game is hit—when it is seen by every one that he had no plan or a bad one, and that his action was feeble or too late—he is yet able to hold his ground under the shelter of the general belief, that he must have had a design hid under his apparent imbecility, only it was too deep to be understood by the uninitiated. "Be sure he is not the fool you take him for," is the common formula in which a minister is accorded another trial. Thus Lord Aberdeen was encouraged in a course which every man in the country saw, and, in common conversation, most men said, was leading inevitably to war, and yet, no doubt, he was in complete ignorance of the public judgment upon his policy, and very probably does not yet know it. In all likelihood he still imagines, with Mr. Gladstone,* that the nation was madly desirous of war, and that he only endeavoured to restrain a paroxysm of rage, the very violence of which ensured its speedy subsidence. The simple truth is that the people were, to a man, sincerely anxious for peace; but seeing farther and clearer than the ministers, they perceived that it could not be obtained by humbly suing for it. Events have shown that the people were right, and that Lord Aberdeen, Mr. Gladstone, and their peace-at-any-price colleagues, were wrong; but the indulgence of trial after trial failed to bring those gentlemen to an acquaintance with the real sentiments of the nation, until the basis of public opinion, upon which alone a ministry can long stand, crumbled from under their feet. Has Lord Palmer-

* See Mr. Gladstone's Lecture at Chester, in *Spectator* for Nov. 17, 1855.

ston profited by this example? If he has, he will know, and he will show that he knows, that to secure his position he needs but to prove his fidelity to the national idea, that peace must be conquered by a repression of Russia within safe boundaries, and to throw himself in full confidence upon the sense of the country. He may thus attain to security from intrigues in the Court, divisions in the Cabinet, and factious coalitions in Parliament; and such is the common opinion of all observant men. But having already premised that we see no reason to doubt the sincerity of the Premier's confession of faith at Guildhall, we may be asked what further proofs can be required? Those whose sight and hearing are not dulled by the smoke and noise of London will be at no loss to recognise, in the answer to the question, the all but unanimous opinion of the public upon the principles that should at this crisis direct a British Government and their judgment upon the practices of the present administration.

At the very root of the matter lies the subject of public expenditure; and the cheerfulness with which the people have submitted to the heavy pressure of the last two years, while it entitles them to be respectfully listened to, ought not to be misunderstood. It is the will of the nation that the war should not be pinched; but while they set no bounds to useful outlay, they expect a war minister to waste not, while he wants not. The main object in the popular mind is the war; but the people do not accept the war as an excuse for recklessness and lavish profusion in the civil departments of the State. Wise men see, in the necessities and pressure of war, the soundest and most practical reasons for undertaking internal reforms, and the urgency of the tax-gatherer now popularises such wisdom. Retrenchments, that in the abundance of peace were languidly asked for, perhaps opposed on grounds of tenderness for vested interests, or a generous distaste for cheese-paring, are now thought of as though their sum would fit out a floating battery, or set another squadron in the field. Jobs, that a little while ago were but the subject of a passing sneer or jest, are now pointed to with bitterness as a wasting of the bread of the poor. We have no time now to write a re-

port on Administrative Reform; but we will mention an instance or two in point, not of gigantic malversations, but of such blots as are continually hit in the daily converse of the people. Thus we have heard a number of intelligent men, casually assembled together, pronounce a unanimous verdict of "guilty of intent to render war impossible," against the minister, upon evidence which satisfied them that a case occurred in which military stores were carried by waggon from the Tower to Euston-square, thence by railway to Liverpool, from Liverpool to Dublin by steamer, and then by railway, waggon, and boat to Cork, Queenstown, and so on board a store-ship. The statement is, we have reason to believe, perfectly correct, and it involves the charge of a public outlay of about £8 10s. per ton, for a transit which could have been effected by a steamer that plies regularly from the Tower wharf to Queenstown, at a cost of thirty shillings. In larger and more numerous circles more generally known facts are cited in support of a similar conclusion. Men find, for example, seven commissioners on the Board of Inland Revenue, which has been repeatedly acknowledged to be over-manned, and they see a vacancy in it filled up at this time of public distress, and by an individual whose appointment cannot be considered in any other light than as a gross job. Only last month, a barrister was provided for by making him one of seven magistrates who are charged with police duties in Dublin; while in Liverpool, we believe, at least as much magisterial work is performed by a single stipendiary. As to the jobs of retirement and pensioning accomplished in the Irish Post-office, Poor Law and Board of Works Departments within the last year, they are known to every one, and their name is legion. A minister, bold enough to throw himself upon the people, would find in most of these cases—and in hundreds of others—the surest means of proving the sincerity of his own policy. If it was seen that he was disposed to husband the public resources, he need feel no fear of opposition to his war estimates. Viewed by this light, a season of war is of all others the most proper for civil retrenchments and reforms: it enables the minister to do, with the aid of the people, what in

peace he could not perform by reason of the cupidity of partisans.

But the nation also looks for guarantees for the honest and vigorous prosecution of the war in the military administration itself; and here again there is much to try their faith. We do not propose to advert to many points on which the public opinion has been very freely expressed, as, for example, the organisation of the several war departments, promotion, or the strategic conduct of the war, but shall content ourselves with mentioning one or two untoward arrangements which show so remarkable an ignorance of the public feeling as to look very like an intentional disregard of it. Even with the command of money, war cannot be carried on without men; and next to financial arrangements, a sound recruiting system is the main requirement. But this latter has no solid basis, except in the military spirit of the country, and to curb and stifle this seems almost to have been the object of some measures of the Government. Thus the recent regulation, by which militia officers are subjected to dismissal, as a penalty for encouraging their men to volunteer into the army, is, no doubt, a mere blunder, but why has it not been repealed? Lord Palmerston may possibly be ignorant that it has been committed, or he may not know that the reduction of officers in a ratio with the diminution of the strength of their corps must have the effect we have stated. Nevertheless, we have heard the circumstance adduced in proof of his philo-Russianism. To our mind, however, he seems chargeable with a still graver error of omission, in so far as he may have shared in the refusal of the Aberdeen ministry to respond to the general offer of the country to form volunteer corps, and we own we cannot comprehend why that error is persisted in. Such organisations would be much cheaper recruiting agencies than militia regiments, and they would be, at least, as efficient. A militia raised by voluntary enlistment, in fact scarcely differs from a regular army. The regiments become influenced by an *esprit de corps* that indisposes the men to exchange from them; the connexion between them and their counties is but slight, and the interest of the higher officers is, at all times, adverse to the volunteering of their

trained soldiers into the line. On the other hand, the mere authorisation of volunteer corps has always been, in these kingdoms, a sort of *levee en masse*, from which, in addition to some social benefits that we think we could show naturally attend such organisations, a large per centage of the best recruits might be expected to be continuously supplied. In a word, we can conceive no measure that would be more likely than this to convince the nation that the Government is thoroughly in earnest in its war policy, and to impress upon the mind of the Czar a conviction that the nation is ready to support a fighting ministry at all hazards. Instead, however, of rousing the ardour of the masses, in these extraordinary times, by a somewhat extraordinary exhibition of military pomp and circumstance, the authorities take unusual pains to hide the glitter of arms. A red coat is seldom seen in our cities; the sound of the spirit-stirring drum is rarely heard in the streets of our market-towns; and men scarcely know of the existence of British soldiers but by dismal lists of killed and wounded, and vacant seats in almost every family circle.

Finally, it is not to be denied that a strong impression prevails in the country that there is too much of the peace-at-any-price element within the cabinet; and the recent endeavours to introduce more by the successive offers of the Colonial Office to Lord Stanley and Mr. Sidney Herbert, have unquestionably shaken, though perhaps slightly, the popular faith in the anti-Russian disposition of Lord Palmerston. To us those events certainly seem to contain additional proof that the Premier's knowledge of the state of popular feeling is defective. The support of men pledged, like those we have named, to anti-popular views of the war and of foreign policy generally, would bring him not strength but weakness; their active opposition would rally the nation around him. The general acquiescence in — we may almost say approval of — his ultimate committal of the colonies to the care of Mr. Labouchere, ought to convince him that the people will not object to his clothing any lay-figure with the robes of office, provided only it be not suspected that the Russian uniform is worn underneath. But in truth it

would seem as if the training and experience of all our public men, during forty piping years of peace, had narrowed their ideas of the policy and means of government, to a scheme of party tricks and combinations, and caused them to forget that the reality of national danger has power to evoke influences before which faction must wither. The great majority of the people, in ordinary times, look with indifference, or with the placid interest of the beholder of a dramatic spectacle, upon the intrigues and even upon the honest struggles of professional politicians. Roman Catholic Emancipation, Parliamentary Reform, the Abolition of Slavery, the Repeal of Restrictive Customs' Duties, were all carried by the exertions of individual leaders, and by a skilled employment of the machinery of associations and leagues. But for such agencies, not one of those changes would have been effected at this day. While peace seemed durable, and a millennium of industrial exhibitions—veritable towers of Babel—was in course of initiation, the requirements of faction established a Peace Congress; but where is the machinery by which the country has been roused to a determination to resist Russian aggression, and to fight to the last in defence of national independence? There is no war congress, no anti-Russian league, no constitution-preservation society, with staffs of hired chairmen, clerks, and lecturers, labouring day and night to stir society to its depths of cupidity, passion, and vanity. The trading patriots and professional politicians are all of counsel for the other side; but the natural instinct of freemen, conscious of danger to their hearths and forums, has banded the whole nation together as one man, and set at nought the craftiest devices of faction. The same overruling force of public opinion that has brigaded together in the field the English Protestant, the French Roman Catholic, the excommunicated Sardinian, and the faithful follower of the Prophet, has obliterated from the popular mind of England all respect for the old distinctions of party. The ancient rallying-cries of faction are no longer intelligible to the masses. Consistency is now taken to mean fidelity to the national cause in combination with any faithful associates:

inconsistency, the offence committed by Lord John Russell at Vienna, is vacillation, feebleness, or treachery in dealing with the enemy, under whatever party-flag the operation may be conducted. If Lord Palmerston has strength of vision to enable him to penetrate the mists that surround London clubs, and cliques, and offices, and to perceive the signs of public opinion, he will know his course; he will require resolution and a strong will to enable him to shape it safely. The obvious difficulties with which he will have to contend will be, the Parliamentary opposition of the avowed peace-party directly, and the indirect, but much more dangerous, hostility of rival factionaries, some of them fully pledged to the Russianism of Messrs. Bright and Cobden; others riding at single anchor, and ready, at a moment's notice, to slip and hoist the flag either of Russia or England. That this category may include a large number of members of the House of Commons, will be admitted by the candid reader, who recollects the narrow escape of the country from utter disgrace, last session, by a majority of but three carrying the resolution guaranteeing the Turkish loan. In the anti-national minority upon that occasion, Mr. Disraeli and Mr. Walpole voted, and thereby laid the foundation of those rumours of the coalition of the first-named gentleman with Messrs. Bright and Gladstone, to which some degree of corroboration has been lent by the tone of a journal supposed to be influenced by his inspiration. Whether or not the articles of alliance have been signed between those high contracting parties will probably not be certainly known until the meeting of Parliament, and the occurrence of the first opportunity to strike a blow at the minister. It is, however, undeniable that the leader of the House of Commons, under Lord Derby's administration, did, as one of his latest acts last session, lead the opposition to the guarantee of the Turkish loan, to which the honour of the nation was pledged; and the fact demands the gravest consideration of those members of the Conservative party, who may still remain so imperfectly acquainted with the state of public opinion as to imagine that party juggling in the House of Commons will be permitted to make or unmake

a ministry. The time requires—among honest men the time always requires—plain speaking, and we feel that we should imperfectly discharge the duty we have undertaken, if we did not warn all whom it may concern of the extremely dangerous character of any such delusion. Again, we repeat, the nation requires that there shall be a Government strong enough to prosecute the war to its proper termination—a peace secured by weakening the aggressive power of Russia and pushing back her frontier to a defensible barrier line. A few election agents and local place-hunters may desire to carry Lord John Russell, or Lord Derby, into office; but the intention of the people is what we have stated, and no other. It is plain then to our mind, that the lines of duty and of self-interest coincide, as well in the case of independent members of Parliament, as in that of Lord Palmerston. Patriotism requires, and regard for their personal position ought to suggest to respectable men—Conservatives, Whigs, or Radicals—that, at least so long as the nation considers the object of the war not to be attained, they should own no allegiance to any party but that of the country, and

that they should prove their fidelity to that flag, by the most scrupulous abstinence from every act of factious opposition, by the most explicit and candid statements of their views upon all proper occasions, and by a straightforward and ready support of all measures of the Government calculated to advance the great work in hand, or which they cannot show to be likely to retard it. Such a course would, we hope, often bring our most respected Conservative friends into the same lobby with Lord Palmerston; they may be assured that it would never lower them in the estimation of any respectable portion of their constituents. Nor should Lord Palmerston's tactics be in any respect different. He will soon learn, if he will be but true to himself and go straightforward, whether faction or patriotism prevails in the House of Commons. If it shall turn out that he cannot, by the loyal aid of the present representatives of the nation, administer public affairs in accordance with the national wish, it only remains for him to give the constituencies an opportunity of selecting wiser and honester men—he must DISSOLVE Parliament.

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